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THE
SCOTTISH REVIEW.

JULY, 1897.

ART. I.—VICTORIAN ART.

THE period covered by the reign of the Queen, whose sixtieth year on the throne is this year being celebrated, has seen great movements in every sphere of human activity. It has witnessed enormous strides in pure and applied science, and wonderful improvement in the material well-being of the people; immense tracts of territory have been added to the empire, and the volume of trade has greatly increased; and, in the arts, the triumphs and energies of this country have been no less remarkable. The literature of the past sixty years is, in its own way, comparable with the most brilliant periods in the nation's history, and, if the plastic arts have hardly equalled the splendour they attained in a restricted sphere toward the close of last century, they have produced much that is memorable, beautiful, and widely interesting. Opportunities of estimating the value of this art are afforded on a somewhat limited scale in the exhibitions at present open in London, but, if assisted by memory of the displays which took place some ten years ago in Edinburgh, Manchester, and Glasgow, and acquaintance with the work of a few notable artists outside the current of the great exhibitions, they offer sufficient material on which to base an opinion as to the general characteristics and tendencies of artistic ideals during the past half century.

When, in 1837, the Queen came to the throne, British art, excepting in the domain of landscape, was of no very great merit: it was passing through one of those periods of decadence and apathy, which often follow a time of uncommon brilliance. It was little more than a hundred years since William Hogarth (1697-1764) had first given British painting a national flavour, for if before his day there had been art in England there had been no English art. Prejudice among the painters themselves, however, prevented the pure English vein of observation and pictorial intention revealed in Hogarth's pictures from being worked, and, although the public refused to appreciate or recognise the efforts of Benjamin West (1738-1820), James Barry (1741-1806), and Fuseli (1741-1825) in 'high art' and history, the 'grand style' and an academicism founded upon the Bolognese school had the subject picture by the throat, and refused it such life and character as English genius could confer. But, while this was so with the subject picture, painting quickly culminated in another direction, in the noble portraiture of Reynolds (1723-1792) and Gainsborough (1727-1788), of Raeburn (1756-1823) and Romney (1734-1802), while, in the landscapes of Gainsborough, it gave promise and foretaste of the revolution British painters were to work in landscape art, and of the rich harvest they were to gather from communion with nature. But already in 1837 the great epoch of portrait painting lay in the past. From the hands of the masters it had sunk to Lawrence (1769-1830), and even he was dead, and the painters of the early Victorian years were little more than mechanics working in a stereotyped and conventional manner, with traces of the meretricious charm of Lawrence's style without his brilliance and elegance. In Scotland Raeburn's influence carried on the dignified and refined convention of the great period for a while longer, and instilled feeling for style and restraint into successors of the type of Watson Gordon (1788-1864), Geddes (1789-1844), and MacNee (1806-1882). But on the whole British portraiture of that time was inspired by neither beauty nor character; and its value as art, and as historical document, is alike questionable.

In subject painting the old *penchant* for high art had, during the second decade of the century, received a severe blow in the early work, the Scots interiors and homely incident, of Wilkie (1785-1841), whose courage in opposing himself to the artistic tenets of his fellows was great, and opened the way for Mulready (1786-1863) and Leslie (1794-1859), who were in different ways his successors as well as his contemporaries. Realism has its origin in Hogarth, but, although the growing taste for Dutch pictures helped, it was Wilkie's success, which made it widely possible. He was a successful innovator, and brought art back to nature; but his own work in that direction was finished in 1825, when he visited Spain, and deserted the themes and methods he understood for history painting and a technique, (nobler indeed than his own), which he could not fully master. Mulready's cleverly conceived scenes of everyday life, and the pictures of children set amid the greenery of English lanes, or by the sea, by William Collins (1787-1847), are perhaps more directly in the vein of Wilkie's more characteristic work, but the pictures of Leslie and a few more are in truth only *genre* in costume. The work of Mulready's early period was founded upon the Dutchmen, and clearly intended to rival Wilkie; but about 1816 his style changed, becoming more personal, and much occupied with brilliant colour, which he often managed with great dexterity. His latest work is unpleasant in colour and poor in technique, but some of his finest things, 'The Sonnet' and 'Choosing the Wedding Gown' among them, belong to the ten years after 1837. Leslie owed less to personal observation and invention, and was largely an illustrator, but the type of subject he chose was in itself an index of the simpler taste Wilkie had inaugurated. He deserted the Bible and the dramatic classics, which before his time were the only permissible sources of literary inspiration, for Cervantes and Fielding, Moliere and Smollett; and his pictures possess a refinement of sentiment, specially noticeable in his humour, a feeling for beauty of form and rhythm of composition, and a certain picturesque and dramatic inventiveness, which make them charming.

A more grandiose and blatant spirit marks the historical

works of Daniel Maclise (1811?-1870), E. M. Ward (1806-1879), and other lineal descendants of the older school of mock heroics. Before their pictures one can never escape from the feeling, that it is not history but tableau that is represented, but, while their forced and unnatural exaggeration of attitude and characterisation exceeds the modesty of nature in scale and magnificence, in gleam and glitter they fall far short of what is possible on the stage. Maclise, and in a less degree Ward, possessed much energy of expression, and considerable powers of invention and composition, but their ideas were essentially commonplace, either sentimental or melodramatic, and always literary, while their handling of oil paint, especially that of Maclise, is without character or charm, their colour without quality, harmony or beauty, even in parts, and their drawing, when accurate, lacking in style. Their pictures, and it is characteristic of most of the painting of their time, were founded upon events described in histories, or upon incidents taken from some approved author: the whole attention of painters was absorbed in following the story; significance of design, beauty of form and colour hardly existed for them. That a picture should have a definite meaning, and be a complete artistic expression by itself never seems to have occurred to them. They never grasped the fact that painting is not dependent on literature for inspiration, but can give fuller expression to certain emotions than any other art.

Historical painting upon a more elevated plane of intention had practically frizzled out in the works of Haydon (1786-1846) and Hilton (1786-1839), flaring up into splendour for a few brief years in the truly imaginative pictures and designs of David Scott (1806-1849), who was in some ways the precursor of a movement, which, springing into being the year he died, overthrew the existing school and remoulded British painting on new lines. The Westminster competitions (1843-1850) in connection with the projected decoration of the new Houses of Parliament were in reality an attempt to foster that type of art, heroic and religious in intention, which has always been an exotic in this country, and it can hardly be said that

the intention was justified by results. All that the competitions, from which so much was expected, did was to give a few men money rewards of some value, stamp them as acceptable to those in authority, and produce the frescoes in St. Stephen's, of which only those by William Dyce (1806-1864), are really fine or even appropriate mural decorations.

At this time, when most painters were dependent on literature for subject, when a picture was not a picture, but an illustration, John Phillip (1817-1867), like his countryman Wilkie before him, had the faculty and the courage to use his own eyes: and from the life he saw in Spain he made pictures of far greater interest and beauty, than his contemporaries, who lived not upon observation, but upon books. His handling too was marked by a splendid vigour and gusto, and his colour, which had been awakened in the South, was always varied, brilliant, and harmonious. Something of the same interest attaches to the Spanish, and more particularly the Egyptian pictures of J. F. Lewis (1805-1876), which are remarkable for brilliance of lighting, and a precision and intricacy of detail, which hardly detract from unity of impression.

It is to this period that the work of William Etty (1787-1849), and many of the pictures of G. F. Poole (1810-1879), belong. Etty had a moral purpose in his work, but where this is in evidence, as in the four great canvases in the Edinburgh gallery, he is less interesting and less charming than on a smaller scale, and with a less obvious purpose. He excelled as a painter of the nude, and chose subjects which gave opportunity to paint it, his drawing has grace and refinement, his colour richness and glow. Poole was also a colourist, but he was more imaginative, and his pictures are perhaps the most satisfactory of their kind, which were painted in his time, and, in their own way, have not been surpassed in English art.

Somewhat apart from the general current, William Hunt (1790-1864) was painting *urchius* with genuine appreciation of character, and still life with marvellous detail and imitative power, but both in a manner innocent of style and completely without distinction; Landseer (1802-1873) was producing the series of animal pictures into which he threw so much human

interest and sentiment expressed vividly, as regards the story, but without technical charm or power; Roberts (1796-1864), Holland (1800-1870), and Prout (1783-1852), were, with much knowledge and true artistic feeling, making records of scenes and buildings of historic fame.

In landscape, the work commenced by Gainsborough was taken up by John Crome (1769-1821), John Constable (1776-1837), and J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851), and the period of twenty years on each side of 1837 is the most brilliant in the history of British landscape.

Crome died sixteen years before the period under consideration began, and although his example persisted in the pictures of the other Norwich men, who produced much notable work, in the best of which Dutch influence was modified by more intimate sentiment and more dignified expression, it was drawing to a close. The influence of Claude, which had produced Richard Wilson (1714-1782), and stimulated Turner, if still active in the fine river scenes of Sir A. W. Calcott (1779-1844), was also almost spent, and in Scotland the modern spirit was beginning to emerge from under the spell of the same schools, and taking in the more emotional art of Thomson of Duddingston (1778-1840) and W. Simson (1800-1847), and the panoramic sweep of Horatio MacCulloch (1805-1867), the directions it has since followed. The work of Clarkson Stanfield (1793-1867), who devoted himself principally to marine painting, and was a great man in his day, rises little above mediocrity, and is rarely free from a certain scenic quality, but if his handling is poor and thin, and his colour without quality, he had skill as a designer, and his interest in motion and atmosphere was more modern than that of most of his fellows. He possessed a genuine, if rather superficial, sentiment for nature, and in his finest pictures caught some of the varied aspects and beauties of the sea. Totally opposed to such art was the ideal landscape of Martiu (1789-1854), who revelled in sensational effects of chiaroscuro, piled up theatrical properties, and incoherent imaginings, expressed in terms as vulgar as chaotic.

The great factor in the blossoming of landscape, which marks the early Victorian years, was the art of Turner and

Constable, with whose rising influence, and in the work of some of the men already named, landscape-painting took a new direction, becoming, instead of what it had been in the past, conventional imitation or the embodiment of abstract beauty, a vehicle for the expression of personal mood and emotion. While Turner enlarged the borders of landscape, and brought the whole of nature under the sway of his imperial imagination, Constable's sympathies were narrow but intense, and deep-rooted in reality. He revealed the poetry of flying cloud and varying weather, and brought the freshness of the moist-laden atmosphere of England, the vividness and vitality of nature's colour, the breath of the winds, and the play of sunshine, into art. Constable died early in 1837, and his own art does not come under review, but, although he did not live to see its full influence, it has been one of the greatest sources of artistic inspiration in this century. In France it was the deciding impulse in the romantic movement of 1830, from there it spread to Holland, and now, after long years, it is again an active principle in British painting, where, at the time, it was practically lost upon his fellow-workers in oil-paint. Among the water-colourists, however, it inaugurated the magnificent outburst of natural landscape for which he had laboured.

The landscape of John Sell Cotman (1782-1842) who, although a native of Norwich, does not æsthetically belong to it; David Cox (1783-1859), Peter De Wint (1784-1849), William Müller (1812-1846), and Copley Fielding (1787-1855), to name but a few of the more conspicuous men whose art has clear affinity to Constable's, is one of the noblest heritages we possess. In its personal apprehension of nature, and close study of its aspects, are united to masterly and coherent expression, to admirable design, and varied but subtly interfused colour. The mingled breadth and delicacy which mark their water-colour method, the way in which the medium is used to ensnare its finest material and expressive qualities, the decision and style in which the washes are laid, are a delight in themselves, and form a technical tradition of the very highest value, while the sane and dignified way in which they saw

nature, and used it for truly artistic and emotional purposes, was no less distinguished. In the drawings of the period, and perhaps more notably in those of De Wint, David Cox, and Cotman, there is an intimate and poetic sense of nature, of its spiritual appeal no less than of its reality, which places them among the finest achievements of landscape painting. The greater part of their work was in water-colour, which they not only made an essentially British art, but set a standard of technical excellence it will be difficult to surpass, although in England it is at present superseded by a far less noble convention. But many of them worked in oils also, and attained in it a mastery which, had it not been overshadowed by their water-colour (which virtually kept them from such honour as Academies can confer), would have given them the same high place in the world's art as they occupy in the British School.

In water-colour the classic convention, which was based upon admiration for Claude and the Poussins, found able and personal exponents in George Barret (d. 1842) and Samuel Palmer (1805-1881). Barret's landscape is largely ideal, and penetrated by fine poetic feeling, which declares itself in composition and a preference for solemn effects of light and atmosphere, and of all British painters, Palmer is the one who possessed most of the Virgilian spirit. His unaffectedly simple and sincere delight in rural life and scenery is expressed in a way which seems to preserve the poetry of his observation, and often, as in the series of landscapes to illustrate Milton, he soars into the realms of imagination. Palmer, who comes down almost to the present, has a successor, with personal characteristics and colour, in such a man as Albert Goodwin.

Although Turner's great period was over by 1837, he continued to produce much of extraordinary interest, and a few masterpieces which rank with the finest things he ever painted. Since about 1820 his great pre-occupation had been the attempt to render the intensity of light, and, in the pictures of this last period, he pushed his experiments to the furthest possible point, flooding the whole scene in colour and sunshine in which form was swamped and detail annihilated, and attaining in some, such as 'The Fighting Temeraire,' and the 'Sol

di Venezia,' and many of his water-colours, a marvellous brilliance and sense of vibration. In complete and coherent expression the most of these works are unsatisfactory, they are indeed more suggestive and interesting for the problems tackled than for the solution; but the influence they have exerted on painting has been enormous. Turner cannot indeed be said to have founded a school, but he was, as has been indicated, the first to paint the full gamut of light from deepest shade to fullest light, and since his time the pitch of British painting has been greatly heightened, and was perhaps the quality most remarked on by French critics during the exhibition of 1855. On French painting it has also had its effect; and through Monet and Sisley, who were much impressed by his pictures in the National Gallery, Turner may, in part at least, be accounted the origin of impressionism, which is mainly occupied with the problems with which his art deals.

Toward 1850 British painting had about reached full ebb. The members of the Norwich group remaining, when Victoria became Queen, lived but a few years into her reign; Turner, the noblest part of his work completed years before, was laid beside Sir Joshua in 1851; and one by one the water-colourists, who were the glory of the early Victorian period, had dropped from the ranks until only a very few were left; portrait-painting had fallen upon evil times and existed for the most part as a species of manufacture; the subject picture had become trivial and conventional, an expression of mere sentimentality. Here and there a man was doing good work and striving for fine ends, but, as a whole, art was drifting into nothingness. Technical accomplishment was of the slightest, and pictorial fitness was almost unknown, when, in 1850, the pre-Raphælite movement came to regenerate the school, and give it a new lease of life.

The pre-Raphælite movement was not an isolated outburst of feeling confined to a few painters, it was the result in art of a ferment of ideas, which had already produced the Tractarian controversy in religion, and given Ruskin's eloquent defence of Turner, Browning's intense interest in living passion and mediævalism, and Tennyson's romance and careful noting of

natural fact to literature, which was to be further enriched by the distinctly pre-Raphælite poetry of C. A. Swinburne, William Morris, and the two Rossettis. The objects which the young men, who formed the original group, set before them, were a return to nature and a strict and faithful rendering of events as they actually occurred. They found the painting prevalent in their day given over to conventionality, which they believed to have crept into art under the commanding influence of Raphael, and, finding in the simple work of his predecessors something of the same spirit as animated themselves, they adopted the name by which they are known as a sign of their intention to have done with tradition and scholasticism. The movement was not, as is sometimes supposed, an attempt to reproduce 'what was once a genuine expression,' it was not an imitation of the Italian primitives, but a sincere effort to approach nature in a simple and unprejudiced spirit; and, in gauging the influences which moulded the ideas of these young enthusiasts, the then recent development of photography with its clear rendering of detail must not be omitted. In a word their intention was realism, but it was a realism which was to deal with noble subjects. The cardinal defect of the doctrine from the artistic point of view was a deficiency in, if not an entire negation of, that selective faculty without which great art is impossible, and they were only saved from sordidness by choice of subject, and by an instinctive feeling for beauty, which was no necessary part of the creed. Twenty years afterwards Le Page (1850-1884) and the French realists brought the same intention to bear upon the art of their country, but, dealing with things of no inherent beauty and lacking insight, they achieved little of real charm. It is therefore the more worthy of remark that sayings of Le Page, such as, 'Everything ought to be treated as a portrait, even a tree and a piece of still-life,' or, 'Nothing is good but truth,' were almost word for word what his British forebears had previously said.

The earnestness and vitality of the work of D. G. Rossetti (1828-1882), J. E. Millais (1829-1896), and Holman Hunt, the leaders of the new movement, could not pass unchallenged,

and immediately their ideas and pictures were ridiculed and bitterly attacked; but undeterred they started a magazine, *The Germ*, then little known and less bought, now famous and valued, to give expression to their ideas on art and letters, and outside they did not lack able and eloquent advocates, with John Ruskin in the thickest of the fray. But the leaders were too individualistic to remain devoted to literalism, and, once the immediate necessity for protest over, they went their several ways leaving their ideas to leaven the lump of British art.

Rossetti, whose personal influence and fascination counted for most in the formation of the movement, was too imaginative a man, too much a poet and a dreamer, to be bound to realism, and almost the whole of his work, and of that which derives from it, have little, if anything, to do with the original intentions of the school. While his art influenced his poetry with little injury to its purely literary beauty, as a painter he never grasped the limitations of his medium and seemed to think that if an idea made a poem it would make a picture also, but, in spite of this, his pictures possess a charm and an intensity of imagination which even his technical shortcomings hardly obscure, and he often rose into magnificent and sumptuous colour. While displaying much less creative power the work of the painting-poets he inspired retains many of the same qualities and defects. Sir E. Burne-Jones' work is not great in technique and drawing, and he tries to force his material to render things it cannot; his imagination is rich but not original like Rossetti's, or lofty like Watts', and sincere though he is, his pictures suggest affectation: but he creates an atmosphere of charm, aloof from the world and all actuality, and sometimes attains a splendour of colour and a harmony of colour design of great beauty. Excepting J. M. Strudwick, whose art has an individual quality, Burne-Jones' disciples (they are more his than Rossetti's) are but feeble echoes of the master. A far more Rossetti-like spirit is to be found in the vital and personal work of C. H. Shannon and Charles Ricketts. The most talented painter, if not the most original and powerful thinker, in the

movement was Millais. His technical gift was much greater than that of any of his compeers, and, in his earliest work, he carried particularity of detail and non-selection further than they did. He was an artist who lived by the eyes, whose faculty was that of painting what he saw, and the intensity of romantic spirit, which underlies the wonderful realism of his early pictures, was not native to him, and seemed in some curious way impressed from without, in all probability by the fascination of Rossetti's genius and charm. Gradually this influence paled, and with its passing Millais' own personality began to reveal itself, but it was not until about 1870 that he finally abandoned romance for the simple themes, which afterwards occupied him. During that period his technical power had also been growing, and his idea of treatment had simplified and broadened, but, although some of his most splendid things as paint and colour, including the fine series of portraits, belong to the years which followed, his most memorable pictures are dated before that time. Apart from handling and colour, the most precious quality in Millais' art (it exists in his pictures of every period) is power of realizing subtleties of expression, and the grace and femininity of his pictures of women are almost unique in painting. The only original member of the group, who has remained true to its first principles, is W. Holman Hunt, and even he has added a wealth of symbolism, which is not quite in harmony with the letter of the law. It is impossible to hear of the trouble and pains and preparations, which have gone to the making of his chief works, without a feeling of admiration for the man, but what matters it, if the effect he gains is lacking in beauty and significance, if the incident has not been conceived in appropriate and moving pictorial terms, and expressed with distinction and style. Nature has given Hunt talent and intellectual power, but denied him the æsthetic sense and the craftsman's skill without which all else is useless in art.

Associated with the pre-Raphaelites, but not of them, was a considerably older man, Ford Madox Brown (1821-1893), who influenced Rossetti, but was in return even more influenced

by his younger contemporaries. He was realist, moralist, and dramatic poet by turns, but through all his work run the twin elements of passion and realism; while the interest in beauty which marks the work of Rossetti and Millais is absent in his, which reveals a wilful exaggeration of gesture and design, and a quite Gothic passion for the grotesque. Other men closely connected with the movement are W. B. Scott (1811-1890), critic and painter; Thomas Woolmer (1826-1892), sculptor; and Sir Noël Paton, the painter of many popular religious pictures; all of whom have written poetry. Without any personal connection and æsthetically more remotely related to the original group is Frederick Sandys, one of the most perfect draughtsmen, and imaginative designers of his time.

Like Etty, George Frederick Watts has declared that the intention of his work is moral, but unlike that master, whose purpose was rarely obvious and whose pictures have usually only a sensuous appeal, he has disdained the charms and even the legitimate claims of technique for its own sake. While he stands quite alone in most respects, he has a certain intellectual kinship with Rossetti and Burne-Jones, but, while they strive to unite purely poetic feeling with their art, his aim is to embody deep philosophic thought and aspiration after good. His intention is high and worthy, and although, like the artists named, he has often attempted to paint the unpaintable, abstract ideas, and abstruse problems of mind, religion, and life, he has on occasions succeeded nobly. Now and then he touches a high level as a colourist, but it is as a draughtsman and a designer that he excels, for if his drawing is frequently inaccurate, it possesses style (always rare and specially so in British painting), and his composition is often highly distinguished in sweep and majesty of line and mass.

The pre-Raphaelite movement was pregnant in results and, although it failed to accomplish its declared aim, imitative truth, which was indeed opposed to all creative power, it has influenced many succeeding artists and all succeeding painting in this country; and through the enthusiasm awakened by the *sentiment* of Rossetti, Watts, and Burne-Jones at the Paris Exhibitions it has touched the art of Europe. It has brought

realism, romance, and mysticism into painting, and in the technical sense its results, which cannot be better stated than in M. de la Sizeraine's words, 'It gave significance to gesture and vitality to colour,' are no less striking. The brilliance of local colour, which is a distinguishing feature of British painting, may be said to originate in the early pictures of the brotherhood, many of whose works were executed upon a very bright and hard white ground, which shines through the pure pigment (sometimes, as in Millais' 'Ophelia,' used like water-colour), and gives it, as one chooses, exceeding brilliance or great crudity. In this method they were possibly influenced by Mulready and Turner, who employed somewhat similar devices in many of their works. A more realistic and adequate presentment of subject and a finer appreciation of dramatic fitness and action date from the same time, and now form essential elements in any picture dealing with history or contemporary life. But pre-Raphaelism has not been an unmixed blessing. To it we owe a group of painters whose intentions are as much didactic and literary as pictorial, and it has produced a crop of landscape men, whose work is perhaps interesting as a record of fact, but of no value as art, as emotion, as personal expression.

A few years later than the origin of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, early in the fifties, and principally through Robert Scott Lauder's (1803-1869) influence as master of the Trustees Academy, a somewhat similar movement took place in Scotland, where art was also ripe for revolution or change. Although Duncan (1807-1845) had produced admirable pictures in historical *genre*, and Harvey (1806-1876) was painting the Covenantiug incidents in which landscape took so prominent a place, and Wintour (1825-1882) was beginning the series of exquisite landscapes, in which, starting from Constable, he arrived at results kindred to those of the French romantics, *genre* was under the influence of Wilkie rendered sterile by much repetition, and landscape lay under the spell of the grandiose but empty style of Horatio MacCulloch. The earlier movement in London had no doubt its effect in Edinburgh, but each possessed its own characteristics, and while the Scot-

tish like the English was back to nature, Lauder's controlling influence led it from an outworn convention into a nobler and higher one. It was not so much a revolution as a reconstruction. The pre-Raphaelites gave moral fervour and romantic glamour to British art, and founded it upon reality: the Scott Lauder group brought a more purely pictorial motive, a synthetic grasp of reality, and a splendid dower of colour. The Scots have produced little that is romantic in the sense that 'St. Agnes Eve' is, and nothing into which mysticism enters: but they were gifted with dramatic instinct and imaginative insight, and their work in *genre*, landscape, and portraiture is of great interest and artistic value. Unlike their English contemporaries they developed individually without losing the common bond of technique, colour, and idea with which they started, and their work to-day has a clear connection not only with the past of each but with that of one another.

In the work of W. Q. Orchardson, the most famous of the group, intensely dramatic feeling is united to an acute sense of irony. His design has an architectonic quality rare among our countrymen, his drawing is exceeding delicate and distinguished, and his colour, in its faintness and elegance, 'as harmonious as the wrong side of an old tapestry,' is its fit accompaniment, while his handling of paint, if wanting in *gusto*, possesses charm, and seems to weld drawing, colour and sentiment into a harmonious whole. His art is measured, sensitive, refined, and moves on a plane which places him in the very forefront of contemporary painters. The spirit of John Pettie's (1839-1893) pictures is more swaggering, but less subtle, and he sometimes relapsed into melodrama; but he painted with a bravura which expresses his ideas admirably, and his colour, which was at times very delicate, has sparkle and charm. Like Orchardson and Pettie, the other members of the group, such as MacWhirter, Lockhart, and the Grahams, who have gone to London, are better known than those who remained at home, although these included G. P. Chalmers (1836-1878), William M'Taggart, and Hugh Cameron. Chalmers was of all Scott Lauder's pupils the one most inter-

ested in purely artistic problems, and, although his technique was incomplete, his work, as it stands, is charming and suggestive, and has had a great influence upon his younger contemporaries and successors. But M'Taggart is perhaps the most original and fascinating painter of them all. His art is based upon reality, and often thrills one with the sense of actuality and the very presence of nature, but to this he adds a fine pictorial sense, and often a clear and haunting note of lyric poetry. Early in his career he set himself to paint his own impressions of nature without regard for convention, or for what others had done or thought before him. This meant experiment, and now and then involved failure, but in his work impressionism passes from the region of experiment into that of art. He was an impressionist before the fact, and if a collection of his pictures could be shown in Paris, it would create a sensation, and astonish the 'pioneer painters' of whom one has heard so much.

The influence of Scott Lauder persisted until recently, and even now, although much transformed, it forms a part of the artistic faith of Scotland. The outburst of Scottish talent between 1850 and 1860 was not kept up, but here and there a man emerged who has done fine things. Of these Cecil Lawson (1851-1882), was the most notable, and his early death was one of the heaviest losses British art has sustained for many years. Although he was touched by the artistic movements around him, and had learned much from the past, (particularly from Rubens), he was truly original and personal. He was a realist, who felt the poetry of life and nature, and, in virtue of his instinct for style and largeness of conception, often succeeded in making landscape express personal emotion without the use of incident or other accessory. Lawson was wide in sympathy, and close in touch with Nature herself rather than with any particular mood; and in Hope M'Lachlan, who died only a few weeks ago, he had an intelligent, sympathetic, and imaginative follower. Less imposing in scale, and with less grandeur of sentiment than Lawson's landscape, that of J. Lawton Wingate has a more intimate charm. His pictures possess a penetrating and poetic

insight, and a most exquisite sense of colour and atmosphere, which make them, if not of the greatest, at least among the most precious art of our time. Among other Scotsmen who have done, or are doing, fine work, Alexander Fraser and Sam Bough (1822-1878), among the landscape-men; such figure-painters as J. R. Reid, R. W. Macbeth, and Robert MacGregor; and Robert Alexander, the animal-painter, may be singled out as representative men.

Four or five years after the Scottish movement just described, a new development took place in England, under the leadership of Frederick Walker (1840-1875), a young artist who had distinguished himself as a book-illustrator. To the pre-Raphaelite passion for detail, this impulse added a classic feeling for form and an idyllic grace of sentiment. Walker's interest in nature was not of the profound and absorbing character which subdued the pre-Raphaelites and made them devotees, but in his sensitive spirit it awakened a vein of exquisite sentiment and a keen feeling for transitory beauty, which he expressed in a technique of little power but great delicacy. George Hemming Mason (1818-1872) excelled Walker in the artistic use of his material, and grasped his subjects in their broader relationships; his innate feeling for rhythmic design, of which the processional 'Harvest Moon,' and the sweep and play of line in the 'Pastoral Symphony,' are admirable examples, was great, at once classic and emotional, and as a colourist he attained a subdued splendour of the rarest kind. Both technically and emotionally the influence of these men, and more particularly of Walker, has been great, but while it has inspired such fine things as R. W. Macbeth's and J. R. Reid's best pictures, it has, for the most part, had a disastrous effect. The art of Frederick Walker, so exquisite in itself, ruined water-colour painting in England. The noble tradition of the early masters, which had been so rich in result, gave place, under his influence and that of his fellows, Pinwell (1842-1875) and Houghton (1836-1875), to a method in which triviality reigns supreme. Except in their own work, and in that of J. W. North, Mrs. Allingham, and A. W. Hunt (1830-1896), who was, however, more Turneresque, more

imaginative, and wider in outlook, superfluity of detail has strangled the expression of that spirit of beauty which is the life of art. The intricacy of detail, which in the pictures of these artists is beautiful and expressive because they felt its loveliness, has become in those of their imitators meaningless and conventional, and in the delirious pursuit of trifles they have forgotten that such a thing as *ensemble* exists. Happily there are exceptions, men like Sir John Gilbert and J. M. Swan are doing good work in very different moods, the best of the Scots water-colourists are notable for breadth of style, and here and there, as in the drawings of Thorne Waite, Collier, and Hine, the old tradition survives, but, as a whole, water-colour painting is at present given over to insipid sentiment, and iuane and petty workmanship.

The *genre* picture, founded upon book or history, which was the principal occupation of figure-painters before the fifties, continues to employ many men, and still forms what is perhaps the most popular element in exhibitions. It ministers to the British delight in narrative and anecdote, in character and dramatic situation in and for themselves, and even historical events are largely treated from a point of view which involves them. To the great public, the artistic means by which such things alone exist are of no account; it does not understand them, or appreciate pictorial beauty for its own sake, while it has never considered what limitation in any art means. But, while the story-picture still flourishes, and too often without any pictorial *raison d'être*, the attitude of the artistic public and of artists toward incident, has considerably improved, and the conviction that, in painting, subject should not be used as a mere anecdote, but as a pictorial opportunity, is gradually being grasped by increasing numbers. A far greater inventiveness and a broader and more intelligent intention have entered into subject-painting, and in many cases artists now conceive their own motives, or owe little but a suggestion to literature. This creative, as one may call it, as opposed to the merely illustrative function of painting has also tended, when fully grasped,

to increased grip of subject and more artistic treatment, for the idea being the painter's own, and conceived for the purpose of presentation in paint, the result is not only closer in character, but full of the concentration and personal accent of an original conception. Several of the painters, such as Millais and Orchardson, already mentioned, have excelled in this type of picture, and among others who have treated it with artistic intention, Seymour Lucas, E. J. Gregory, A. C. Gow, Sir J. D. Linton, G. H. Boughton, Henry Woods, and E. A. Abbey are conspicuous. Such men as Gow and Lucas touch the borders of history-painting, in which Sir John Gilbert's is perhaps the most notable English name, and Gow, in one at least of his pictures—the 'Cromwell at Dunbar'—has produced what may be called a battle-picture. Of battle-painters proper, there have been few, and these only of recent years. Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler), R. Caton Woodville, Ernest Crofts, and Robert Gibb are perhaps the most prominent workers in this department. Classic like history painting in this country is, for the most part, a species of *genre* in costume. Lately a determined effort has been made, by a few young painters of French training, to treat heroic themes, but their success is questionable, and, such as it is, its continuance would be a doubtful advantage to British art. Work more essentially British is that of Alma Tadema, who deals with the domestic rather than with the public life of Rome, and of Sir E. J. Poynter who usually treats the simpler incidents of ancient civilization, although he has now and then chosen themes from myth, fable or warfare. Their pictures never thrill one with the emotion, which lives in fine vision, poetic thought, or supreme expression, but within the limits of a clearly restricted and academic intention, cultured and refined, the work they do has distinct claims for respect. A more romantic spirit pervades J. W. Waterhouse's versions of classic myth and story; his rendering of passion is less restrained, his spirit is quick with human sympathy, his treatment more alive to modern problems of effect and decoration. Closely related to the work of Poynter and Tadema at the sources of inspiration, the art of Lord Leighton (1830-1896)

was different in intention and result. It is purely decorative, while that of the others is largely representative. He was not a great craftsman or a colourist, but he was a refined draughtsman and possessed a real feeling for design, which comes out as much in his pictures as in his declared decorations at South Kensington and in the Royal Exchange. A conscientious worker, his sketches are famous and perhaps the finest things he left, for the spirit which animated them disappeared in the completed pictures, although some of these, with the 'Summer Moon' in the very front rank, possess real beauty. Leighton's art expresses little emotion, and in that and decorative intention Albert Moore's resembles it. He was strong in all the qualities in which Leighton excelled, and added the graces of accomplished technique, lovely colour, and a high type of physical beauty. In the sphere in which Moore (1841-1892) worked, his art is almost perfect. It is not expressive in the sense of embodying human emotion, but as pure art, as abstract line, form, and colour, it possesses wonderful charm.

The advance made in *genre* and subject-painting since early Victorian years is quite as marked in portraiture. We have seen how portrait-painting had become little better than an industry, that mere likeness-making without pictorial qualities and technical power was rampant; but the almost simultaneous appearance of portraits by Millais and Oules, early in the seventies, gave the lost art renewed vigour. Millais' portraiture, so strong in character and subtle in expression, has already been referred to, and Oules' rendering of men, which owes something to Millais, if less masterly is admirable in its own way. The portraits of Sir George Reid, the President of the Royal Scottish Academy, are also acute in observation and trenchant in statement, and convey a very vivid sense of the personalities of his sitters. Another painter of men, and one worthy of ranking with all but the very greatest, was Frank Holl (1845-1888), who in certain essential qualities was perhaps the finest portraitist of his time. Luke Fildes and Hubert Herkomer have also painted good portraits: and although of recent years the latter has become gaudy and vulgar, judging from his extensive practice, these are qualities

which are prized by directors of public companies and municipalities in search of a portrait-painter. The intention of G. F. Watts is incomparably higher. His desire is not to represent people as they appear to the ordinary or even the artistic observer, but to reveal the hidden springs of character and action. But wonderfully as he has succeeded in some instances, and valuable as his portraits will undoubtedly be as commentary, the future is likely to find its best record of the men of this generation in the work of artists who, without neglecting character and intellect, have had more regard for the tangible appearance of life. Orchardson has painted a considerable number of portraits in which this combination of qualities is very marked, and a number of younger men are producing work of great merit, which, added to that of the painters mentioned, makes the portraiture of the latter half of the Queen's reign only inferior, and that only in art, for the moderns are keener in individual characterisation, to the golden years of Sir Joshua and his peers. Of these John S. Sargent has the largest following among his fellow-craftsmen and the widest fame outside. He is a born painter and handles his material with a dexterity which passes with most as mastery. But for all its ability and brilliance his execution is lacking in subtilty, real style, true charm, and his observation is no more profound than his technique is distinguished. In the qualities of lasting satisfaction he will probably be surpassed by James Guthrie, the most gifted of the younger Scots painters, and J. J. Shannon, whose finest portraits possess a refinement and sentiment which delight. When one adds to these Walton, Furse, Lavery, Wilson Steer, and others, the list of men, who are producing work which, if not really great when judged by an exacting standard, is yet refined and accomplished, is very considerable indeed.

While no animal painter of to-day has anything approaching the popularity which Landseer enjoyed, one or two men have used similar material to greater artistic purpose. J. M. Swan's work as a painter is on a higher plane than Sir Edwin's, and if his animals are not alive with that human intelligence with which his predecessor endowed the brute creation, they

possess a more vital and actual life of their own, while the richness of imagination and expression in Joseph Crawhall's work is truly remarkable and occupies a place apart. The vein of sentiment and pathos which was Landseer's is carried on by Edwin Riviere with considerable charm and skill, and in the work of some lesser men he has clever if inartistic followers.

The greater pre-Raphaelites, excepting Millais, hardly dealt with landscape by itself, but in the backgrounds of their pictures it is of frequent occurrence, and in addition to accuracy of detail in such pictures as Hunt's 'Hiring Shepherd,' and Maxey Brown's 'Pretty Baa Lamba,' it possesses much truth of observation, and even tackles some of the problems of light, which now occupy the impressionists. The tendency to literalism inculcated by their example and the eloquence with which Ruskin preached truth (which has perhaps been interpreted in a narrower spirit than he intended), have produced much of the most mediocre and uninspired landscape of the past forty years, the result of plodding industry unilluminated by a particle of imagination, and the sentiment introduced by Walker has, in the hands of less gifted painters, degenerated into petty prettiness. On the other hand, however, these influences have had a salutary effect in much art, which shows little obvious traces of them, but is nevertheless quickened by some part of the energy which gave them birth. This indirect influence has touched a number of landscape painters, such as J. W. Gales (1820-1887), H. W. B. Davis, David Murray and Alfred Parsons, but has its richest harvest in the pictures of a few painters of the sea. The heart's beat of the tides is in McTaggart's work, the strange and haunting fascination of the sea breathes from his canvas. Each of his finer pictures is a revelation of some aspect of the sea never before recorded, and the life he introduces takes its true place in a cosmic whole, in which, as in Millet's, man and nature have become one. As studies of 'the deep, divine, dark dayshine of the sea,' Henry Moore's (1831-1895) pictures stand alone, and if he failed to catch the more elusive charm and witchery of the ocean, he gave splendid expression to its majesty and vastness. J. C.

Hook's range is greater, his treatment more incidental, and he is on the whole a finer colourist, but his passion for the sea itself is less elemental. His marines are usually enlivened by figures, but, being seldom enveloped in atmosphere, they are a questionable gain, and in his finest work are of little account. While Hook is at his best as a sea painter, he has also done work in landscape, which places him high among those who have devoted themselves to it alone. Never before the advent of these men, and such others as Hamilton M'Callum (1842-1896), Colin Hunter, and Napier Hemy, had the sea been truly painted, for the marine painters of the past, even the great Turner himself, had carved it to suit a convention, and restrained it to conform to rule.

Of recent years and largely due to the training many artists have received in Paris, where facilities for study are greater than with us, French influences have entered into British art. They reveal themselves principally in technique, but in some cases the way in which a subject is approached and even choice of subject itself have been affected. Thus many realistic pictures and the increasing number of essays in the nude are results of French training, although in the latter case Leighton's influence should not be forgotten. The influences which have come from abroad are complex, but they may be loosely divided into four: the academic and historical elements, as illustrated in pictures of one or two of the younger associates; the realistic phase, of which the work of the Newlyn men supplies the best examples; the influence of the romantic developments in France and Holland, which originated in Constable; and the impressionist movement. Accompanying these influences there grew up some ten years ago various groups of artists holding some one of these aesthetic theories in common. To a certain extent these coteries, which had a geographical basis as the names attached to two or three of them indicate, served the purposes of the atelier system, while retaining much of the personal independence characteristic of British institutions, but here and there they overlapped, and for a while found common ground in the New English Art Club. But the concord did not last long, leading members of

some of the groups were elected by the Royal Academy and their followers followed them there ; and latterly the Art Club shows have been confined to a small circle of clever painters closely connected with impressionism.

The attempts in heroic art, which have occupied the attention of such men as Solomon and Hacker, possess much the same qualities and defects as similar French work, although they never quite attain the assured mastery of the greater Frenchmen. For the most part they deal with imaginative themes, and possess no more imagination than enables them to think they possess it. And if pictures of this type are uninteresting and prosaic as thought, the draughtsmanship and technique they display, although in a way brilliant, are scholastic, mechanical, uninspired. In both matter and manner these painters have been influenced by Parisian contemporaries, and the realistic movement rampant since the days of Le Page has had its English adherents also. But if the Newlyn men (among whom Stanhope A. Forbes and Frank Bramley are prominent), and those who are with them have adopted the *plein-air* attitude and technique, and have, like their French prototypes, sacrificed colour to value, and emotion to the representation of fact, they retain much of the typically British interest in story and incident for its own sake. Indeed, excepting that they care little for beauty and much for truth of aspect, and find their subjects in fishermen's cottages and farmers' barns, on quays and in the fields instead of in books, theirs is only the old sentiment, and the old anecdotal interest disguised in a new technique, which has no inherent charm and no material beauty in its machine-like precision, and unflinching accomplishment. An amusing feature of this set of painters was the way in which they settled, as if by pre-arrangement, upon a certain type of subject, and, after working it for a season, abandoned it for another ; but recently more independence has been shown in choice of material, although they continue to use a technique incapable of expressing individual preferences.

The remaining influences have sometimes acted alone, but more often in combination, and between them they are pro-

ducing much excellent art, and preparing the way for more. While those working under the impulses of academicism and realism have been, more or less, directly imitators, many of the artists, who have been touched by romanticism and impressionism, have assimilated and transformed the characteristics of these movements, and made them their own; and other forces, including a sincere study of the old masters, have also been at work. Remembrance of Whistler's *bon mot* at the time of the rupture in the Suffolk Street Society forbids one claiming him as a British artist, but the greater portion of his work has been done in this country, (where most of his finest things remain), and the influence of his art has been very great on most of the clever young men of to-day. His pictures are innocent of that vice of literary subject which vitiates so much British painting, and his superb craftsmanship, and rare and delicate perception of beauty have had a most salutary effect in raising artistic ideals in this country. Whistler's is an art of exquisite selection and abstraction, of wonderful refinement of execution and colour, which give every thing he touches great and abiding charm. Never has the poetry and mystery of night been so fully or so beautifully expressed as in his nocturnes; his symphonies and notes are pregnant with the magic of supreme artistry, and, although his devotion to pictorial beauty often robs his portraits of that vitality which the greatest masters of portraiture always attained, his finest, such as the 'Mother' and the 'Miss Alexander,' are triumphs. Among the painters who have been stimulated by these rich sources of artistic inspiration, and, remaining true to themselves, have used them in a personal manner, none have produced finer work than the group of men associated with Glasgow, who have in M'Taggart a forerunner more original and masterly than any of themselves. In portraiture Guthrie and Roche, Walton, and Lavery have produced a few splendid and many charming things, and in W. J. Yule's work there is more than the promise of real achievement, Walton's landscape possesses vitality and strength, James Paterson's pastoral poetry, and W. Y. MacGregor's solemnity of sentiment and dignity of design in rich measure, and Crawhall and Melville, Henry and Roche, have

painted subject pictures of great beauty and artistic significance. They have shown once more that portraiture is capable of reaching the highest point in art, they have brought a new spirit of imaginative truth and beauty into landscape, and in so far as they have touched *genre* they have raised it from the trivial narrative and sentimental story form so prevalent and popular in British art. Some of the younger portrait painters previously referred to, and such others as M^cClure Hamilton, Maurice Greiffenhagen and Mouat Loudan, J. M. Swan, the animal painter, H. H. La Thangue, and William Stott of Oldham, in his own semi-decorative manner, have been influenced by the same things, and in the sombre and refined landscape of Henry Muhrman and A. D. Peppercorn, and the more conscious poetry of Leslie Thomson, Alfred East, and others, they are also operative. The prismatic colouring characteristic of French impressionism has more influence in the work of Mark Fisher, Edward Stott, George Clausen, and a number of the present members of the New English Art Club. It is a technical device liable to grave abuse, for it possesses no material charm in itself, but Fisher's pictures are full of atmosphere, and fragrant of English meadows and hayfields; Stott is a pastoral poet with a charming and individual, if minor, note; Clausen, when most himself, reveals a real insight into peasant life, and a genuine gift of characterisation. The New English Club men are, on the whole, more experimental, but in Wilson Steer they possess a highly gifted craftsman, a fine colourist, and a delicate and sympathetic observer, whose work is always interesting, and sometimes masterly, and H. B. Brabazon, D. S. M^cColl, and Charles Conder, form a trio of charming sketchers, who work with a decorative bias and an imaginative sense.

The work of these men, and of those who sympathise with them, reveals the growth of a finer and more personal view of nature, a fuller appreciation of unity and artistic fitness, and a more complete mastery of the means of expression than has existed in this country for many years. Above all, it has asserted the right of each man to express his own sense of the beauty of the world around him. Under the impulse of these

ideals, and owing to the growth of what is practically a new mode of expression (the blurred definition which results from interested vision), composition on the old lines has tended to disappear, and instead of interest being fixed by clearly defined leading lines, and masses treated with impartial detail, it is focussed by treating the surrounding spaces more simply. This has involved experiment, and sometimes wilful eccentricity, among the painters, and misunderstanding by the public, but it marks a sincere and honest effort to give a fuller emotional rendering to the sensation of vision, upon which pictorial art primarily rests.

The early Victorian period left little of interest in sculpture. The sculptors of that time were all more or less under the influence of the pseudo-classicism of Canova (1757-1822) and Flaxman (1755-1826), and their work possesses little individual character, and almost no style. None of them seemed able to combine the pure grace of antique sculpture, which was their aim, with any vitality of thought or expression. John Gibson (1790-1866), who came nearest that ideal, had no desire to do other than tread in the footsteps of the Greeks. Everything he did was checked and restrained by consideration of what had been done in the past, and although he studied constantly from the life, no breath of vitality ever entered his work. The same limited intention, with less taste and skill, influenced nearly all the ideal art of this period, in which Patrick McDowell (1799-1870), Baily (1788-1867), and the Westmacotts, were the principal workers. A more vital feeling existed in portraiture, and while anything like pure naturalism was strictly avoided, Sir Francis Chantrey (1781-1841) dealt with it in a modified form, and his statues and busts are good in character, fine in expression, and admirable in execution, while some of his monuments, such as 'The Sleeping Children,' in Lichfield Cathedral, show a simple and unaffected sentiment rare in his day. Allan Cunningham (1784-1842), Weekes (1807-1877), and Calder Marshall, were pupils of Chantrey, and if less vigorous and able than their master, they preserved some of the characteristics of his style. Work, somewhat on the same lines, but much more vigorous and original, was pro-

duced by J. H. Foley (1818-1874): his portrait-work is full of character, and spirited in design and technique, and his ideal pieces possess freshness of idea, and a touch of imagination. But an artist, at once more original, more exquisite, and more powerful than Foley, was Alfred Stevens (1817-1875), whose life-work, the noble monument to Wellington, is perhaps the greatest artistic achievement of Victoria's reign. In grasp of the possibilities of his medium, in combining and proportioning the different materials he brought together, in subordinating the rich detail to the general effect, his powers were of the highest; the individual details and groups are of supreme dignity and beauty, the conception of the whole monument is great. Stevens, however, was a solitary star, and had no immediate influence; and Woolner (1826-1892), the single sculptor produced by the pre-Raphaelite movement, was almost as much alone. Marochetti (1805-1867) and Boehm (1834-1890), whose work possessed certain picturesque qualities, exercised little influence on their fellow-craftsmen, and their work is of little account in the history or the art value of English sculpture. Foley was the only vital impulse active in sculpture between 1850 and 1870. Traces of it are visible in the work of Brock and Birch (1832-1893), and it had something to do with Lord Leighton's essays in the round, although he, like the younger sculptors of to-day, to whom he gave the lead, owed far more to the example of contemporary French masters.

In almost all English sculpture previous to the new movement, which began to take form some seventeen or eighteen years ago, the ideal was abstract beauty of form and smoothness and breadth of treatment; character was subordinate to the claims of an arbitrary type; close study of nature, individuality of handling, accent, and incisiveness, were looked at askance; texture was reduced to uniformity of surface. The work of the sculptors of to-day is in all these things the antithesis of that of the first forty years of the Queen's reign, and, in addition to the enormous technical advance which English sculpture shows, it possesses an intellectual and imaginative vitality which were then unknown. Close study

of nature and keen characterisation are combined with picturesque and original composition, superb technique with intimate or elevated sentiment. This efflorescence of sculpture owed much to Lord Leighton's example and influence; his own work has fine qualities, and his friendly encouragement was stimulating, and tended to the recognition of the younger men, among whom Hamo Thornycroft, Alfred Gilbert, Onslow Ford, Harry Bates, and George Frampton, are leaders. To the fine technical qualities which all these men display, Thornycroft adds a personal and exquisite sense of elegant form; Gilbert, a genuine gift of imagination; Ford, a rare appreciation of life and movement; Bates and Frampton a distinguished sense of decoration. Stirling Lee, Roscoe Mullins, Goscombe John, Pomeroy, Pegram, and others, are doing admirable work, and J. M. Swan, the painter, has produced some magnificent studies of animal life and one or two exquisite statuettes. Principally due to Gilbert's example, a successful attempt has been made to introduce varied, but strictly decorative, colour into the treatment of sculpture, and the same great artist's exquisite creations in ornamental plate and jeweller's work, have stimulated art in that sphere also. The influences which have raised sculpture to such a high place in England, have also produced fine, though limited, results in Scotland. Pittendrigh Macgillivray's work is notable for earnestness of purpose, feeling for the possibilities of his material, and strong and subtle modelling; Shannon's for fine characterisation and pleasing fancy, and some of the older men have also felt the impulse of the new ideals. The effects of the outburst are evident in Burlington House, the headquarters of sculpture, if not of painting, in this country, where of recent years the sculpture rooms have been not the least interesting portion of the great annual show. The finest thing in last year's Academy was the composite statuette of 'St. George' by Gilbert, the previous year the honours also fell to a piece of sculpture, J. M. Swan's silver group 'Orpheus,' and this year there is nothing better, if there is anything as good, as Gilbert's 'Ewer and rose-water dish.'

It is impossible to deal with, and even to name all the forms

of artistic activity, which have marked the Queen's reign, but any record of the period is incomplete without some mention of the art of etching. The earliest etchers of the revival were Wilkie and Geddes, in whose work the charm of the medium, whether dry point or the bitten line, are very completely demonstrated; but it was not until Whistler, Legros, and Seymour Haden commenced the series of etchings, which are among the most exquisite, powerful, or expressive art products of our time, that the practice of the art became at all common. Even those (they are now mostly silent) who grudge Whistler his great position as a painter, unite in the chorus of praise his etching receives: and indeed to be blind to the beauty of his work is to miss some of the most exquisite art of the century. Legros' etching, like his painting, is so serious in purpose, and so sombre in inspiration and imagination that it can never be popular, but these are the qualities, in combination with technique and style, which ensure it a permanent place. In Sir Seymour Haden's work, on the other hand, the sentiment is cheerful and the demands made upon the understanding less. From these three men, united to study of some of the great masters of the past, such as Rembrandt and Meryon, and a few Frenchmen of the present, of whom Helleu is chief, most of the other contemporary etchers derive. Among them William Strang, whose plates have a weirdness and fascination all their own, D. Y. Cameron, and Frank Short are conspicuous, and in reproduction W. B. Hole, and in a lesser degree R. W. Macbeth and others, have done remarkable or good work.

While the past sixty years have witnessed an enormous output of pictures and sculpture into which little or no art enters, work of anecdotal or imitative interest but no pictorial beauty, essays in literature or science rather than art, they have also produced a number of artists of great power, and a few groups whose work is of real and vital moment. The art of the early period was self-contained and self-satisfied, it was insular and quite uninfluenced by the crash of the romantic and classic contest in France in the origin of which British genius, both literary and pictorial, had been so prominent. John Phillip and a few more were painters of true talent, but, as a rule, the

subject picture dealt with every interest except pictorial ones; portraiture was mere likeness-making; only in landscape did the painters of that day reach the realms of art. But there they were really great. Turner is one of the most commanding personalities in art, and the water colourists, who followed Constable's example in the field of natural landscape, left much work of rare pictorial beauty and significance. The pre-Raphaelite movement produced one highly gifted painter, and a poet-painter of great imaginative power and fascinating, if incomplete, expression. It wrought a revolution in standpoint and technique, and rooted art in reality; but at the same time it brought in its train a literalism of statement, an impersonal regard for nature, and a mean and niggled manner of expression from which we are only now escaping. The Scott-Lauder group includes at least two painters of first class importance, and a number of lesser men, who have a real gift of colour. In George Hemming Mason's idylls the English pastoral became a thing of beauty, and among other personalities who stand alone, or are so far above the groups to which they belong as to seem so, Albert Moore, G. F. Watts, and Sir E. B. Jones are prominent. The later landscape painters have produced a series of magnificent pictures of the sea, and many a fine landscape; some of the portrait men have attained a strength of expression and a grasp of character which make their work memorable, and many of the painters of *genre* subjects possess the pictorial sense denied to their ancestors of half a century ago. The latest phase of painting (with which the work of Whistler and Legros may be included), in which the combined effects of romanticism and impressionism are working, is producing noble works in portrait, landscape and marine, animal and subject painting, and with its technical accomplishment, feeling for pictorial fitness, breadth of conception, sense of style, and truth of impression gives promise of a richer future. In sculpture the early period has little or nothing of vital interest to show, and it was not until less than twenty years ago that the modern movement, which has already been so rich in results, commenced. Whatever may

be the case in painting the golden age of British sculpture is the present.

Looking at British art of the whole period in a comparative sense, and particularly in comparison with that of France, which dominates the schools of the continent, one finds that, contrary to a very generally received opinion, British painters have been the great innovators in thought and subject. In a certain sense ideas are not invented—they grow. At certain times the air seems charged with properties, which result in great intellectual movements common to mankind: but each first takes tangible form in some one spot, and during the present century British painters have been peculiarly sensitive to premonitions of intellectual change. The first great impulse in the century's painting came from Constable, from whom proceeded the romantic landscape of France and Holland, and whose influence has now, after a sojourn across the seas, again returned as a reviving inspiration in British art. The increased pitch which entered into French painting with Manet (1832-1883) and his fellows, was early anticipated in this country by Turner, whose art had a great influence on Monet and Sisley, and the problems of movement, vibration, and focus, which are among the most recent in painting, were being solved in a perfectly artistic way by M'Taggart before they ever presented themselves to the French impressionists. The underlying idea of pre-Raphaelism is, as has been already indicated, essentially the same as that which dictated the realistic movement, in which Le Page was such an influence, and Manet's way of looking at contemporary life, incomparably superior and masterly as his expression and observation are, has a prototype in such things as Frith's 'Derby Day' of 1857. Finally the mystical and noble imaginative designs of Watts, Rossetti, and Burne Jones have been the origin of a movement, which is now beginning to effect pictorial intention on the Continent. Although in France and Germany the example of the younger Scots painters has had a decided effect upon colour and tone, British influence has been (when operative at all) principally intellectual and emotional. French influence in this country has, on the other hand, been mainly

technical. Frenchmen have shown great ability in tackling the problems involved in the expression of the new ideas and the new material introduced into art, and in values, drawing, simplicity and directness of handling, the means to the end, they have taught our painters much. And if in some cases the method has mastered the painter instead of the painter the method with disastrous or only uninteresting results, in others, where it has been tempered with a larger outlook, with study of the great art of the past, and transfigured by personal and national sentiment it has achieved splendid things. The technical debt is perhaps more obvious in the case of sculpture, but even there one feels an essential difference in the temperamental and racial characteristics expressed.

The past sixty years of British art have been fertile in ideas and artistic experiment, subjects previously unthought of, effects before unobserved, emotions and sympathies until now unexpressed have been added to the material with which art deals, and, when all the trivial, and incompetent, and inartistic work produced has sunk and is forgotten in the abyss of time, there will still remain sufficient original and powerful art to make the Victorian era brilliant in the annals of British art, and important in those of Europe.

JAMES L. CAW.

ART. II.—WYNTOUN'S ORIGINAL CHRONICLE.

THOUGH it may still be possible for the historian to turn to Wyntoun's *Chronicle* for light upon the events of Scottish history, the Prior's voluminous work is of much greater interest from a literary and linguistic point of view. The *Original Chronicle* stands beside Barbour's *Bruce*, and the nameless *Legends of the Saints*, as a valuable monument of early Scottish literature and language. It was a work that evidently enjoyed a wide popularity in its day, if we judge by the number of copies which have escaped the general destruction of old Scottish

manuscripts and printed books. While the *Legends* exist in only one copy, and the *Bruce* in two, there are at least eight of Wyntoun which have a respectable antiquity (15th and 16th centuries), besides several later transcripts. This is an almost unique supply of material for fixing the text of an old Scottish work.

It was noticed by the antiquaries and historians of last century that these copies of Wyntoun did not all agree with each other. Besides the smaller discrepancies, which are inevitable in written versions of such a work, there were larger divergences, which suggested that the *Chronicle* must have undergone some changes at the hands of its author. The first, apparently, to call attention to these differences, and to attribute them to a revision of the work by Wyntoun himself, was Father Thomas Innes in his *Critical Essay on the Ancient Inhabitants of the Northern Parts of Britain or Scotland*, published in 1729. Unfortunately, as will appear in the sequel, Father Innes took hold of the wrong end of the string, and succeeded in entangling the whole subject for himself and others. The confusion has remained unravelled to this day, for Innes misled Macpherson, Wyntoun's first editor,* and the authority of both proved too much for David Laing.† The latter's mistake is the most unpardonable of all, as even the scanty light which he gives his readers on the points at issue, might have shown him the true path.

The matter which led Innes to quote Wyntoun as an authority was the vexed question of the antiquity of the Scottish monarchy. By the joint efforts of Fordun, Boece, Buchanan, and others, a belief in this had come to be the 'lie in the soul' of every patriotic Scot. Innes, in exposing Fordun's myth of the forty-five kings who reigned between Fergus son of Ferchard and Fergus son of Erc, brought in Wyntoun to bear witness that *he* had never heard of these kings. This is very true, but Wyntoun had the same difficulty to face as Fordun, though at first he did not quite realize it. It was when the crux came clearly before

* *The Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland*, etc., now first published, etc. London, 1795.

† *The Historians of Scotland: Wyntoun*, in three volumes, 1872-79.

him that he made the alterations which attracted the notice of Father Innes.

Long before the days of either Fordun or Wyntoun, it had been contrived that the Scottish monarchy should begin some centuries before Christ, so as to out-distance the claims of England. Fordun adopted a fabulous arrival of the Scots in Scotland in the year 330 B.C., and supplied a series of forty-five kings to cover the period between this and the coming of Fergus mac Erc (about 500 A.D.), which he antedated by a whole century. There was, however, another device to which other chroniclers had had recourse. This was to take the list of Scottish kings from Fergus mac Erc to Kenneth mac Alpin, and place it in front of the long line of Pictish kings, which began with the year 200 B.C. This plan was even more successful than Fordun's, for it made the Scottish monarchy date from about 450 B.C., and so furnished an excellent weapon of controversy.

It was this account, then, that Andrew of Wyntoun found in the course of his historic researches, and at first he accepted it without suspicion. When, after weary wanderings in the realms of ancient history and fable, he has at last reached the proper date for inserting the entry (Wyntoun is strong in dates), he devotes a special chapter to the rise of the 'Scottis and Pechtis' (Book IV., chap. 8). In 450 B.C., he tells us, the Romans adopted the laws of the twelve tables, and then he proceeds:—

'As in our stories written is,
Then in Scotland the Scottis
Begouth to reign and to steer,
Twa hunder full and forty year
Five winter and moneths three,
If that all suld reckon'd be,
Ere the Pechtis in Scotland
Come, and in it was dwelland.'*

After these lines he takes up the genealogy of Simon Brek's descendants, which he had broken off at the end of Book III., having there brought it down to Fergus mac Erch. From this

* Book IV., 1101-1108. In this and the following extracts I have for the most part modernized the spelling; the exact form of the original can readily be seen in Laing's edition.

Fergus he now enumerates thirteen kings of the Scots, ending with the sesquipedalian name of Hecgede Monavele MakDongat Downad-brec-son. Here he stops, with the words,

' Here I suspend this genealogy,
But I will speak mair thereof sune,
When all the lave till it is dune.'

The stories of Brennus, Alexander, and Hannibal, enable Wyntoun to meander through the next 250 years, and the Scottish narrative is resumed in chap. 19, with the coming of the Picts in 200 B.C. The account of their arrival* is followed by a few remarks on the Scottish monarchy, in these terms:—

' By them was Scottis in that tyde
Reignand, and the first man
Of thae was Fergus Erc-son than . . .
Fra Fergus even by line
Till that Kyned MacAlpine
Rase as king, and was reignand
Within the kinrik of Scotland,
Few persons [were] lineal ;
Some others fell collateral
As course made and qualitie
Heiris waverand for to be . . .
But fra this Fergus even by line
Kyned descended MacAlpine.
And, as we find in our story,
Cruthne that time MacKyny
Was the first intill Scotland
Atoure the Peychtis king reignand.'†

Such is the form in which these two chapters appear in the Royal MS., from which the text of Macpherson's and Laing's editions is taken. The same version is found in two other MSS., the Wemyss and the Harleian, the latter of which is an abridged, seventeenth-century copy.

If we now turn to the remaining manuscripts, the most important of which are the Cottonian, Edinburgh (two), and St.

* Some extra lines appear at this point in the Wemyss MS., and perhaps belong to the original text, being afterwards excised by Wyntoun (see Laing's edition, Vol. III., p. 176).

† Book IV., 1794-1814.

Andrews, we find that these chapters have undergone a complete transformation. A serious difficulty had either occurred to Wyntoun himself, or had been suggested to him by some other person. The misplacing of the Scottish kings from Fergus to Alpin had not effaced the older account, by which Kenneth mac Alpin, the conqueror of the Picts in 843 A.D., was the direct continuation of this line. Between Fergus and Kenneth there were, as Wyntoun says, 'few persons lineal;' in fact, there were only ten generations. Now, if Fergus began to reign in 445 B.C. and Kenneth was king in 843 A.D. these ten generations must have been of antediluvian longevity.

The discrepancy was a sad puzzle to Wyntoun, though he had some suspicions of the real solution. He could at least see that the series of kings he had given was hopelessly at variance with the chronology he had adopted, and so he withdrew it altogether. In the MSS. of which the Cottonian is a type, these two chapters exhibit the following form.* In chap. 8, after the lines already quoted ('As in our stories' down to 'was dwelland'), the list of kings disappears, and is replaced by a statement of the difficulty.

' But I will nocht tell you their name,
Their condition nor yet their fame,
For, possible suppose it be,
Difficile yet it is to me
To tell their namis distinctly,
Or all their grèis severally,
That before the Peychtis rase.

For, as our story mention mays (*makes*),
Fergus Erch-son the first man
Was, that in our land began,
Before the time that the Peychtis
Our kinrik wan fra the Scottis,
And syne thae Peychtis reignand were
A thousand ane and sixty year.

And fra this Fergus, doun by line
Descendand even, was MacAlpine

* The Cottonian text is printed by Laing *in locis* on the lower half of the page.

Kenyaucht, that was aucht hunder year
 And three and forty passit clear
 Efter the blest nativitie
 Ere reignand he begouth to be,
 Fra * the Peychtis was put out.

The tenth man, withouten doubt,
 Was Kenyauch MacAlpine
 Fra this Fergus even by line :
 And sa thir ten suld occupy
 (Gif all were reckon'd fullily)
 Twelve hunder winter and well ma (*mors*).
But I can nocht conceive it sa,
But that this Fergus was reignand
With the Peychtis in Scotland ;
 And thae ten that reignand were
 Efter this Fergus year by year
 (As they that the cornicle wrate
 Intill number set the date)
 Among the Peychtis was reignand
 Within the kinrik of Scotland,
 And lived in bargane and in weir
 Till Kenyauch rase with his powere.

If others of mair suffiance
 Can find better accordance,
 This book at liking they may mend ;
 But I, now shortly to make end,
 Thinkis for to set their date
 As chroniclers before me wrate
 And cast and reckon'd, year by year,
 As the Peychtis reignand were ;
 And their date sa set I will
 When the process is led there-till.'

Briefly stated, the latter portion of this means that Wyntoun felt the necessity of giving up the idea that Fergus lived before the time of the Picts, especially as he found that some chroniclers placed his reign within the Pictish era. This is still more clearly stated in the revised version of chapter 19. Here the lines already quoted ('By them was Scottis,' etc.) are removed in favour of the following :—

* *i.e.*, from the time when.

' Sa, in our cornicles as we read,
 The Scots were reignand mony year
 Before the Peychtis comen were
 Within Scotland. I can nocht ken
 What they were called that reignit then ;
 But Fergus Erch-son i-wis
 The first of Scots he reckon'd is,
 That reignit, as the cornicles says,
 King before the Peychtis days :
 And, wha that redly see can,
 He was but the tenth man
 (For to reckon even by line)
 Before Kenyauch MacAlpine.

Others seir that we of read
 Between thae twa as they succeed,
 Some fell collaterale
 And reignand oure the Scottis hale,
 As course made and qualitie
 Heiris variand to be. . . .

But fra this Fergus even by line
 Kenyauch descended MacAlpine,
 And was but in the tenth gré
 And yet nearer, gif ye will see.
 Reckon what the tenth lived here,
 And how lang time they reignand were,
 And they all shall nocht exceed
 Three hunder year, withouten dread,
 Where in the Cornicle written is
 Twelve hunder and far mair i-wis,
 Fra first the Scottis were reignand
 Ere Kenyauch MacAlpine wan the land.

*But by other authors sere
 The Scots, I find, begouth to stere
 When that the Peychtis were reignand.
 To that I am accordand,
 And their date sa set I will
 When the process is led there-till.*

In-till this time by our story
 Cruthne, etc.

A careful comparison of these two chapters in their double form cannot leave us in doubt for a moment as to which is the earlier, and which the later, version. The order in which I have

presented them above is the only possible way of understanding their relation to each other. Wyntoun was at first deceived by the old Chronicle, of which a copy existed in the Register of St. Andrews, and so placed the Scottish kings (from Fergus to Alpine) as reigning from 445 to 200 B.C. The date of Kenneth MacAlpine then 'gave him pause,' and he found it more in accordance with chronology and common sense to believe that the Picts were already reigning in Scotland before Fergus appeared on the scene. This is the natural explanation of the changes made in these chapters, and is one that does credit to Wyntoun's judgment. Father Innes, however, being carried away by the excellence of the Royal MS. in other respects, hastily assumed that it was 'the last review and edition (if I may speak so) that Wyntoun made of his chronicle, containing several corrections, additions, and alterations made in it upon better information.'

The confusion caused by this misapprehension is so well reflected in Innes's subsequent remarks, that it will be better to quote the briefer and clearer statement of his disciple, Macpherson, in which the absurdity is at once patent.

'Before Wyntoun's time the history of the Scots had been plunged into confusion almost inextricable by an insatiable and ignorant rage for antiquity, which placed the reign of Fergus 1200 years before that of Kenneth Mac Alpin, whom they made only the tenth in descent from him, thus involving themselves in the monstrous absurdity of allowing 120 years to each generation. Wyntoun saw and felt the dilemma, but not having sufficiently informed himself from ancient records, he could see no way of getting rid of it and fairly gave it up to "othir of mare sufficians."

'Having afterwards obtained better information, he found it expedient to give a second improved copy of the Chronicle with the important correction, which by enumerating the years of Fergus and his successors reduces his æra pretty near to the truth, being even a little below it; though at the same time he could not drop the notion that the Scots were in Scotland 245 years before the Picts.'*

It is remarkable that both Innes and Macpherson could have missed seeing their mistake. If Wyntoun originally 'saw and felt the dilemma,' wherein lay the 'better information' and 'im-

* Macpherson's Preface, Laing's ed., Vol. I., p. xxxv.

portant correction' ? In giving the list of kings from 445 B.C., and still asserting that Kenneth was not far distant from Fergus, he would simply have been ignoring the difficulty and repeating the traditional blunder. One can perhaps only charge Innes and Macpherson with a desperate confusion of thought, but David Laing had the means of discovering their error, and yet failed to correct it. This, however, is only in harmony with his general treatment of the manuscripts.

Laing, in fact, adds nothing to the discussion of the question, although he promises to do so. In a note to the eighth chapter of Book IV. (Vol. III., p. 215), he mentions the point, and adds, 'This will more particularly be described in the preliminary portion of this volume.' One turns to 'the preliminary portion,' but this is all that can be found there :—

'Though Wyntoun in the course of time, while compiling his Chronicle, made frequent corrections and additions, these were not to such an extent as materially to alter the work itself. The most important alterations (as already noticed in the preface) occur in chapters viii. and xix. of Book IV. in reference to the first advent and the succession of the Pictish * kings. The MSS. containing the corrected text are reckoned to be the last revised and completed text.'

The closing sentence seems worthy of Dogberry : 'Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly.' Laing, however, may mean that there was no edition later than the 'corrected text.' The way in which all discussion of the point at issue is avoided, makes one suspect that Laing had got into a dilemma as well as Wyntoun, without seeing his way out of it. He had in his own hands the materials for disproving the hasty assumption of Father Innes, but apparently never made the necessary inference from it. These materials are supplied by the Wemyss MS., which Laing has the credit of discovering. He even recognised its importance as 'enabling us to ascertain the actual extent of the Chronicle as it appears to have come from the author's hands, before the work was enlarged and sub-divided into Nine Books.'

* This should, of course, be 'Scottish.' Wyntoun has no doubts about the line of Pictish kings.

The clue thus indicated is not followed up, although some extracts from the MS., printed on pages 147-178 of Vol. III., are exactly what is needed for our purpose.

The Wemyss MS.,* as Laing perceived, represents an earlier edition of the Chronicle than either the Royal or Cottonian. We should expect, therefore, if the Royal were the *latest* edition (on the Innes-Macpherson-Laing assumption), to find the Wemyss and the Cottonian agreeing in the chapters on the Scottish kings. But they do not: it is the Wemyss and the Royal that present the same text, and the Harleian † goes with them because it belongs to the Wemyss type.‡

ROYAL, COTTONIAN, ETC.

When Alexander our king was dede,
That Scotland led in luv and lé,
Away was sonce of ale and brede,
Of wine and wax, of gamyn and glé;
Our gold was changèd into lede;
Christ, born into Virginité,
Succour Scotland and remede,
That stad is in perplexité.

WEMYSS, HARLEIAN.

Sen Alexander our king was deid,
Away was sonce of ale and breid,
That Scotland left in luf and lé,
Of wine and wax, of gamyn and glé.
The gold was changit all in leid,
The frute failyeit on everilk tré.
Jhesu succour and send remeid
That stad is in perplexité.

That the Wemyss text is earlier than the Royal is an easy matter to establish on several grounds. While the prologue of the Chronicle is substantially the same in both editions, the chapter which follows it shows an important difference. In the Wemyss MS. it opens thus:—

*'The Second Chapter tells how this
In Seven Books divided is.*

* I am greatly indebted to the courtesy of Randolph Erskine Wemyss, Esq. of Wemyss, for access to this manuscript, which has enabled me to confirm several of the conclusions arrived at here.

† Macpherson, in a note to the passage quoted above, says:—'The transcripts from this corrected copy of Wyntoun are much scarcer than those from the first one. Innes, who had examined many, never saw any but the one in the Royal Library. The Harleian manuscript is another.' It will be clear now that copies of this edition are scarce just because it is *not* the corrected one.

‡ This may safely be inferred from its version of the song on the death of Alexander III. (Wyntoun, Book VII., *fin.*), which agrees with the Wemyss text. The contrast with that of the other MSS. is very striking.

By the Eldis * I will devise
In Seven Bukis this treatise,
But I will nocht ay there mak end
Where stories makes the Eldis kend.

The First Buke fra the beginning
Sall treat till that Ninus King,' etc.

Then the contents of the seven books are successively detailed, ending with—

' The seventh sal mak conclusioun
Of the noble generatioun,
And of the blessit gude linage
That came of the marriage
Of Malcolm, King of Scotland,
And Margaret, heir till England.'

On turning to the Royal text, we find that Wyntoun has made an entirely new division of his work, which he thus introduces :—

' *The divisions of all this book
Into this next chapter ye look.*

In honour of the Orders nine
Of haly Angels, the whilk divine
Scripture lovis, on like wise
I will depart now this Treatise
In Nine Bukis, and nocht mae (*not more*).

And the First Buke of thae
Sal treat fra the beginning
Of the Warld, till Ninus king,' etc.

The two versions then agree for 14 lines, after which the accounts of Books IV., V., and VI. are re-written, and the chapter ends with—

' The Seventh, till Alexander our king,
The third, of his days made ending.

The Auchtand, till the other Robert
Our king was crowned efterwert.

The Ninth sal continued be
In him and his posteritie.'

* *i.e.*, the Ages of the World : the MS. has 'eldest.'

There could in any case be little doubt that the Wemyss division into seven books was prior to that of the Royal into nine. But there is further evidence to establish this point. The Wemyss text is considerably shorter than the other. In spite of its division into books, the chapters are numbered straight on, and the second last one (chap. 197) is entitled—

‘ Of Robert our king’s ending,
And of his eldest son’s crowning.’

This corresponds to chapter 10 of Book IX. in the Royal MS., which then adds another 16 chapters, bringing the Chronicle down from 1390 to 1408 A.D. That Wyntoun originally stopped at 1390 is plain from the final rubric of the Wemyss M.S.

‘ Of the Chronicles thus ends the book
That hecht the Original, wha will look.’

Unfortunately, the last pages of the MS. are lost, and the rubric (which is preserved in the prefixed table of contents) may be rather a colophon than the title of a chapter.* Even in the Royal text, however, there are clear indications that what follows after this point is an addition to the original work. Lines 1153-1190 contain two statements: (1) that the preceding portion of the Chronicle (from Book VIII., chap. 20) was not Wyntoun’s own composition but that of some unknown author; (2) that he will not stop here, but go on to tell the more remarkable things which he had seen in his own time. This distinct break in the continuity of the work is entirely wanting in the Cottonian MS.,† which also, by several other omissions at this point, avoids making double mention of the coronation of Robert III. and his Queen. This is easily understood if it is recognized that the Cottonian is a later edition than the Royal.

It can be shown, moreover, that the Royal MS. was copied from one in which the new division into nine books had not been

* This point might be settled by the Harleian MS., which I have had no opportunity of examining.

† See the ‘Various Readings’ in Laing’s edition, Vol. III., p. 135. The St. Andrews MS. agrees with the Cottonian, the Second Edinburgh differs slightly (retaining ... while the First Edinburgh has suffered ... at this point.

completed. It has no prologue, and no table of contents, to Book VIII., whereas both of these appear in the Cottonian. The archetype of R., therefore, ran straight on with Book VII., as does the Wemyss. Further, although R. does contain the prologue and contents of Book IX., these cannot have come from the same original as the rest of the text, the orthography being of quite a different character.

A curious survival of the original division into seven books is to be found (apparently in all the MSS.) in Book VIII., chap. 19. It comes at the point where Wyntoun introduces the matter not composed by himself:—

' Here Wyntoun pointis in this dyte
 What he gert of this treatise write,
 That titled is Originale,
 By his studious and thra* travail
 Set† it be simple as ye may see.
 In this Seven Bukis treated he,' etc.

'In this *Seven Books*,' although we are close upon 3000 lines deep in Book VIII.; neither Wyntoun nor his copyists had ever noticed that the passage required to be altered.

Of the various points in which the Wemyss and Royal MSS. disagree, the following may be noticed. Laing quotes the Wemyss version of Book I., chap. 15, and Book III., chap. 10. These two passages have this feature in common, that the Royal MS., gives a number of links in the genealogies necessary to connect Malcolm Canmore with Adam, whereas the Wemyss omits the names, and simply says, in the first passage—

' And syne by line even discendand
 That to rehearse were tarryand.'

In the second passage it uses other words to the same effect. This discrepancy may be due to the scribe of W., and not to Wyntoun himself, especially as both MSS. agree in the passage in Book VI., line 2311 ff., where Wyntoun declares that he has omitted no person whose name he could find in the genealogical tree. Again, the last three chapters of Book VIII. in the Royal MS. containing about 500 lines, are represented by only one

* Persistent.

† Although.

chapter of 130 lines in the Wemyss, and here the Royal text has probably been expanded in the revision. On the other hand, chapter 43 of this book (=180 in W.) belongs to the first recension, and was dropped in the later editions. Its occurrence in two other MSS. besides W. will be explained later. The reason for dropping it is obvious enough: the chronicler himself admits that it does not bear on the matter in hand. Exactly the same thing was done with a chapter in Book IX. (c. 196 in W.), which told of a great tournament held by three knights of Picardy, and of which the same confession is made by the author. The Wemyss MS. breaks off in the middle of this chapter, but the full text is preserved in the Second Edinburgh. Laing gives no hint of its existence, so that a whole chapter of the *Chronicle* still remains unprinted, the result of neglecting to make a careful collation of all the manuscripts.

There remains yet another remarkable feature which distinguishes the text of the Wemyss MS. from that of the Royal and Cottonian. This is found in the Rubrics, or rhyming couplets by which each new chapter is introduced and its contents indicated. Here again Laing points the way, without following it up to the end, or discovering where it led to. On p. 147 of Vol. III. he remarks, 'The Rubrics or Titles of the several chapters likewise vary in the different Manuscripts. The Wemyss MS. being wholly unlike the printed text, it was deemed advisable to give the entire series of Rubrics in a substantive form, etc.' Accordingly, these rubrics are printed at length on pp. 149-164, and there Laing leaves the matter. It is a most surprising fact that he gives no hint of another MS. which contains the very same set. This is none other than the Second Edinburgh, which he describes on pp. xxiii. and xxiv. of the same volume, even remarking on the list of Rubrics which is prefixed to the MS. This specimen of editorial neglect is hardly what we should have expected from one with Laing's reputation for thoroughness. Macpherson is scarcely to blame for not having noticed the fact, for he only knew the Edinburgh MSS. through 'the very obliging communications of Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq.'

The Second Edinburgh MS., however, is a member of the Cottonian group. The result of this is, that while in the

Wemyss MS. the rubrics are in harmony with the text, in EE. they are not. The scribe has taken his text from a copy of the latest edition of the *Chronicle*; he has got his rubrics from a MS. of the first edition.* The result is decidedly confusing in certain places. It would seem that he began to write from his copy of the first edition, for in ch. 2 he begins by stating that the work is divided into *seven* books (see the extract from W. above). After writing four lines of this, he discovered his mistake, and turned at once to the other copy, linking the two versions by the unmetrical line—

‘The first sal treit fra the beginning.’

Then he gives the contents of the *nine* books as in the Royal and other MSS., and apparently avoids confusing his copies thenceforward, though adhering throughout to the rubrics of the first edition.

Still more curious is the procedure of the scribe who wrote the St. Andrews MS., about which Laing makes many marvellous statements. ‘The rubrics,’ he says, ‘are much the same as in the printed text, but are numbered straight on, although actually divided into Books, with the Prologues not reckoned.’ The first and last of these assertions are not even half-true, for the prologues of Books II., III., V., VI., VII., are reckoned as chapters, and more than half of the rubrics are *totally different* from the printed text. These are strange blunders for an editor of Laing’s experience to make, and as he worked at the MS. in person, they must be supposed to be his own.

The fact is that our scribe, like the writer of the Second Edinburgh MS., had two copies to work from, but he began with only one of them, a MS. of the Cottonian type. This he continued to use by itself until he had reached the sixth chapter of Book V. At the end of this chapter in Laing’s edition (Vol. I., p. 314), there are 18 lines enclosed within square brackets; these are taken from the St. Andrews MS., though Laing nowhere says so. They do not occur in either of the Edinburgh MSS., and so are no doubt wanting in the Cottonian. They must have

* Of course this may really apply to the archetype instead of the MS. itself.

come from the new MS. which the scribe had got hold of, and this happened to be a copy of the first edition of the *Chronicle*. * The result of his new acquisition is remarkable; he now deserts the rubrics of his original MS., and adopts those of the other one. That is, from this point onwards to chap. 10 of Book IX., the rubrics of the St. Andrews MS. are the same as those of the Wemyss and Second Edinburgh. When this set ended at chap. 197, he was forced to return to the other series, and continues with it to the closing chapter of Book IX. The different portions may be tabulated thus:—

- Chaps. 1-78 (Book I. 1, to V. 6)=Royal and Cottonian set.
 „ 79-197 (Book V. 7, to IX. 10=Wemyss (and Second Edinb.).
 „ (unnumbered) (Book IX. 12 to 27)=Royal and Cottonian.

Laing's assertion, that the rubrics 'are much the same as in the printed text,' is therefore marvellous enough in itself, but it becomes more so when we find that in his *Additional Various Readings* he actually prints 28 rubrics from Books V., VII., and VIII. Yet he never sees that they form part of a series, and that this series is the same as the Wemyss one. After this, one is scarcely surprised at the statement made regarding chap. 43 of Book VIII., which Laing assures us is only found in the St. Andrews and Second Edinburgh MSS. It is also in the Wemyss MS., as already stated, and Laing even prints the rubric of it from that source. The scribes of St. A. and EE. thus got it from their copies of the first recension. The former, indeed, has produced great confusion in the closing chapters of Book VIII. by attempting to combine the text of both his copies, but into this it is not necessary to enter. Some irregularities in the numbering of the chapters are also to be explained by a desire to keep the numerals the same as in the Wemyss set.

That the St. Andrews MS. is a combination of two copies is clearly shown by another peculiarity of its rubrics. Although the scribe preferred the Wemyss set, he found that his other MS. sometimes inserted the heading at a different place in the text. This gave him the chance of using *both* rubrics, and he accordingly took over seven from the later set and put them in

* This is proved by the occurrence of these lines in the Wemyss MS.

their proper places, without numbering them as chapters. The result is well illustrated by the following instances in Book VIII. :—

ROYAL MS.	ST. ANDREWS.
c. iv. How the Council of France wrote Their deliverance of that de- bate.	c. 138. How Kyng Edwarde gaif fals sentence Agane the Broysse but con- science.
c. v. How Edward the King gave sentence Contrare till all gude con- science.	— How Edward the King gaif sentence Contrare till all gude con- science.
c. vi. Now followys a computatioune Of Lordis generatioune.	— Heirfollowis a computatioune Of Lordis generatioune.
c. vi. line 1063.	c. 139. How fyrst Cumynis com in Scotland, And how thai grew to stait beand.*

The existence of this double set of Rubrics is a very remarkable phenomenon in the different editions of the *Chronicle*. To change a whole series of metrical headings, nearly 200 in number, is a task which we can hardly attribute to any mere copyist, and the alteration is no doubt due to Wyntoun himself. The reason for it is not very obvious, as the earlier set (the Wemyss) is, if anything, the livelier of the two. The later series is marked at the outset by a greater regularity of form, the words 'This chapter' occurring in the great majority of cases throughout the first three books, while in the later ones the rubric very often begins with 'when.'

It is, however, unlikely that either of these principles would have induced Wyntoun to undertake the task of altering all his original rubrics. The explanation may rather be this. Wyn-

* Missed at first by the scribe, and added on the margin, where it has been mutilated in rebinding. The extra rubrics occur in Book VIII., chaps. 3, 5, 6, 12, 45, and Book IX., chap. 8. Other four or five might have been inserted in the same way. In one instance (c. 99=V. 13) the scribe has taken the rubric from the wrong set.

toun composed his chronicle, as he tells us, at the instance of Sir John of Wemyss. No doubt the first completed copy of the work would be sent to that knight, as the author's patron.* It is quite possible that Wyntoun may have had a fair copy made for that purpose by one of his subordinates, and that he then composed the headings for the different chapters. Neglecting to enter these in his own scroll, he would find himself compelled to make a fresh set for any subsequent copy, and in this way the double series would be formed. The other alternative is that one (or both) of the sets is not by Wyntoun at all.

In accordance with the different points established above, the more important manuscripts of the *Original Chronicle* may be arranged in three groups, each of which represents a separate edition by Wyntoun himself. How far each of these manuscripts ought to be considered in fixing our author's text, is a question into which I am not at present prepared to enter. Any answer to it would require to be based on a careful collation of all the MSS., the apparatus supplied by Macpherson and Laing being quite inadequate for the purpose. The groups, however, stand as follows:—

First Edition.	Original Rubrics and Text.	Wemyss [and Harleian].
Second ,,	New Rubrics, extended Text.	Royal.
Third ,,	Do., altered Text.	Cotton. First Edinburgh.

To these copies of the third edition may be added the Second Edinburgh and the St. Andrews, which have adopted the original rubrics, and in some places show a composite text. It is interesting to compare the above result with Laing's division of the MSS. (Vol. III, p. xvii.)

* The manuscripts, I imagine, may be referred to two classes, the *original* and the *amended* forms. In the first the Cronykil was divided into *seven books*, and the chapters run consecutively from Chapter I. to Chapter CXC.V.† Such are the MSS. Wemyss and Second Edinburgh.‡ In the

* The existing Wemyss MS. is not to be identified with this. It is a pretty late copy, and seems originally to have belonged to the Abbey of Cambuskenneth.

† Why 195? The Wemyss has 198 chapters, and the Second Edinburgh 212!

‡ The Second Edinburgh has *nine* books: see the account of the scribe's blunder above.

second class the Cronykil was divided into *Nine Books*, and the chapters of each book numbered separately. Of these are the Royal, St. Andrews,* First Edinburgh, and Cotton MSS. Perhaps there might be a third class, in which the later additions, contained chiefly in Book IX., may have been substituted and added to the older text.†

Another point upon which this investigation casts some light is the date at which the *Chronicle* was compiled. Here again a misconception has arisen from not distinguishing between the different parts of the work. It is evident enough that chap. 26 of Book IX. was composed later than the death of the Duke of Albany in 1420, but we have already seen that the whole of this part of Book IX. is an addition to the *Chronicle*, and cannot establish any date for the first draft of it. For one section of the work, however, there is a pretty plain indication which has hitherto been overlooked.

Upwards of 5000 lines of the *Chronicle* are not of Wyntoun's own composition: these extend from Book VIII., chap. 20, to Book IX., chap. 10, where the *Chronicle* originally ended with the death of Robert II. At this point (IX., 1117) the unknown author has these lines, according to the Royal MS. :—

‘ The third Robert thus crownèd was ;
God of sweet will give him grace
To govern and uphold his land
In na war state than he it fand.’

It is evident that the prayer here made would have no meaning unless it were composed during the reign of Robert III., and probably not long after the commencement of that reign. Robert III. became king in 1390, so that we can hardly be wrong in dating this portion of the *Chronicle* as earlier than 1400; perhaps 1395 might not be far from the true date.

At what date had Wyntoun brought his own work down to the point where he incorporated that of his unknown predecessor? This is more difficult to determine. When he wrote the general prologue, found in the earliest as well as in the latest edition, he was already prior of St. Serf's Inch in Lochleven. It is uncertain in what year he attained to that dignity, but the Register

* The St. Andrews does *not* number the chapters of each book separately.

† The manuscript which comes nearest to this type is the Royal itself.

of the Priory of St. Andrews shows that he held the office in 1395, when he was present at a perambulation of the lands of Kirkness and Lochor. Taking this in connection with the date assumed above, we must fix the period of Wyntoun's literary activity as later than 1395. From the fact that the Royal MS. retains the phrase 'God . . . give him grace' in the passage quoted above, it might be argued that Wyntoun must have finished his own work, and added that of the unknown writer, at some date previous to 1406, the year in which Robert III. died. This, however, is not a safe conclusion: we have seen above how Wyntoun and his scribes mechanically retained the mention of 'seven books' after the work had been divided into nine. In the Second Edinburgh MS. the tense of the verb is altered, the line reading—

'God of his will gave him grace,'

but it would be rash to assume that the change is due to Wyntoun himself, unless it is an intermediate stage towards the complete recasting of the passage, which we find in the Cottonian and St. Andrews MSS.

Some years would naturally elapse before the work of his predecessor could fall into Wyntoun's hands as an anonymous production. Now we learn, from an entry in the existing Register of St. Andrews Priory, that in the year 1410 Wyntoun brought the Great Register (now lost) into court to prove certain privileges of his house. It was apparently from this very Register that Wyntoun derived his lists of the Scottish and Pictish kings. It is therefore a very natural supposition that his historical studies had led him to peruse the volume in question, and that in doing so he had stumbled upon the documents to which he appealed in the court of the official. On this hypothesis the approximate date of the first edition of the *Chronicle* would be 1410-1415, a date which would harmonize extremely well with what has been advanced above.

Wyntoun tells us (Book IX., 1165-1172) with what delight he added his predecessor's work to his own, 'for to mak me sum respyte.' It is quite probable that he then bestowed no more labour on it for some time, although several copies of it may

have been taken during that period. When he extended it, and made the new division into nine books, he was already an old man, as plainly appears from the Prologue to Book IX.*

In laying his hand afresh to his old work, Wyntoun decided to break up the long seventh book, and did so at the death of Alexander III., because the 'lineal succession' then gave way to the 'collateral' (VIII., Prol., 10 ff.). He then began Book IX. with the reign of Robert II., and resolved to bring down the narrative to a later date by adding various events which had taken place in his own time (IX., Prol., 17 ff.). The date of these alterations was probably after 1420, as there are indications that Wyntoun thought of closing his work with chapter 26, written after the Duke of Albany's death, and ending with the long alliterative lines:—

' Thy proper prole him pacify fra plicht and fra pyne,
Thou virtuous, inviolate, and verray Virgyne.†

Yet he set to work again, and went on for another five hundred lines, which tell of the exploits of the Earl of Mar, and end abruptly with that nobleman's return to Scotland. At some period after beginning to this revision and extension of his work Wyntoun must have altered the chapters relating to the Scottish

* Macpherson's inverted view of the various editions makes him declare that Wyntoun 'complains of the infirmities of old age when engaged in the first copy of his Chronicle.' It is evident from the similar expressions which occur in the 8th and 9th prologues, and in lines 1173-1190 of Book IX., that these were all written at the same time, the time of this later revision.

' Of this treatise the last end,
Till better than I am, I commend ;
For, as I stable mine intent,
Oft I find impediment
With sudden and fierce maladies
That me cumbers mony wise :
And eld me masters with her breves,
Ilka day me sair aggrieves,' etc.

† In the Second Edinburgh MS. these lines are thus reduced to Wyntoun's ordinary metre:—

' Thow keip and sauff him fra all pyne,
The quhilk is sueit and pure Vergyne. Amen.

kings, and probably inserted the whole of the new series of rubrics. If we suppose that the first set was composed several years before, and that he had kept no copy of them, it is not surprising that he remembered none of them and was forced to do the work over again.

If the conclusions arrived at above are sound, the current view of the Royal MS. of Wyntoun's Chronicle must be considerably modified. It is not, as its editors believed, the last completed and revised copy of the work, but can only rank as a second and enlarged edition. This, however, does not imply that its value as a text has been over-estimated. There is every probability that it comes closer to Wyntoun's autograph than any other manuscript now existing. It seems to present an older stage in the writing of the Scottish dialect * than any of those, which are in the normal spelling of the 15th and 16th centuries. Yet it is possible that some of its distinctive features may be peculiarities of Wyntoun's own orthography, or of the scribe's. The use of *-yd, -id*, instead of *-yt, it*, to form the past tense of weak verbs, is a usage not otherwise common in Scottish MSS., and is not uniform even in the Royal. It disappears after chapter 13 of Book IX., where a new scribe or a new manuscript must have come into operation.

On these and other points relating to the text it is impossible to speak at present, but they are questions which any future editor of Wyntoun will have to settle before deciding upon the manuscript he is to follow. As the Royal MS. is already printed in full, perhaps the best procedure would be to adopt the Cottonian as the basis of the text, and supply a close comparison with all the other copies, the early as well as the late editions. This would also give fuller material for investigating the language of the *Chronicle*, an enquiry which could not fail to be of great value for the study of Early Scottish.

W. A. CRAIGIE.

* Wyntoun, like other authors of his own and subsequent times, calls his language English (Book I., Prol. 30).

ART. III.—THE LIFE OF NELSON.

The Life of Nelson. The Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain. By Captain A. T. MAHAN, D.C.L., LL.D., United States Navy. London and Boston. 1897.

THESE volumes form, in one sense, a supplement of the great work of the eminent author. Captain Mahan described, a few years ago, in pages marked with the keenest insight, the influence of what he called 'Sea Power' on the development and the fortunes of nations, and especially showed how this mighty force affected the long and tremendous contest between England and the French Revolution, personified in its master spirit. With admirable logic and copious knowledge, he set forth how the power of England at sea grew and expanded in the eighteenth century, and gradually acquired such an ascendancy, that, in the stress of the most gigantic struggle which modern history has as yet witnessed, the great Power of the Sea ultimately overcame the great Power of the Land, and Trafalgar became the prelude of Waterloo. As far as it depended on a single man, this supremacy was mainly due to the illustrious chief who, from 1798 to 1805, was the herald of a new era in naval warfare, and destroyed, in a series of great battles, the maritime strength of the foes of England; the work on 'Sea Power' has, therefore, been aptly followed by an elaborate and exhaustive Life of Nelson. Considered from a purely historical point of view, this book, as might have been expected, is of sterling value. Captain Mahan has explained, with characteristic clearness and force, how potent an element the genius of Nelson was in securing for England her rule on the seas; how decisive was the part he played in the arduous contest, which extends from St. Vincent to Trafalgar; and how all through he was the one antagonist who, beyond comparison, was most conspicuous in baffling the designs of our great enemy. He has, also, illustrated passages in Nelson's public career, which hitherto had been little explored; and he has thrown full and instructive light on more than one of Nelson's

great operations in war, especially at Copenhagen and before Trafalgar. The strictly historical part of this work, however, is not that which constitutes its peculiar excellence, and, owing partly to the author's declared purpose, it may be thought in some respects defective. Captain Mahan has evidently been desirous not to repeat what he has so admirably narrated in his *Sea Power*; and he has expressly written that, except to the extent that Nelson was directly concerned in them, he has not attempted to describe the great naval combinations of the time, or even the most remarkable naval engagements. For these reasons the book is in some degree imperfect, and would seem especially so to a student of that age, who had not mastered the author's preceding volumes. I certainly think that a complete *Life of Nelson* should have contained an account of the naval resources of England, France, and Spain, during the Great War; and should have described Napoleon's plans for invading our shores. Captain Mahan has not enlarged on these subjects; the result is, perhaps, that the Nelson of History is not placed before us exactly in his true proportions. Immense, too, as were the effects of Nelson's achievements, I cannot agree with the statement that his victories inevitably caused the fall of Napoleon; they led to the adoption, indeed, of the Continental system; but the faults of the conqueror wrought his own tremendous overthrow.

But if trifling exceptions may be taken to this book, on its historical side, as a biography it approaches perfection. It possibly assigns rather too high a place to Nelson in the company of great warriors; it does not conceal his strategic errors; yet it magnifies, perhaps, his powers as a strategist. But in this *Life of the renowned admiral*, we see completely, and, indeed, for the first time, what the man was in his strength and his weakness, in his intellectual force, his moral greatness, his essential qualities, his faults, his shortcomings; and we are enabled to form a full estimate, with but little additions from other sources, of Nelson's career, and his public and private character. An adequate and life-like image of this illustrious worthy has, in truth, never been fashioned before. French writers, ignorant of his real powers, have described

reckless daring as his most distinctive quality, and have represented him as coarse-minded and the slave of prejudice; Thiers has emphatically called him *un esprit borné*. Even English writers have, in most instances, left out of sight, or dwell only lightly on what was not the least striking part of his character; they have chiefly enlarged on his heroism in the shock of battle, on his magical influence as a leader of men, on the extraordinary ascendancy he possessed in command. It is the special excellence of Captain Mahan that he has rectified omissions which should not have been made, and has placed Nelson fully before us in his true aspect. He has brought out, as was never brought out before, the intellectual side of the great warrior's nature; how admirable Nelson was in the preparation of war, and in organising victory by forethought and care; what capacity he often showed in affairs of State, and especially in the diplomatist's art; how perfect was his judgment in grave crises, how wonderful his resource, how complete his insight; and how in the direction and conduct of naval warfare, as well as in the actual clash of arms, he has no equal among modern seamen. Captain Mahan has dwelt with impartial justice, and with remarkable propriety and good taste, on one sad episode in this glorious career, which unhappily must be kept prominent, the relations of Nelson with Emma Hamilton. He has not attempted to conceal what was guilty in them, and he has commented on them with the severity they deserve, though I believe they affected Nelson's conduct, especially in the affair of the capitulation of Foote, and of the execution of Carracioli, view it as we may, more deeply than Captain Mahan allows. But he has also shown how untoward circumstances may account for them, at least in part, and how they may be reconciled to a certain extent with what was noble and high in Nelson's nature; he has pointed out that they may be palliated, if not justified. The portrait, we should add, contained in this work, is not only complete and accurate, it is marked with the imagination of a real artist; it possesses a singularly attractive charm.

Captain Mahan has diligently explored the early years of Nelson, for in his case, as in that of most eminent men, we see

in boyhood the germs of grand maturity; the sapling shows the promise of the stately tree. Circumstance, in this, as in all instances, contributed to shape the character of the future warrior, and even exercised on it a marked influence. He inherited from a parent the hatred of the French, which was one of the master passions of his life; in the pious English parsonage, in which he was brought up, he acquired that profound religious feeling, and that perfect trust in a Divine Providence, of which he gave proof at several crises in his career, and which frailty, and even sin never diminished in him. As Captain Mahan has acutely remarked, if Nelson was not a consummate strategist, this may have been partly because he never had the training that gives knowledge of the science of war; in this respect Napoleon had a distinct advantage; and we can trace the difference in the achievements of the two men. Nelson, however, had opportunities from his first teens which favoured him in his noble profession; the experience he gained as a pilot, when a boy, in all probability stood him in good stead in the attacks at the Nile and at Copenhagen; and his rapid promotion, while still a very young man, like his direction of the boats of the *Triumph*, must have encouraged the self-reliance and the faculty of command which were the most conspicuous perhaps of his high qualities. For the rest, numerous anecdotes of the early life of Nelson illustrate features of his heroic and strongly marked character. His undaunted daring, and the noble sense of honour which, with him, was a constant and ruling principle, are exhibited in well known letters of his school days, and reappear in the story of the white bear of the *Carcass*, in his eagerness to board a captured vessel when no one else would make the attempt, and in his readiness on all occasions to confront trials and dangers. Nelson's qualities, too, were quickly developed as soon as he was placed in command, while still only a youth. His professional skill and resource were made manifest in his escape, in the *Albemarle*, from a greatly superior enemy, an exploit he repeated in the *Minerve* just before St. Vincent. When as yet 'a boy captain,' as he was called, he attracted the attention of the veteran Hood, the ablest tactician of the American War,

who described him as a master of naval tactics ; and he had already shown that he could gain the hearts of the subordinates and the seamen with whom he came in contact. But the most striking instance perhaps of his promise, in these years, was his admirable advice to attack the Fort of San Juan, in the Nicaragua expedition, while there was yet time ; here we see the genius that makes and grasps the occasion, a characteristic faculty of most great warriors, and pre-eminently of Nelson in most of his battles :—

‘ The same intuition that in his prime dictated his instant, unhesitating onslaught at the Nile, depriving the French of all opportunity for further preparation—that caused him, in the maturity of his renown, before Copenhagen, to write, “ every hour’s delay makes the enemy stronger ; we shall never be so good a match for them as at this moment ”—that induced him at Trafalgar to modify his deliberately prepared plan in favour of one vastly more hazardous, but which seized and held the otherwise fleeting chance, led him here also at San Juan, unknown, and still scarcely more than a boy, to press the policy of immediate attack.’

The bodily weakness, in striking contrast with an unbending will and an ardent nature, became evident too, in Nelson’s youth. The years that followed the American War were, nearly all, a season of peace, but the young officer distinctly made his mark in them. Against the injunctions of his admiral on the spot, and in disregard of West Indian opinion, Nelson persisted in enforcing the Navigation Acts, then a supposed source of our power at sea, against American traders who contravened the law, having lost their late privileges as British subjects. This disobedience of superior orders, repeatedly seen in Nelson’s career, was an example of the self-confidence he sometimes carried to excess ; but it was a proof, too, of his daring and force of character. Captain Mahan truly remarks :—

‘ Nelson, indeed, in the West Indies, as an unknown captain, had done that which, as a junior admiral, he did later at Copenhagen, at a moment far more critical to Great Britain. By his own unusual powers of impulse and resolve he had enforced as far as was possible against the passive, inert lethargy, not to say timidity, of his superior, the course of action which at the moment was essential to the interests of his country. Truly great in his strength to endure, he knew not the perturbations nor the vacillations that fret the temper and cripple the action of smaller men ;

and however harassed and distressed externally, the calmness of a clear insight and an unshaken purpose guided his footsteps, unwavering, in the path of duty, through all opposition, to the goal of success.'

At this period Nelson braved also the force of official routine by his efforts to expose frauds committed on our foreign stations by functionaries of the Civil Naval Service, conduct which caused the Admiralty to look askance at him, but that attracted the favourable attention of Pitt. The most remarkable incident of his life, however, at that time, was his marriage, fated to lead to unhappy results. Captain Mahan has treated this subject, in an admirable way, with impartiality, but with good taste and feeling. Nelson had a vivid imagination, like most great warriors; he was prone to make ideals of women; he had had attachments that almost upset his mind; but in the woman he unfortunately made his wife he did not find a spirit congenial to his own. He loved the future Lady Nelson calmly and tenderly, but she was one of those who are content to live in decencies for ever; she was no fitting helpmate for an heroic nature, and she never reached the depths of his inmost heart. Like Mark Antony he had his 'demuring Octavia,' and like Mark Antony he met his Cleopatra:—

'The calm, even, and wholly matter-of-fact appreciation of his wife's estimable traits can now be seen in the light of his after career, and its doubtful augury descried; for to idealise was an essential attribute of his temperament. Her failure, in the heyday of courtship, to arouse in him any extravagance of emotion, any illusive exaltation of her merits, which could be permanently occupied only by a highly wrought excellence—even though that was the purely subjective creation of his own enthusiasm. That hold Lady Nelson never gained.'

The Admiralty, we have seen, had no liking for Nelson at this time; he had had some misunderstanding with his old patron, Hood; he was even out of favour with the Court, perhaps on account of his intimacy with Prince William, like his elder brother, odious to the King and the Queen. Nelson, however, was known as a distinguished officer, and at the outbreak of the Great War with France he had no difficulty in obtaining the command of a ship. The *Agamemnon* will be always associated with his renown; she was the cradle, so to speak, of his future greatness. In his service in the Mediter-

rannean, during the next three years, he gave repeated proof of his distinctive qualities; Captain Mahan has carefully dwelt on these; it is, indeed, one of the most special merits of this book, that the development of Nelson's genius is logically carried out and presented in clear and harmonious coherence. The extraordinary confidence reposed in the young Captain by his chiefs is perhaps the most striking feature in his career at this period; he was usually employed in detached expeditions requiring marked ability and the highest trust; the expression is well known how he 'could do as he pleased' with men so different as Hotham, Hood, and Jervis. He became also the most popular captain in the fleet, the idol of his officers and crew; and his energy and capacity were conspicuously seen in his brilliant engagement with the *Ca Ira*—fastening on his prey like a headmost hound—and especially in the counsel, he offered to the feeble Hotham in his two indecisive actions with the Toulon fleet. In this part of the work, however, what is of special value is its illustration of passages in Nelson's conduct which hitherto had been comparatively obscure. Captain Mahan has shown that Nelson was, in no doubtful sense, the master-spirit of the siege of Bastia; the despatches of Hood are unjust to him:—

'Such is genius, that rare but hazardous gift, which separates a man from his fellows by a chasm not to be bridged by human will. Thus endowed, Nelson before the walls of Bastia observed, though in a smaller sphere, and therefore with a lighter hazard, the same keen perception, the same instant decision, the same unfaltering resolve, the same tenacity of purpose, that, far over and beyond the glamour of mere success, have rendered eternally illustrious the days of St. Vincent, the Nile, and Copenhagen.'

The diplomatic skill which Nelson certainly possessed, but which has been denied him by most writers, was exhibited also at the siege of Calvi:—

'It will be noticed that Nelson was practically the intermediary between the two commanders in chief. . . . In this particularly delicate situation, one cannot but be impressed with the tact he for the most part shows, the diplomatic ability, which was freely attributed to him by his superiors in later and more influential commands.'

The failure of Hotham to destroy the Toulon fleet—Nelson in his position would have done this, or have been, in his own words, ‘in a confounded scrape’—compelled the British admiral to blockade the port, and prevented him making a sufficient detachment to support our interests in Mediterranean waters. Nelson always maintained that had Hotham fallen boldly on, when the chance offered of attacking the French fleet, the invasion of Italy, nay, the career of Bonaparte, in 1796, might have been arrested; and as Corsica was now a British station, forming an excellent position near the Riviera coast, this was, not impossibly, a correct judgment. Nelson was strongly impressed by the evil results of the straggling condition of Hotham’s ships, in the ineffectual pursuit of Martin; Captain Mahan thinks the recollection of this may have suggested the original plan of attack made before Trafalgar, the distinctive feature of which was to avoid assailing the enemy in a single extended line, this inevitably causing confusion and delay:—

‘Is it far fetched to see in his reflections upon “this miserable action,” as it is styled independently by James and himself, the forecast of the opening sentence of his celebrated order before Trafalgar? “Thinking it almost impossible to bring a fleet of forty sail of the line into a line of battle in variable winds, thick weather and other circumstances which must occur, *without such a loss of time that the opportunity would probably be lost of bringing the enemy to battle in such a manner as to make the business decisive*, I have, therefore, made up my mind.”’

In 1795-96 Nelson was usually employed, on special service, in cruising off the Riviera seaboard, with a small squadron. He checked and almost stopped, spite of the timid Hotham, the neutral trade that supported the French army, prevented the passage of a siege train sent from France to take part in the attack on Mantua; and always insisted that he would have destroyed the right wing of Bonaparte’s army, before the celebrated battle of Montenotte, and have changed the fortunes of the campaign of Italy, had not the Austrians made a false and premature movement. His squadron, however, was too weak to accomplish much; it is more interesting, in this part of his career, to observe his views on the conduct of the operations of the war, which Captain Mahan has given us

fully for the first time. Nelson had now, as his adversary, at least indirectly, the great master of war he was to baffle at sea; but he never was, I think, a consummate strategist; his mind was not scientific, and he had not the requisite training; and his strategic conceptions were in marked contrast with those of his more profound, and thoroughly informed rival. His notion that the French army could be stopped in its advance, by throwing a small force, from the sea, on its rear, though correct in principle, was, as affairs stood, a mistake; and he attributed to Napoleon extravagant designs of occupying Central Italy, and making an attack on Corsica, which that great captain on the Adige could not have entertained. Nelson's views were, in a word, crude; his expression that he detested 'plans' show how crude they as yet were; Captain Mahan thus compares him with Napoleon, at this stage of their careers:—

'Whether in natural insight Nelson falls short of Napoleon's measure need not here be considered; that he was at this time far inferior, in the powers of a trained intellect, to his younger competitor in the race for fame, is manifest by the readiness with which he accepted such widely eccentric conjectures as that of an attempt by sea upon Leghorn, at the opening of the campaign, and now upon Corsica by a great part, if not the whole, of the army of Italy.'

One of Nelson's ideas, at this period, is nevertheless, striking and of enduring interest. The Toulon fleet was blockaded by Hotham and Jervis; but Nelson thought it possible that it might get out to sea, and, co-operating with a French army, might effect a descent on the shores of Italy. This, as Captain Mahan takes care to point out, would have been an operation strongly resembling Napoleon's projected invasion of England, in 1803-5; and Nelson, we shall see, thought the invasion possible, if the chances, on the whole, were against success, the true inference, whatever be the boasts of naval experts, who contend that our ascendancy at sea, has made England unassailable at home:—

'Nelson's opinion throws light upon the vexed question of the chances for and against Napoleon's projected invasion of England in 1803-5. —so far that is, as the purely naval part of the latter project is concerned. He imagines it perfectly feasible (I firmly believe are his words) in a

tion at Toulon of the fleet already there with divisions arriving from Cadiz and Brest, giving a total much superior to that actually with Jervis. This anticipates Napoleon's projected concentration under Villeneuve, in the Channel. Nelson then continues: "One week's very superior fleet will effect a landing between Port Especia and Leghorn. I mean on that coast of Italy, . . . we may fight their fleet; but unless we can destroy them, (i.e., the transports), their transports will push on and effect their landing. What will the French care for the loss of a few men of war? It is nothing if they can get into Italy. "Make us masters of the Channel for three days, and we are masters of the world," wrote Napoleon to his admirals, with preparations far more complete than those Nelson was considering in 1796, and the distance across the Channel is less than from Vado to Spezia.'

But if Nelson's views on the large combinations of war—as regards operations on land at least, were, at this time, not scientific or sound, his martial instincts led him in the right direction. He condemned our abandonment of the Mediterranean, in 1796-7, as an opportunity lost for the destruction of the enemy's fleets, and a confession of weakness that should not have been made; this policy, it will be recollected, was ere long reversed:—

'We are now twenty-two sail of the line; the combined fleet will not be above thirty-five sail of the line. I will venture my life Sir John Jervis defeats them. This country is the most favourable possible for skill with an inferior fleet; for the winds are so variable, that some one time in twenty-four hours, you must be able to attack a part of a large fleet, and the other will be becalmed, or have a contrary wind.'

Nelson had received his pendant before this time, and had been transferred from the *Agamemnon* to the *Captain*. His sally into the Mediterranean was one of his most dashing exploits: he took the *Sabicea* with the *Minerve*; engaged boldly another Spanish frigate; successfully escaped from two Spanish sail of the line; carried off from Elba a large convoy; reentered the Mediterranean with calm confidence, filled as its waters were with enemy's squadrons; and finally joined the fleet of Jervis, having threaded his way through all kinds of dangers. The most striking instance of his conduct, on this occasion, was the resolution he formed to dog the Spanish fleet, even to the West Indies, if that proved to be its object, anticipating the memorable chase of Villeneuve:

‘As the British commercial interests in the Caribbean were of the first importance, and would be much endangered, he told Drinkwater, who lay awake in his cot, that if he became convinced the ships in sight were bound there, he should give up the attempt to join the commander-in-chief, and should start at once for the Islands, to forewarn them of the approaching danger. . . . The incident illustrates the activity of his mind, in comprehending instantly the singular opportunity thrust upon him, as well as the readiness to accept responsibility and to follow his own judgment, which he showed on so many other occasions, both before and after this.’

When Nelson joined Jervis, in February 1797, the prospect before England was dark and lowering. The war had lasted for nearly four years, and had weighed heavily on the national energies; its results had not been, on the whole, fortunate. The great League of 1793 had been broken up; Prussia had given up the contest; Austria was about to yield; England had not a real ally on the Continent; her overtures for peace had been rejected; Spain had thrown herself into the arms of the French Republic. And if the ascendancy of England at sea had as yet been evident, it had not been assured by decisive victories, and it seemed as if it might be challenged with success. The First of June had been almost a drawn battle; the Mediterranean had been the scene of doubtful combats, and had witnessed lately our inglorious retreat; and the union of the fleets of France and Spain made our enemies superior, in numbers at least, on our own element. Ireland, too, had been attacked a few weeks before; rebellion in that country was menacing our rule; a Dutch fleet was arming against us in the Texel; a descent on England had even been planned in Paris. And the dangers from abroad were even less serious, perhaps, than the dangers at home. National bankruptcy was deemed by many imminent, for the bank had suspended cash payments; the funds had fallen to the lowest point; the Government had become unpopular; general alarm pervaded almost all classes. Above all disaffection was undermining the main source of our power; and symptoms of mutiny were breaking out in the fleet, the chief and now the only defence of the country.

England was lifted out of this desponding state by

memorable battle of St. Vincent; Jervis, who fought against great odds in numbers, rightly said that England 'stood in need of a victory.' Jervis was not a warrior of the first order, at least not to be compared with Nelson; but he was an administrator of remarkable power; the efficiency he imparted to the British fleet almost marks an epoch in the British navy; he prepared the way for the Nile and Trafalgar. Captain Mahan has described the evolutions of the contending fleets, but not so fully as in his work on *Sea Power*; this, no doubt, was his set purpose; but I could wish he had dwelt as he did in that book, on the well known problem whether Jervis was right in directing his fleet to tack in succession, and in thus affording Cordova a chance of escape. Nelson would hardly have made this cautious manœuvre; this, at least, is the judgment of most critics; he would probably have disregarded the lee Spanish squadron, and have fallen at once on the main fleet to windward, securing success from the first moment. But Captain Mahan has admirably explained the decisive part Nelson took in the battle; by wearing the *Captain* out of line, and checking the advance of the Spanish fleet, he enabled, at great, and certain risk to himself, the British ships still astern to come up, and made victory assured by his grand yet judicious boldness:—

'By this spontaneous and sudden act, for which he had no authority by signal or otherwise, except his own judgment and quick perception, Nelson entirely defeated the Spanish movement. Devoting his own ship to a most unequal contest, he gained time for the approaching British ships to come up, and carry on the work they had already begun. . . . It must not be understood, of course, that all the honours of the day are to be claimed for Nelson. . . . But, while fully allowing the merits of many others, from the commander-in-chief down, it is true of St. Vincent, as of most battles, that there was a particular moment on which success or failure hinged. . . . That moment was when the enemy attempted, with good prospect, to effect the junction, which Nelson foiled.

The movement made by Nelson was an illustration of some of his best qualities in war. The daring that challenged a fleet with a single ship, is obvious, but perhaps not the most worthy of praise; what is most admirable was his perfect self-reliance, in disregarding an order to attain a great object,

his readiness, on the mighty chessboard of war, to sacrifice a knight if checkmate was to be won, to imperil his own ship to gain a victory—a quality possessed by very few—and, above all, perhaps, his insight and judgment in running risk, indeed, but risk that he could rightly incur, for, as he said himself, the odds against him were more apparent than real, so wretched was the condition of the Spanish warships, of which he had been for many years aware.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the abortive attack on Teneriffe, one of the only two failures of Nelson in war. The second attack was a forlorn hope; had Nelson directed the first in person, it would not improbably, have been successful:—

‘This hesitation (of Trowbridge) was wholly contrary to Nelson’s own readiness to assume responsibility, and probably accounts for his subsequent remark, in a private letter, that had he himself been present this first attempt would not have failed.’

The first part of Nelson’s career closes at this point, it contrasts markedly, in some respects, with the second; Captain Mahan has admirably described the contrast. These striking passages, however, are too long to quote; I can only refer the reader to them. Nelson had been made a Rear-Admiral by this time; he was recommended to Jervis, now Lord St. Vincent, as fitted for separate command in the Mediterranean. The war had now entered into a new phase; France had become the dominant State of the Continent; but St. Vincent and Camperdown had saved England; the great Power of the Land and the great Power of the Sea, inferior belligerents being thrust aside, were to meet again in deadly encounter. The Mediterranean was to be the scene of the conflict, for the Mediterranean was the path to Egypt and the East, objects of Napoleon’s profound designs; and the men in power in England rightly judged that the Mediterranean was not to be made a French lake. The French expedition to Egypt had been now projected; Nelson, it deserves notice, concurred with Napoleon, that it was not impossible to march from the Nile to the Indus, a view that most writers have deemed extravagant, but that Captain Mahan has accepted in his *Sea Power*:—

“If they pass Sicily,” said Nelson in his letter to Spencer, written the next day, “I shall believe they are going on their scheme of possessing Alexandria and getting troops to India—a plan concerted with Tippoo Saib, by no means so difficult as might at first view be imagined.”’

I could have wished that at this point of the life of Nelson, Captain Mahan had given us a brief account of the qualities and the power of the British and French navies; this would have tended to explain the events that followed. It must suffice here to say that the British squadron, of which Nelson had received the command, had been made by Jervis a perfect instrument of war; if the French had excellent warships, their fleets as a whole, had been reduced, by the Revolution, to a deplorable state. Undoubtedly, however, Nelson's was the master mind that caused the immense triumph of the British arms at hand; ably as he was seconded, the Nile was his work. It is well known how unfortunate he was at first; the *Vanguard* was dismasted and he lost his frigates; and when he had been joined by all his fleet he was left in the Mediterranean without intelligence of the great French armament, which had put out of Toulon. But his martial genius stood him in good stead; he would search out the French fleet wherever it was, and make its destruction his great object:—

“Be they bound to the Antipodes,” he says to Earl Spencer, “your lordship may rely that I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action, and endeavour to destroy their transports.”’

True to this, his settled and right purpose, Nelson began his celebrated chase of Brueys. He made the most careful preparations for the coming battle, which he expected would take place along the shores of Egypt, for, as Captain Mahan has pointed out, over and over again, this great warrior, like most great warriors, left nothing undone to secure victory beforehand:—

“It was his practice during the whole of his cruise,” wrote Berry, the flag captain, “whenever the weather and circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board the *Vanguard*, when he would fully develope to them his own ideas of the different and best modes of attack in all possible directions.”’

The responsibility of the pursuit was immense, for Nelson, in making for the coasts of Egypt, was leaving the Mediter-

anean almost unguarded, and envy and detraction were at work with his name:—

‘Broadly as his instructions were drawn, no word of Egypt or the East was specifically in them. Naples, Sicily, Portugal, or Ireland, such were the dangers intimated by Spencer and St. Vincent in their letters, and he was distinctly cautioned against letting the enemy get to windward of him. He might have consoled himself for indecisive action . . . by the reflection that . . . the designs of the enemy were for the time frustrated by the presence of his squadron between them and the points indicated to him.’

Napoleon, as is well known, eluded Nelson, by changing the course of the French fleet, and directing it eastwards towards Candia; but this could not have happened had Nelson had his frigates, ‘the eyes of his fleet,’ as he rightly called them. And if Nelson reached Alexandria before the enemy, and did not wait until the French sails appeared, this, the only mistake that can be laid to his charge, was due to information he could not know was false:—

‘Had Nelson known that the French, when leaving Malta, had but three days start of him instead of six, as the Genoese had reported, he might have suspected the truth; it is not wonderful that he failed to believe that he could have gained six days.’

We may pass over the tedious quest that followed; the French fleet was descried in the roads of Aboukir in the afternoon of the 1st of August, 1798. Nelson, though three of his ships were behind, resolved to close with the enemy at once; an attack at night, in a most difficult situation, had to be risked, but this inspiration of genius paralysed the French Admiral, and victory was well nigh assured from the first. Captain Mahan has described the false dispositions of Brueys, and the admirable precautions taken by Nelson in a narrative scarcely as complete as that in *Sea Power*, but succinct, brilliant, and well sustained. I can only refer to the advance of the British fleet, a remarkable instance of bold but careful arrangement:—

‘No close shaving was done, however, at this critical time; and it is that steady deliberation, combined with such parsimony of time in other moments, which is most impressive in Nelson. So few realise that five minutes are at once the most important and the least important of con-

siderations. Thus the British passed so much beyond the island and the shore before keeping awry, that as the long column swept round to head for the French van, the ships turned their port broadsides to the enemy, and were steering south-westerly when they finally ran down. "The English Admiral," wrote the French second in command, "without doubt had experienced pilots on board; he hauled well round all dangers."

The operation was one of extreme difficulty; a passage had to be made in a very narrow space, between the head of the French van and dangerous sandbanks, almost unknown, and had heavy batteries been placed on the little island at hand—Napoleon had directed that this was to be done—the British attack might have been defeated. But Nelson probably had his preparations made to fall on the French, as he expected, at anchor; and if he owed something to good fortune, and much to the negligence of his opponent, his energy and skill was not the less worthy of praise. The manœuvre he made—I cannot here enquire what was the real share Foley had in it—brought five French ships under the cross fire of eight British, while the French centre could scarcely support the van, and the French rear was kept completely inactive. The victory was thus won from the very outset, as Villeneuve wrote in a characteristic letter; the French van was crushed and destroyed in detail, and this involved the whole fleet in ruin, if the fall of the *Orient* accelerated the final result. But how critical and delicate Nelson's first movement was, show the genius of the chief was seconded by his thoroughly trained and experienced officers, appears from the following passage:

'I knew what stuff I had under me, so I went into the attack with only a few ships, perfectly sure the others would follow me, although it was nearly dark, and they might have had every excuse for not doing it, yet they all in the course of two hours found a hole to poke in at. If,' he added, 'I had taken a fleet of the same force from Spithead, I would sooner have thought of flying than attacking the French in their position, but I knew my captains, nor could I say which distinguished himself most.'

It is unnecessary to follow the incidents of the Nile; it was the most scientific of Nelson's battles, the one in which a single manœuvre had the greatest results; but the one, too, that owed most, perhaps, to forethought and the skill of sub-

ordinates. Had Nelson not been wounded, the only two French ships of the line that crawled away, after the loss of eleven, would very probably have been captured:—

“I regret (Nelson wrote) that one escaped, and I think that if it had pleased God that I had not been wounded, not a boat would have escaped to have told the tale; but I do not believe that any individual in the fleet is to blame.”

The Nile, in which ten British ships only—for three did not arrive on the scene until late—overwhelmed thirteen French, for the most part superior in force—we had nothing to compare to the *Orient*, the *Franklin*, the *Tonnant*, and the *Guillaume Tell*—was the first great naval battle of the war which can be pronounced completely decisive. It swept the French flag out of the Mediterranean for a time; and, what was more important, as De La Gravière remarks, it inflicted a blow on the French navy and its leaders, from which they never recovered. The Nile, in fact, foreshadows Trafalgar; the timidity of Villeneuve in not assisting Brueys, difficult as the operation would, no doubt, have been, was a prelude to the weakness of Dumanoir in not coming to the aid of Villeneuve on the 21st of October, 1805. For the rest the Nile was, in Nelson's words, ‘a conquest;’ it made England supreme in the Mediterranean again; it imprisoned Napoleon and his army in Egypt; it made an invasion of India hopeless; it renewed the great Coalition of 1799, which brought France to the very verge of ruin. And the main author of these great events was the still young seaman who had gained a triumph such as no British seaman had ever gained; Nelson, in a single bound, had risen to a height never attained by Hawke, Rodney, Howe, Hood, or Jervis. It is a sad task to turn from this blaze of glory to the one dark episode in Nelson's career. The warrior went to Naples to refit after the Nile; his intention was not to remain long on that coast; his letters show that his real purpose was to observe Egypt and Syria, and to complete the annihilation of the power of France in the East by the destruction of the French transports in Alexandria:—

“I detest this voyage to Naples,” he wrote to St. Vincent two days before reaching the port. “Nothing but absolute necessity could force

me to the measure. Syracuse in future, whilst my operations lie in the eastern side of Sicily, is my port, where every refreshment may be had for a fleet." The present necessity was that of refit and repair, to which Syracuse was inadequate. "For myself," he sent word to Sir William Hamilton, "I hope not to be more than four or five days at Naples, for these times are not for idleness."

Nelson, too, literally abhorred Frenchmen, and had a fixed idea that the French army in Egypt should never be permitted to return home:—

"I own my hope yet is that the Sublime Porte will never permit a single Frenchman to quit Egypt; and I own myself wicked enough to wish them all to die in that country they chose to invade. We have scoundrels of French enough in Europe without them. I never would consent to one of them returning to the Continent of Europe during the war," he tells Spencer Smith. "I wish them to *finish* in Egypt, and give a great lesson to the world of the justice of the Almighty."

These resolutions and ideas were scattered to the winds by the sojourn of Nelson for a few weeks at Naples. It is allowable to pass over the faults and the sins of great men when they have no marked effect on their public conduct, but it is otherwise, unhappily, in this instance. The impressionable and sensitive nature of Nelson was singularly exposed to the power of applause and flattery; he certainly had the foible of vanity, as many passages in his correspondence show, and as the sober-minded but cold-hearted Wellington noticed, in the only interview he ever had with him. The simple warrior, unaccustomed to the life of Courts, was deeply moved by the fascinations of a brilliant queen, a daughter of Maria Theresa, and a sister of Marie Antoinette; by the accumulated honours that fell thick on him; by the exulting acclaim of a capital set free; by the universal admiration in which he was held at Naples. These influences, however, would not have enthralled Nelson, and turned him from the course of prudence and right, but for the unfortunate spells of Emma Hamilton, destined thenceforward to affect his whole life. Captain Mahan has taken extraordinary pains to draw a faithful portrait of this remarkable woman, still probably a courtesan at heart, but certainly possessing wonderfully attractive graces, considerable intellectual power, and even something of an heroic

nature. Nelson was completely subjugated by this Circe; in his eyes she was an idol to be worshipped and loved:—

‘Lady Hamilton could appreciate and admire heroism, and under the stimulus of excitement, of self-conscious magnanimity for the glitter of effective performance and the applause of onlookers, she was quite capable of heroic action. . . Unhappily, Nelson was not able to stand the heavy dose of flattery administered by a woman of such conspicuous beauty and consummate art; nor was his taste discriminating enough to experience any wholesome revolt against the rankness of the draught she offered him. The quick appreciation of the born actress, which enabled her when on the stage to clothe herself with a grace and refinement, that dropped away when she left it, combined with his simplicity of confidence in others, and his strong tendency to idealise, to invest her with a character very different from the true. Not that the Lady Hamilton of reality was utterly different from the Lady Hamilton of his imagination. That she ever loved him is doubtful, but there were in her spirit impulses capable of sympathetic response to his bravest acts, though not to his noblest emotions.’

Captain Mahan—and of this there can be no doubt—plainly intimates that, under this evil influence, Nelson soon forgot the wife, who had never possessed his heart, and became the guilty lover of Emma Hamilton, and still the avowed friend of a confiding husband. These volumes show how degrading the connection became; it provoked these comments from Nelson’s friends, and even from his official superiors, and ‘the grain in his conscience made him sour’; he became restive, morose, probably angry with himself:—

‘Nelson and the Hamiltons all lived together in a house of which he bore the expense, which was enormous, and every sort of gambling went on all night. Nelson used to sit with large parcels of gold before him, and generally go to sleep, Lady Hamilton taking from his heap without counting. . . It is plain that Lord Nelson thinks of nothing but Lady Hamilton, who is totally occupied by the same subject. Lord Nelson is a little man, without any dignity, who, I suppose, must resemble what Suwarrow was in his youth, as he is like all the pictures I have seen of that General. Lady Hamilton takes possession of him, and he is a willing captive, the most submissive and devoted I have ever seen. Sir William Hamilton is old, infirm, all admiration of his wife, and never spoke to-day but to applaud her. . . “She goes on cramming Nelson with trowelfuls of flattery, which he goes on taking as quietly as a child does pap.”’

Omphale, however, would not have lived in fable had she not interfered with the work of Hercules; the wiles of Delilah

unmanned Samson. Emma Hamilton ruled the Queen of Naples, herself the ruler of a worthless king; through the sinister influence of the two women, Nelson became the military adviser of the Court, the chief director, in fact, of its policy. The curious views on war that sometimes misled him, and his fierce and passionate hatred of the French, may have contributed to his erroneous counsels to attack before Austria was ready for the field; but Emma Hamilton certainly egged on her lover. The same evil attraction also turned Nelson away even from the path of professional duty. For the sake of dallying with Emma Hamilton—at least this was the ruling motive—he neglected the important mission in the East; he disobeyed the positive orders of Keith, on an occasion that does not admit an excuse; he even disregarded the siege of Malta; and in the affair of Carracioli, and of the insurgents of Naples, he was almost certainly led astray by his unhappy passion. I cannot agree with all that Captain Mahan has written on these most wretched events. Carracioli was guilty of an offence before the law; but so was the unfortunate Duc D'Enghieu; yet the execution of Carracioli, like that of the Duc, was a crime in the judgment of most thinking men; and in both instances it was carried out with indecent haste, as Captain Mahan, in the case of Carracioli, admits. As for the affair of the insurgents, they were protected by a capitulation signed by the British officer on the spot, by an armed agent of the Court of Naples, and by the representatives of its allies; this assuredly should have been a binding compact, whether executed or not makes no essential difference; and yet Nelson set the capitulation at naught, and consented to the deeds of blood that followed. The animosities of the time in part excuse this and other breaches of public faith—capitulations, in fact, had little sanctity in that age—but here, too, Emma Hamilton's influence may be traced; this, at least, was the tradition of the day.

It is gratifying to turn from these sorry passages to observe Nelson girding himself for battle again, when Bruix entered the Mediterranean, with a great fleet, in the hopes of relieving

the army in Egypt. We see the hero, at his best, in these words:—

‘To St. Vincent he expressed himself with the sober, dauntless, resolution of a consummate warrior, who recognised that opportunities must be seized, and detachments, if need be, sacrificed for the furtherance of a great common object. “Your Lordship may depend that the squadron under my command shall never fall into the hands of the enemy; and before we are destroyed, I have little doubt but the enemy will have their wings so completely clipped that they may be easily overtaken.” In this temper he waited. It is this clear perception of the utility of his contemplated grapple with superior numbers, and not the headlong valour and instinct for fighting that unquestionably distinguished him, which constitutes the excellence of Nelson’s genius. This it was which guided him in the great Trafalgar campaign, and the lack of which betrayed Villeneuve, at the same period, to his wretched shortcomings.’

Nelson was received with general acclaim by the nation, as the hero of the Nile, when he returned to England. But his relations with the Hamiltons were well known in the life of London; they had been his companions in his journey home; and Emma had become his avowed mistress. His conduct, too, had given the Admiralty offence; the King treated him with marked discourtesy; and it is not improbable that public opinion would have demanded his being raised to a higher step in the Peerage—he had been only made a Baron for the Nile—had not society and the Court pronounced against him, chiefly perhaps because he made a parade of his frailties. The final break with Lady Nelson ere long followed; Captain Mahan tells the story with characteristic good taste. He thus refers to the later years of her life:—

‘The latter years of Lady Nelson’s life were passed partly in Paris, where she lived with her son and his family. Her eldest grandchild, a girl, was eight or ten years old at the time of her death. She remembers the great sweetness of her grandmother’s temper, and tells that she often saw her take from a casket a miniature of Nelson, look at it affectionately, kiss it, and then replace it gently; after which she would turn to her and say, “When you are older, little Fan, you too may know what it is to have a broken heart.”’

The passing cloud which had fallen on Nelson may possibly explain why he did not obtain the chief command in the operations against the League of the Southern Powers. Cap-

tain Mahan has carefully described the skill and the craft of Napoleon in forming this coalition in 1801; but the great master of war was again baffled by the great seaman. Nelson's conduct at Copenhagen, De La Gravière has said, is the finest exhibition of his professional skill which even his splendid career can show; it was probably the one in which all his powers were most conspicuously seen in harmonious concert; and it is most notable as affording a striking contrast between the commonplace and feeble Parker and himself. Seldom, indeed, has the difference between insight in war, and timid routine been made more clear. But, it may confidently be said, that had Parker been left to his own halting counsels, Copenhagen would not have been attacked as it was; that had it been attacked, the British fleet would probably have met a grave disaster; that, but for Nelson, the battle would not have been won, and under Parker's direction would have ended in defeat; and that had Nelson held throughout an undivided command, the campaign would quickly have had a far more decisive result. Parker, in fact, was a kind of drag on Nelson, in these operations from first to last; and though Nelson's genius forced his chief to conform to his will, and secured for England no doubtful success, it was crossed and thwarted on many occasions, and failed to accomplish all that it had grandly conceived. Nelson, however, impeded as he was, designed the attack on Copenhagen; and his plan was marked by his wonted resource and judgment. From the outset he had protested against hesitations and delays, and he had formed a correct estimate of the naval worth of the Powers of the North; it was nothing in the balance compared to the fleets of England:—

‘ During this Council of War, the energy of Lord Nelson's character was remarked; certain difficulties had been started by some of the members, relative to each of the three Powers we should either have to engage in succession or united, in those seas. The number of the Russians was in particular represented as formidable. Lord Nelson kept pacing the cabin, mortified at everything that savoured either of alarm or irresolution. When the above remark was applied to the Swedes, he sharply observed, “The more numerous the better;” and when to the Russians, he repeatedly said, “So much the better, I wish they were twice as many, the easier the victory, depend on it.”’

Acting in this spirit, Nelson tried indeed to detach a part of the fleet to attack the Russian ships at Revel, while the remaining part should attack Copenhagen; it was, he thought, in sufficient strength for this; but his timid superior rejected this counsel. Captain Mahan has fully and very clearly described the operations of Nelson at Copenhagen; he has especially given Nelson's orders at length. The plan of attack was very remarkable; it was, I have said, worthy of its great author. Nelson proposed to get into the narrow channel, by which a part of the fleet must reach Copenhagen, not by the northern, but the southern entrance, not under the batteries of the Trekroner, but by doubling the shoal of the Middle Ground, and assailing the weakest point of the Danish line. The operation certainly would be difficult, but it combined advantages which no other could afford:—

'The northern part of these defences was decisively the stronger. To attack them Nelson called "taking the bull by the horns." The southern wing was much more exposed. Nor was this all. An advance from the north must be made with a northerly wind. If unsuccessful, or even in case of success, if ships were badly crippled, they could not return to the north, where the fleet was. On the other hand, attack from the south presupposed a southerly wind, with which, after an action, the engaged ships could rejoin the fleet, if they threaded safely the difficult navigation. In any event, there was risk, but none knew better than Nelson that without risks war is not made. To the considerations above given he added, that when south of the city the British would be interposed between the other Baltic navies and Denmark. The latter, in that case, could not receive reinforcements, unless the English squadron were first defeated.'

Strategically and tactically, this plan was one of Nelson's most striking combinations in war. It was carried into effect, as is well known, on the 2nd April, 1801. Misadventures occurred; two ships grounded; the British squadron, owing to the fears of pilots, was not able to close on the Danish batteries, as Nelson had wished. But the Middle Ground was successfully turned; the mass of the British ships reached the channel safely; the Danes were surprised by an unforeseen attack; the weak defences on their right were speedily destroyed. The Danish centre, however, made a stern resistance; the battle raged furiously for some hours; and Parker, alarmed lest the British squadron would be disabled and penned within

the narrow passage, unwisely gave the signal for recall, an order that would have changed victory at hand into defeat. Nelson refused to see the Admiral's signal; his expressive and humorous exclamation is well known. Captain Mahan makes these true remarks on his conduct:—

‘It was not, however, only in superiority of judgment or of fighting power that Nelson in this one act towered like a giant over his superior; it was in that supreme moral characteristic which made him to shut his eyes to the perils and doubts surrounding the only path by which he could achieve success, and save his command from a defeat verging on annihilation. The pantomime of putting the glass to his blind eye was, however unintentionally, a profound allegory. There is a time to be blind as well as to see.’

By what skill and presence of mind, Nelson obtained a suspension of arms, at the nick of time, when the battle had been indisputably won, but it had become difficult to extricate the injured British ships, is also a story sufficiently known. As Captain Mahan points out, the Danes had been completely beaten:—

‘Nelson's success at Copenhagen was secured by address as it had been won by force. But it had been thoroughly won. “We cannot deny it,” wrote Niebuhr, “we are quite beaten. Our line of defence is destroyed. We cannot do much injury to the enemy, so long as he contents himself with bombarding the city, docks, and fleet. The worst is, the Crown Batteries can be held no longer.” Two or three days later he says again: “The truce has been prolonged. The remaining half of our defences are useless, now that the right wing is broken,—a defect over which I have meditated uselessly many a time since last summer.” The result was due to Nelson's sagacious and emphatic advice as to the direction and manner of the attack, by which the strong points of the Danish positions were completely and unexpectedly turned.’

Nelson negotiated the armistice with the Danes that followed, and obtained most honourable terms for British interests. Had he been commander in chief he would have completed the victory of Copenhagen by the destruction of the Russian ships at Revel, an object he always had at heart; he rightly called the Czar the trunk of the Northern League. But Parker hesitated, and lost the precious occasion; and when he was replaced by Nelson the quarry had disappeared. As we look back at this remarkable campaign, if Nelson had

been in supreme command, unquestionably it would have been more decisive; but, hampered as he was, he achieved great things; and his intellectual and moral faculties, I repeat, acted together at their best. It is difficult whether to admire most his insight in perceiving the true point of attack, on a difficult and complex field of manœuvre; his characteristic energy in the fight; his wise resolution to disregard orders which, he well knew, would have been disastrous; his self-reliant bearing of responsibility however onerous; his skill in saving his ships when he had secured success; and his eagerness to follow up and make the most of victory. His diplomatic skill was, also, very conspicuous; it aroused even stern old Jervis to break out in praise.

Nelson was made a Viscount for Copenhagen; but he bitterly resented what he deemed a personal slight, that there was no national recognition of the victory, or of the services of the fleet. During the next two years he appeared occasionally in the House of Lords: the few speeches he made show his keen sense of the honour of the State, his hatred of the French and their ambitious chief, and his anxiety for the welfare of the British sailor, an object which he had always at heart. He had now become the owner of Merton, the only home he ever possessed in England; and braving a scandal he thought he could live down, he had placed Emma Hamilton at the head of his board, and had taken with her to his hearth the deceived husband. We can only conjecture, as Captain Mahan remarks, how he reconciled acts of this kind with his conscience; but he had fits of moodiness and ill-temper, and his complaints of the Admiralty and its chiefs were frequent. His services, however, were above price; and he had been appointed to a command in the Channel, to resist the menaces of invasion which Napoleon had made a few months before the brief Peace of Amiens, in the hope chiefly of saving his army in Egypt. He was beaten off in a boat attack off Boulogne, the second of his two trivial failures; but, as Captain Mahan has shown, what is most valuable for us in this part of his career, was Nelson's judgment on the prospects of an invasion of our shores. He thought a successful descent feasible, if not likely;

and though he retained his perfect confidence in the power of our fleets, and rightly said that England's best line of defence was a naval force at the enemy's ports, he insisted that she should possess also an army on land, and even a flotilla, to oppose invasion, an absolute repudiation of the false theory, too much in fashion at the present time, but condemned not only by Nelson, but by Wellington and by Lord Wolseley, that our superiority at sea makes us unassailable on land. And this is the more remarkable because Nelson attributed to Napoleon projects of attack, feeble, ill-designed, and deficient in force, which that great master certainly never dreamed of:—

'That Bonaparte—supposed to be master of his first movements—if he meant to land in person at Dover, would land half his army ashore at Solebay, is as incredible as that he would have landed one half at Leghorn, meaning to act with the other from the Riviera. If this criticism be sound, it would show that Nelson, genius as he was, suffered from the lack of that ability which reinforces its own conclusions by the experience of others.'

Pure strategy in fact, as I have ventured to remark, and as Captain Mahan has not failed to acknowledge, was not one of Nelson's distinctive attainments in war.

The Peace of Amiens was only a hollow truce: France and England rushed to arms in a death struggle, the terrified Continent standing aloof. France was now supreme from the Texel to the Adriatic shores; her military strength had become gigantic; she was admirably ruled by a great despot; yet the Power of the Land was again challenged by the Power of the Sea, and the issue was seen in a few months at Trafalgar. Captain Mahan's chapters on this magnificent theme are certainly the most impressive in his book; he has risen to the height of his great argument as no other writer has risen before. I could wish indeed, again, that he had dwelt on the quality of the belligerent navies; those of France, Holland and Spain, large as they were, were once more utterly inferior to that of Great Britain, weakened as it had been by unwise economies; and there was no comparison between the commanders opposed. I could wish, too, that he had explained more fully Napoleon's arrangements for invading our shores, for marvels of strategy and administrative skill as they were,

they only illustrated how complete was their ultimate failure. But Captain Mahan has described, with admirable clearness and insight, the characteristics of the arduous struggle, and he has distinctly, and almost for the first time, shown how commanding was the part Nelson played in it. Napoleon succeeded in collecting a great flotilla round Boulogne, and in encamping within a few miles of our coasts the army that won Austerlitz, Jena and Friedland; but his great difficulty was 'to bridge over the Channel,' to bring into the narrow seas a fleet strong enough to risk the descent against the superior power of England. To attain this object he tasked his great powers to the utmost, and formed combinations worthy of his genius in war; but he failed, because his fleets and their leaders were unable to cope with his foe at sea—the one capital mistake he made all through—and because he had an adversary in Nelson of extraordinary gifts. Nelson never fathomed Napoleon's designs; strategically he was no match for his more profound antagonist. But he understood and carried out with wonderful insight and judgment the true principles of naval warfare; he turned to the very best account the naval force of England and the inferiority of France at sea; deceived and baffled as he was more than once, he pursued the enemy before him with such untiring energy, such admirable forethought, such prescient skill, that the plan of invading England was completely frustrated; and then, having driven his weak adversary to seek an ignominious refuge, he annihilated the hostile fleets in his path, and blotted France out as a Power on the ocean on the crowning and terrible day of Trafalgar. At every move in this great game of war, in which the fortunes of England were the stake, we see Nelson confounding Napoleon's projects; and Captain Mahan has made this manifest with peculiar clearness.

Nelson received the command of the Mediterranean fleet, and began in the *Victory* that protracted watch, followed by a pursuit of an evading foe, to which there is no parallel in naval warfare. There was an essential difference, Captain Mahan points out, between his ideas on the war and those of Napoleon, which must be borne in mind in considering the events at

hand. Napoleon was well aware of the difficulties of the descent, but he believed success was within his grasp; he, therefore, concentrated his chief resources in front of the Channel, to which he hoped to attract his fleets; and though, with his unrivalled craft, he made demonstrations with an armed force in Southern Italy, in order to perplex and deceive his enemy, the Mediterranean and the adjoining countries were not his objects at the present juncture. Nelson, on the other hand, though he deemed the descent possible, thought that, on the whole, it was not probable; and his leading idea was that France would direct her arms to conquest in the Mediterranean and towards the East. He did not, indeed, exclude other projects; he considered an attack on Ireland, and even on the West Indies, operations not unlikely to be made; but Sicily, the Morea, and, above all, Egypt, were, in his judgment, the points most liable to attack, a conclusion strengthened by the presence of the French in the south of Italy:—

‘In Bonaparte’s eyes, to invade Britain was, justly, the greatest of all ends, the compassing of which would leave all the rest to fall. Nelson, weighing the difficulties of that enterprise more accurately than could be done by one unaccustomed to the sea, doubted the reality of the intention, and thought it more consonant to the true policy of France to seize control of the Mediterranean by a sudden concentration of her fleets, and then to transport her troops by water to the heel of Italy, to the Ionian Islands, to the Morea, to Egypt. So stationed, with fortified stepping-stones rising at short intervals from the deep, future movements of troops and supplies from point to point would be but an affair of coasters, slipping from battery to battery, such as he had experienced in the Riviera. . . . The essential difference between the two was that one believed the invasion of England, however difficult, to be possible; while the other, without pronouncing that attempt impossible, saw its difficulties so clearly, that he conceived his enemy must be aiming at the Mediterranean from the beginning.’

In this view Nelson was mistaken for the time, and his subsequent operations were affected by it. Yet his calculation was the more just of the two; French conquest in the Mediterranean was an enterprise more feasible than the invasion of England; and when Trafalgar had made this last result hope-

less, Napoleon directed his attention to the great inland sea and its coasts:—

‘It is permissible to remark that Bonaparte, after the failure of the invasion, first busied himself in reducing Austria, Prussia, and Russia successively, to the state of inaction in which they were in 1803; next came to an understanding with the latter, such as Nelson had foreseen; and then turned to the Mediterranean, where he established his own rule in Naples, in the Ionian Islands, on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, and finally in the Spanish Peninsula.’

But if Nelson was, to this extent, at fault—and it must be recollected that, on the theatre of war, Napoleon had the initiative, as was his wont, and all the advantage the offensive gives—the great seaman not the less understood the true way to cope with and to defeat his enemy. Whatever might be Napoleon’s purpose, the French fleet was to be caught and destroyed:—

‘A man dealing with Napoleon was bound to meet perplexities innumerable, to thread a winding and devious track, branching out often into false trails that end no where, and confused by cross lights which glittered only to mislead. In such a case as in the doubtful paths of common life, the only sure guide to a man’s feet is principle, and Nelson’s principle was the destruction of the French fleet. No other interest, his own least of all, could divert him from it.’

Fixed to this purpose, the best, as a rule, in war, Nelson began the watch of his immediate quarry, the French squadron being assembled at Toulon. It is sufficiently known with what sound judgment he made the Madalenas his main station; how he incessantly cruised, before Toulon, between Sardinia and San Sebastian, scouring the Mediterranean with his light vessels, and how he kept up this arduous quest, for long months, a feat never performed before or since. His ships, owing to false parsimony, during peace, were not well found, or in the best condition; they were distant hundreds of miles from an arsenal, and were not permitted to leave their waiting ground to refit; yet Nelson, by his admirable precautions and care, contrived to keep them in good fighting trim: and what is even more remarkable, maintained the crews in excellent health and the highest heart. Such a result would have been impossible in a French or Spanish fleet of the day; it was a

marvellous specimen of organising power ; and we can hardly wonder that Napoleon believed that Nelson's squadron had been worn out, and would be unable to pursue his Toulon squadron :—

' It was the carrying out of this decision, with ships in such condition, in a region where winds and seas were of exceptional violence, and supplies of food and water most difficult to obtain, because surrounded in all directions by countries either directly hostile, or under the overmastering influence of Bonaparte, that made the exercise of Nelson's command, during this period a triumph of naval administration and precision. . . . For twenty-two months Nelson's fleet never went into a port, other than an open roadstead, on a neutral coast, destitute of supplies ; at the end of that time, when the need arose to pursue an enemy for four thousand miles, it was found massed, and in all respects perfectly prepared for so distant and sudden a call.'

Nelson's plan of operations, as is well known, was not to blockade the French fleet at Toulon, but to observe it, and to lure it out to fight. With this object he placed a few ships near the port, keeping at a distance the reserve part of his squadron ; the result of an engagement with him, admitted of no doubts,—' Woe betide the Frenchman who comes across the *Victory* ' ; ' the destination of that fleet is Spithead ' ; ' their sides will be like a plum-pudding '—such were the expressions of a confidence fully justified in the end. His indignation with La Touche Tréville, the capable officer, who had baffled him at Boulogne, when that Admiral had reported that he had fled before him, is a characteristic sally of wrath ; it is more to the purpose to observe, that while Nelson set a snare to induce the enemy to attack, he took care to secure a position of vantage. Nelson, in fact, and this should never be forgotten, was judicious and circumspect, no less than daring :—

' But while thus keenly anxious to force an action, he was wary to obtain tactical conditions that should ensure a success, adequate to the risk he ran, and to the object at which he aimed. " I think their fleet will be ordered out to fight close to Toulon, that they may get their crippled ships in again, and that we must then quit the coast to repair our damages, and thus leave the coast clear, but my mind is fixed not to fight them, unless with a westerly wind, outside the Hières, and, with an easterly wind, to the westward of Sicié." Crippled there, to leeward of their port, the other British division coming up fresh, as a reserve, from the southward, where it lay concealed, would both cut them off and rescue any of their own fleet that might have been overpowered.'

Captain Mahan has given us an excellent account—no other writer has attempted this—of the numerous and momentous duties imposed on Nelson in his Mediterranean command. He was, in fact, the centre of the diplomacy of the British Government, its chief representative in its relations with the States that extended from the Bosphorus to the Straits of Gibraltar. Nelson acquitted himself admirably in a mission of extraordinary difficulty and importance in the existing state of Europe :

‘ Each British Minister around the shores of the Mediterranean had his own particular care ; the British admiral was in confidential communication with all, and in every movement had to consider the consequences of what he did and of what he left undone. It was a day when force ruled, and all the nations of Europe, whether they wished or not, had to put their chief trust in the sword and those who bore it. Not the least of Nelson’s qualifications for his post, was that he possessed intimate knowledge and experience of political conditions in the Mediterranean, knew the peoples and the rulers well, and to great sagacity and judgment added a temper at once firm and conciliatory.’

The prescient views of Nelson, and the insight he showed in this important service, are very striking. He condemned the weakness of the Mediterranean Powers, falling one after the other into the hands of Napoleon, but he deprecated our injudicious quarrel with Spain, and our high-handed interference with the rights of neutrals. Captain Mahan has also dwelt in detail on the daily round of life of Nelson in his protracted cruise, but for a description of this we can only refer to these pages. The great warrior kept steadily in view his main object, the destruction of the French fleet ; and, as before the Nile, he explained his plans to his captains, and rehearsed with them his modes of attack, in the friendly and confidential intercourse, which contributed so greatly to the universal affection felt for him :—

‘ In communicating his ideas to his subordinates, Nelson did not confine himself to official intercourse ; on the contrary, his natural disposition impelled him rather to familiar conversation with them on service subjects. “ Even for debating the most important naval business,” we learn through his confidential secretary at this period, “ he preferred a turn on the quarter-deck with his captains, whom he led, by his own friendliness, to express themselves freely, to all the stiffness and formality of a council of war.” ’

The death of La Touche Tréville in the summer of 1804, placed Villeneuve in command of the Toulon fleet. This ill-fated admiral was a skilful seaman; his personal courage is beyond dispute, but he was irresolute, easily discouraged, without self-reliance—an adversary, in a word, unfit to cope with Nelson. Yet it must be said for him that his fleet, ill-prepared and untrained, was no match for a British squadron, that he was weighed down by the recollections of the Nile, and that Napoleon's projects necessarily involved evasion, and even flight, for his naval forces, and this increased the timidity of the leaders at their head. Villeneuve escaped from Toulon in January, 1805, in order to carry out one of the combinations for the descent, but his ships could not contend with bad weather, and he put back into Toulon already losing heart. Nelson would have caught him, as Captain Mahan points out, and as Villeneuve says in his Diary, had not the French admiral made this movement; but Nelson, preoccupied with the notion that Napoleon's designs turned towards the East, and drawing conclusions from the state of the wind, thought that the French were making for Egypt, and set sail for Alexandria, returning, however, ere long to the eastern coast of Sardinia. Villeneuve, having refitted his shattered ships, left Toulon again at the close of March, his destination being the West Indies, where he was to be joined by Ganteaume, with a fleet from Brest, the two admirals then making for the Channel, with an armada of overwhelming force—one of Napoleon's finest combinations in war. Villeneuve was fortunate in the extreme at first; he escaped from the sight of two British frigates, which, Nelson complained, looked out badly; and having rallied a French ship and a Spanish squadron, he made his way slowly, but safely, to Martinique.

Nelson was thus baffled for the second time; but he took a position between Sardinia and the African coast, where he hoped to be informed of, or to intercept, his enemy; and when he learned that the French fleet was west of the Straits, he set off instantly in pursuit, though retarded for weeks by adverse winds. He had no conception of Napoleon's project, but he rightly judged that his course was to follow Villeneuve and

the allied fleet, and he wished especially to protect our West Indian colonies, at this time a great centre of British commerce. Captain Mahan has admirably described these events, but they have been narrated by a host of writers, and it is unnecessary to dwell on them in detail. Nelson's chase of Villeneuve really only began when the allied squadrons was near Martinique; it was the most brilliant, perhaps, ever made on the seas. The odds against the British fleet was eighteen ships to ten; but Nelson thought only of bringing Villeneuve to bay; crowding all sail he gained ten days on his enemy; he never doubted that success was within his power. His scornful expressions of contempt of the enemy are sufficiently known; but he took care to throw no chances away, and Captain Mahan has given us—I think for the first time—the great seaman's plan of attack. The object of Nelson, as at the Nile, was to make the most of British seamanship and superior fighting power; he resolved to close on the van of Villeneuve, and to defeat it in detail before it could receive assistance; by these tactics he judged, and judged correctly, that he would compensate for an inferiority in numbers of nearly one half.

Had Nelson, as he had reason to expect, succeeded in giving Villeneuve battle, on the theatre of Rodney's famous action, he could not have annihilated the allied fleet, so great was the disparity of his force: but certainly he could have made it, to a considerable extent, a wreck, and this alone would have, perhaps, frustrated Napoleon's designs. Unlike Villeneuve, however, he was, at first, unfortunate; he was induced to descend into the Gulf of Paria, by positive information, which proved to be false, and he missed the chance of falling on the French Admiral. Yet the terror his name inspired stood him in good stead, and marred the operations of his weak antagonist. Villeneuve had been reinforced by two ships, making his fleet twenty sail of the line; but he had heard that Nelson had fourteen of these, and he quitted the West Indies without assisting Ganteaume, the prospects of the descent being thus again imperilled. Nelson was soon in full chase of the enemy; he had still no inkling of Napoleon's plan, and he believed that Villeneuve was making for Toulon; but with praise-

worthy forethought he despatched the *Curieux* to warn the Admiralty that Villeneuve was on his way to Europe and should be intercepted by a British squadron. But, caution, succeeding daring as was his wont, the attack was to be made only when there was a favourable chance, or when an absolute necessity arose:—

“ Though we are but eleven to eighteen or twenty we won't part with-out a battle.” Yet there shall be no headlong reckless attack. “ I will leave them alone until they offer me an opportunity too tempting to be resisted ”—that speaks for itself—or “ until we approach the shores of Europe,” when the matter can be no longer deferred, and the twenty ships must be taken out of Napoleon's hosts, even though eleven be destroyed to effect this. . . . “ by the time the enemy has beaten my fleet soundly, they will do us no harm this year.”

Nelson did not meet Villeneuve's fleet on its way, though the French Admiral, who was bound for Ferrol, went too far southwards and touched at the Azores. But the wise precautions taken by the great seaman very possibly saved our shores from invasion. On the arrival of the *Curieux*, the Admiralty had just time to despatch Calder and a squadron to look out for Villeneuve; the hostile fleets encountered each other not far from the coasts of Spain. Calder had but fifteen ships against twenty; but had he had a spark of the sacred fire of Nelson, he certainly would have crippled the French fleet, and Napoleon's project would have again been baffled. He was, however, a chief of inferior parts; an indecisive battle was fought, and though Villeneuve lost two ships, he made good his way to Vigo and thence to Ferrol, where he rallied a large French and Spanish squadron. Villeneuve had now twenty-nine sail of the line, which the Rochfort squadron might raise to thirty-four; Gauteaume was at Brest with not less than twenty-one; and the French admiral had a real chance of effecting his junction with his colleague, especially as Admiral Cornwallis, who was blockading Brest, had very unwisely divided his fleet. The prospects of the descent had suddenly brightened, when it was once more frustrated by the great warrior, destined, at every point in the contest, to defeat Napoleon. Nelson, having reached Gibraltar, made forthwith for Brest, indefatigable, true as a hound for its prey;

he joined Cornwallis, and left nearly his whole squadron to reinforce the blockade and to meet the enemy, and the very rumour fixed Villeneuve's faltering purpose. The irresolute Frenchman set sail for Brest; but the apparition of Nelson stood in his path, and on hearing that Nelson had rallied Cornwallis, he fled southwards and put into Cadiz. Every hope of making the descent was thus destroyed; and—apart from the inferiority of the allied fleets and their chiefs—the genius of Nelson unquestionably was the determining force that produced the result. He had never penetrated his enemy's secret; he had been unfortunate and more than once baffled; but steady to his purpose he had pursued the French fleet, and though he had not destroyed it as yet, he had paralysed it, had made its movements useless, and had effectually made the descent impossible.

Captain Mahan, who has described the protracted chase of Villeneuve, and the conduct of his adversary, in a most attractive narrative, thus correctly sums up what Nelson had achieved:—

‘ Upon Nelson, with his crazy ships, fell the burden of counteracting a successful union of the Toulon fleet, of foiling, by sagacious and untiring pursuit, through immense and protracted discouragements, the efforts of the one division which had been committed to his watch, although it became much superior to his own force, he drew it out of the position in the West Indies, first appointed for the meeting, followed it back to Europe, arrived before it, carried his squadron, without orders, counselled only by his own genius, to the aid of Cornwallis; by which act the British navy, to the number of thirty-five ships of the line was massed in a central position, separating the two enemy's bodies, and able to act decisively against a foe approaching from either direction. . . . To him fell all the strain of uncertainty, all the doubtful and complicated mental effort, all the active strategic movement, of the campaign, and to him consequently has been attributed justly the greater meed of glory; though care must be taken not to ignore or undervalue the well played parts of other admirals, which were essential to the success of the great defensive campaign comprehended under the name Trafalgar.’

The great final issue was not distant; the decisive events that had Trafalgar as their end, are admirably described by Captain Mahan; but these form a tale familiar to all educated men. Nelson returned to England with two ships only; having

landed but once, and that for a few hours, during a cruise of nearly two years and a half, an instance of persevering toil, which has had no equal. He was at Merton a few days only; the devotion he expressed to Emma Hamilton, even in his last moments, is well known; but the error of his life disappears, as it were, in its glory. He was soon in harness again, at the head of a fleet; for the armament within Cadiz was to be fought and destroyed; and he left England for the last time in September, 1805. With what exultation he was received by the British squadron, which, under Collingwood, had kept watch before Cadiz; how he explained to his captains what he called the 'Nelson touch,' with what enthusiasm this pledge of victory was hailed; and how whether to the ministers at home, or to his colleagues around the *Victory*, he insisted on the 'annihilation' of the enemy's fleet, is brilliantly told in these pages, but it is unnecessary to follow the details. Captain Mahan has described very clearly, and at length, the famous plan of attack by which Nelson hoped that he would effect the destruction of the allied fleet. This he expected might be more than forty ships of the line, his own fleet not much less in numbers; and as he thought that a long hostile line could not be brought to a decisive action by a single extended line of nearly equal force, he resolved to make the attack in successive lines, the first cutting off the enemy's rear, the others seconding and completing the attack, as the commander-in-chief should direct. The attack in this instance, it will be observed, was to be on the enemy's rear and not his van, as in the plan referred to before; Captain Mahan has clearly explained the reason; but in both instances the object was the same, to give effect to British seamanship, and superior power in battle. Curiously enough Villeneuve, a bad chief, but a good tactician, anticipated generally this very mode of attack.

We may pass over Villeneuve's exit from Cadiz; he was forced out by his imperious master to ruin. Nor need we dwell on the evolutions of the hostile fleets, as on the morning of the 21st of October, 1805, they approached the ever memorable scene of Trafalgar. The allied fleet was comprised of thirty-three ships, the British of twenty-seven only, neither so

large as Nelson expected ; and, possibly, in some degree owing to this circumstance, but much more so to the state of the weather, Nelson gave up his original plan of attack, and bore down on Villeeneuve's line, in two columns, for otherwise it would be difficult to bring his enemy to bay, and crushing defeat was hardly possible. The attack would have been rash in the extreme, against a well-prepared fleet ; but it was an inspiration of genius in the existing case ; Villeneuve hurriedly exclaimed, ' all will soon be over,' as from his quarter deck he marked the onset of his foe :—

' As Ivanhoe, at the instant of encounter in the lists, shifted his lance from the shield to the casque of the Templar, Nelson, at the moment of engaging, changed the details of his plan, and substituted an attack in two columns simultaneously made, for the charge of Collingwood's division, in line and in superior numbers, upon the enemy's flank ; to be followed, more or less quickly, according to indications, by such movement of his own division as seemed advisable.'

Captain Mahan's account of the great day of Trafalgar, darkened as it was by the death of Nelson, is a brilliant and very impressive picture ; but I can only refer the reader to it. Eleven ships of the allies only ultimately escaped ; Napoleon never attempted again to meet the fleets of England ; England has remained ever since the mistress of the seas. The complete triumph was mainly due to the attack of Nelson ; then, as always supreme among seamen. The following eloquent passage may serve as the great warrior's epitaph :—

' Happiest of all, viewed from the standpoint of fame, are those whose departure is as well-timed as their appearance, who do not survive the instant of perfected success, to linger on subjected to the searching tests of common life, but pass from our ken in a blaze of glory, which thenceforth for ever encircles their names. In that evening twilight break away and vanish the crimson clouds wherewith human frailties and tyrant passions had threatened to darken their renown ; and their sun goes down with a lustre which the lapse of time is powerless to dim. Such was the privilege of the stainless Wolfe ; such, beyond all others, was that of Nelson. Rarely has a man been more favoured in the hour of his appearing ; never one so fortunate in the moment of his death.'

Captain Mahan has fitly described Nelson as the ' embodiment of the Sea Power of England.' Nelson made his presence felt when England, no doubt, had become the first maritime

State of Europe; but in the brief period of seven years, from 1798 to 1805, he made her supremacy at sea absolute; he won naval victories to which there is no parallel; he discomfited the most formidable enemy England has ever encountered. Captain Mahan has given him, perhaps, rather too high a place in the illustrious company of great warriors; but his estimate is essentially just, and above all, is thorough and complete. Nelson does not stand in the first rank of strategists; Napoleon in this sphere was far his superior; but here, indeed, Napoleon has no modern rival. But in the direction of naval warfare, whether on the theatre of operations, or in the conflict of battle, Nelson has no equal among seamen; his supremacy is unquestionable; he stands alone. His most striking qualities are easily seen—heroic daring, great strength of character, the capacity that seizes the occasion that offers, and turns it to the very best advantage, the faculty of command in the highest degree, and wonderful power over the hearts of men. But to these should be added less palpably apparent gifts, remarkable forethought and judgment in war, the skill that aptly proportions means to ends, the firmness that runs risks, when risks must be run, joined with the insight that measures risks correctly, administrative powers of no ordinary kind, and real capacity in civil and diplomatic affairs. It is this combination of faculties that made Nelson what he was: we see it raising him to unsurpassed greatness, in the many phases of his career. In two important qualities of a true master of war Nelson may be said to have hardly an equal; no commander has ever been more ready to accept responsibility when the time of action came, no one has better understood how in war, as indeed in other spheres of the conduct of men, the secondary must give way to the primary, and sacrifices must be made to attain great ends. The character of the man was not without flaws; but it was magnanimous, noble, kindly, amiable; its influence over all with whom Nelson came in contact was one of his most distinctive gifts. In this admirable biography we have at last, a book worthy so great a subject: English Literature will long do homage to this Life of Nelson.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

ART. IV.—EARLY CHRISTIAN MINIATURES.

1. *Byzantinische Denkmäler. I. Das Etschmiadzin-Evangeliar.* J. STRZYGOWSKI. 1891. *II. Die byzantinischen Wasserbehälter von Constantinopel.* P. FORCHHEIMER and J. STRZYGOWSKI. 1893.
2. *Die byzantinische Kunst.* J. STRZYGOWSKI (in the *Byzantinische Zeitschrift*, Vol. I., p. 61-73). 1892.
3. *Histoire de L'Art byzantin.* N. KONDAKOFF. Translated by M. TRAWINSKI. 1886.
4. *Die Wiener Genesis.* W. VON HARTEL and F. WICKHOFF. 1895.
5. *Geschichte der christlichen Kunst.* F. X. KRAUS. Vol. I. 1896.

THERE is no subject on which such vague notions are current as on Byzantine art, and of the few that are not vague, most are probably false. It is a subject which has never, until the other day, been treated scientifically. Those who have considered the art of Byzantium worthy of attention, and who have theorised upon its origin and development, have invariably approached it from a one-sided point of view. It has not, in fact, been studied for its own sake, but merely in relation to Western art. The want of sufficient material has led the historians of Byzantine art to generalise from the few special monuments they may happen to have known. Without correct chronology no history of art can be constructed, and there is only one way of getting the necessary chronological framework. That is, to seek out those monuments which can be dated accurately by external evidence, study carefully all the characteristics of their style and execution, and then proceed to group round them other monuments which show the closest affinity to them. This has never been done by those who have professed to write the history of Byzantine art. If we contrast the haphazard method which has been pursued by students of this subject with the methods of research so long established in Greek sculpture, for instance, or in modern painting, we can hardly

be surprised that the study in question has produced such unsatisfactory results.

There are several leading problems which have not been finally solved, and which are still exercising the minds of students, and giving rise to many new theories. The relation of Byzantine art to the antique stands first in interest. What relation can be traced between primitive Christian art, as we see it, for example, in the sarcophagi of the Lateran Museum and in the Catacombs, and the art of Byzantium? What was the artistic relation of Ravenna in the 5th century to the contemporary schools of Constantinople and the East? Are we to place the beginning of Byzantine art in the 4th century, or in the 6th, or perhaps in the 9th? Into what periods does its development fall, and how far do its various branches show a corresponding growth? What was the influence upon it of the Iconoclastic movement?

These problems have given rise to much speculation, but the material necessary for their solution has not yet been gathered. The extant monuments of Constantinople, with the exception of St. Sophia, have hardly been investigated. The interesting churches of Salonica have been described at great length in an elaborately illustrated volume by Texier and Pullan, but their work is unscientific and much of it must be done over again.

The Byzantine monuments of Athens have been much neglected; indeed, the churches all through Greece have been little studied. The mission of M. Gabriel Millet to the rocky citadel of Mistra has resulted in interesting discoveries concerning the frescoes in the churches of that mediæval stronghold, and we have had special, though partial, studies of a few churches, notably of Hosios Lucas in Phocis, of Daphne, and of the church at Skripù.* Much valuable work has been done

* C. Diehl, *L'Eglise et les mosaïques du couvent de Saint-Luc en Phocide*, 1889; G. Millet, *Mosaïques de Daphni* in the *Monuments et Mémoires of the Académie des Inscr. et Belles-Lettres*, 1 fasc., 1896; J. Strykowski describes the monastery church of Skripù (Orchomenos) in *Byz. Ztschrift*, III, p. 1, sqq., 1894; G. Millet, *Rapport sur une mission à Mistra*, *Bulletin de Corr. hellénique*, 1895, 19, 268, sqq. There is a wonderfully full bibliography of Byzantine art in Professor Krumbacher's *Geschichte der byzantinischen Litteratur* (ed. 2), p. 1113-1128.

in various branches of this subject by archæologists, as for example by MM. Diehl, Bayet, Kondakov, Pokrovski, but these writers have either dealt only with special departments, or have not disposed of sufficient material for a satisfactory treatment of the subject as a whole. It has been a generally received opinion that, up to the age of Justinian, Christian art ran on the same lines both in the East and in the West, and that Byzantine art took its rise in the 6th century. Springer has modified this view so far as to date the origin of the new art after Justinian, indeed as late as the 7th century. Kraus provisionally accepts the generally received opinion, and draws the line of separation between the old and the new art in the age of Justinian. But whether these theories place the rise of Byzantine art before, or under, or after Justinian, it is common to them all to suppose that during the fourth and fifth centuries but one Christian art prevailed in the East and in the West.* One obvious argument in favour of this view is the fact that we see the same architecture in the East and the West.

Professor Strzygowski asserts that this general theory is wrong, and puts forth another exactly opposed to it. He asserts that, up to the time of Constantine, art in the East and West followed the same lines; then the art of Byzantium showed a new development, and took the lead, until it reached its best period in the age of Justinian. According to Strzygowski, Byzantine was a continuation of classic art, whose style and traditions it adopted; in fact, old Byzantine art may be considered as antique art itself in the last period of its prosperity. This old Byzantine art also absorbed many of the characteristics of primitive Christian art, which existed side by side with it, but stagnated after the fourth century both in Italy and in the East, where we find it surviving in Coptic art. Of this old Christian art, Strzygowski remarks that its chief characteristic is naïve symbolism, contrasting with the Byzantine spirit, which is distinctly historical and dogmatic.

* A. Springer, *Grundzüge der Kunstgeschichte* (ed. 3), II., p. 139 sqq.; Kraus, *Geschichte der christlichen Kunst*, I., p. 551.

That Constantinople was the cradle of the new art, its centre, and the chief scene of its triumph, may be accounted for in a great measure by the following facts. The city of Constantine became a meeting-place for craftsmen from all countries; artists of every race assembled there, and it became a centre for the artistic ideas of the world. The abundant material that lay, as it were, close to the city gates, in the beautiful marble from the quarries of Proconnesus, encouraged the undertaking, and facilitated the execution of works of art. Strzygowski even ventures on the rather extravagant supposition that the existence of marble quarries in Proconnesus had some influence in deciding Constantine as to the site of Byzantium.

In the Golden Gate of Theodosius at Constantinople, erected shortly after the year 388, we have the first accurately dated monument. In execution it appears to belong to the transition period, before the new art had developed and become independent of classic tradition. The capitals of the pilasters are Corinthian, and their foliage consists of the late Roman acanthus mollis. In the working of these capitals occurs a remarkable detail. The part of the acanthus leaf that falls over is cut not as the acanthus *mollis*, but like the variety called *spinousus*. This form of the acanthus became general in the time of Theodosius II., in a new capital of composite type, which then became common and was popular for a whole century. This capital consisted of eight leaves of acanthus spinosus in two rows, and instead of the antique egg and dart pattern we find a row of upstanding five-cornered leaves, the whole being graceful in form and execution. Sometimes eagles take the place of volutes.

The age of Theodosius had not entirely broken with ancient tradition, but did much to hasten the rupture by the introduction of the impost block, which may be described as merely a stilt to join the arch and capital, a problem that arose when the horizontal structure was abandoned and the arch adopted.

In the age of Justinian we find in the funnel shaped capital a complete abandonment of ancient tradition. Professor Strzygowski was of opinion that it was probably used for the

first time in the cistern of the Basilica of Illus (which he identifies with *Biu bir dirék*) built in A.D. 528. This theory seemed to be threatened by the discovery of a mosaic inscription in the Church of Santa Sophia at Salonica, where the impost capital occurs. The date in the inscription is mutilated, and was interpreted by the discoverer M. Papageorgiu as A.D. 495. If this interpretation were right the impost capital would have been in use thirty years before the construction of the cistern in the Basilica of Illus. But this date does not agree with the name of the archbishop mentioned in the inscription, and M. Laurent has shown that the date is probably A.D. 645. Thus, so far as St. Sophia of Thessalonica is concerned, Professor Strzygowski may still maintain his view.*

The importance of Constantinople as an art centre can hardly be exaggerated; ideas were plentiful, and the material in which they were to find expression lay close at hand. In the sixth century, if not earlier, capitals destined to adorn churches in many distant parts of the empire were made in the city on the Bosphorus and exported. This has been well shown by Messrs. Lethaby and Swainson: †

‘We suppose that as white marble had to be bought in any case, the custom grew up of obtaining the capitals fully wrought. Importation was, of course, a general antique practice in regard to figure sculpture, columns, and other objects of marble. Proconnesian marble seems to have been the common stone of Constantinople, so that it is used for the columns

* See the *Forla* for Oct. 3 and Nov. 14, 1893. The dating of M. Papageorgiu was urged by Messrs. Lethaby and Swainson against Prof. Strzygowski, (*S. Sophia*, page 203, 256). But see the article of M. J. Laurent, *Sur la date des Eglises S^t Demétrius et S^c Sophie à Thessalonique*, *Byz. Zeitschrift*, 1895, Bd. 4, p. 420, *sqq.* For the identification and architecture of the Basilica of Illus, see Strzygowski, *Die byz. Wasserbehälter*, p. 215-218. Kraus (*Gesch. der Christlichen Kunst*), I., p. 548, remarks that we meet the impost capital ‘a hundred years earlier’ in the Basilica Severiana of Naples, and in S. Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna. This is curious, for the Basilica Severiana dates from the middle of the sixth century (see Kraus, *ib.*, p. 303), and S. Apollinare was built in the reign of Theodoric. But the Corinthian impost capital of S. Apollinare is quite different from the simple impost capital of Justinianean architecture.

† *S. Sophia*, page 255.

and capitals of the cisterns. We believe that careful examination of the capitals at Ravenna, Parenzo, and other Byzantine centres will show that they are in the main of this material. As to design the capitals lying about the city, together with those *in situ* in the churches and cisterns furnish a perfect museum of the types with which others dispersed through the whole area of the empire agree in the minutest particulars of design and workmanship.'

But while not denying the immense importance for art of the founding of New Rome we are not sure that Professor Strzygowski has proved his theory that she took the lead so decisively and so entirely dominated art as early as the age of Theodosius. Perhaps he may be able to establish his view more convincingly when he publishes the great mass of material which he has promised in his series of *Byzantinische Denkmäler*.

His theory is certainly out of harmony with the established historical fact that the spirit which we call Byzantine did not come into being until the sixth and seventh centuries. It was at this time that Greek became the official language of the empire, and Latin fell into disuse.* Since the time of Constantine the old Roman world was being gradually undermined, but it was not until the seventh century that its organisation was completely dissolved, and a new order of things prevailed.

Professor Strzygowski must prove more fully, as Kraus has well pointed out, that Constantinople originated, between the reigns of Constantine and Justinian, a new style of architecture and a new set of subjects or series of types in sacred pictures. But whether Strzygowski establishes his revolutionary theory or whether he is compelled to modify it, he has undoubtedly done valuable service for the study of Byzantine Art. He has inaugurated a new stage of inquiry in this subject by collecting a great mass of widely scattered materials, and he has brought much masterly knowledge to the task of arranging it. The two numbers of the *Byzantinische Denkmäler* which have already appeared exhibit the application of

* *cp.* Finlay, *Hist. of Greece*, Vol. II., page 2, *sqq.*

a rigid archæological method, and various articles published in journals have thrown much light on various problems.*

Miniature painting has one obvious advantage over other branches of art as a field for scientific study. We have always external means of dating the pictures by the aid of palæography, which can fix with approximate accuracy the dates of the MSS. M. Kondakov, in his able work on the subject, has endeavoured to found on the study of miniatures a theory of the development of Byzantine Art in general. He has worked out the subject with more material and stricter chronological precision than D'Agincourt or Labarte. He divides miniature painting into the following periods:—

(1.) In the early period (fourth and fifth centuries) he places the Chronographer of 354, the Iliad of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, the Vatican Virgil, the fragments of the Vienna Genesis, the Cotton Bible, and the Roll of Joshua in the Vatican.

(2.) Golden Age (sixth century). Under this period are considered the Dioscorides of Vienna, the Gospels of Rossano and of Rabulas, and the Cosmas Indicopleustes of the Vatican. This period is followed by a decline in the seventh and eighth centuries, after which ensues a revival.

(3.) A second Golden Age from the ninth to the eleventh century under the Macedonian Emperors. In the twelfth century the decline begins.

In the present paper I propose to give an account of some miniatures of the first two periods, following closely the exposition of M. Kondakov.

(1.) The MS. of the *Chronographer* of A.D. 354, contains illustrations of the Calendar which have been published by Strzygowski.† It is a purely antique production; the grace-

* I refer especially to a paper on some sculptures in the Imperial Ottoman Museum at Constantinople: 'Die albyzantinische Plastik der Blüthezeit,' in the *Byz. Zeitschrift*, Vol. I., 1892, p. 575, *sqq.*

† In the 'Jahrbuch des kais. deutschen archäologischen Instituts. 1. Ergänzungsheft,' 1888. In his account of this MS. M. Kondakov (or his French translator) has gone wrong about the sons of Constantine. He makes Constantine II. reign till A.D. 361, and Constantius die in A.D., 350, (page 66.)

ful and life-like Allegories of the months are saliently Greek. January is represented as a young shepherd. February as a draped figure veiled like a vestal, March as a shepherd dressed in a wolf's skin. August appears as a nude figure with a fan of peacocks' feathers and water melons. A young man taking up a hare that has been caught in a gin represents October. November is personified by a priest of Isis with a goose and pomegranates and a serpent on a dish. December is a young slave with fur trimmed garment, holding a torch in the night.

The execution of these designs is purely Greek, and this is especially true of the ornamentation. We also notice in the oval-shaped face, curled hair, and well formed nose and mouth, a modified Greek type which afterwards became the ideal of Byzantine Art, and which we observe again in the Cosmas of the Vatican. Professor Strzygowski has attempted to discover in these pictures the 'allegorizing subjective spirit of Byzantinism,' in accordance with his general theory; but it seems to me that in the first place the allegorical figures are still quite within the limits of the antique, and secondly, that it would be difficult to prove definite traces of influence from Constantinople.

The illustrations of the *Milan Iliad* consists chiefly of assemblies of the gods or kings, of the exploits of heroes and battle scenes. In fact the pictures in this MS. may be compared to Pompeian frescoes of the best period. The execution is good but original ideas are lacking. As regards the technique it is interesting to notice that gold is never used as in later art, but its effect is produced by the use of yellow or light brown. The figures are invariably first drawn nude and then draped, recalling to us the same treatment in Greek vase painting.

The *Vatican Virgil* dates most probably from the fifth century, and is of importance in the history of miniature painting, as it shows most distinct traces of a new style. Each of the miniatures is surrounded by a border, and forms a complete picture in itself. In the clear and delicate tints of the sky, portraying sometimes dawn or sunset, sometimes the starlight, we discern the beginning of a new tradition afterwards fully developed in the Byzantine school. The red tints so frequent

in the sky of miniatures from the tenth to the twelfth century are a survival of antique tradition in landscape painting. There is no example of a large miniature containing a landscape without this peculiarity.

The costumes of the Trojans are the same as those we afterwards see worn by the Magi, and the attire of Dido, the Sibyl, King Latinus, and even of Æneas and his companions, corresponds to the dress usually seen at religious ceremonies of the fifth and sixth centuries. The tunic of the Cyclops reappears as the garment of Abel and of other Old Testament persons. The use of gold for high lights in the pictures is essentially Byzantine, but the antique tradition, still followed by the artists of this MS., did not permit it to be used as freely as in later Byzantine work.

The fragments of the *Vienna Genesis* form the oldest illustrated Christian MS. extant, and as such, it holds a very important place in the history of Christian art. Little regard is shown for type or iconography; often, indeed, the text itself is not accurately followed. The whole spirit is antique, and the pictures are chosen much as they might have been to illustrate Homer or Virgil. We find here classic realism, and the styles of both the Iliad and the Virgil are combined. Most of the miniatures are executed on purple ground. The flesh tints are still purely Pompeian, but in many of the details we may remark the bright, clear colouring which was a fundamental principle in Byzantine painting. In the arrangement of the folds of the drapery of the chiton and the himation in standing figures, can be traced the style that afterwards became conventional in Byzantine art.

The illustrations comprise most of the chief events in the narrative of the text. The story of Adam and Eve, the Deluge, and the history of Jacob, are all represented, but the story of Cain and Abel is omitted. The artist cared little for Christian symbolism, and evidently chose the illustrations according to his own taste. The survival of antique tradition in the pictures of this MS. has often been noticed, but M. Kondakov was the first to trace in them that new element which is the forerunner of a new style of art. We may follow

him in distinguishing some of the scenes which are purely antique, from those which contain suggestions of the Byzantine manner.

The scene representing both men and animals leaving the ark, and the sacrifice of Noah, is admirable in design and execution, and in the best antique style. The journey of Abraham's slave with camels into Mesopotamia is a genre picture, also closely following antique tradition. It is an interesting detail in this picture that the ornaments on the heads of the camels are similar to those worn by Persian horses. The meeting of the slave with Rebecca at the well is in the manner of the latest period of Greek art on Roman soil. The most graceful and beautiful figure in this picture is the nymph of the well. Lying on her purple chiton, which she has spread on the ground, she listens, leaning on one arm, to the sound of the water flowing from her urn.

A series of miniatures of quite a different character, painted on a grey ground, begins with the scene of the arrival of Joseph's brethren in Egypt. The execution of these pictures, though careless, still preserves traces of the antique.

We may now consider a few of the miniatures that show in some details a departure from old tradition and are of importance for Christian iconography. The story of Adam and Eve is, on the whole, Byzantine in manner. A female figure in the scene of the expulsion personifies either Repentance or Exile, an idea purely Greek, and unknown to Roman art. The scene of Abraham and Melchizedek is full of Christian symbolism. Abraham and King Chedorlaomer have just dismounted from their horses, and are seen in the background of the mountain-path, down which the procession slowly winds. Melchizedek walks in front carrying bread and wine. The king, clad in a blue tunic, red boots, purple chlamys, and wearing a diadem on his head, appears in the complete costume of a Byzantine emperor of the fourth century. Melchizedek stands near a throne, over which is spread a baldaquin, supported by four Corinthian columns. This scene may be compared to a similar one in the mosaic of *Sta Maria Maggiore* at Rome, but the treatment is different. In the mosaic Melchizedek is still on

horseback, where he offers the bread and wine to Abraham, and thus the symbolic sense of the miniature scene is lacking. In the latter we see the iconography of the subject as it prevailed in the 6th and 7th century.*

The scene in the life of Jacob, where he takes leave of Laban, begins a series of miniatures presenting this peculiarity, that the figures are so small as to look like children. The purely classic manner is here abandoned. In Jacob's journey we see a picture most carefully executed, which recalls the best style of Byzantine enamel. The scene representing Joseph's dream concerning the sun and the moon is quite pastoral in style, and another miniature also illustrating the story of Joseph contains both Byzantine and antique symbolism. In this picture Joseph seeks his brethren in a field, and is accompanied by an angel, a detail which we feel to be more suitable in later Byzantine painting. But the road in the same scene is symbolized in true antique fashion by a large milestone. In the pictures representing Potiphar's wife and the interpretation of Joseph's dream we find distinctly Byzantine elements. In the former we see the same feminine type which was afterwards used in the mosaics of S. Vitalis, to represent the Empress Theodora, and the second miniature presents an exact picture of Byzantine ceremonial.

The *Cotton Bible*, in the British Museum, is an early MS. of the fifth or sixth century, of which unhappily only a part has escaped from a fire of the last century. The illustrations bear a closer resemblance to the Byzantine style, more gold is used than in the Vienna Genesis, and the costumes throughout the paintings are entirely Byzantine in their effect. In composition and technical perfection the miniatures of these MSS. greatly excel the contemporary mosaics of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome. In the mosaic pictures are to be found the faults of Roman art in its decadence, and are poor in style

* There is a symbolic representation of the Eucharist in the mosaic in the Tribune of S. Vitalis at Ravenna, where Abel and Melchizedek are shown officiating at the altar. In a mosaic in S. Apollinaris, also at Ravenna, we see Melchizedek officiating as High Priest, while Abel sacrifices a lamb, and Abraham leads Isaac to the altar.

and execution. They lack the dramatic character of the miniature scenes, and exhibit instead an unrefined realism.

M. Kondakov is of opinion that the *Joshua Roll* of the Vatican is most certainly an original MS. dating from the fifth or sixth century, and that many of the inscriptions both above and below the miniatures are of a much later date than the Roll itself. Several writers consider the illustrations to be copies of earlier models, but Kraus thinks that these pictures hold an intermediate place between the Vienna Genesis and the Cotton Bible. The composition of the miniature pictures is good, but the scenes are monotonous and conventional. There are two Greek male types that deserve notice, and some of the female faces are well drawn. M. Kondakov calls attention to a type of head which afterwards became common in Byzantine art, and whose chief peculiarity is a certain heaviness in the upper part of the face.

The most interesting illustrations in this MS. are the personifications of towns, mountains, and rivers, which approach in style the best models of antiquity. The river Jordan, first of this series, is represented as a graceful classic figure, clothed in a purple garment, leaning on an urn placed behind her, and holding a branch of a tree in her hand. The town of Jericho appears as a seated female figure wearing a civic crown, and the same figure is shewn after the fall of the city, in despair letting drop the Horn of Abundance.

The Vienna MS. of *Dioscorides* was executed for Juliana, a lady of the great Anician house, and daughter of the Emperor Olybrius. As she died in A.D. 527, at Constantinople, the date of the MS. is approximately fixed to the end of the fifth century or the beginning of the sixth; and there is some plausibility in the assumption that it was written and illustrated at Constantinople. The illustrations consist of five large miniatures and of brilliantly coloured vignettes of birds, plants, and animals. The drawing and composition are not so good as the colouring. In the frontispiece we see a peacock, an antique symbol of immortality, and the changes of the seasons, an example of Christian art adopting pagan emblems. The five large miniatures contain the following scenes: (1). Seven

physicians, among whom are Chiron the Centaur and Machaon, discuss their art in an animated and dramatic conversation. (2). The next miniature represents seven other physicians in very nearly the same attitude. Galen disputes with the Cilician Dioscorides; Nikandros plays with a serpent. Both these pictures are painted on a gold ground, and seem to be reproductions of an antique model.* (3). The third scene portrays Dioscorides seated clothed in a blue garment holding a roll in one hand, while a woman personifying Heuresis or scientific discovery, offers him a root of mandragora. This beautiful figure who wears a sleeveless tunic and a purple himation, though directly borrowed from Greek antiquity, became the ordinary type for such personifications in Byzantine art. A dog dying from the effects of the mandragora is stretched at the feet of Dioscorides. (4). The fourth picture represents Dioscorides and an artist drawing and painting the root of mandragora, which is offered to them by the same figure, who wears a long-sleeved chiton and a pearl collar and diadem. This scene is placed in the interior of a portico with Corinthian columns and shell-shaped roof. (5). The fifth medallion contains the portrait of Juliana, the lady for whom the MS. was executed. She is brilliantly clothed, and her gold throne is supported by eagles. Her face reminds us again of the Empress Theodora. She receives a book from a winged genius, and a figure clothed in white, representing the Charm of the Arts (*εὐχαριστία τεχνῶν*), kneels before her throne. Two figures, classic in form, stand beside Juliana, personifying Prudence and Magnanimity (*φρόνησις* and *μεγαλοψυχία*). The miniature is surrounded by charming little scenes of genii at work at various crafts. The red border which we find in all the ancient miniatures encircles this picture, and it survived to a late period of Byzantine art.

I have placed this famous MS. in the same group as the Vienna Genesis, and the other early MSS. already described, although M. Kondakov places it first amongst those which he

* A mosaic from the Therma of Caracalla represents the same scene, and possesses the same characteristics as the miniature paintings.

assigns to the Golden Age of Byzantine art. But here M. Kondakov perplexes us by making what appear to be inconsistent statements. Although he groups it as a distinctly Byzantine work, he tells us that, notwithstanding its beauty, it can give no idea of the Christian art of that period, owing to the choice of its subjects, and that it presents more analogy with diptychs and ancient mosaics. The inference is that it ought to be placed in the earlier group. No doubt M. Kondakov has discovered some Byzantine features in the costumes and ornamentation of these pictures, but then he has also found such features, if in a less marked degree, in the Vienna Genesis, the Cotton Bible, and the Joshua Roll. The fact is that we see in all these MSS. the beginnings, but only the beginnings, of a new art which had not yet taken its definite form and shape, or asserted an existence independent of the antique.

The Russian critic has pointed out that a certain lyric note distinguishes the scenes depicted in these earlier miniatures, and he justly brings it into connection with the lyricism that inspires the Greek romances of the period. It seems to me that this idea may be further developed. The same spirit which illustrated the Vatican Virgil and the Iliad inspired the Ethiopian tale of Heliodorus, the Pastoral of Longus, the Leucippe and Clitophon of Achilles Tatius. By reading these romances, one is enabled to gain a clearer understanding of the ideas that influenced contemporary artists in the composition of their pictures. Take the following idyllic passage in 'Daphnis and Chloe':—

'It was the beginning of spring, and all the flowers were in bloom, the blossoms in the oak copses, those in the meadows, and all the mountain flowers. There was heard already the murmuring of bees, the music of singing birds, and the new born flocks gambolled. Lambs were skipping on the mountains, bees were buzzing in the meadows, and birds were singing their fill in the thickets. Such spring gladness possessed all things that young and tender children imitated the things they heard and saw. Hearing the birds singing they sang, seeing the lambs skipping they leapt lightly, and mimicking the bees, they gathered flowers. Some they cast into their laps, and of others they wove garlands, offering them to the nymphs. And they were together in all they did, and fed their flocks near to one another. Often Daphnis would gather in the sheep that had

wandered away, sometimes Chloe would drive down the bolder of the goats from the crags, and anon one of them watched both the flocks while the other was busy with a toy. And their toys were pastoral, and such as children love. She having gathered asphodels from the marsh, wove a locust-net, and busied with it, neglected her flocks; but he, having cut fine reeds, and having pierced the joints of the tubes and fastened them to one another with soft wax, practised piping until nightfall. And sometimes they shared milk and wine, and put in a common stock the food they brought from home. Sooner would one have seen the sheep and the goats parted than Chloe and Daphnis from one another.*

But we are not only able to illustrate from literature the idyllic pagau atmosphere with which these early miniatures are invested; we can even point to an illustration of that application of ancient art to Biblical subjects which is a characteristic of the Vienna Genesis.

Nonnus of Panopolis was a Pagan in his youth. He wrote a long poem on the adventures of the god Dionysus. He was afterwards converted to the Christian faith, and, pressing his poetic talent into the service of his new religion, wrote a paraphrase in verse of the Gospel of John. But he could not change his style as lightly as his creed, and it is with a sense of wonder that we follow the narrative of the Evangelist through rolling hexameters, laden with Pagan imagery, and hear the words of Christ through the mouth of his Dionysiac interpreter. The whole Homeric store of epithet and metaphor is used to adorn the gospel story. I may take the episode of the miracle of Christ walking on the sea as an example of this curious poem which is so little known:—

‘Now when the shadowy cone of approaching darkness climbed up the sky, the disciples hastened to the shore lying opposite to them, and having leapt upon the ship—racing chariot of the sea—they set sail towards the land that lay over against them that they might reach Capernaum. But black-veiled darkness, newly arisen, enveloped the land, and she girt about her a many coloured tunic, and her raiment flashed star-inwrought. And to his disciples longing for him Christ did not yet come. Now the storm rushed on fast and lashed the stream of the sea, so that it rose in curving billows and towered against the sky, and the rowers with long oars smote the water, ravaged by contrary winds. And having sailed by sea-measure nigh on thirty stadia, they looked and saw Christ walking on the water,

* I., 9, p. 245, ed. Hercher.

nor were the feet wet of this swift traveller of the trodden sea. And they cried out in fear. But he spake softly to them and said, "Fear not ye, but let the winds fear, for I am Christ, and a swift-kneed wayfarer of the deep." And they were eager to take him into the ship, which was then in the midst of the sea. And lo! they were in safe anchorage; for, moved by divine impulsion, the ship had sped like a winged thought to commune with the far-off harbours, carried without winds and without oars. Now the dawn shining on high purpled the neighbouring rock of Tiberias, and cleft the shadowless darkness, so that the multitude that was standing beyond the sea on the fair, pebble-strewn shore, noticed that beside the sacred lake, on the wet, storm-lashed beach, no vessels lay side by side, nor sister ships, but only one ship, still unlaunched; and that Christ had not sailed in the same ship with his god-like companions, but the disciples had set forth alone to the opposite side. And the people took ships from the Tiberiad beaches, and sped over the sea, and came near unto the place where a countless multitude had, on a grassy table, eaten the miraculous bread, which the ambrosial hand of Christ brake—giving thanks to the all-ruling Father. And not having found Christ, the life-giving Lord, nor his disciples, they took other ships, and whitened the sea with foam-tressed oars, making for Capernaum.*

II. The fragment of the *Greek Gospel* found in 1879 at *Rossano*, in Calabria, may be placed in the Golden Age of Byzantine art. The first pages of the MS. are divided in two portions, the upper containing scenes from the life of Christ, while in the lower part we see four figures representing the prophets, and texts in silver letters. This MS. also contains the title-page of the Gospel of S. Mark. There are fifteen historical scenes, and forty figures of the prophets. Palaeographic evidence proves the MS. to belong to the sixth century, but the exact date has not been determined. There are three types employed for the figures of the prophets, and both the Latin and Greek signs of benediction are represented. These are original in composition, and find no prototype either in the art of the catacombs or in contemporary mosaics.

The fifteen historical subjects are as follows: Entry into Jerusalem,† Purification of the Temple, Parable of the Wise

* Chap. 6, l. 62, p. 65, ed. Scheindler.

† M. Kondakov compares this scene with a mosaic in the Palatine chapel at Palermo.

and Foolish Virgins, The Last Supper, * The Washing of the Disciples' Feet, Distribution of the Bread, of the Wine, Christ on the Mount of Olives, The Blind Man Cured, The Good Samaritan, † Christ before Pilate, The Death of Judas, The Jews before Pilate, Christ and Barabbas.

The frontispiece of this work contains in a circle the portraits of the four Evangelists. The title page of the Gospel of S. Mark represents the Evangelist seated on a marble chair under a large portico with blue columns writing the first words of his Gospel on a roll. A veiled female figure with a Nimbus appears to dictate to the writer, and probably personifies Heuresis, or Phronesis. M. Kondakov draws a comparison between this figure and the 'Exile' of the Vienna Genesis and the figure of 'Melody' in the Paris Psalter. These miniatures, which are independent in composition, resemble some productions of later Greek Art. There is an absence of symbolism, and, instead, a very distinct historical spirit. M. Kondakov considers the type of Christ which appears in the Rossano MS. to hold an intermediate position between that of S. Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna, and of SS. Cosmas and Damian at Rome. It is probable that the MS. was written in Lower Egypt, perhaps at Alexandria, where calligraphy among other arts was much cultivated. The local authorities of Rossano are unfortunately such jealous and punctilious guardians of this treasure that they cannot be persuaded to allow the miniatures to be photographed.

The *Syriac Gospel* of A.D. 586, written and illuminated by the monk Rabulas, deserves special attention as the only MS. of this period that bears an exact date. It was executed in a convent of Mesopotamia, and in style it appears to belong partly to the preceding period. M. Kondakov gives the following description of the technique of the illustrations:—

* This picture, with the figures reclining at either end, and the group massed in the centre, reminds us forcibly of the arrangement of the Pediment sculptures of a Greek temple.

† In this scene Christ himself performs the office of the Good Samaritan, and an angel offers him a golden cup.

'The technical process is that of the decadence of antique art; it can be most closely compared to the method employed in the last miniatures of the Vienna Genesis. To make the shadows more distinct the artist often uses black outlines; he employs the same method to frame a figure already coloured, differing in this respect from the miniaturists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, who coloured their figures when they had first drawn the black outline. These outlines are also used in whole groups when the artist wishes to separate one figure from another, or when, for lack of lighter tints, he has to distinguish several adjacent dark colours. The colouring is not composite and lacks form. We must remark here a feature peculiar to the Syrian East, namely, the predominance of red in all details, such as the garments of angels, the costumes of saints, and in sunrise and sunset. The high lights are numerous, and sometimes exaggerated in Byzantine fashion. In spite of a large number of features that recall antique work, the MS., as a whole, belongs in technique, choice of types and composition, to Byzantine Art.'

It is remarkable that in this MS. a double type is used in representations of Christ. In the large miniatures it is the common type of primitive Christian art, slightly modified; in the smaller vignettes, which illustrate the Gospel narrative, we see a beardless youth with curling fair hair. The youthful type of Christ of Primitive Christian Art disappears in the fourth century, and was replaced by a more virile bearded type, of which we see examples in the mosaics of St. Pudenziana at Rome, in St. John Lateran, St. Paul fuori le mura, and in the central nave of S. Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna. The true Byzantine type is clearly shown in the Cosmas Indicopleustes of the Vatican and in the mosaics of St. Sophia. Of the seven large miniatures, two appear to make a frontispiece, and the others illustrate the principal scenes of the Gospel. Unfortunately the order in which these scenes were originally placed cannot be restored. The first large miniature seems to represent the descent of the Holy Ghost in the form of a circle. There is, however, some difficulty in interpreting it, and M. Kondakov is not quite consistent with himself. In one place (p. 126), he questions the correctness of this identification on the ground that the same subject is depicted in another miniature towards the end of the MS. But when he comes to speak of this miniature (p. 132) he says: 'Here we are evidently in the presence of the Apostles conversing before the descent of the Holy Spirit; it is a scene

corresponding to the descent itself in the first miniature.' Thus he apparently accepts the interpretation which he previously questioned.

In the first miniature all the persons are standing and the action passes out of doors. This does not agree with the Gospel narrative nor with the other miniature. In any case, even if both pictures represent Pentecostal scenes, they can have no direct connexion. The frontispiece represents Christ seated on a throne placed under a portico. Both the throne and the porch are Byzantine and the latter is ornamented by a cross and is surrounded by plants—perhaps a symbol of paradise. Four persons approach the throne holding the Gospel; it has been suggested that the third of these figures represents the monk Rabulas himself. We see in this picture the youthful type of Christ. The second picture is the scene of the Ascension, of which we find the prototype on the gate of Santa Sabina; and it is treated in the style of the diptychs. The miniature of the Syrian MS. shows us a rocky landscape; beyond, the figure of Christ surrounded by a halo of light is ascending to heaven. At either side two archangels press forward holding the scarlet and gold crown of the martyrs. The darkened sky is covered with clouds; the sun and moon have human faces. In the lower part of the miniature is a group, in the centre of which stands the Virgin with outstretched arms. On either side of her are archangels conversing with the apostles, amongst whom we recognise St. Paul, and also St. Peter, holding a cross as in the earliest mosaics. This picture resembles the apocalyptic compositions of the ancient mosaics of Rome and Ravenna. The fourth miniature contains the scene of the Crucifixion. The oldest representations of the subject are on the wooden door of Santa Sabina, and an ivory tablet in London, both of which almost certainly belong to the fifth century.*

* M. Kondakov seems to have fallen here into three errors. 1. He states that the earliest Crucifixion is on the oil flask of Monza. But on the oil flask of Monza the crucifixion of Christ is not represented; but his empty cross stands between the two crucified robbers; and his head appears above in the heaven. 2. The crucifixions of Santa Sabina and the ivory tablets are earlier than the oil flask of Monza. 3. M. Kondakov attributes the ivory tablet to the Vatican.

In the miniature of the MS. of Rabulas, Christ is clothed in a long garment, an iconographic detail which accords with the ecclesiastical discipline of the period. On the bas relief of Santa Sabina and on the ivory tablet the figure of Christ is nude according to the Roman usage. At the right of the cross stand the Virgin and St. John weeping, at the left three women. Below three soldiers cast lots for the vesture. Kondakov notes the following iconographic details. In the sky on either side of the cross are shown the sun and the moon, four nails fasten the bodies of Christ and of the two thieves to the cross; and, as in tenth century miniatures, two mountains appear in the landscape. The fifth picture, the Resurrection of Christ, is executed in the Byzantine manner. The tomb is represented as an antique mausoleum adorned by Ionic columns; a ray of light dazzles the soldiers who take flight; an angel announces the event to two women, one of whom holds an alabaster jar and the other a vessel of incense, and at one side of the picture the risen Christ shows himself to two women in a garden. In the red sky float purple clouds. The Rabulas MS. contains parallel passages from the Gospels (known as the Canons of Eusebius) which are enclosed in two arches supported by columns. Above are decorations of flowers and birds, such as are frequently represented on diptychs and mosaics. We are reminded of the symbolic doves often represented on diptychs and mosaics, and which we see on the tomb of Galla Placidia at Ravenna, or under the scene of the Last Supper in the Rossano MS.

Vignettes representing scenes from the Gospel are placed on each side of the arcades enclosing the Canons; for example, the Entry into Jerusalem, Christ before Pilate, the Healing of Malchus, the Death of Judas. M. Kondakov says that the Last Supper in this MS. is the oldest picture of the subject, and is found later on the imperial Dalmatica at Rome. But it is probable that the Rossano MS. is earlier than the Rabulas, and it, as we have seen, contains a picture of the Last Supper. After this page we find the upper portion of the arcades ornamented by portraits of the Patriarchs and Prophets. The composition, attitude, and drapery are distinctly and purely

antique. The colouring resembles that of the Ravenna mosaics. These figures in the monumental mosaic style hold rolls in their hands, not books, as we see later in the Cosmas. Jonas is lying under a fig tree; Joshua, son of Nun, in the guise of a Roman soldier, stays the sun and the moon; Aaron holds the rod that budded. The colouring of the garments is Byzantine, but there are also red and green draperies which recall the style of Roman painting.

The last large miniature represents eleven figures seated on a triclinium, M. Kondakov suggests the apostles gathered together before the descent of the Holy Ghost. We see Peter, and Joseph, and even Matthias, but lately admitted among the apostolic band. The only point this scene possesses in common with the later pictures of the same subject is the circumstance of the apostles being seated in a semi-circle. Nor does this picture in any way resemble the solemn assemblies of the apostles which recall Ecumenical Councils. The mysterious door and sombre vault which we see in ninth and tenth century illustrations, and which gave rise to much obscure symbolism, M. Kondakov ingeniously explains as the centre of the triclinium, transformed by a clumsy copyist into a subterranean vault. The miniatures of the MS. of Cosmas Indicopleustes are, with the exception of some of the Ravenna mosaics, the best exponent of Byzantine pictorial art in the time of Justinian. The style and execution are vigorous, the colouring brilliant and delicate, the light and shade admirably arranged, the whole forming a masterpiece of great beauty. The figures are antique in design and wear the placid expression of classic art, with the one exception of the figure of Melchizedek, which is of a very decided Byzantine type, the body being thin, the face triangular in shape, and the eyes small. It resembles closely the picture of Justinian in the mosaic of St. Vitalis at Ravenna. The style of the illustrations is monumental. We only find two or three dramatic scenes amongst them, and these follow the tradition of primitive Christian art. In the Cosmas MS. we can trace the new art in the choice of subjects, and we notice the cosmographical emblems of the

universe, for example, of the sunrise, and sunset, of the kingdom of Heaven, of Ethiopia.

The second part of the work of Cosmas contains a history of Christianity up to the time of St. Stephen. It is illustrated by miniatures depicting religious subjects. The Sacred History begins with the portraits of the Patriarchs, each of which has a legend written underneath.

The first Biblical figure is that of Abel, symbolizing the Good Shepherd. Byzantine iconography would not permit of Christ being directly represented as a shepherd, but the youthful figure of Abel, his head surrounded by a nimbus, and his flock beside him, provided an analogous type, and in later art Abel bore the surname of 'the Good Shepherd.' Then follows the figure of Enoch, a type of the Resurrection. This picture shows close affinity to the antique, the gesture, attitude, and expression remind us of Greek work. Close by, the figure of a young man seated on a sarcophagus personifies death. Noah is represented by a type both venerable and benevolent, presenting a strong contrast to the gloomy and harsh figure which we see in later Byzantine iconography. Melchizedek is represented in the attitude of prayer, both hands being raised to heaven; the figure is dry and stiff, and the general expression and costume are those of a Byzantine emperor. Abraham is represented in the scene of the sacrifice of Isaac. The Patriarch Isaac is depicted as a very young man, and this picture according to the text symbolizes the Resurrection. The figure of Moses resembles the pictures of the Good Shepherd, at one side of the miniature is the Burning Bush, symbol of Christ himself, and here represented by a vase filled with fire.* David is pictured surrounded by choirs, and 'orchesis,' the spirit of dancing, appears in the shape of two dancing girls of the old pagan type, with short sleeveless tunics and scarves floating above their heads.

The figures of the prophets exhibit a union of the antique and of the Byzantine spirit. That youthful beauty, which is

* M. Kondakov suggests that the Greek word *ἡ βάρος* (bush) was confused with the Hebrew word *ô bāros* (a liquid measure).

the ideal of the art of Greece and Rome, is still there, but it has been rendered hard and solemn by the dogmatism of Byzantium. Two very remarkable pictures in this MS. represent the Consecration of Isaiah and the Vision of Ezekiel. In the former scene, we see the prophet kneeling, while an angel places burning coals in his mouth. Underneath is the Christ enthroned and surrounded by cherubim. The latter scene is an example of the lyric treatment which we have mentioned above. The aureole of Christ consists of four circles, of which the outer one is *ειδος πυρός* (fire), and the inner circles represent *ειδος ήλεκτρον* (amber), *ειδος σαπφείρου* (sapphire), and *ειδος τοξότου εν τῇ νεφέλῃ* (the archer in the cloud). A blue band under the feet of Christ represents *ειδος στερεώματος* (the firmament), and the four cherubim. The large miniature which represents Daniel in the lion's den has points of similarity with the treatment on sarcophagi and diptychs of the same subject.

Amongst the designs from the New Testament, we may especially mention one of great iconographic importance. This picture contains a large number of persons mentioned in the gospel, and the style and attitude of the figures remind us of mosaic. John the Baptist is seen in the centre, and on the one hand are Christ and the Virgin, on the other Zacharias and Elizabeth. Portraits of Simeon and St. Anne are among the medallions at the top of the page. Next in order in the MS. come figures of the four Evangelists, followed by scenes representing the Conversion of St. Paul and the Stoning of Stephen. The final scene in the Cosmas seems to include the Last Judgment as well as the Resurrection. In the figures we see types of classic beauty, and the composition of the picture is admirable. The groups are arranged in various stages; the lowest representing persons emerging from the ground, with the inscription *καταχθόνιοι* (those under the earth). The middle stage bears the inscription *ἀνθρωποι ἐπιγαιοι* (those on the earth); and the upper ranks are described as *ἀγγελοι ἐπουράνιοι* (angels in the heaven). In the upper portion of the picture Christ is represented in the blue sky. The manner in which the sun is represented, either rising, setting, or in eclipse, is purely antique.

Having examined in detail, under M. Kondakov's guidance, this series of early miniature paintings, we may now consider how far Professor Strzygowski's general theory is capable of application to this branch of Byzantine art. We have seen that the MSS. naturally fall into two groups, which we may briefly distinguish as antique and Byzantine. The former group, in which art is still linked to ancient tradition, may be further divided, according as the subject is Pagan or Christian. The second group represents the first period of a new and distinctively Christian, art. It contains echoes of the antique, just as the first group has anticipations of the Byzantine. But here we have used the word *Byzantine* in a wide sense, without intending to imply a closer connection with Byzantium than with other parts of the empire. And this brings us to Professor Strzygowski's theory. If that theory is true, the name Byzantine would be applicable in its strictest sense both to the first and to the second group of miniatures. But there seems to be no proof of influence emanating from Constantinople on the development of this branch of art. No MS. of either group can be proved to have been executed at Constantinople, but it is probable that one MS. of the first group, namely, the Dioscorides, was executed there. On the other hand there is some evidence to prove that all the MSS. of the second group were executed elsewhere. The illuminated Gospel found in 1879 at Rossano in Calabria was most probably written and illustrated at Alexandria, or in Lower Egypt. The Syrian Gospel written by the monk Rabulas in 586 was executed in the convent of Zagba in Mesopotamia. The Cosmas is also considered to have been a work of Alexandrian artists; Cosmas himself belonged to Alexandria. It remains to be seen how far Professor Strzygowski may succeed in proving the dominant influence of Constantinople on art in general during the period from Constantine to Justinian. Provisionally we may say that he seems to have established his view in regard to the architectural treatment of the capital, which was certainly a distinctive feature of the new school of art. But for the influence of Constantinople in this case we have a reason in the abundance of material from the marble quarries

of Proconnesus. As I have said above, Professor Strzygowski has yet to show that Constantinople originated any of the new types of sacred pictures which we see fully developed in the miniatures of the sixth century. And in the MSS. that we have examined we find no evidence that this was the case.

JANE BURY.

ART. V.—GEORGE THOMSON, THE FRIEND OF
BURNS.

‘MUSICAL Thomson (memorable, *more* so than venerable, as the publisher of Burns’s songs): him I saw one evening sitting in the Reading-room; a clean-brushed commonplace old gentleman in scratch-wig; whom we spoke a few words to, and took a good look of.’ Such is Carlyle’s reference to George Thomson, speaking of his own visits to Edward Irving at Annan, somewhere about the year 1821. To any one who did not know the circumstances of the case, there would be something misleading in the description of Thomson as ‘the’ publisher of Burns’s songs; for Burns’s songs were being published before Thomson had anything to do with the poet, and Thomson’s collection contained, after all, but a very small proportion of the lyrics which make up the Burns total in that department of verse. But Thomson has been rather unfortunate in the matter of designations. In Mr. W. K. Leask’s recent monograph on Boswell he is referred to as ‘the composer’ (it is Mr. Leask who buries John Knox in St. Andrews!) while in Sir George Grove’s *Dictionary of Music* he figures as ‘the music-publisher of Edinburgh.’ In the strict sense of the terms, he was neither composer nor music-publisher: he was an enthusiastic amateur musician, whose hobby was the collection and preservation of national music and song; and it was for this, as well as for the connection with Burns to which it led, that he desired and ex-

pected to be remembered. Having recently had his correspondence placed in my hands for editing with a view to publication, I propose in this article to revive his memory and to tell some things about him which will probably give a new interest to the well known letters of Burns addressed to him.

Writing to Robert Chambers in 1838, Thomson, then an octogenarian, declares that he cannot believe himself to be so old as the 'information' regarding the year of his birth would make him out to be. As a matter of fact, he was a couple of years older than even his 'information' led him to suppose. He gives his birth year as 1759, but he was really born on the 4th of March, 1757, as appears from the local registers. His father, Robert Thomson, was then a schoolmaster at Limekilns, in Fife; but soon after George was born the family removed to Banff. Here, as it appears, the dominie had somewhat of a struggle to maintain an increasing family; and after trying 'some mercantile means of enlarging his income,' without success, he, about 1774, resolved upon going to Edinburgh. He became a messenger-at-arms in the capital, but I can find nothing further regarding him.

Young Thomson had reached his seventeenth year by this time, and had received a fairly good education, first of course from his father, and then at the local grammar school. He speaks himself of having learned 'the dead languages' at Banff; and from his correspondence afterwards I find that he could read both French and Italian, in which languages Beethoven and Haydn, notwithstanding that both were Germans, wrote their letters to him. In Edinburgh Thomson got into the office of a Writer to the Signet; and in 1780 he was lucky enough, through the influence of John Home, the author of *Douglas*, with one of the members, to secure the post of junior clerk to the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Art and Manufactures in Scotland. Not long after, the principal clerk died, and Thomson succeeding to his post, remained with the Board until his retirement in 1839, after a service of fifty-nine years. In his official capacity there is very little of interest to tell regarding him, though one or two circumstances connected therewith may be brought out in the course of this

paper. He seems to have found both his work and his superiors entirely to his mind, and no doubt his duties were light enough to enable him to give a good deal of office time to the subject which so engrossed his attention. When he was twenty-five he had entered upon a very happy union with Miss Miller, the daughter of a lieutenant in the 50th regiment. By this lady he had two sons and four daughters. One of the latter, Georgina, became in 1814 the wife of George Hogarth, the musical critic and historian, and a daughter of *that* union, Catherine, became, as everybody knows, the wife of Charles Dickens. The novelist's children are thus the great grandchildren of the old gentleman in the scratch-wig whom Carlyle had 'a good look of' at Annan. There is a letter of Burns written to Thomson in July 1793, in which the poet, speaking of the first volume of Thomson's collection then recently published, says :

' Allow me to congratulate you now as a brother of the quill. You have committed your character and fame, which will now be tried for ages to come by the illustrious jury of the SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF TASTE—all of whom poesy can please or music charm. Being a bard of Nature, I have some pretensions to second sight ; and I am warranted by the spirit to foretell and affirm that your great-great-grand-children will hold up your volumes and say with honest pride : "This so much admired selection was the work of my ancestor."'

It would be interesting to know if Burns's prediction has been fulfilled in this particular. Personally, I am somewhat doubtful!

I have said that Thomson was an enthusiastic amateur musician, and the phrase in his case covers a great deal more than it usually does in these greedy utilitarian days. It was not his time only that he gave towards the furtherance of the art ; he gave much of his means for the same cause, and in one case of which I shall have to speak he involved himself in a serious pecuniary difficulty simply in order that a talented girl might not want for a proper musical training. As a musical amateur, his great hobby, apart from his interest in national song, was the violin. In his leisure hours he used, as he puts it himself, 'to con over our Scottish melodies and to devour the choruses of Handel's oratorios, in which, when performed

at St. Cecilia's Hall, I generally took a part. . . . I had so much delight in singing these matchless choruses and in practising the violin quartettes of Pleyel and Haydn that it was with joy I hailed the hour when, like the young amateur in the good old Scotch song, I could hie me hame to my Cremona and enjoy Haydn's admirable fancies.' Whether Thomson ever possessed a 'Cremona' I am unable to say: the term is sometimes used in a loose way as merely a synonym for violin. But if such an instrument was not among his belongings, it was not because he had made no effort to obtain it. In the year 1819 he was trying to sell the copyright of certain compositions which Beethoven had written for him, and in a letter to Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, the music publishers of Leipzig, he says :

'I have long wished to possess an old violin of the best quality by Stradivarius or Joseph Guarnerius. If you have a violin of either master of undoubted originality and in good preservation I would give you all the MSS. of Beethoven above-mentioned in exchange for the violin.'

As the manuscripts 'above-mentioned' were valued by Thomson at the low figure of a hundred and twenty-five ducats (say £62), it is evident that cremona violins were not then the costly things that they are now, when an instrument 'of undoubted originality and in good preservation' can seldom be procured under £1000. The Leipzig firm, unfortunately, did not care to have the Beethoven MSS., and Thomson, for the time being at anyrate, had to do without his cremona. From one of his letters I see that he sent Hogg a violin as 'a small return' for some of the songs the Ettrick Shepherd had written for him.

The St. Cecilia concerts, of which Thomson speaks, were a notable institution in the Edinburgh of a hundred years ago and earlier. Thomson had a good deal to do with them in his time. He calls the undertaking 'one of the most interesting and liberal musical institutions that ever existed in Scotland, or indeed in any country,' and allowing a little for excusable exaggeration, the claim may be admitted. The concerts, to quote Chambers, were attended by 'all the rank, beauty and fashion of which Edinburgh could then boast;' and in addition

to the professional performers, 'many amateurs of great musical skill and enthusiasm, such as Mr. Tytler of Woodhouselee, were pleased to exhibit themselves for the amusement of their friends, who alone were admitted by ticket.' In their first form the gatherings were known as the 'Gentlemen's Concerts.' In *Guy Mannering* it will be remembered that Scott speaks of Counsellor Pleydell as 'a member of the Gentlemen's Concert in Edinburgh,' 'scraping a little upon the violoncello.' At first the place of meeting was the upper room of St. Mary's Chapel in Niddry's Wynd; but by the year 1762 the Society had so increased in popularity that a hall, named after the patron saint of music, was specially built at the foot of the Wynd. The structure was designed on the plan of the Grand Opera House at Parma, but of course on a smaller scale. Arnot, the historian of Edinburgh, says it was excellently adapted for music, and had a seating capacity of about five hundred. The orchestra, he remarks, is at the upper end 'which is handsomely terminated by an elegant organ.' In its time the building would seem to have been given up to some rather doubtful doings. Its palmiest days were the days when convivial knights-errant used to 'save the ladies' by toasting their idols in a bumper. The deepest drinker 'saved his lady,' and Thomson, speaking of the old place in Niddry's Wynd, declares that the bold champion had often considerable difficulty in 'saving' himself from the floor in his efforts to regain his seat.

The concerts of the Society went on until the spring of 1798, by which time, owing to the attractions of the New Town, it was beginning to be felt that Niddry's Wynd was not quite a convenient *locale* for a concert hall. In addition to that, it appears that the building of the South Bridge was believed to have done harm to the Society's hall; for we find the Improvement Trustees handing over certain areas adjoining the building, 'to the Directors of the said Musical Society, as a recompense for their having agreed to the widening of Niddry Street, by which the entry to the hall was much hurt.' The Society, at anyrate, was formally wound up in 1801, and next year the hall was sold to the Baptists. In 1809 it was

purchased by the Grand Lodge of Scotland ; in 1844 by the Town Council as Trustees for Dr. Bell's Trust ; and now it is occupied as a warehouse. It has, of course, seen a good many changes since George Thomson and other grave amateurs of his time made music within its walls, but enough of the original remains to show how admirably the place was adapted for concert purposes.

It was in Niddry's Wynd that Thomson got his first incentive towards making a collection of national song. On this point it will perhaps be best to quote himself. He says :

' At the St. Cecilia concerts I heard Scottish songs sung in a style of excellence far surpassing any idea which I had previously had of their beauty, and that too from Italians, Signor Teuducci the one and Signora Domenica Corri the other. Teuducci's "I'll never leave thee," and "Braes o' Ballenden," and the Signora's "Ewe-Bughts, Marion," and "Waly, waly," so delighted every hearer that in the most crowded room not a whisper was to be heard, so entirely did they rivet the attention and admiration of the audience. Teuducci's singing was full of passion, feeling and taste, and what we hear very rarely from singers, his articulation of the words was no less perfect than his expression of the music. It was in consequence of my hearing him and Signora Corri sing a number of our songs so charmingly that I conceived the idea of collecting all our best melodies and songs, and of obtaining accompaniments to them worthy of their merit.'

It is certainly not a little curious that the beauty of Scottish song should been first revealed to Thomson by a couple of Italians ; but the musical Edinburgh of his day, as indeed it has always been to some extent, was dominated mainly by foreigners. There was Christoff Schetky, the principal 'celloist of the St. Cecilia Society ; there was Pietro Urbani, of whom more by and bye ; there were various members of the Corri family ; there were Teuducci and others—all continental artists, and all more or less intimately associated with the music of the capital ; while only the Gows and Stephen Clarke and such like had a footing as representing the native element in art. Teuducci was very fond of singing Scots songs, and there is a unity of testimony to the fact that he sang them uncommonly well. He came to Edinburgh to take part in the St. Cecilia concerts in 1768, and he appeared regularly before the Society for some time after. All the time he was giving

lessons in singing; and one of his pupils, it is interesting to note, was the Alexander Campbell who so miserably failed to teach psalmody to Sir Walter Scott, owing to the 'incurable defects' of the novelist's ear.

The Corris were rather a numerous and confusing family, but the one with whom Thomson had specially to do was Natale Corri, a brother of the more famous Domenico, whose wife had charmed him by her singing at the St. Cecilia concerts. Natale Corri was for many years a singing master of reputation in Edinburgh; and Thomson, as it appears, had become security for him to the Royal Bank for a sum of £363. In 1821 Thomson writes to the Directors of the Bank regretting that 'we find it impossible to pay this debt at present, or in any other than by instalments.' Corri and Thomson divided the sum in three bills, payable at twelve, twenty-four, and thirty-six months; but in the end Thomson had to meet the whole amount. Corri died soon after the bills were drawn, and his daughter, Frances, who had subscribed them jointly with her father, now became the object of Thomson's anxious attention. In a letter he addressed to her at Florence in March, 1824, he reminds her that she had accepted bills to him for £200, 'being one half of the sum which I am now paying for your late father to the Royal Bank here, by instalments of £60 a year out of my very limited income.' He goes on to say that the lady's father had declared to him that 'the whole sum which I am now obliged to pay was laid out by him for your education in London, and that you had assured him in the strongest terms that you would not permit me to be a loser. . . . You may easily conceive how hard it bears upon me and my family out of a salary of £300 to carry £15 every three months to the Bank.' This letter was sent under cover to Mr. Haig of Bemerside, who was then at Florence, 'with an earnest request to him to endeavour to get the money from her either in whole or in part.' I have been unable to discover whether Thomson ever succeeded in getting the money. Nor does it matter much here: the main reason of my bringing the case forward at all is because of its indirect bearing upon the pecuniary relations of Burns and Thomson,

to be afterwards discussed. Miss Corri ought certainly to have been in a position to pay. In this very year when Thomson was writing to her at Florence, a musical critic was able to declare of her that 'she promises in a few years to be one of the greatest ornaments of the Italian stage;' and even before that she was thought good enough to be associated with the great Catalani in a long professional tour through the Continent. But she was in Italy and Thomson was in Edinburgh, and in those days it was more difficult recovering a debt under the circumstances than it is even now.

Having got his sense of the worth and beauty of national song awakened at the St. Cecilia concerts, Thomson was not long in setting to work as a collector and editor. He tells how, before doing anything, he examined all the collections within his reach, and found them 'all more or less exceptionable—a sad mixture of good and evil, the pure and the impure.' Generally 'there were no symphonies to introduce and close the airs, and the accompaniments (for the piano or harpsichord only) were meagre and commonplace, while the words were in a great many cases such as could not be tolerated or sung in good society.' The collections thus referred to may be identified with tolerable certainty, for the number of such works up to Thomson's time was by no means great. The earliest published collection of Scottish music was the *Orpheus Caledonius* of William Thomson, and the first volume of that work was not issued till 1725, the second following in 1733. In the 1725 volume Allan Ramsay published about seventy Scottish melodies as a sort of musical appendix to his *Tea-Table Miscellany*. Thomson was an Edinburgh musician who in the early years of the century went to London, where he acquired some fame as a singer. Burney has a reference to him in his well known *History of Music*. He says: 'In February [1722] there was a benefit concert for Mr. Thomson, the first editor of a collection of Scots tunes in England. To this collection, for which there was a very large subscription, may be ascribed the subsequent favour of these national melodies south of the Tweed.'

After Thomson, the next collector of any note was James

Oswald, who published several sets of 'Scots Tunes,' and finally, in 1759, his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*. If George Thomson went to him for guidance, he was certainly in danger of going astray. Oswald had no idea of preserving the airs in their original form, but 'decked them out with embellishments in order to display the skill of the singer.' Moreover, with the view no doubt of giving additional celebrity to certain melodies in his collection, he passed them off as the composition of the luckless David Rizzio, who was just enough of a musician to give a plausible appearance to the trick. Oswald's impositions in this way are pointedly referred to in a poetical epistle addressed to him in the *Scots Magazine* for October, 1741. Scott evidently knew of them, as witness the following from *The Fair Maid of Perth*: 'It's no a Scotch tune, but it passes for ane: Oswald made it himsell, I reckon—he has cheated mony ane, but he canna cheat Wandering Willie.' Oswald was originally a teacher of music, first in Dunfermline, and then in Edinburgh. About 1741 he settled as a music publisher in London, where he obtained the distinction of 'chamber composer' to George III.

The collections of Pietro Urbani and William Napier came quite close to George Thomson's venture in the matter of date. Urbani's name has survived in certain references of Burns, but for which it would probably have been entirely forgotten. An Italian singer and music-teacher, settled for some years in Edinburgh, he was both a good musician and a good vocalist. He had the merit of being practically the first person who attempted, at great cost, to get up some of Handel's oratorios in the Scottish capital. In January, 1803, we find him making this announcement: 'To the public. For a considerable time past Mr. Urbani has been busily employed in preparing and rehearsing three of the most celebrated of Handel's oratorios, and he is now happy to mention that on Tuesday, the 1st February, 1803, the sacred and sublime oratorio of *The Messiah* will be performed by the most numerous and perfect band of vocal and instrumental performers which have appeared in this part of the kingdom.' George Farquhar Graham says that the meritorious attempt thus notified 'was not encouraged,

and Urbani was ruined.' There may have been losses, certainly, but *The Messiah* at any rate was such a success that it was repeated on February 15, the concert beginning, as in London, at 12 o'clock noon.' Urbani's name disappeared, however, from the Edinburgh concert programmes not long after this. He removed to Dublin sometime in 1805, and died there in 1816. Burns seems to have met him first in 1793, when he was on his tour in Galloway. In that year, at any rate, the poet wrote to Thomson: 'He is, *entre nous*, a narrow, conceited creature; but he sings so delightfully that whatever he introduces at your concert [*i.e.*, the St. Cecilia Concerts] must have immediate celebrity.' In the same letter Burns tells Thomson that Urbani 'looks with rather an evil eye' on his collection, which was likely enough, seeing that Urbani and Thomson were both rivals for public favour. It was Urbani who, on being shown by Burns the air of 'Scots, wha hae,' begged him to 'make soft verses for it.'

The first volume of the Italian's 'Selection of Scots songs harmonised and improved, with simple and adapted graces,' etc., appeared about the end of the century. The second volume was entered at Stationer's Hall in 1794, so that the initial volume was probably published about 1792. The work extended finally to six folio volumes, the last volume being published in 1804. It contained upwards of 150 Scottish melodies with their associated songs. The airs were all harmonised by Urbani himself, the harmonies being filled up in notes for the right hand; and the first four volumes, in addition to the pianoforte part, had accompaniments for two violins and a viola. The number and kind of instruments were rather novel, but still more novel at that time was the filling up of the harmonies, and the addition of introductory and concluding symphonies to the airs. Even in the collection of William Napier, the first volume of which was published in 1790, there were no opening or closing symphonies, and the harmony consisted merely of what was called a 'figured bass' for the harpsichord. These 'figured basses' could only be interpreted by musicians, so that in the matter of accompaniments the amateurs of last century were left to shift for themselves.

Napier's was rather an important work. The first volume contained 81 songs, and the airs were harmonised by four professional musicians, who, together, represented a somewhat varied nationality. There were Dr. Samuel Arnold and William Shields, both Englishmen; there was Thomas Carter, an Irishman; and there was F. H. Barthelemon, a Frenchman, who is described as 'a singular character and a Swedenborgian.' The second volume, issued in 1792, contained one hundred airs, all harmonised by Haydn, who was presently to do so much work of the same kind for Thomson.

Of Johnson's *Museum* it is hardly necessary to speak, that work being so well known from the intimate connection which Burns had with it. Though the last volume did not appear until 1803, the first was issued as early as 1787, so that Thomson probably included the work among the unsatisfactory collections of which he afterwards wrote. He certainly had a very low opinion of the *Museum*, though I am not aware that his views on the matter have ever before been made public. In the copies of his own letters in my possession, the work is several times referred to, and always in opprobrious terms. Thus, in a letter dated September 7, 1821, he speaks of it as 'an *omnium gatherum* in six volumes, containing a number of tawdry songs which I would be ashamed to publish.' It is, he presumes, 'as much a book for toppers as for pianoforte players.' It was 'brought out in a miserable style, and without letter-press,' and yet, he is pained to add, it has 'had a good sale at seven shillings per volume.' Tirades of this kind are abundant in the correspondence, but there is no need to dwell on the matter. The *Museum* was Thomson's most serious rival, and one who reads between the lines can see quite well that Thomson was chagrined at having to share with Johnson the honour of having Burns as a contributor. He did not appear to realise that in condemning the *Museum*, he was to some extent condemning Burns, who, as everybody knows, was practically the editor of the earlier volumes. At the same time, there is no doubt that the *Museum* did leave a good deal to be desired alike as to the purity and taste of its contents and the unattractive character of its 'get up.'

It was in the year 1792 that Thomson seriously set about arranging for the publication of a collection of national song. At the outset he was not the only moving spirit of the concern. This much, indeed, we learn from the first letter which he wrote to Burns. 'For some years past,' he tells the poet, 'I have with a friend or two employed my leisure hours in collating and collecting the most favourite of our national melodies for publication.' So far as I know, the identity of only one of Thomson's coadjutors has been established. This was the Honourable Andrew Erskine, a brother of the musical Earl of Kellie. Erskine was a well-known wit and versifier of the period, who had settled in Edinburgh after having served for some time in the army. He was on intimate terms with James Boswell, and in 1763 published his correspondence with that prince of biographers. He is described as 'a silent, dull man, much beloved by his friends, and, like David Hume, extremely fond of children.' Unhappily, he was extremely fond of gambling as well, and it appears to have been some losses in that way which led him in 1793 to drown himself in the Forth. Thomson probably looked to Erskine to share with him the financial risks of the intended collection; but in any case, the former was soon writing to tell Burns that he had been left entirely alone in the carrying out of the scheme. How he went to work in order to get the required songs, we all know from the letters he addressed to Burns, and those sent to him by the poet in reply. With these letters it is quite unnecessary to deal here, so familiar have they become to the students and admirers of Burns. It is enough to say that Burns addressed in all fifty-six letters to Thomson. Dr. Currie, in printing Thomson's letters to the poet, remarks that they were 'arranged for the Press by Mr. Thomson.' What the term 'arranged' exactly signifies no one can say, but at anyrate, without having some unmistakeable evidence of the fact, I do not think we are entitled to suggest, as some writers have suggested, that Thomson tampered with the original text of the letters. Why should he? The insinuation is of course made by those who want to bring out that he dealt unfairly with Burns, but Burns's letters to Thomson are extant, exactly

as he wrote them, and they are as clear upon a certain point as even Thomson himself could have wished to make them. Besides, we are entitled to regard a man as a gentleman, until we have proved him to be otherwise, and I see nothing in Thomson's life or in his voluminous correspondence, now in my hands, to suggest that he was ever actuated by anything but the highest principles of honour.

And this brings me to an important point. During his own lifetime, Thomson suffered a good deal from the charge that he had taken an unfair advantage of Burns by accepting so much from the poet without making him any pecuniary return. The charge still hangs about Thomson's name in a vague kind of way, for in matters of this kind the dog who has once acquired an evil reputation is likely to retain it. In Messrs. Henley and Henderson's recently published edition of Burns, the editors, speaking of Thomson's first letter to the poet, and of the reply of Burns declining payment, remark that Thomson answered so-and-so, 'but as he says nothing of Burns' admirable generosity, it is reasonable to infer that the idea of payment would have been unwelcome to his mind.' It is reasonable to infer nothing of the kind. Thomson never sought to take an undue advantage of any one. His letters to his other poetical correspondents, in my possession, show that when they declined money, as, like Burns, they did for the most part, he made them presents, which in some cases must have cost him far more than the recipient's work was really worth. Beethoven and Haydn exacted terms from him in keeping with their exalted position in the musical world, yet when he writes to Hummel and to Kozeluch, nonentities as compared with these giants, he offers them—and *says* he is offering them—exactly the same terms. Why, then, are we to 'infer' that the idea of remunerating Burns would have been 'unwelcome to his mind.'

As a matter of fact, Thomson did in regard to Burns everything that it was possible for him to do in the circumstances. From the very outset it was his explicit desire to pay Burns. He says so, and there is nothing in his after-conduct to belie his words. When he first wrote to the poet in September,

1792, enlisting his aid on behalf of the new enterprise, he said expressly :

‘ We shall esteem your poetical assistance a particular favour, besides paying any reasonable price you shall please to demand for it. Profit is quite a secondary consideration with us ; and we are resolved to spare neither pains nor expense on the publication.’

This, surely, is perfectly clear. But how did Burns receive the suggestion ? Writing to Thomson immediately after the receipt of his letter, he declares that the request for assistance will ‘ positively add to my enjoyments in complying with it ; ’ and he adds that he will enter into the undertaking with such abilities as he possesses, ‘ strained to their utmost exertion by the impulse of enthusiasm.’ It is quite apparent that Burns was as anxious to be of use to Thomson as Thomson was to avail himself of his aid. But the poet is even more explicit on the matter. He says :

‘ As to remuneration, you may think my songs either *above* or *below* price ; for they shall absolutely be the one or the other. In the honest enthusiasm with which I embark in your undertaking, to talk of money, wages, fee, hire, etc., would be downright sodomy of soul ! ’

This also was plain enough. But we do not find that Thomson was anxious to take advantage of the fine independent spirit of the poet as thus exemplified. On the contrary, when the first volume of songs was published, containing six pieces from Burns’s pen, Thomson, to use his own words, ‘ ventured with all possible delicacy to send him a pecuniary present, notwithstanding what he had said on that subject.’ On this point the original letter, which is dated 1st July, 1793, may be quoted. Thomson writes to the poet :

‘ I cannot express how much I am obliged to you for the exquisite new songs you are sending me ; but thanks, my friend, are a poor return for what you have done. As I shall be benefited by the publication, you must suffer me to enclose a small mark of my gratitude [the sum sent was £5], and to repeat it afterwards when I find it convenient. Do not return it, for by heaven ! if you do, our correspondence is at an end ; and though this would be no loss to you, it would mar the publication, which, under your auspices, cannot fail to be respectable and interesting.’

And yet Messrs. Henley and Henderson can ‘ infer ’ that the idea of payment would have been unwelcome ! Burns replied

to this as one would have expected him to reply after reading his first letter to Thomson. This is what he says :

‘ I assure you, my dear sir, that you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. It degrades me in my own eyes. However, to return it would savour of bombast affectation ; but, as to any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind, I swear by that *Honor* which crowns the upright statue of *Robert Burns’ Integrity*—on the least motion of it, I will indignantly spurn the by-past transaction, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you ! *Burns’* character for generosity of sentiment and independence of mind will, I trust, long outlive any of his wants which the cold unfeeling one can supply ; at least I shall take care that such a character he shall deserve.’

Proud as Burns was it must have cost him something in the way of self-denial to write this letter. Though his salary as an exciseman was only £70 per annum, he was certainly not so poor as he is sometimes represented to have been. Yet, as his biographers have shown, at this very date, that is to say in July 1703, a few pounds would have been of material service to him. ‘ It will be readily admitted,’ says Mr. William Wallace (*Chambers’ Burns*, iii. 44^c), ‘ that Burns could never have been comfortable under the burden of even the smallest debt. Yet there is evidence that the trifle (10s.) due to Jackson of the *Dumfries Journal* for advertising the sale of his stock at Ellisland was now, after twenty months, still unpaid. It was discharged on the 12th July, probably out of the very money transmitted by Thomson.’ All this, however, only shows to better effect the highly honourable sentiment which animated him in his dealings with the Edinburgh amateur. Lockhart and others have expressed their surprise at the poet’s persistent repudiation of the pecuniary obligation which Thomson so clearly admitted. They quote Burns as admitting to Carfrae that ‘ the profits of the labours of a man of genius are, I hope, as honourable as any profits whatever ;’ and they remind us that he made no scruples about accepting hundreds of pounds from Creech on account of his poems.

But there was manifestly some difference between accepting the profits of a work published in the ordinary course of business and taking money from an amateur enthusiast whose pecuniary success must have been felt by Burns to be purely

problematical. He had declined to accept payment from Johnson, and afterwards found his justification in the fact that the *Museum* was not a pronounced commercial success. Was it not as likely—nay, was it not more likely—that Thomson's venture would prove an unprofitable enterprise? The truth is that Burns declined to write deliberately for money: he would—in a patriotic undertaking of this kind, at any rate—write for love or not write at all. If his poems brought him a profit—well, they were not written with that profit in view: the pecuniary return was, as it were, but an after-accident, welcome, no doubt, but still not affecting in any way the inception of the work. This was his view of the matter as expressed to Thomson, and he expressed it to others. In a brief memoir of the poet which appears in the *Scots Magazine* for January 1797, the statement is expressly made that he considered it beneath him to be an author by profession. 'A friend,' says the anonymous writer, 'knowing his family to be in great want [an exaggeration, certainly], urged the propriety, and even necessity, of publishing a few poems, assuring him of their success, and showing the advantage that would accrue to his family from it. His answer was—"No; if a friend desires me, and if I'm in the mood for it, I'll write a poem; but I'll be d——d if I write for money."'

What, then, in the circumstances, was to be expected of Thomson further? He had gone as far with Burns as it was prudent for him to go in the interests of his own enterprise; and if he now kept silence on the pecuniary question, it was certainly not because he failed to realise his obligation. When at last he had an opportunity of rewarding the poet he did what was asked of him cheerfully and with alacrity. Burns—ill, and trying to get along on half of his salary as an exciseman, threatened by a lawyer on account of a paltry tailor's bill of £7 9s.—wrote in despair to his cousin, James Burness, and to Thomson. He asked £5 from Thomson, and Thomson sent that sum 'instantly,' he says, 'by the very first post after it was asked.' He has been blamed for not sending more. But remember his position. He was a married man with a young family growing up around him. He was only a clerk,

with certainly a great deal less than the £300 a year which we have found he was being paid in 1824. Lord Cockburn speaks of his salary as being at the time 'a very humble income,' but 'humble' is, of course, a comparative term. At any rate the amount is not likely to have been over £200. Moreover, whatever Thomson expected his national collection to become (and I have the clearest evidence to show that he eventually lost considerably by it), the work was at the time all risk and all outlay. The outlay was growing and grew to be enormous, especially on the musical side, so as to almost justify Thomson's friends in impeaching his prudence with having anything to do with it. Remembering all this, we cannot fail to see that it was not a situation in which Thomson was entitled to be ostentatious in his donations and to hold himself out as if he were the wealthy patron of this neglected poet. As a matter of fact (and it may surprise a good many people to hear it), *Thomson had actually to borrow the £5 which he sent to Burns!*

The statement is made in a letter of June 30th, 1843, addressed to Messrs. Blackie, the Glasgow publishers, who were then preparing an edition of Burns. There is a long reference in the letter to Professor Wilson's essay on the poet, in the course of which we come upon this :

'The poet afterwards, in his last illness, condescended on an emergency to ask me for five pounds, and perhaps the Professor thinks I was to blame for not sending *more* than the sum asked. If this has provoked his ire, I would merely say that I was not then burdened with money, and had to borrow of a friend the £5 I sent. And on consulting two of the poet's most intimate friends whether I should enlarge the sum they both were of opinion that if I sent more than the poet asked there would be a greater risqué of offending than of pleasing him.'

On the whole, then, taking a generous and common-sense view of the situation, I think we must exonerate Thomson from any charge of unfair dealing with Burns. Lord Cockburn put the whole matter very well in the speech which he made on the occasion of the public presentation of a piece of plate to Thomson in 1847. 'We must above and beyond all,' he said, 'remember the kind of man with whom Thomson had to deal. We must consider a man morbidly sensitive upon

the subject of what he called his independence, glowing with indignation at every appearance of pecuniary assistance, and boasting, even under the united pressure of disease and poverty, that he was ROBERT BURNS, who would never ask any pecuniary help, and would scorn it were it offered. Placing the two men in their respective situations, I repeat it as my conviction,' said Lord Cockburn, 'as I believe it will be the conviction of posterity, that our friend on this occasion acted up to the character he has shown upon every occasion—that of a sensible, a judicious, and a liberal man.' Liberal, that is, according to his circumstances. The impression seems to have got abroad that Thomson became a highly prosperous old gentleman, and a kind of *post facto* criticism of the Burns business has been the result in some quarters. Mr. Scott Douglas says (*Burns*, vi., 214) that, 'whatever was his financial condition about the period of Burns's death, when poverty was made a plea to shelter him from charges of penuriousness in his dealings with the poet and his family he certainly soon thereafter attained a prosperous worldly position.' His correspondence certainly gives no indication of such a prosperous condition—rather the reverse. He is often pressed for money, and wants to sell his copyrights in consequence; and even as late as 1847 I find from letters addressed to Robert Chambers (which Mr. C. E. S. Chambers has most courteously allowed me to see) that he felt it expedient to try to turn the pictures on his walls into cash. Let us not in our blind worship of Burns be unfair to Thomson. There was no more enthusiastic admirer of the poet than he, and he gave himself a good deal of trouble in defending the character of the poet from the imputations cast upon it by Allan Cunningham and others. That he was entirely honourable, I am fully persuaded.

It has been asserted by several of the Burns biographers that Thomson never saw Burns. In a letter of Thomson to the poet, dated May 1795, there is the following sentence *apropos* of Allan's sketch of 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' which Thomson was sending to Burns: 'The figure intended for your portrait I think strikingly like you, as far as I can remember the phiz.' The inference is clear enough, namely that

Thomson is speaking of some occasion when he had seen or met the poet. But Scott Douglas in printing the letter (Vol. vi. p. 340) appends this foot-note :

‘That is to say—“As I remember the phiz in Beugo’s engraving from Nasmyth’s picture ;” for he never saw Burns in the flesh.’

Scott Douglas is entirely in error. In the sixth volume of Hogg’s *Instructor* (1851, page 409) appears a long letter from Thomson, mainly on the old subject of his alleged ‘penurious dealings’ with Burns. To that letter the following postscript is added by the writer : ‘The charms of Burns’s conversation may well make us regret that he was not, like Johnson, attended by a Boswell. *I speak from experience, for I once had the delight to dine in a small party with him.*’ The italics, of course, are mine. I have been unable to trace the occasion of the meeting, but it was no doubt in Edinburgh at the time of Burns’s blaze of popularity in the capital.

In the interests of his collection Thomson corresponded with many other poet celebrities besides Burns. Scott, of course, was on the spot, and the letters to and from him are not very numerous. Sir Walter was always ready with a promise to write for any melody which Thomson might assign him with a view to words ; but promise was one thing, performance another and quite a different thing. Thomson writes again and again to urge the peccant Pegasus, and even offers to call at Castle Street to sing over the melody requiring to be mated. The same thing happened with Lockhart ; and in the end Thomson is found declaring that Scott and Lockhart had not a single note of music between them ! Hogg was more pliable (as well as more musical—for did he not play the fiddle ?) and indeed sent Thomson a great deal more than he could use. Byron was tried, and eventually, after sundry urgent reminders of his promise, declared that any attempt to fulfil his promise would be hazardous. Song-writing is not a species of work he undervalues ; on the contrary, Burns and Moore have shown that ‘even their splendid talents may acquire additional reputation from this exercise of their powers.’ But as for himself—well, nothing but his ‘most decided conviction that both you and I would regret it could have prevented me

from long ago contributing to your volume.' Moore is 'very much flattered' at the idea of 'being associated in any way with Haydn,' and promises to write several songs, but his letters show more interest in Jeffrey and the *Edinburgh Review* (for obvious reasons) than in Thomson's work.

Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Opie, and Mrs. Grant of Laggan, are amongst the ladies whose pens were called into requisition by Thomson. There is much that is interesting in this section of the correspondence, but I will deal with one point only. In the year 1844 there was published the *Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan*, edited by her son, John P. Grant, then a W.S. in Edinburgh. Now there is before me a letter of Thomson's dated from Brighton, 10th March 1844, and addressed to J. P. Grant, complaining that, while he was almost solely instrumental in carrying through the publication and subscription of Mrs. Grant's volume of Poems issued after her husband's death, his name and his efforts in the matter have been entirely ignored in the memoir. Thomson says that he was in fact the editor of the volume—that Mrs. Grant sent him all her manuscripts, which he arranged and put into the printer's hands.' He continues :

'When proofs were sent me from time to time, however, and I had thus to examine every line closely and critically, I found that a good deal of pruning and little alterations and re-touchings were necessary in order to produce a more clear connection of the parts than the original manuscript contained, all which, of course, I regularly transmitted to your mother for her consideration and directions, till at length the volume was completed to her entire satisfaction. And never was man more gratified than when all the subscription papers were returned to me containing the largest number of names that any literary work, with the exception perhaps of Burns's Poems, ever obtained in Scotland.'

I do not suppose that any one reads Mrs. Grant's poems now, but all the same it seems right that Thomson should have credit for what he declares to have occupied all the leisure hours of a twelvemonth.

Having decided upon his plan in regard to the words of his songs, the next question with Thomson was as to the arrangement of the music. And here he decided to go at once to the fountain-head. No second-rate native musician would suit

him: he must have his work done by the eminent Continental composers, whose names were familiar to music lovers all the world over. Thomson's correspondence with these notabilities would in itself make an interesting little volume. The most prominent name is, of course, that of Beethoven. When he wrote to the composer in 1803, he had already published arrangements of Scottish airs by Pleyel and Kozeluch, and with the true eye of a man of business, he was now anxious to obtain from a greater and more famous musician than either six sonatas on Scottish themes. Beethoven replied offering to compose the sonatas for three hundred ducats (£150) the lot, but Thomson was not inclined to give more than half that sum, and with an intimation of this fact, the correspondence ceased, to be resumed in 1810 when Beethoven began on the Scottish airs. In passing, it may be remarked that all the artists with whom Thomson established communication showed a fine concern for the commercial side of the business. When Baron Tauchnitz, the German publisher, once asked Thackeray to excuse him for his badly-written letters, Thackeray promptly replied—'Do not be afraid of your English. A letter containing £ s. d. is always in pretty style.' So, in effect, said Thomson's correspondents. Beethoven remarks that he will always state his terms 'with the frankness and precision which I like in business matters,' asking Thomson to accept the assurance that he is dealing with an artist who yet 'loves to be honourably paid.'

Beethoven, indeed, debates more about his fees than any of the other composers. Thomson, it appears, had asked him to make his accompaniments to the Scottish airs less difficult; but the master replies that 'the task to render them easier is always a worry to me;' and, in short, the easier the music the stiffer must be the honorarium! Thomson, with the view of inviting a compromise, told him that Kozeluch was doing accompaniments for ten ducats (five shillings) each, but this made him only sarcastic. 'I esteem myself,' he says, 'something superior to the *genre* of M. Kozeluch (*miserabilis*!) and I hope and believe you to possess some distinction that you are able to do me so much justice.' Haydn, the other notable cor-

respondent of Thomson, is not quite so mercenary as to details, but he, too, makes it perfectly clear that he does not mean to work for nothing. It is true that in one letter he expresses regret that 'in this world I am obliged to work for any one who pays me;' but he immediately adds by way of hint that Mr. Whyte (of Edinburgh) gives him two guineas for each air, or double the sum paid by Thomson. In 1802 he dispatches thirty-two airs to Edinburgh, and 'would be very pleased if you would send me the money quickly, which amounts in all to forty guineas.' At one time he made up his mind not to do any more work for Thomson, 'the price hitherto paid not being in proportion to the time and trouble which his compositions cost him;' and the veteran was only mollified by Thomson making him, on the suggestion of the British Ambassador at Vienna, a present of a dozen handkerchiefs, which he specially wanted to get. And speaking of handkerchiefs, Thomson made an awkward mistake when, in 1803, he sent him some as a gift to Frau Haydn. 'My poor wife,' wrote the composer, 'has already been three years under the sod.' It is pathetic to find Haydn remarking in 1804 that he would like still before his death to do at least a dozen more airs for Thomson. 'Great things I can no more undertake; my old age makes me increasingly weak.' Haydn lived for five years after this, but his days were passed in a continual struggle with the infirmities of age. Hummel was another of the eminent musicians whom Thomson engaged for his undertakings. He, too, complains about Thomson's low prices, and hopes that Thomson 'will do me justice and raise the honoraire something more.' He is the only one of the great musicians who attempts to write in English, and he makes rather a mess of it, as, from his begging for excuse, he evidently himself suspected. Hummel was a pupil of Mozart, and for some time Beethoven's rival in love matters, having married a sister of the singer Roeckel, to whom Beethoven was also much attached.

It is hardly necessary to say that the accompaniments and arrangements thus provided by the great masters made the most expensive item in connection with Thomson's collection. Unlike the poets, not one of them would work without

pecuniary reward; nor did Thomson ever suggest to them that they should. Even when he asks such comparatively small men as Bishop and R. A. Smith to do something for him he generally sends the honorarium with the request. This is clearly brought out in the correspondence, and I insist on it again in view of the discreditable insinuations thrown at him by Mr. Henley and others. But to return. In my opinion Thomson paid the great Continental musicians quite as much as their efforts were worth, but it was only natural that they should value themselves more highly than it was possible for the lovers of Scottish national music to value them. It is calculated that, at the lowest estimate, Beethoven must have received for his share in Thomson's publications not less than £550; Haydn can hardly have had much under £300; while the other payments to Weber, Plegel, Kozeluch, Hummel, Bishop, and Hogarth, who all had a hand at one time or other in the accompaniments, must have run up the total costs of the music alone to considerably over £1000. Even Burns's *Jolly Beggars*, music by Bishop, cost £60. When we add to all this the costs of production and other incidental expenses, and recall the fact that Thomson kept the distribution of the work entirely in his own hands—a very ineffective business, as I can clearly see—we need not be surprised to find him trying frantically to get rid of his burden, even at an immense sacrifice, and admitting in a public speech, not long before his death, that he could never get his money back.

The demand for such works, limited even now, was far more limited then, when the number of musical amateurs was much fewer than it is now. Nor can it be said that the collection had all the claims on the public which its editor so frequently urges in his correspondence. In spite of Thomson's very natural opinion to the contrary, the unbiassed critic cannot blind himself to the fact that the Continental masters whom he employed were not altogether happy in their attempts to adorn the Scottish airs. They failed in many instances to catch the characteristic style of the music, and although in some cases they managed to hit the proper vein, their work, as a whole, only proves again that the greater the

genius when misapplied, the more signal is the failure likely to be. Even Thomson himself came to see this in the case of Beethoven. In a letter of 1821 he says sadly: 'I have no expectation of ever receiving any benefit from what Beethoven has done for me. He composes for posterity. I hoped that his gigantic genius would bend and accommodate itself to the simple character of national melodies, but in general he has been too learned and eccentric for my purpose, and all my gold ducats have been thrown away, besides the expense of engraving, printing, and paper.' Alas! not even for posterity did Beethoven and these other masters write in this particular case. The Thomson collections are totally neglected, and although some of Beethoven's arrangements for them have been rescued by his admirers in Germany, they really survive only in the thematic catalogue of his works. Thomson, as I believe, made quite a mistake in going abroad for his musical work, but his mistake is not so uncommon even in these days, and in any case he suffered the penalty.

Thomson's collection was a large and handsome work in six volumes folio, each volume having an engraved frontispiece, besides smaller engraved embellishments. The first volume was published in 1793, while the last did not appear until 1841! A cheap edition, containing such airs as had been issued up to that time, was published in 1822, in six volumes royal octavo. Thomson also edited collections of Welsh and Irish melodies, but these, the Welsh especially (in 3 volumes), were far from successful. In his letters he is especially severe on the Welsh people for their apathy, but the truth is that Thomson was lacking in the requisite qualifications for the editing of a Welsh collection. He did not know the Welsh dialect; he was imperfectly acquainted with the already-existing stores of Welsh melody; and in the collecting of airs for his work he put himself to a great extent at the mercy of correspondents in Wales, who might or might not be qualified to advise him. The Irish collection I have not seen, but as the late Sir Robert P. Stewart, the Dublin University Professor of Music, charges the editor with being 'careless or incompetent' in the matter of the text of the airs, I am afraid

we must conclude that Thomson was here also on unfamiliar ground.

A few miscellaneous notes may now be gathered together in closing. Scott and Thomson were warm friends, and several of his letters show that he had been in the habit of calling frequently on the great novelist. He was often at James Ballantyne's table along with Scott and other celebrities of the time, and Lockhart tells of one supper at which 'old George Thomson, the friend of Burns,' was ready with 'The Moorland Wedding,' or 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut,' for the benefit of the guests. Thomson appears to have been an excellent 'company' man in this respect. Mr. George Croal, of Edinburgh, tells in his recent reminiscences of having, as a comparatively young man, met him at supper one evening. Thomson was then an octogenarian, but notwithstanding, 'seemed to be in the full enjoyment of all the amenities of social life.' On the occasion to which Mr. Croal refers, he sang the song of 'Muirland Willie' with great spirit, and with all the humour it demands. At home he was in his element with his fiddle, and he got quite enthusiastic with such of his guests as could take a part with him in his favourite compositions. In a letter to Robert Chambers, he remarks that Mrs. Chambers being musical, he ought to know her; and, inviting the couple to spend an evening with him, he begs that Mrs. Chambers will send some of her music before her, so that he may practise and be in readiness. He was one of the directors of the first Edinburgh musical festival held between the 30th October and the 5th November, 1815, and much of the success of the gathering was undoubtedly due to him. According to the *Scots Magazine*, the festival created such excitement that 'for many miles round in all directions there was not a post horse to be had on any roads, and before the Festival began, the hotels, inns and lodging-houses were so full that, unless in private houses, there was absolutely not room for another individual.' George Hogarth, Thomson's son-in-law, and at this time a Writer to the Signet, was one of the secretaries of this phenomenal festival, so that between them the pair are entitled to no small credit for the successful

issue of the affair. Why, it may be asked, should Scotland not have such festivals now?

Thomson died at Leith on the 18th of February, 1851, at the patriarchal age of ninety-four. After his retirement in 1839 he took up his residence in London, but he thought the streets too dangerous for a man of his years, and when his wife died in 1841, he let his house and went to Brighton. Brighton did not suit him either. Writing to his son William, in August, 1844, he says: 'I am weary of Brighton, where there are handsome buildings no doubt, but little else to look at, except the sea, without ships, which are only to be seen dimly in the far offing as they pass up and down the channel: no meadows, gardens, plantations, shrubberies, or any rural scenery, which I long to see again. . . . If I get the house I am in sub-let before winter, we shall be off to good old Scotland again, where I shall be much more safe [compared, that is, with London] during the remainder of my evening of life.' He does not forget to add either that in Scotland he can live so much more economically: 'Coals, which we get for ten shillings a ton there, cost us thirty shillings here.' A friend from Ireland had told him that there a pair of fowls might be had for sixpence, and lamb at threepence per pound; but then the people in Ireland are 'cruelly governed and oppressed' (Thomson was evidently a Home Ruler), and after all there is no place like 'bonnie Scotland.' And so Thomson returned to Edinburgh. He had laid his wife to rest in Kensal Green Cemetery 'on the spot next to that which belongs to Charles Dickens, Esq.' There now rests also the old gentleman in the scratch-wig, who saw Carlyle as a youth in Annan and did not know that he saw a coming celebrity.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

ART. VI.—LITERARY CULTURE IN CANADA.

1. *The Story of Canada* (Nations' Series). By J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., etc. London, New York, and Toronto. 1897.
2. *Younger American and Canadian Poets*. Edited by D. SLADEN, B.A., Oxon. London and New York. 1891.
3. *Later Canadian Poems*. Edited by J. E. WETHERELL, B.A. Toronto. 1893.
4. *Lyrics of Earth*. By A. LAMPMAN. Boston. 1895.
5. *The Dread Voyage and other Poems*. By W. W. CAMPBELL. Toronto. 1893.
6. *Low Tide at Grand Pré: A Book of Lyrics*. By BLISS CARMAN. New York. 1893.
7. *In the Village of Viger*. By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT. Boston. 1896.
8. *The Seats of the Mighty: A Romance of Quebec*. By GILBERT PARKER. London and New York. 1896.
9. *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*. 13 vols. Ottawa. 1892-96.

IT is safe to say that very few persons in Great Britain have any correct idea of the intellectual development that has been going on in the Dominion of Canada ever since its people have been gradually awakening to a sense of that larger national life that a Confederation, with great possibilities in the future, has opened up before them. The five millions of people of two nationalities who own Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are displaying a mental activity commensurate with their expansion of territory and accumulation of wealth. If it were possible within the compass of this article to give a complete list of the many histories, poems, essays and pamphlets, that have appeared from the Canadian press during the thirty years that the Dominion of Canada has been in existence, the number would astonish all who have not followed our intellectual progress. In fact, all the scientific, historical

and poetical contributions of three decades whether good, bad or indifferent in character, make up quite a pretentious library which shows the growth of what may be called Canadian literature, since it deals with subjects essentially of Canadian interest.

The attention that is now devoted to the study and writing of history and the collection of historical documents relating to the Dominion proves clearly the national or thoroughly Canadian spirit that is already animating the educated and cultured class of the people. I have now before me a list of over a hundred books, from the portly quarto to the unpretentious duodecimo, which have been printed during a decade of years in Canada or other countries, and all of them dealing with the general or local history of the Dominion and its divisions, or giving the biography of some of the famous men who have written their names indelibly in the annals of the country.

It was the American historian, Francis Parkman, who first lifted Canadian history from its low level of dullness, on which few readers even in Canada itself ventured. This history is even older than that of New England; contemporaneous rather with that of Virginia since Champlain landed on the heights of Quebec and laid the foundations of the ancient capital only a year after the English adventurers of the days of King James stepped on the banks of the river named after that sovereign and commenced the old town which has long since disappeared before the tides of the ocean that stretches away beyond the shores of the 'Old Dominion.' Indeed even before this time a little band of Frenchmen attempted a settlement on the beautiful basin of Annapolis in Acadia, that land of song and story. Canadian history recalls some of the most striking incidents in the annals of America and of the ever memorable contest between England and France for supremacy on the Continent. Even since the days of the French explorers and missionaries who were the first to reveal the secrets of the mysterious West and of the Mississippi—even since the close of the great war of seven years for dominion—that conflict which ended practically with the con-

quest of Quebec and the fall of Wolfe and Montcalm, 'united in death and fame,' the history of Canada, as an English dependency, is distinguished by many episodes of deep interest to the statesman and publicist, whether he belongs to the American or Canadian federation. The coming of the United Empire Loyalists, the patriotism and self-sacrifice of the Canadians during the war of 1812-15, the struggle for popular rights which culminated in the rising of 1837-38, the history of fur-traders and explorers in the North-west, the concession and results of responsible government and its local sequence—a free self-governing confederation extending from ocean to ocean—all these are matters which have more than an ordinary interest when broadly and artistically limned on the pages of history. It is easy then to understand why so many historical writers have within a few years taken up, successfully in a few cases and unsuccessfully in many more, the various epochs of Canadian development from the days of Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence, and of Champlain, the founder of Quebec and New France, down to the risings of the half-breeds or Métis in the prairie province of Manitoba and on the banks of the North Saskatchewan, and the execution of their leader, Louis Riel, on the scaffold at Regina, the humble capital of that North-western region, the greater part of which is still an unbroken expanse of prairie land, where wild flowers and grasses grow in rich profusion, but which eventually must become the principal wheat granary of the Continent.

Previous to the confederation of 1867, the only history of undoubted merit was that of the French Canadian Garneau, which was distinguished for its clearness of style, industry and research, and scholarly management of the subject. Now that the political passion that so long convulsed the public mind in Canada has disappeared with the causes that gave it birth, one is hardly prepared to make a hero of the demagogue Papineau who led the French Canadian rebellion of 1837, as Garneau has attempted in his able work, while the foundation of a new Dominion and the commencement of an era of larger political life has probably given a somewhat sectional character

to such an historical effort. Still, despite its intense French Canadian spirit, the history written by Mr. Garneau, as well as one by the Abbé Ferland of Laval University, notably illustrates the literary instinct and intellectual strength which have been the distinguishing features of the best productions of the able and even brilliant men who have devoted themselves to literature with marked success among their French Canadian countrymen, who are wont to pay a deeper homage to such literary efforts than the colder, less impulsive English Canadian temperament has ever shown itself disposed to give to those who have been equally worthy of recognition in the English-speaking provinces.

Since 1867 only two works require special mention among the many which take up so much space on my library shelves. One of these is the history of the days of Montcalm and Lévis—the two most distinguished figures in the closing days of the French *régime* in Canada. It is written by the Abbé Casgrain, who illustrates the studious and literary character of the professors of that great university which bears the name of the first Bishop of Canada, Monseigneur Laval, and is one of the most interesting features of the ancient capital of Quebec, on whose heights it stands so conspicuous and dignified a structure. This work is distinguished by all that fervour of the French Canadian which shows itself when it is a question of their illustrious past, and sometimes warps their judgment and reason. The venerable Abbé is one of the ablest members of the Royal Society of Canada—a literary and scientific society, containing members of both nationalities, and illustrating remarkably the literary activity of both since its formation by the Marquis of Lorne fifteen years ago—and has made many other valuable contributions to the historical literature of the country, notably one on *The Land of Evangeline*, which was deservedly crowned by the French Academy as an admirable example of literary style. A more pretentious general history of Canada is that by an able English Canadian, Dr. Kingsford, also a member of the same society, whose book has already reached eight octavo volumes, the last of which deals with the war of 1812-15. Whilst it shows much industry

and conscientiousness on the part of the author it fails too often to evoke our interest even when it deals with the striking and picturesque story of the French *regime*, since the author seems to consider it his duty to be sober and prosaic when Parkman is bright and eloquent. However, the work has undoubted merits—especially the account of the war of 1812—since it throws new light on many controverted points in our history, and assuredly it is never likely to mislead us by a too highly coloured and imaginative version of the most famous incidents in our annals.

Perhaps the best estimate of the progress of literary culture in Canada can be formed from a careful perusal of the poems of Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Professor Roberts, Wilfred Campbell, and Frederick George Scott, whose poetic efforts have frequently appeared in the leading American and Canadian magazines—and more rarely in English periodicals. I mention these names particularly because, from the finish of their verse, and their freshness of thought, they are confessedly superior to all other Canadian poets, and may fairly claim a place alongside those who now stand foremost amongst American poets since Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Bryant and Lowell have disappeared. Pauline Johnson, who has Indian blood in her veins, the scholarly Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, who has also written some admirable short stories in *Scribner's* and other periodicals, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Charles Mair, and several others, might be named to prove that poetry is not a lost art in Canada despite its pressing prosaic needs. In French Canada, two poets of high merit have been produced. The verses of Crémazie, who died in poverty, showed much power and imagination as well as artistic skill. They were imbued with a truly Canadian spirit, with a love for Canada, its scenery, its history, and its traditions, which entitle them to a larger audience than they probably ever had in Old France or even in Canada itself. Mr. Louis Fréchette is a worthy successor of Crémazie, and has won the distinction of having his best work crowned by the French Academy. These two men can fairly claim the highest place in the literature of French Canada.

It would be interesting as well as instructive if some competent critic, with the analytical faculty and the poetic instinct of Matthew Arnold or Sainte-Beuve, were to study the English and French Canadian poets and show whether they are mere imitators of the best models of French and English literature, or whether their work contains within itself those germs which give promise of original fruition in the future. It will be remembered that the French critic, though a poet of merit himself, has spoken of what he calls 'the radical inadequacy of French poetry.' In his opinion, whatever talent the French poets have for strophe and line, their work, as a rule, is 'too slight, too soon read, too poor in ideas, to influence a serious mind for any length of time.' No doubt many others think that, in comparison with the best conceptions of Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Emerson, Browning and Tennyson, French poetry is, generally speaking, inadequate for the expression of the most sublime thoughts, of the strongest passion, or of the most powerful imagination, and although it must always please us by its easy rhythm and lucidity of style, it fails to make that vivid impression on the mind and senses which is the best test of that true poetic genius which influences generations and ever lives in the hearts of the people. It represents in some respects the lightness and vivacity of the French intellectual temperament under ordinary conditions, and not the strength of the national character, whose depths are only revealed at some crisis which evokes a deep sentiment of patriotism. 'Partant pour la Syrie,' so often heard in the days of the last Bonaparte régime, probably illustrated this lighter tendency of the French mind just as the 'Marseillaise,' the noblest and most impressive of popular poetic outbursts, illustrated national passion evoked by abnormal conditions. French Canadian poetry has been often purely imitative of French models, like Musset and Gauthier, both in style and sentiment, and consequently lacks strength and originality. It might be thought that in this new country poets would be inspired by original conceptions—that the intellectual fruition would be fresh and vigorous like some natural products that grow so luxuriantly on the virginal soil of the new Dominion, and not

like those which grow on land which is renewed and enriched by artificial means after centuries of growth. Perhaps the literature of a colonial dependency, or a relatively new country, must necessarily in its first stages be imitative, and it is only now and then that an original mind bursts the fetters of intellectual subordination. In the United States Emerson and Hawthorne probably best represented the original thought and imagination of that comparatively new country, just as Aldrich and Howells represent in the first case English culture in poetry, and in the other the sublimated essence of realism. Walt Whitman's poems certainly show at times much power and originality of conception, but after all they are simply the creations of an eccentric genius, and illustrate a phase of that realism towards which fiction even in America has been tending of late, and which has been already degraded in France to a naturalism which is positively offensive. He has not influenced to any perceptible extent the intellect of his generation or elevated the thoughts of his countrymen like the two great minds I have just named. Yet even Whitman's success, relatively small as it was in his own country, arose chiefly from the fact that he attempted to be an *American* poet, representing the pristine vigour and natural freedom of a new land. It is when French Canadian poets become thoroughly Canadian by the very force of the inspiration of some Canadian subject they have chosen, that we can see them at their best. Fr chet te has all the finish of the French poets, and while it cannot be said that he has yet originated great thoughts which are likely to live among even the people whom he has so often instructed and delighted, yet he has given us poems like that on the discovery of the Mississippi, which proves that he is capable of even better things if he would always seek inspiration from the sources of the deeply interesting history of his own country, or enter into the inner mysteries or social relations of his own people, rather than dwell on the lighter shades and incidents of their lives. After all, the poetry that lives is the poetry of human life and human sympathy, of joy, passion, and sorrow,—the Psalms of David or the grand verse of Dante and Goethe—rather than verses

on mountains, rivers and lakes, or sweetly worded sonnets to Madame B. or Mademoiselle C. When we compare the English with the French Canadian poets we can see what an influence the more picturesque and interesting history of French Canada exercises on the imagination of its writers. The poets that claim Ontario for their home give us rhythmical and pleasing descriptions of the lake and river scenery of which the varied aspects and moods might well captivate the eye of the poet as well as of the painter. It is very much painting in both cases; the poet should be an artist by temperament equally with the painter who puts his thoughts on canvas and not in words. Such descriptions as Mr. Wilfred Campbell has given of scenes which one often witnesses on a beautiful summer day whilst resting on the banks of one of the great lakes of Canada, is certainly as effective as any sketch in oils or water colours could be :

‘ A glimmer of bird-like boats, that loom from the far horizon,
That scud and tack and dip under the gray and the blue ;
A single gull that floats and skims the waters and flies on,
Till she is lost like a dream in the haze of the distance too.

‘ A steamer that rises a smoke, then after, a tall dark funnel,
That moves like a shadow across your water and sky’s gray edge ;
A dull hard beat of a wave that diggeth itself a tunnel,
Down in the crevices dark under my limestone ledge.’

Or we may follow Bliss Carman to the historic meadows of the Grand Pré in the ‘ Sweet Acadian Land ’ :

‘ Was it a year or lives ago
We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
Over the waving meadow lands
And held it there between our hands ?

‘ The while the river at our feet—
A drowsy inland meadow stream—
At set of sun the after-heat
Made running gold, and in the gleam
We freed our birch upon the stream.

' There down along the elms at dusk
We lifted dripping blade to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
Where night and gloom awhile uplift
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

' The night has fallen and the tide . . .
Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
A sigh like driven wind or foam :
In grief the flood is bursting home.'

Yet it may be said that descriptions of our meadows, prairies, and forests, with their wealth of herbage and foliage, or artistic sketches of pretty bits of lake scenery, have their limitations as respects their influence on the people. Great thoughts or deeds are not bred by scenery. The American poem that has captured the world is not any one of Bryant's delightful sketches of the varied landscape of his native land, but Longfellow's 'Evangeline,' which is a story of the 'affection that hopes and endures and is patient.' Dollard, and the Lady of Fort La Tour are themes which we do not find in prosaic Ontario, whose history is only a century old—a history of stern materialism, as a rule, rarely picturesque or romantic, and hardly ever heroic except in some episodes of the war of 1812-15, in which Canadians, women as well as men, did their duty faithfully to king and country.

Mr. Lampman touched a chord of human interest in one of his poems, 'Between the Rapids,' which has been more frequently quoted than perhaps any others by this gifted Canadian. The scene of the poem may be either on the Ottawa or St. Lawrence rivers, so famous for their rapids, but what gives it a real charm is that touch of sentiment which makes the whole world kin:—

' The point is turned ; the twilight shadow fills
The wheeling stream, the soft receding shore,
And on our oars from deep among the hills
Breaks now the rapid's sudden quickening roar.
Ah yet the same, or have they changed their face,
The fair green fields, and can it still be seen,
The white log cottage near the mountain's base,
So bright and quiet, so home-like and serene ?
Ah, well I question, for as five years go,
How many blessings fall, and how much woe.

- ' The shore, the fields, the cottage just the same,
 But how with them whose memory makes them sweet ?
 Or if I called them, hailing name by name,
 Would the same lips the same old shouts repeat ?
 Have the rough years, so big with death and ill,
 Gone lightly by and left them smiling yet ?
 Wild black-eyed Jeanne, whose tongue was never still,
 Old wrinkled Picaud, Pierre and pale Lisette,
 The homely hearts that never cared to range,
 While life's wide fields were filled with rush and change.
- ' And where is Jacques, and where is Verginie ?
 I cannot tell ; the fields are all a blur.
 The lowing cows whose shapes I scarcely see,
 Oh do they wait and do they call for her ?
 And is she changed, or is her heart still clear
 As wind or morning, light as river foam ?
 Or have life's changes borne her far from here,
 And far from rest, and far from help and home ?
 Ah comrades, soft, and let us rest awhile,
 For arms grow tired with paddling many a mile.
- ' Oh, does she still remember ? Is the dream
 Now dead, or has she found another mate ?
 So near, so dear ; and ah, so swift the stream ;
 Even now perhaps it were not yet too late.
 But oh, what matter ; for before the night
 Has reached its middle, we have far to go ;
 Bend to your paddles, comrades ; see, the light
 Ebbs off apace ; we must not linger so.
 Aye thus it is ! Heaven gleams and then is gone,
 Once, twice, it smiles, and still we wander on.'

Of all the poems so far written by Canadians none have evoked more praise from critical journals than that by Frederick George Scott, describing in powerful verse, as the following extract shows, the agony of the imprisoned Samson :—

- ' Plunged in night, I sit alone
 Eyeless on this dungeon stone,
 Naked, shaggy and unkempt,
 Dreaming dreams no soul hath dreamt.
- ' Israel's God come down and see
 All my fierce captivity ;
 Let Thy sinews feel my pains,
 With Thy fingers lift my chains.

' Then with thunder loud and wild
Comfort Thou thy rebel child,
And with lightning split in twain
Loveless heart and sightless brain.

' Give me splendour in my death,
Not this sickening dungeon breath,
Creeping down my blood like slime,
Till it wastes me in my prime.

' Give me back for one blind hour
Half my former rage and power,
And some giant crisis send,
Meet to prove a hero's end.'

Mr. Wilfred Campbell has been called with truth the 'poet of the lakes,' but his best work has yet to be done in poems of human life and passion, as we may well judge from the one, remarkable in its conception and execution, which was printed some time ago in *Harper's Monthly*, and in which the great love of a mother for her child is described as forcing her from her grave to seek it:—

' My babe was asleep on a stranger arm,
" O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,
" " Though dark and so deep, for mother is there !
O come with me from the pain and care,
" " Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long,
And mother will croon you a slumber-song.
" " A slumber-song that will charm your eyes
To a sleep that never in earth-song lies !
" " The loves of earth your being can spare,
But never the grave, for mother is there."
' I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast,
And stole me back to my long, long rest.
' And here I lie with him under the stars,
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars.
' Dead to its hates, its hopes, and its harms,
So long as he cradles up soft in my arms.
' And heaven may open its shimmering doors,
And Saints make music on pearly floors.

- ' And hell may yawn to its infinite sea,
But they can never take my baby from me.
- ' For so much a part of my soul he hath grown,
That God doth know of it high on His throne.
- ' And here I lie with him under the flowers
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours.
- ' With the night airs that steal from the murmuring sea,
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.'

But if Canada can point to some creditable achievement of recent years in history, poetry, and essay-writing—for I think if one looks from time to time at the leading magazines and reviews of the two continents, he will find that Canada is fairly well represented in their pages—there is one respect in which Canadians have never won any marked success until Mr. Gilbert Parker appeared, and that is in the novel of romance. *Wacousta, or the Prophecy: a Tale of the Canadas*, was written sixty years ago by Major John Richardson, a native Canadian, but it was at the best a spirited imitation of Cooper, and has not retained the interest it attracted at a time when the American novelist had created a taste for exaggerated pictures of Indian life and forest scenery. Of course attempts have been made time and again by other English Canadians to describe episodes of our history, and pourtray some of our national and social characteristics, but with the single exception of *The Golden Dog*, written a few years ago by Mr. William Kirby of Niagara, and still reprinted from time to time—an evidence of intrinsic merit—I cannot point to one which shows much imaginative or literary skill. Even Mr. Kirby's single romance, which recalls the closing days of the French régime—the days of the infamous Intendant Bigot, who fattened on Canadian misery—does not show the finished art of the skilled novelist, but it has a certain crude vigour of its own which has enabled it to live whilst so many other Canadian books have died. French Canada is even weak in this particular, and this is the more surprising because there is abundance of material for the novelist or the writer of romance in her peculiar society and institutions, and in her historic annals and traditions. But as yet neither a Cooper, nor an Irving, nor a Hawthorne, has

appeared to delight Canadians in the fruitful field of fiction that their country offers to the pen of imaginative genius. It is true we have a work by De Gaspe, *Les Anciens Canadiens*, which has been translated by Professor Roberts and one or two others, but it has rather the value of historical annals than the spirit and form of true romance. It is the very poverty of our production, in what ought to be a rich source of literary inspiration, French Canadian life and history, that has given currency to a work whose signal merit is its simplicity of style and adherence to historical fact. As Parkman many years ago first commenced to illumine the too often dull pages of Canadian history, so other American writers have also ventured in the still fresh field of literary effort that romance offers to the industrious, inventive brain. In the *Romance of Dollard, Tonty*, and the *Lady of Fort St. John*, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has recalled most interesting episodes of our past annals with admirable literary taste, and a deep enthusiasm for Canadian history in its romantic and picturesque aspects. It must not be imagined, however, from our failure for so many years to cultivate successfully the same popular branch of letters, that Canadians are wanting in the inventive and imaginative faculty, and that the spirit of materialism and practical habits, which has so long necessarily cramped literary effort in this country, still prevents happy ventures in this direction. Mr. Gilbert Parker, now a resident in London, but a Canadian by birth, education, and sympathies, is animated by a laudable ambition of giving form and vitality to the abundant materials that exist in the Dominion, among the inhabitants on the old seigneuries of the French province, in that historic past of which the ruins still remain in Montreal and Quebec; in the north-west, with its quarrels of adventurers in the fur trade, and in the many other sources of inspiration that exist in this country for the true story-teller who can invent a plot and give his creations a touch of reality, and not that doll-like, saw-dust appearance that the vapid characters of some Canadian stories assume from the very poverty of the imagination that has originated them.

Mr. Parker's book, *The Seats of the Mighty*, the scenes of which are laid also in that old city, whose rocks recall such a

deeply interesting past, shows that he possesses that inventive faculty, that power to construct and carry out a skilful plot, that deep insight into human motives, that power to conceive original characters—such as Doltaire, a strange compound of cynic, conspirator, philosopher, ‘master-devil’—which are necessary to the author of romance if his work is ever to have more than an evanescent fame. While *The Seats of the Mighty* is probably the more popular novel, his previous story, *When Valmond came to Pontiac*, is even more artistic in its treatment of a difficult subject, and in one respect more original in its conception. His sketches of the conditions of life in a little French Canadian community, where mystery and doubt surround a stranger who claims to be a son of the great Napoleon, and who awakens the simple, credulous people, from their normal sluggishness into mental activity and a positive whirl of excitement, are worked out with a rare fertility of invention and delicacy of touch. Take, for instance, this simple yet truthful description of an old French Canadian hamlet:—

‘This all happened on a Tuesday, and on Wednesday, and for several days, Valmond went about making friends. It was easy to do this, for his pockets were always full of pennies and silverpieces, and he gave them liberally to the children and to the poor, though, indeed, there were few suffering poor in Pontiac. All had food enough to keep them from misery, though often it got no further than sour-milk and bread, with a dash of sugar in it on Sundays. As for homes, every man and woman had a house of a kind, with its low, projecting roof and dormer windows, according to the ability and prosperity of the owner. These homes were whitewashed or painted white, and had double glass in winter, according to the same measure. There was no question of warmth, for in snow time every house was banked up with earth above the foundations, the cracks and intersections of windows and doors were filled with cloth from the village looms, and wood was, for the chopping, far and near. Within these air-tight cubes the simple folk baked, and were happy, content if now and then the house-wife opened the one pane of glass, which hung on a hinge, or the slit in the sash, to let in the cold air. The occasional opening of the outer door to admit some one, as a rule, sufficed, for out rushed the hot blast, and in came the dry, frosty air to brace to their tasks the story-teller and singer.

‘In summer the little fields were broken with wooden ploughs, and there was the limb of a tree for harrow, the sickle and scythe and flail to do their office in due course; and if the man were well-to-do, he swung the cradle

in his rye and wheat, rejoicing in the sweep of the knife and the fulness of the swathe. Then, too, there was the driving of the rivers, when the young men ran the logs from the back-woods to the great mills near and far—red-shirted, sashed, knee-booted, with rings in their ears, and wide hats on their heads, and a song in their mouths, breaking a jam, or steering a crib or raft down the rapids. And the *Voyageur* also, who brought furs out of the North down the great lakes, came home again to Pontiac, singing in his patois :—

‘ Nous avons passé le bois,
Nous somm’s à la rive !

‘ Or, as he went forth :

‘ Le dieu du jour s’avance ;
Amis, les vents sont doux ;
Bercés par l’espérance,
Partons, embarquons-nous
A-a-a-a-a-a-a !

‘ And, as we know, it was summer when Valmond came to Pontiac. The river-drivers were just beginning to return, and by and by the flax *swingeing* would commence in the little secluded valley by the river, and one would see the bright sickle flashing across the gold and green area, and all the pleasant furniture of summer set forth in pride by the Mother of the House whom we call Nature.’

Canada has only one *Sam Slick*, that strong original character in American humour, which was conceived sixty years ago by a Nova Scotian judge who wrote also other works of merit, though the Clockmaker’s *Sayings and Doings* are now alone remembered. That imagination and humour have still some existence in the Canadian mind—though one sees little of those qualities in the press or in public speeches, or in parliamentary debates—we can well believe when we read *The Dodge Club Abroad*,—which first appeared in *Harper’s Monthly*—by Professor De Mille, who was cut off in the prime of his intellectual strength, or *A Social Departure*, by Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Coates), who, as a sequence of a trip around the world, has given us not a dry book of travels but a story with touches of genial humour and bright descriptions of life and nature, and who has followed up that excellent literary effort by promising sketches of East Indian life. A story which attracted some attention not long since for originality of conception and ran through several editions, *Beggars All*, is written by a Miss L. Dougall, a

member of a Montreal family, originally hailing from Paisley, and although this book does not deal with incidents of Canadian life it illustrates that fertility of invention which is latent among our people, and only requires a favourable opportunity to develop itself. The best literature of this kind is like that of France, which has the most intimate correspondence with the social life and development of the people of the country. 'The excellence of a romance,' writes Chevalier Bunsen in his critical preface to Gustav Freytag's *Debit and Credit*, 'like that of an epic or a drama, lies in the apprehension and truthful exhibition of the course of human things . . . faithful mirror of the present.' With us, all efforts in this direction have been most commonplace—hardly above the average of 'Social Notes' in the columns of newspapers.

I think, on the whole, there have been enough good poems, histories and essays written and published in Canada for the last four or five decades to prove that there has been a steady intellectual growth on the part of our people, and that it has kept pace at all events with the mental growth in the pulpit, or in the legislative halls, where, of late years, a keen practical debating style has taken the place of the more rhetorical and studied oratory of old times. I believe the intellectual faculties of Canadians only require larger opportunities for their exercise to bring forth a rich fruition. I believe the progress in the years to come will be far greater than that we have yet shown, and that necessarily so, with the wider distribution of wealth, the dissemination of a higher culture, and a greater confidence in our own mental strength, and in the resources that this country offers to pen and pencil.

I must frankly admit that there is far too much hasty and slovenly work done in Canadian literature. The literary canon which a writer should have ever in his mind has been stated by no less an authority than Sainte-Beuve: 'Devoted to my profession as a critic, I have tried to be more and more a good and if possible an able workman.' A good style means artistic workmanship. It is too soon for us in this country to look for a Matthew Arnold or a Sainte-Beuve—such great critics are generally the results, and not forerunners, of a great literature;

but at least if we could have in the present state of our intellectual development, a criticism in the press which would be intelligent, truthful and just, the essential characteristics of the two authors I have named, the effect would be probably in the direction of encouraging promising writers, and weeding out some literary dabb'ers. 'What I have wished,' said the French critic, 'is to say not a word more than I thought, to stop even a little short of what I believed in certain cases, in order that my words might acquire more weight as historical testimony.'

We all know that the literary temperament is naturally sensitive to anything like indifference and is too apt, perhaps, to exaggerate the importance of its calling in the prosaic world in which it is exercised. The pecuniary rewards are so few, relatively, in this country, that the man of imaginative mind—the purely literary worker—naturally thinks that he can, at least, ask for generous appreciation. No doubt he thinks, to quote a passage from a clever Australian novel—*The Australian Girl*—'Genius has never been truly acclimatized by the world. The Philistines always long to put out the eyes of poets and make them grind corn in Gaza.' But it is well always to remember that a great deal of rough work has to be done in a country like Canada before its Augustan age can come. No doubt literary stimulus must be more or less wanting in a colony where there is too obviously at times an absence of self-confidence in ourselves and in our institutions, arising from that sense of dependency and habit of imitation and borrowing from others that is a necessity of a colonial condition. The tendency of the absence of sufficient self-assertion is to cramp intellectual exertion, and make us believe that success in literature can only be achieved in the old countries of Europe. A spirit of all-surrounding materialism must also always exercise a certain sinister influence in this way—an influence largely exerted in Ontario—but despite all this we see that even among our neighbours it has not prevented the growth of a literary class famous for its intellectual successes in varied fields of literature. It is for Canadian writers to have always before them a high ideal, and to remember that literature does best its duty—to quote the eloquent words of Ruskin—'in raising our fancy to the height of what may be

noble, honest, and felicitous in actual life ; in giving us, though we may be ourselves poor and unknown, the companionship of the wisest spirits of every age and country, and in aiding the communication of clear thoughts and faithful purposes among distant nations.'

The development of culture of a high grade in a relatively new country like this, with so many urgent material needs, must largely depend on the educational machinery of the country. Chiefly, if not entirely, owing to the expansion of our common school system—good in Ontario and Nova Scotia, but defective in Quebec—and the influence of our universities and colleges, the average intelligence of the people of this country is much higher than it was a very few years ago ; but no doubt it is with us as with our neighbours—to quote the words of an eminent public speaker whose brilliancy and humour sometimes lead one to forget his higher criticism—I refer to Dr. Chauncey Depew—'Speed is the virtue and vice of our generation. We demand that morning-glories and century plants shall submit to the same conditions and flower with equal frequency.' Even some of our universities, from which we naturally expect so much, seem disposed from time to time to lower their standard and yield too readily to the demand for purely practical education, when, after all, the great reason of all education is to draw forth the best qualities of the young man, elevate his intelligence, and stimulate his highest intellectual forces. The animating principle with the majority of people is to make a young man a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, or teach him some other vocation as soon as possible, and the tendency is to consider any education that does not immediately effect this result superfluous. Whilst every institution of learning must necessarily yield something to this pervading spirit of immediate utility, it would be a mistake to sacrifice all the methods and traditions of the past when sound scholars at least were made, and the world had so many men famous in learning, in poetry, in romance and in history. For one I range myself among those who, like James Russell Lowell and Mathew Arnold, still consider the conscientious and intelligent study of the ancient classics—the 'humanities' as they are called—as best adapted to create cultured men and women, and

as the noblest basis on which to build up even a practical education with which to earn bread and capture the world.

We are, as respects the higher education of this country, in that very period which Arnold saw ahead for America—‘a period of unsettlement and confusion and false tendency,’ a tendency to crowd into education too many matters; and it is for this reason I venture to hope that letters will not be allowed to yield entirely to the necessity for practical science, the importance of which I fully admit, while deprecating it being made the dominant principle in our universities. If we are to come down to the lower grades of our educational system I might also doubt whether despite all its decided advantages for the masses—its admirable machinery and apparatus, its comfortable school-houses, its varied systematic studies from form to form and year to year, its well managed normal and model schools, its excellent teachers—there are not also signs of superficiality. The tendency of the age is to become rich fast, to get as much knowledge as possible within a short time, and the consequence of this is to spread far too much knowledge over a limited ground—to give a child too many subjects, and to teach him a little of everything. These are the days of many cyclopædias, historical summaries, scientific digests, reviews of reviews, French in a few lessons, and interest-tables. All is digested and made easy to the student, consequently not a little of the production of our schools, and of some of our colleges, may be compared to a veneer of knowledge, which easily wears off in the activities of life, and leaves the roughness of the original and cheaper material very perceptible. Manners, which are themselves some evidence of culture, are not certainly the results of the educational system of Canada, except in the educational establishments of French Canada controlled by *religieuses*. One may well believe that the largely mechanical system and materialistic tendency of our education have some effect in checking the development of a really original and imaginative literature among us. Much of our daily literature—indeed the chief literary aliment of large classes of our best population—is the newspaper press, which illustrates in many ways the haste and pressure of this life of ours in a country of practical needs like

Canada. Canadian journals, however, have not yet descended to those depths of degraded sensationalism for which some New York papers have become so notorious.

In the course of a few decades Canada will probably have determined her position among the communities of the world; and, for one, I have no doubt the results will be far more gratifying to our national pride than the results of even the past thirty years, during which we have been laying broad and deep the foundations of our present system of government. We have reason to believe that the material success of this confederation will be fully equalled by the intellectual efforts of a people who have sprung from nations whose not least enduring fame has been the fact that they have given to the world of letters so many famous names that represent the best literary genius of the English and French races. All the evidence before us now goes to prove that the French language will continue, into an indefinite future, to be the language of a large and influential section of the population of Canada, and that it must consequently exercise a decided influence on the culture and intellect of the Dominion. It has been within the last four decades that the best intellectual work, both in literature and statesmanship, has been produced in French and English Canada, and the signs of intellectual activity in the same direction do not lessen with the expansion of the Dominion.

In all probability the two nationalities will remain side by side for an unknown period, to illustrate on the northern half of the continent of America the culture and genius of the two strongest and brightest powers of civilization. As both of these nationalities have vied with each other in the past to build up this confederation on a large and generous basis of national strength and greatness, and have risen, time and again, superior to those racial antagonisms created by differences of opinion at great crises of our history—antagonisms, happily, dispelled by the common sense, reason, and patriotism of men of both races—so we should in the future hope for that friendly rivalry on the part of the best minds among French and English Canadians which will best stimulate the genius of their people in art, history, poetry, and romance. In the meantime, while this confederation

is fighting its way out of its political difficulties, and resolving wealth and refinement from the original and rugged elements of a new country, it is for the respective nationalities not to stand aloof from one another, but to unite in every way possible for common intellectual improvement, and give sympathetic encouragement to the study of the two languages and to the mental efforts of each other. It was on this enlightened principle of sympathetic interest that the Royal Society was founded by the Marquis of Lorne, and on which alone it can expect to obtain any permanent measure of success. If the English and French always endeavour to meet each other on this friendly basis in all the communities where they live side by side, as well as on all occasions that demand common thought and action, and cultivate that social and intellectual intercourse which may, at all events, weld them both as one in spirit and aspiration, however different they may continue in language and temperament, many prejudices must be removed, social life must gain in charm, and intellect must be developed by finding strength where it is weak, and grace where it is needed, in the mental efforts of the two races. If, in addition to this widening of the sympathies of our two national elements, we can see in the Dominion generally less of that provincialism which means a narrowness of mental vision on the part of our literary aspirants, and prevents Canadian authors reaching a larger audience in other countries, then we shall rise superior to those weaknesses of our intellectual character which now impede our mental development, and shall be able to give larger scope to whatever original and imaginative genius may exist among our people.

JNO. GEO. BOURINOT.

ART. VII.—MODERN GREEK.

THE remarks in the review of *Greek Folk-poesy*, devoted more particularly to my *Excursus on Greek Folk-speech*, appear to me to show such extraordinary misapprehension that, considering the generously appreciative character of the rest of the review, I trust that I may, in fairness, be allowed to extract the passages of which, as I think, I have reason to complain, and to reply simply by pointing out what I have actually said.

(1). 'Mr. Stuart-Glennie's derivation of Modern Greek, as represented in popular ballads and tales, is questionable in the extreme.' What the derivation of Greek Folk-speech is which is thus 'questionable,' is not stated, nor can I guess what it is imagined to be. The subject, indeed, of the first section of my *Excursus* is 'The Past Development of Greek,' not, however, of the present Folk-speech, but of Greek generally, and in reference particularly to the exceedingly contrasted, though synchronous, development of Latin. No attempt is, however, made to refute the general explanation I suggest of the very remarkable fact that 'Greek has even now developed changes no greater than those which Latin had already developed nearly a thousand years ago' (p. 434). In the treatment of this problem I have occasion to distinguish the great historical periods of the development of Greek. But here, again, no attempt even is made to show that the great outstanding facts of the development of Greek do not synchronise with the Half-millennial Epochs I have indicated, (1) the Sixth Century B.C., (2) the Christian Era, and (3, 4, 5) the Sixth, Eleventh, and Sixteenth Centuries A.D. These periods of Greek linguistic development are, as I have shown, in organic correlation with all the other great events of European development. And I think I may with some confidence submit them for consideration as more scientific than those stated by, for instance, Dr. Jannaris in the introduction to his *Modern Greek Dictionary*, 1895. His periods are, (1) Classical Greek, 500-300 B.C.; (2) Post Classical Greek, 300 B.C., 300 A.D.; (3) Transitional Period, 300-600 A.D.; and (4) Neo-Hellenic Era, 600 A.D. to present time. But the three first of these periods are not only

altogether incommensurate, both as to lapse of time and extent of change, with Dr. Jannaris' vast fourth period of 1,300 years; but the Christian Era, which made of the *Koivῆ*, or popular Greek, the literary language of a new religion, does not mark with him any definite new stage whatever of linguistic development; while the dating of the Neo-Hellenic Era from the seventh instead of from the sixteenth century is in direct opposition to the facts insisted on by the Greek philologists to whom I have referred.

(2) 'The language of the pieces translated in his [my] volumes is not the direct descendant of the Greek of Thucydides and Plato, Procopios and Chrysostom, nor even of Malalus and Theophanes, but is rather akin to the colloquial Greek, which has always existed parallel with the former.' This is true, but I have nowhere said otherwise. Nor am I unaware, as affirmed, that the 'language question is no new thing in Greek.' Nor am I ignorant of the historical 'existence of a colloquial and literary language side by side.'

(3). 'His' [Mr. Stuart-Glennie's] 'argument in defence of the Vulgarists is quite inadmissible.' But as neither the aim of the 'Vulgarists' is stated, nor my argument in defence of them, I trust that I may be permitted to state both. What the 'Vulgarists' mainly insist on is that the morphology and grammar, not of the classical Culture-speech, but of the modern Folk-speech should be kept in view in developing the modern Culture-speech. As to vocabulary, they think that literary Greek should borrow as freely as the other European languages, either from its older forms, or, if necessary, from foreign languages. But they contend that, in such borrowing, there should be submission to the forms of the modern grammatical system. And my 'argument' in support of this contention has consisted in pointing out (1) that the changes in the grammar, the vocabulary, and the pronunciation of Greek have been neither accidental nor merely perverse; (2) that the analysis and simplification which mark Modern Greek, and especially in the Folk-speech, is not only in accordance with the similar characteristics of other European languages, and of English, the most advanced of all, but is in correlation with the whole series of movements which are usually

termed democratic; and (3) that, as the Culture-classes appear to have hitherto exercised a preponderant influence in the development, or rather, in the comparative retardation of the development of Greek, it is the Folk-element that may be destined now to have the preponderance. Such is my 'argument.' I do not think that an evolutionist philologist will consider it 'quite inadmissible.' I think that, on the contrary, he will rather agree with me in thinking that the very proposal to take the classical Culture-speech of 2000 years ago as a standard for the correction and development of the literary language of the present is hardly less self-condemned than would be the effort of a British literary school to restore the inflections and technical terms of the Anglo-Saxon culture-speech.

Turning to the general question of my Conflict of Races theory I note the objection: 'The hypothesis of races with superior capacities for culture labours under the same initial difficulties as that of a necessary evolution from the depths of savagery.' But how so? Of the latter supposed fact we have absolutely no knowledge; while of the former we have certain knowledge. For the earliest known Civilisations originated at the line of junction of the Equatorian Black and the Northern White Races. And contemporary experience sufficiently shows how the White man dominates the Black man, and how the White, through the Black man's labour, creates the economic conditions of the origin of Civilization.

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.

With reference to Mr. Stuart-Glennie's explanations, I am glad to see that my criticism of his *Excursus* on Greek folk-speech has led him to place his views on the subject in a clearer light, and remove the occasion of some misapprehensions on my part which were not inexcusable in one who read the *Excursus* in the light of the general Preface and Introduction to his volumes. To me with Mr. Stuart-Glennie's Conflict Theory fresh in my memory it read as if he were making out an historical case for the Vulgarists (or if he prefer, the Psicharists), and were endeavour-

ing to show that they are the direct heirs of the great Attic, Hellenistic, and Byzantine writers, destined, as the champions of a naturally developed mother-tongue, to triumph in the 'Language Dispute' over the pedantic advocates of the culture-speech. I ventured to show that his characterisation of his fourth or Romainic period was deficient in an important particular, inasmuch as it took no account of the Attic Renaissance which is an instructive instance of the lasting influence of a culture-speech whether for good or evil; and I further ventured to suggest that he had not laid sufficient stress on the co-existence of a cultured and a popular idiom in Greek at every stage of its history. His derivation of modern Greek (beginning with 'Attic') taken in conjunction with his forecast of its probable future development, seemed to me as reasonable as if one were to hold up the language of Mr. Chevalier's songs as the representative of nineteenth century English, and the rightful successor of Shakespeare's tongue, and ignore the claims of reactionary scribes.

It puts another aspect on the case when Mr. Stuart-Glennie admits (1) the co-existence of a literary and colloquial idiom; (2) that the language of the pieces translated in his book is the descendant of the latter rather than the former; and (3) that the language question is no new thing in Greek. These are the points for which I contended, and they seem to me fatal to his pedigree of modern Greek. I do not quite know how to interpret his reference to restoring 'the inflections and technical terms of Anglo-Saxon culture-speech.' The doctrine of evolution has produced the modern 'historical sense,' and in Greece with the desire, and let us hope renewed opportunities, for the advance of culture, the chances are that the great classical and Christian Greek writers will exercise an influence as great in degree and better in kind than they did in the days when Byzantinism was yet in its strength.

WILLIAM METCALFE.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

GERMANY.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (No. 3, 1897).—‘Die Gottlosen in den Psalmen—ein Beitrag zur alttestamentliche Religions-geschichte,’ is the title of the first article in this number. It is by Dr. W. Staerk. Taking the Psalter as the clearest and fullest reflection of the religious life of post-exilic, and more especially of late post-exilic, Judaism, he sets himself to bring out here the testimony it gives to the existence of a party in Jewry who emphasised very strongly the moral and religious demands of God on the life and character of His people. Faith in the moral order of the world, in the righteous and merciful character of God, and in the final victory of right over wrong, was the spring of all their conduct and the inspiration of all their hopes. The Psalms are almost all from their pens. The first of the series gives the key-note to all the rest. The godly man is set in contrast there to the ungodly, and the respective destinies of each is declared. This contrast between the godly and the ungodly, the righteous and the wicked, is the well-nigh constant theme of the psalmists. But to whom do they refer under the name of the ‘ungodly,’ the ‘wicked,’ etc.? Dr. Staerk enters into a very minute examination of these references in order to answer this question. He finds two distinct parties designated by these and kindred epithets, one, ‘die gottlosen Heiden,’ the other, ‘die gottlosen Volksgenossen.’ The former consisted of the neighbouring tribes, always jealous of, and hostile to, the Jews, and ever ready to harrass them when opportunity offered, to invade their territory, pillage their goods, and endeavour to bring them under their power, and levy tribute from them. Under this same class came those non-Jews settled in their midst. They had this in common that they mocked at the religious beliefs and rites of the Jews, and at their morality and tender care of the poor and the weak. The second class consisted of Jews by birth and blood, but who showed no or little sympathy with the religious beliefs and moral austerities of the party who styled themselves the ‘godly,’ the ‘righteous,’ and who lived in open violation of the moral principles which this party held so dear. The first class were opposed to the Jews on both political and religious grounds; the second

were unfaithful to the Covenant with, and violators of the Law of God. Dr. Staerk goes carefully over the Psalms, selecting the references in them to the first of these classes, and then the far more numerous references to the second, and seeks in this way to give a faithful picture of the state of parties in Judaism at the period to which the Psalter belongs.—The second article is by Herr Superintendent Zitzlass, of Fehrbellin, and is headed, 'Die wahre Bedeutung der Glaubensrechtfertigung.' He shows at the outset the great importance attached to the doctrine of Justification by Faith alone in the Lutheran Church, and naturally attributes that to Luther's personal experience of its value. The formulæ in which it was expressed in the Confessions, and in the dogmatic writings of the reformers are here detailed very fully, and contrasted with the teaching of the Roman Church as regards the doctrine. The chief point of difference between the Churches arose as to whether the 'justificatio' was purely an act of God,—a forensic declaration of the sinner's pardon on God's part without consideration of anything on man's part—or whether it was accompanied from the first with a change, a work of grace within the sinner's heart, and was dependent on that in any way. This point is discussed by Dr. Staerk very fully, and the defect of the Lutheran position in the light of the teaching of the New Testament is brought out very clearly.—The other articles are brief, and all bear on matters connected with the Reformation period, even the last and most elaborate of them, 'A. Ritschls Urteil über die beiden Prinzipien des Protestantismus,' by Herr Carl Stange.—A careful review is given of E. Meyer's 'Die Entstehung des Judentums,' by Herr C. Steuernagel.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (May, 1897).—Ossip Schubin's serial 'Die Heimkehr' is finished in this part.—Professor Albert Thumb writes on 'The Greeks of To-day.' After tracing their more immediate historical antecedents he describes the features which characterise the people, their devotion and patriotism, their thirst for knowledge, their energy. An article on this subject from such an authority as Dr. Thumb is of great interest, especially in view of recent events.—Otto Hartwig describes the talented artist François Sabatier, and his wife, the singer, Caroline Sabatier Unger.—The development of the German and Netherlands schools of painting during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries forms the subject of a minute essay by K. Lamprecht.—Henrich Morf treats of Molière.—Professor Constantine Bulle contributes a verse translation of the story of Philemon and Baucis, from Ovid's 'Metamor-

phoses.'—Other notices deal with the late Grand-Duchess Sophia of Saxony, Johannes Brahms, Heinrich von Stephaun, late German Postmaster General, politics and literature.—(June, 1897).—P. Schultz draws attention to Descartes' place as a scientific investigator. His insistence on actual experiment entitles him to rank along with Bacon as a father of modern science; and his investigations into the nervous system and the circulation among other things have only been followed out in our day.—Otto Seck's 'Origin of Money,' is an interesting paper. The author confesses his debt to 'the epoch-making researches of William Ridgeway, *The Origin of Metallic and Currency and Weights Standards*, Cambridge, 1892.'—Ernst Elster prints a number of hitherto unpublished letters of Heine belonging to the years 1827, 1838-40, and 1844-46, addressed to Johannes Wit gen. von Döring, Gustav Kolb of the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' Ferdinand Lassale, and some others, and explains and discusses them.—'In Sachen Pferdebürle,' is a resumption of a correspondence between Professor Max Müller and a Schleswiger emigrant, which appeared in the *Rundschau* last November, and according to an editorial note, excited much interest among its readers. A letter from one of them, 'Ignotus Agnosticus,' is printed together with a rejoinder of Prof. Max Müller's to it and to others unprinted.—An interesting description of the Jungfrau Railway and the various systems of mountain railways is furnished by Dr. Friedrich Wrubel. The Jungfrau line is to start from Little Scheidegg, and in $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles climb some 6600 feet to the summit station, which is hollowed in the mountain, and from which the last 230 feet are to be accomplished by a stair or elevator. The motive power is to be electricity. It is mentioned that the Rhigi line conveyed nearly 113,000 passengers in 1895.—'Auf Riedenheim, Etwas Völkerpsychologie,' by Marie Bunsen, and the usual short articles conclude this part.—(July, 1897).—Contains the second and concluding instalment of Anselm Heine's 'A Gift.' The gift in question is a girl's hypnotic endowments described in a series of letters.—'The Inner Man at the end of the Nineteenth Century,' is a very interesting philosophical study by Rudolf Eucken.—The second batch of Heine letters contributed by Ernst Elster, are letters to the poet's brother Maxmillan in the last years of his life. As now issued, they throw a curious light on Heine's family affairs, and on the way in which Max Heine edited his memoirs.—Other articles are an exhaustive paper on 'California,' by Alb. Wirth; 'Reminiscences of Brahms in Italy,' and a sketch 'Die Stadt,' by Fritz Marti.—The latter part of the number contains an account by Karl Krebs of the more important music produced

in Berlin last winter, a graceful article on the 'Jubilee of the Queen of England,' by the editor, a review of Dr. George Brande's 'Shakespeare,' etc.

R U S S I A .

ROOSKAHYAH MYSL.—*Russian Opinion*—(January, February, March, April, and May).—Two visits to Russia, of some length each, caused an interruption of late to our notices of this important monthly. In resuming our task we are pleased to observe that 'Poesy' is well represented in these numbers, the leading position in January and March being occupied by the first and second parts of a four-act lyrical drama by K. D. Balmont, entitled 'Prometheus Unbound.' Shorter pieces are furnished by Mich. Gherbanofski (two), V. Poltavtseff, A. Monastyrski, and V. Nikonoff.—'Reminiscences of Alexander Nikolaevitch Ostrofski' are given complete in three numbers (January, March, and May). Mr. Ostrofski was a poet of considerable merit.—'Armatura,' a romance translated from the French of Paul Herve is complete in two numbers (January and February).—'Village Children,' a tale by Marie Von Eshenbach, translated from the German by N. K., is complete in four numbers (January, February, April, and May).—'A Stony Republic,' a record of a week spent in San Marino, by V. I. Nemirovitch-Dantchenka, is complete in two numbers (January and February).—'Observations and Impressions on Infant Labourers,' by Victor Lipaghin, is a short but thoughtful paper, complete in the January number.—'Ougholok Kolkhidy,' a lengthy story by V. Y. Svyetloff; and a romance entitled 'Beasts and Men, a Family Chronicle,' translated from the Danish of Jonas Lee, by A. and P. Hansen, are both complete in four numbers (January, February, March, and April).—'On a Bright Shore,' a novel from the pen of the well-known writer Henri Senkevitch, translated from the Polish by V. M. Lavroff, editor of *Rooskahyah Mysl*, is complete in four numbers (January, February, March, and May).—'General Teaching of the People, and the Local School System,' by V. P. Vakhteroff, is a bright educational article in the January and February numbers.—'Personal and Proprietary Relation between the Married' is discussed in the January and April numbers.—'The Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance' (Natchalo Skeptichesskova Dvizheyenia v'Italyi), by Eug. Tarle; and 'Henrique Vergheland,' an 'outline' (otcherk) by P. Hansen, are both complete in the January number.—Our old friend I. I. Ivan-youkoff's 'Outlines of Provincial Life' still flourish, and furnish matter for the January, March, April, and May numbers.—

'Millions,' a short novel of 58 pages by P. D. Boborykin, is given complete in the February number.—'The Crusaders,' an historical romance by Henri Senkevitch, translated from the Polish by V. M. Lavroff, runs its incomplete course of 63 pages through the February, March, and May numbers.—'Ordnances of Citizenship for the German Empire,' by M. I. Brun, are complete in the February and March numbers.—'The Oldest Working,' an outline, by Dimitri Abeldahyeff, completes its 43 pages in the March number.—The more serious paper, 'Sociology and Right,' by I. G.; and the writings of Prince R. D. Eristoff, which are discussed similarly to those of Prince Vakhtang Vakhtangovitch (see our notice of October last), in an article entitled 'On the History of Georgian Literature,' by A. A. Khakhanoff, are also complete in the same number.—'Peasants' (Mouzhiki), a short pathetic tale of 28 pages, by Anton P. Tchaikoff, is complete in the April number.—'Louis Barnay as a Commentator of Shakespeare,' by T. I. Polner, is the most interesting paper to British readers. It is complete in the April and May numbers.—'Soushkin and Boudylkin,' a tale of 46 pages, by I. A. Saloff; and 'An Essay of a Socialistic System,' by P. D. Boborykin, are both complete in the May number.—So also 'A new work on the Rising of Wat Tyler in England,' being a review by Maxim Kovalefski of the work of Mr. Petroushefski; a paper on 'National Education,' by V. E. Ermiloff; and another on 'Normal Peasant Banks,' by L. S. Litchkoff, are complete in the same number.—The five numbers conjointly furnish:—A 'Home Review' of 75 pages; a 'Foreign Review,' by V. A. Goltseff, of 33 pages; a musical and theatrical record entitled 'Contemporary Art' of 39 pages; and a 'Bibliographic Division' containing copious notices of 169 works, of which the three following are in English:—1. 'Wages and Capital.' An examination of the wages fund doctrine, by F. W. Taussig. 2. 'Lectures on Justice, Police, Revenue, and Arms,' delivered in the University of Glasgow by Adam Smith. Reported by a student in 1763, and edited with an Introduction and Notes by Edwin Cannan. 3. 'Money and Social Problems,' by J. Wilson Harper.

RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW (Voprosi, Philosophii i Psychologii, No. 36) opens with a paper concerning the philosophical and historical views of Granoffski, in relation to a recent work which has appeared on Granoffski and his times. From the paper we learn that lately the name of this author has drawn to itself general attention. Lectures have been delivered about him, and articles written; even a book has been published (referring, we suppose, to the memoir which

we have noted above), giving an analysis of his character, activity, and social significance. The author then refers to the curious struggle between the old Russian party, with their tendency to exalt the narrow *in* and *in* life, against which the Russian thinker, M. Wladimir Solovieff, etc., has protested in some of the articles of which we have given an account, but which have very generally had this defect, that writing within Russia, M. Solovieff has not been able to explain himself freely, but confined himself to such views as may be allowed to reach the public. There is a reference in the fifth article of the present number of the *Voprosi* to this very conflict of the East and the West, which obtains in Russia, in the phase of it, which prevailed in the 17th century. The author of this paper, M. Tchichérin, who wields a very sharp pen, as the diligent reader of these summaries may remember in the scaring review of M. Auguste Comte and his philosophy, which has also appeared as a separate work, and was followed by an article, which took up very much the same view of Comte, by that old philosophical 'hand,' Professor Kozloff. M. Tchichérin shows from the life of M. Granoffski that the Slavophile party, who cultivate this *in* and *in* tendency, and would cut off Russia from the west of Europe, are not the exclusive patriots and lovers of Russia which they pretend and believe themselves to be. The brilliant figure of Granoffski in relation to such strange one-sidedness, having united a living feeling of love for the West in his life, with a burning love to Russia, and a clear consciousness of her wants, presents the harmonious union of the best sides of Russian thought and Russian character. In the oppressive atmosphere encircling us, which presents so little food for the mind and heart, the regard of the thoughtful Russian involuntarily turns round to the higher phenomena of the past, striving to draw from them hope for a better future. In the midst of these appearances, Granoffski occupies an obvious place. After the laudatory remarks as to the great impression which Granoffski made upon his contemporaries, the author goes on to speak of the men by whom he had been mostly influenced. He points to the fact that he was trained in Berlin as an Hegelian. He was greatly influenced by one who wrote nothing himself, but had greatly influenced others, Nicholas Stankevitch, who had collected around him a talented circle. Granoffski was not a philosopher, but he had received an earnest philosophical training. While he had to do with men like Herzen, who stood on Socialistic ground, he felt himself strongly drawn to Slavophile fanaticism, but as an historian Granoffski contemplated soberly the phenomena of social life, saw in natural science an

auxiliary power to the historical science, which he specially cultivated, and of which he saw the first and necessary condition to be freedom in the development of human society. He himself was Liberal in the very highest and noblest sense of this word. Some would have us go over and become Social Democrats, who have nothing in common with liberalism. Socialism is the sacrifice of the man to society, reducing him to a suffering wheel in a vast machine. But to Granoffski, freedom was not destructive, but a constructive element; an expression of human dignity, and the condition of the highest development of the human spirit. To this there stood before him an Ideal, in which there flowed together intellectual excellence, harmonizing with moral elevation, and a lively social activity, and animated at the same time by a warm love to his fatherland, in union with a clear and sober understanding of the needs and problems of Russian society.—Hereupon follows a paper entitled, 'Outlines of the Development of Philosophical Thought in the Epoch of the Renaissance.' The heading of the first chapter is entitled 'The World-conception of Francesco Petrarch,' in which the author, M. Korelin, seeks to give the contemporary views of the development of philosophical thought at the epoch of the Renaissance, and the conditions of mediæval thought during the 14th century, or rather during the lifetime of the poet, to which the author appears to confine himself. It would appear, however, from a note, that the author has written a book on the *Early Italian Humanists*, which he makes use of in his article. In this he seeks to trace the history of the gradual liberation of the scholastic research of truth from the time that philosophy was considered as the handmaid of theology, up to the time when it reached the freedom of an independent branch of knowledge, which our author considers one of the great cultural revolutions known to universal history. The time occupied by it was more especially the second half of the fourteenth century. In tracing this, the connection of philosophical research with the humanistic movement, which especially belonged to those ages, is brought out. Our author, in following out this connection of humanism with the study of the ancient and mediæval philosophy, seeks, with the aid of Stein and others, to follow the actual continuity of the philosophical thought of the time. One of the earliest liberators of philosophy from the bondage of the theology of the time was Duns Scotus, who died A.D. 1308, and who, departing from the theoretical theology of Thomas Aquinas, entered upon a more practical path in bringing about the submission of the Will, as such, to God. With this was connected the contest between Nominalism and

Realism, and we have William of Ockham or Occam entering upon the practical path, which had been pointed out by Duns Scotus, though Scotus continued to be a Realist. However, in his controversies with the followers of Aquinas, he contributed to the fall of Realism, and paved the way for teachers like P. Durandus de Sancto Portiano, who was at first a follower of Aquinas, or, as they were more familiarly called, Thomista, but dealing more carefully with the logic of the questions, and especially laying down a more exact relation in regard to the opposition of Object and Subject, he did much to remove difficulties in the controversies of the time, and ceasing to be a Thomist, he paved the way for the opposite school of Nominalists, who were represented by Occam, and by his talents and activity in combating the established views of the time, contributed much towards that liberation of philosophy from authority of which our author speaks. In this he was followed by his pupil, Johannes Buridandus, who denied that theology is a science, and who, moreover, in the questions of the time, followed exclusively the authority of Aristotle, whom, in his many writings, he sought to expound. In these commentaries of his, he forsakes the theological ground, and confines himself almost to the purely lay point of view. This was, moreover, the tendency of the Nominalists generally, who, denying all authority to theology, succeeded at last in completely secularising philosophy, in which they followed exclusively the authority of Aristotle. The same tendency went forward in the 14th century through the growth of Averroism. This was succeeded by the mystical tendency as this was developed, and set forth in the same age by Meister Eckart, Johannes Tauler, and especially by Johannes Gerson, who rose to be Chancellor of the University of Paris, and retained the use of Logic in discussion, and even perfected it by a new method. Besides, Heinrich Suso occupied the same point of view, and the famous mystic Johannes Ruysbrock. M. Korelin traces especially the relation of his hero, Petrarch, to the various schools. He was first of all a humanist, and only took a secondary interest in philosophical questions. He was opposed to spending so much time in controversy. We see him, moreover, inclined to the practical views of the Scotists, and also showing some favour to the mystical point of view. He was unwilling to take up the purely secularist position. Petrarch shows the same moderate tendency in dealing with the ancient or Greek philosophy. He preferred Plato to Aristotle. As decidedly Christian in his views, he held that the aim of all knowledge was salvation; but inasmuch as the Greek philosophers were necessarily heathen, that they could

not teach the way of salvation. But inasmuch as many of the fathers found an aid to their Christian thought in the writings of Plato, the same position was taken up by Petrarch. In regard to his preference of Plato to Aristotle, he did not deny the presence of high intellectual faculties in Aristotle, whom he names a great man and possessed of manifold knowledge. In his judgment of the ancients he, in one place seeks to make a comparative valuation of them, but as we have noticed, he places Plato above Aristotle. In one of his treatises he names the former 'the prince and even god of the philosophers,' and remarks nevertheless, that he bases this not altogether upon his own authority. Although, as he says, many dispute this, yet, in his own judgment he follows not the majority, but that which he holds to be the best. And this high place which he gives to Plato is given mainly on account of the position which he holds in regard to Christianity. Placing him thus highest of all, Petrarch did not deny the high faculty of Aristotle in many important respects. His position in regard to Christianity led him more or less to undervalue the ancients. The last chapter of the article gives the judgment of Petrarch on what he considers to be the true problems of philosophy. The main obligation of philosophy as it is expressed in the Tusculan Disputations of Cicero, as he says in a letter to his brother, includes also agreement with his opinion, that it is a medicine for the soul; removes empty cares; frees from passion, and drives away fears. A philosophy of this kind has enormous value. It teaches a man the most important, the most essential lessons for the business of life. He cites further the relation of philosophy to metaphysics and dialectics, and gives a comparative estimate of mediæval and ancient philosophy. Petrarch, our author considers to be first of the humanists, we are not sure, whether in time or importance; but in his opinion it must be the latter, for he proposes to continue the article.—Upon this article follows another on 'Society and the State or Commonwealth,' which must be written by some enthusiastic bureaucrat. It does not lend itself to abridgment.—Hereupon Prince Serge Troubetskoi succeeds with an article of 53 pages 'On the Doctrine of the Logos in Ancient Philosophy in connection with the development of Idealism.' First, we have an examination of its place in the philosophy of Socrates. He notices the important place which the Logos holds, not only in Greek philosophy but even in the language of the Greeks. It may mean Word or Speech not only in a formal but in a material sense. In the Epos it occurs but seldom, only three times in Homer, where, however, it is changeable with *μῦθος* or *ἔπος*, in some cases especially used in

the plural, λόγοι; it is understood of flattering, false words or speech, as opposed to more genuine utterances, which were expressed by μῦθος or ἔπος, with which, however, it interchanged with the false or less important signification. Logos came to be used in a more dignified sense in the Greek prose-writers, but especially in philosophy, though even here it was liable to variations, but came eventually to signify judgment. By the Sophists, it was used as an artificial, rhetorical term to which Socrates opposed himself, as denoting *concept* or rational conception as something permanent and enduring. Plato went further than Socrates in the same direction, as to a permanent element. Determinations, concepts were not external material things but *ideas*, something thought, but still real, although general; and hence the Realism or reality of general conceptions, which came to play such an important part in mediæval philosophy. Not only so, but we find in the *Timæus* the world contemplated as a living creature. We have the emergence of a certain dualism in the Platonical conception of matter. The root of the evil was in the primitive δλη which refused to take up the perfect form which belonged to the *idea*. The doctrine of the λόγος was taken up in a different sense in the Aristotelian philosophy. Aristotle's views were opposed to the incipient Realism, which, was found in the doctrines of Plato. The objective realities of Aristotle were only energies, and existed only in thought. These doctrines were transformed in Stoicism or Stoic Philosophy to a universal Reason or λόγος, which eventually was identified with the ethereal πνεῦμα, which was identified with the primal element of fire, of Heracleitus.—The concluding article in the general part of the journal is 'On Western Influence in Russia in the 17th Century.'—This is followed by reviews of books, journals, and bibliography.

ITALY.

LA NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (April 1).—A. Venturi here gives an interesting description of the Halls of the Borgia, recently opened in the Vatican.—A 'Diplomate' writes on 'European Federation,' saying that a European concert would represent an international thought of the highest ideal value, and that minor States ought to sacrifice the little which belongs to them in favour of the idea.—C. Bressan commences a paper, concluded in the following number, on 'The Economical Condition of the Port of Genna.'—Fiction is contributed by Ugo Fleres in a new serial, entitled 'Mirage.'—L. Mariani relates the story of the column of Marcus Aurelius in Rome.—Professor Saltino

concludes his 'Medicean Tragedies.'—E. Mancini writes on 'The Physiology of Laughter.'—The review of English literature in this number notices E. Moore's *Studies on Dante*, Rose E. Self's *Selections from the Florentine Chronicles*, and E. Armstrong's *Lorenzo de' Medici*. The critic remarks that though modern Italian literature is almost unknown in England, the case is very different with the Italian literature of the past, for which England entertains an immense affection, a fervent cult which seems to be inherited from the poet Spenser and Sydney. Other books noticed are *The Works of Edward Gibbon*, *Sir George Tressady*, *Trooper Peter Halket*, and Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*.—(April 16).—R. Bontadini has much to say on the vexed Eastern question, entitling his article, 'Fears about the Orient.' He concludes by saying that unless every virtue be extinguished among the Powers, the coercion exercised against the Greeks will be turned against the Turks.—P. Petrocchi writes a paper on the early years and youthful love-affairs of Alexander Manzoni.—(May 1).—Italo Pizzi writes a long essay on 'Islamism and the Holy War,' showing the reasons how, in modern and civilized times, it is possible that the precepts of Mohammed as to the 'Holy War' can be carried on in Armenia, Crete, and other parts of the Turkish Empire, in spite of the indignant protests of all Europe. Islamism is a religious and a political institution in one, and where it exists, Christians will always be persecuted.—Ugo Ojetti writes an interesting paper on the moral and artistic work done by the Italian novelist, Fogazzaro, who is an idealist in the best sense of the word. His spiritualism is no reaction against modern naturalism, but is profound and instructive. Fogazzaro himself has often publicly declared that Art, by promoting moral progress, has made herself mistress of the boldest divinations of science, and is faithful in her hope of the future.—V. Z. writes on 'The Landwehr in Austria-Hungary.'—G. Ricca Salerno contributes remarks on 'Succession Dues in Italy.'—(May 16).—Here F. d'Ovidio continues his 'Dantesque Sources,' of which the last instalment was in the previous January number. His present subject is 'Dante and Gregory VII.'—A political article on 'The Ethiopia of To-day, and Erythrea,' by Dr. Traversi, specially notes the action of England, France, and Russia, in those regions.—G. Alongi describes 'Police Organisation in Italy,' advocating very necessary reforms.—*Apropos of Menghini's book on the Rhyme of Serafino de Camonelli dall' Aquila*, we have an interesting article on that virtuoso of the 14th century, by F. Flaminio.—P. Liroy contributes a spiritualistic article on the 'Voices of the Departed.'

—(June 1st).—C. F. Ferraris writes on military imposts, according to new studies and law projects.—D. Levi contributes a portion, entitled 'Simonism—the first phase of Socialism in Italy,' of his inedited work on Italian renovation.—Ugo Fleres' story 'Mirage,' is concluded.—Dr. Sanminiatielli contributes 'Dalmatian Notes.'—Dr. Silvagni writes a very interesting article about the 'Royal Sila,' describing the history and conformation of that romantic piece of country.—(June 16th).—The first article, by Arturo Graf, on 'The poet Leopardi and Music,' tells us that Leopardi felt music vividly, for it procured him profound and intense enjoyment, and he speaks of its supernatural virtue in two of his poems, 'Aspasia' and 'The Portrait of a Beautiful Woman.' Leopardi did not agree with Leibnitz, who defines music as the secret arithmetical exercise of the soul, nor with Kant, who places it among the fine arts only for the mathematical relations among sounds; nor with Hauslick, who declares that music has no other substance or contents than sound, and cannot express nor give rise to sentiment. Leopardi is more of the opinion of Schiller, Hegel, Lamennais, and Beethoven, who considers the revelations of music superior to those of philosophy, and Carlyle, who defined music as an inarticulate language which leads us to the brink of infinity. Leopardi had no voice, he played no instrument, he knew nothing of musical technic; he judged music alone by his feeling and fancy, and enjoyed it, above all, because of its secret and complicated physical associations. This explains why he was often pleased with rudimental and imperfect music, and was ready to receive a musical suggestion even from very poor sources; he placed no value on *virtuosita*, nor on theatrical complications and pomp. Though passionately fond of music, Leopardi never speaks of musical instruments, nor shows any preference in them. The human voice seems to have been, to him, superior to all instruments. He preferred sad music, and indeed, loved only such. And it seems that he inclined more to melody than to harmony.—E. Castellani sends an exhaustive paper on 'The Autonomic Provinces of the Ottoman Empire,' describing their history. He is of opinion that should Crete obtain the re-establishment of an autonomy similar to that of Samos or Lebanon, its fate would be better than that of Greece.—G. Boglietti examines the conditions of Socialism in France; and O. Grandi contributes a short story, 'Flower of the Mountain.'—E. Romagnoli commences a study of the subjects and fancies of ancient Attic comedy.—'Mary' contributes a tale called 'The Madonna of Luca della Robbia.'

LA RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (April 1st).—In this number E. Galassi commences a translation of the *Journal d'un Evêque*, by Yves de Querdoc.—G. Volpe writes an interesting account of Tommasi Soricci, an Italian improvisatore of the eighteenth century.—P. Orano makes a plan for the renovation of Sardinia, concluding his remarks in the following number.—A. G. Mallanni discusses the past and future of Bonardir, and of the neighbouring Somali and Galla lands.—(April 16).—P. Toldo writes about the comedies of Evarest Gherado at Paris.—The other papers are continuations.—(May 1).—In this number G. Fraccaroli has an article inquiring into the uses of secondary schools, and inveighing against the overburdening of young children's minds with too scientific material, exhausting their mental faculties, and crowding their minds with things they cannot understand and which they forget as soon as they have left school.—I. Salvini contributes a tale translated from the German.—P. Manassei writes an essay on 'Shoes' from a historic and politico-economical point of view.—(May 16th).—E. di Bisogno discourses of Cesare Cantu and the ideas of Dante.—G. Riccardi writes on the last political elections.—A. di Pesaro contributes an article entitled 'An ugly comedy and its consequences,' being a tirade against freemasonry, and specially directed against Leo Taxil's lecture before the Paris Geographical Society last April.—P. Manassei writes on provincial and communal banks.—(June 1st).—Antonio Foggazzaro contributes an article on spiritism, entitled 'For a New Science.' He encourages those who have a spiritual conception of the human mind to undertake a severe study of occult psychical phenomena. He believes that on this phenomena a new science might be founded, preceded by strict moral preparation. The reward would be greater light, greater strength, a richer superior life, increased moral elevation, and a secure science of immortality. But he warns those who prepare to cultivate this new science not to demand the evocation of the dead, a method which has been abused by the charlatan. He does not believe that the dead can appear again on earth. The surest proof of immortality, he opines, lies in the germs of superhuman potentiality, possessed by all men, but very rarely manifested.—Dr Tononi reviews de Beauregard's 'Prédestinée.'—(June 16th).—A. Valgimigli writes with great appreciation on technical commercial education in England, describing the methods, and advising his countrymen to go and do likewise.—D. Benucci relates in a lively manner a trip to Mount St. Pancrazio.—G. P. A. sends a statistical paper on socialism at the last Italian elections.

RIFORMA SOCIALE (April 15th) contains:—‘Labour contracts in civil legislation,’ by Professor Dela Volta.—‘Tributary Reform,’ by Professor Roncali.—‘Military Anthropometrics,’ by Dr. Benini.—‘Tributary Reform in Austria,’ by H. von Schullern-Schrattenhofen.—‘How many Hebrews are there?’ by Professor Ferroglio.—(May).—The most important paper in this number is one by Professor Sitta on ‘The Italians in Turkey.’ The number of Italians resident in the Ottoman Empire has more than doubled during the last 20 years. In 1871 there were 6520 in European, and 3698 in Asiatic Turkey; while at the last census in 1881 there were 13,526 in European Turkey and 7693 in Asiatic Turkey. The Italian colonies in Turkey have a very ancient origin, going back almost to the time of the Crusades, and the greater part of the descendants from the old families, have revived their nationality and language. Those Italians who have remained faithful to their native traditions, language and religion, may be divided into four parts: the descendants of old Genoese, Venetian, Pisan and Amalfitan families, who, specially in Constantinople and Smyrna, are richer than the others; the descendants of families who emigrated only two generations ago, who are generally workmen, artists, agriculturists, etc.; the descendants of Leghorn Jews, specially numerous at Smyrna, where they inhabit a quarter called *La Punta*; and those who form a class of contemporaneous emigrants, specially connected with railway works, excavations, mines, etc. A fifth element, scanty as to number, but important as to moral power, is that constituted of priests and monks, to whom is due, for the most part, the education of Italians in the East. Professor Sitta, in the rest of the article, describes the different branches of industry among the Italians, and the conditions in which they find themselves. He says that, while in the last century, the commerce of the cities of Asia Minor was almost all in the hands of the Italians, it has now passed into those of the French, German and English. As to the labouring class, the Professor says, that while the Italians are much sought for because of their excellent qualities, they suffer much damage from the ill-will of the Turkish Government, and are hated by the lower Mussalman classes.—Follows a paper on ‘The recent economic progress in Japan,’ by E. Masé-Dare.—‘The Agrarian Crisis,’ by Professor Salvioli.—‘The new municipal forms in England,’ by Professor Bachi, in which the writer praises the inclination to exclude the system of giving out work on contract, and place the labourer in direct connection with the municipalities.

ARCHIVIO STORICO PER LE PROVINCE NAPOLITANE (Year XXII., No. 1).—The article on ‘Clement VI.,’ by F. Cerasole,

and on 'Ferdinand of Aragon,' by the same, are continued.—B. Capasso describes portraits, pictures, and figures representing Massaniello and his relations, from old prints and manuscripts, etc. Some of these quaint productions are reproduced in the magazine, which is generally not illustrated. There is a curious print representing Massaniello riding amid the Neapolitan populace, and another of the same subject, wherein Massaniello looks exactly like one of the present simple fishermen of Naples, laughing *lazzaroni* following him as he gallops away on an ancient white hack. Another larger print represents the 'Mercato' as it appeared at the time; here, too, Massaniello gallops past the booths in the market-place. Signor Capasso discovered an old portrait of Massaniello in a villa at Lamporecchio, and it is here reproduced in a photograph. Massaniello is standing, a three-quarter's figure, clad in a white shirt; his right hand rests on a sword, his left arm is held akimbo. In the opening of his shirt is a roll of paper, on which can be read, 'To the illustrious Signor Tommaso Amelli d' Amalfi, Captain-General of the faithful Neapolitan people;' evidently a petition. Massaniello's head is bare, his hair cut square across the forehead. The face is dark and long, the features regular, a long straight nose, a small mouth shaded by a delicate moustache, the lips finely curved, the chin square, cleft, and determined. The hands, nervous and thin, with long fingers, are well drawn. The original painting belongs to Prince Rospigliosi. Another print represents Massaniello carrying a flag, and followed by a crowd armed with sticks; in another he is standing on an eminence with a curious hilly landscape behind him, and exaggerated clouds. Still another represents him on a queer horse with distorted legs, richly caparisoned, and here Massaniello wears a plumed hat, high boots, and spurs. There are also portraits of Massaniello's wife and sister, pleasant looking buxom women, richly dressed, and wearing many necklaces, and earrings.

IL PENSIERO ITALIANO (Fasc. IV.)—contains an article on 'War and Science,' by Prof. Venturi, who opines that war is well on the way to disappear among civilised nations, just as murder has almost ceased among the educated classes. War, now more intense in action than formerly, is more rare; it is almost always undertaken only on serious occasions; and conducted as little cruelly as possible; the impulse to war is more and more resisted not only by the nations directly interested, but by neighbouring nations, who try to localise it gradually. War is being substituted by arbitration; and patriotic warfare is beginning also to decrease in force, because

the sentiment of humanity becomes wider in its range. This evolution in war is the scientific proof that warfare is enormously diminishing, and that it will entirely cease in future times.

LA SCENA (May 1) contains another instalment of the essay on 'Authors at First Representations,' a biographical sketch of the celebrated Italian actress, Virginia Reiter.—(May 16).—There is a criticism of Leoncavallo's opera, *La Bohème*, and a tale by the Calabrese novelist, Nicola Misasi, called 'Sister Maria Crocefisso.'—Also the one-act Neapolitan drama by S. di Giacomo, 'At San Francisco.'—(June 2)—contains a paper 'The Triumph of Truth,' by Fanny Zampini Salazar, and a biographical sketch of the Italian soprano, Silvia Gordini Marchetti.

EMPORIUM (April, May)—The first article is on 'The Teaching of Design in England.'—The next, by Cesare and Paolo Lombroso, is a study of the mind and character of Cesare Baccaria, whom they designate as a true genius, but at the same time as a hysteric-epileptic.—Follows a paper on the German *ex libris*, by A. G.—Under the title of 'A German Romantic Poet,' Sofia Fornaro writes on Nicholas Lenau, with many translated passages from her works.—G. Pisa sends a pleasant paper describing 'Green Umbria,' its monuments and other works of art.—O. Fava gives an account of 'The Papermills of Fabriano.'—N. P. describes the house in which Napoleon Bonaparte was born.—G. G. has a paper on 'Fra Angelico.'—A. Mellario has something to say on 'The Revival of Printing.'—Dr. Rebasoli describes 'The German Theatre,' giving interesting particulars about the chief dramatists and actors.—Helen Zimmern contributes a paper on 'Atmospheric Dust.'—G. Serviss relates an 'Ascent of Mount Blanc.'—T. C. contributes a paper on 'The Art of Tapestry.'—E. Del Cerro has an interesting article on 'The Town of Gubbio.'—P. describes 'The Sponge Fishery.'—All the articles are profusely illustrated.

FRANCE.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 1, 1897).—The first place here is given to a French translation of an extremely important and interesting paper which was read in June last year before the Royal Asiatic Society—Bombay Branch—by Mr. Jivanji Jamshedji Modi, B.A. It is an able and spirited defence of the antiquity of the Zend-Avesta, in its present form, against the arguments of the late M. James Darmesteter in favour of its being largely a compilation, made chiefly in

the stormy period immediately preceding the advent of the Sassanide dynasty, say, about the year 211 A.D.; and added to afterwards, and not very carefully or honestly gone about in either case. He based his opinion on a series of what he regarded as historical proofs, and also on the evidence which the Avesta itself offers when carefully examined. Mr. Modi reviews these arguments very minutely, both the historical and critical, and shows that M. Darmesteter has mistaken, in not a few instances, the import of the historical authorities on whom he relied, and that he has been misled by the position he assigned to Tansar in the compilation of the books of the Avesta. M. D., *e.g.*, finds in them a number of elements betraying Greek, Buddhistic, Brahamanic, and Jewish influence, and, attaching undue importance to a remark of Maçoudi regarding Tansar, that he belonged to the Platonic school, assumes that these elements demonstrate the late date of the Avesta as we have it. But Mr. Modi shows that the reverse is nearer to the truth; that it was the Avesta that had been for long influencing Indian, and Greek, and other civilizations. He demonstrates the scrupulous care with which the fragments of the Avesta were copied and guarded; and shows that M. D. has quite misunderstood his authorities in asserting the contrary. Both the king and the dastour, to whom we owe the compilation, Ardeshir and Tansar, are shown to have been extremely jealous of the purity and integrity of the texts they incorporated. The same thing is true also of the other and later king, Shahpuhar, who had to do with the editing afresh and adding to of the Avesta. Mr. Modi produces too a very strong negative proof against M. Darmesteter, *viz.*, that where one might naturally have expected to have proofs of the texts having been tampered with, under the influence of then modern ideas and knowledge, (in matters, *e.g.*, connected with astronomy, medicine, etc.), there is not the slightest trace of the influence of that knowledge in any part of the Avesta. The information peculiar to the third century of our era is absolutely foreign to every part of the books. Further, Mr. Modi conclusively shows that the real aim and object of the religious reforms undertaken by the compilers of the Avesta, was to purge their faith, and social and religious life, of all Greek and foreign ideas and customs, and to restore the religion of their fathers to its pristine purity.—M. Marcel Mauss continues and concludes his article, begun in last number, on 'La religion et les origines du droit pénal.' It is based upon Herr R. Steinmetz' recent work, *Ethnologische Studien zur ersten Entwicklung der Strafe*. The first part of the article was taken up with a very full summary of the contents of Herr Steinmetz'

book, and this part is devoted to an elaborate criticism of the author's views and methods. No part of the criticism is intended to detract from the great merits of the work; the object rather is to supplement it by numerous instances of taboo and savage justice omitted by Herr Steinmetz, of which the latter seems to have known nothing, but which more fully illustrate the genesis and development of the ideas of primitive societies regarding right and wrong.—M. Pierre Paris furnishes the 'Bulletin archeologique de la religion grecque' for 1895-1896. It is the usual account of the work accomplished by the various archæological societies in Greece during the period specified. The important discoveries made by any of them are recorded, and their religious value appraised. All important monographs and the publications of the societies bearing on these discoveries are also noted. Attention is of course specially called to the prominent place taken in the work on Greek soil by French explorers and savants.—M. Ed. Chavannes returns to the subject of his translation of the inscription of Bodh Gaya, in order to answer the criticisms which have been made on it by Herr G. Schlegel in the Chinese Review *T'oung pao*, and to justify his rendering of it, as formerly given in this *Revue*.—(No. 2).—M. A. Leger continues here and concludes his series of studies on 'Les sources de la mythologie slave.' In this part of his study he lays under tribute the biographies of Otto, Bishop of Bamberg, and several Greek and Roman writers who refer to the Slave peoples. Otto was originally from Swabia, and was for some time resident in Poland. In this way he was well fitted to carry on missionary work among the Slaves. He was consecrated at Rome in 1106 as Bishop. He was an enthusiastic missionary, but his zeal was not too often tempered with discretion. It is not, however, to Otto's missionary work that M. Leger invites specially our attention, though he necessarily mentions some of the details of it. It is to the references made in these biographies, etc., to the beliefs and customs and religious rites held and observed, or practised, by the peoples among whom he laboured. It is from these that M. Leger gathers what were the objects to which religious homage was paid by the ancient Slaves, and the means they took to propitiate them. They were very numerous and varied, visible and invisible;—trees, stones, pillars, springs, etc.; spirits of the wood and of the water, of the air and of the earth. The arts of divination were also numerous, and the objects employed in them manifold;—serpents, trees, etc., and one instance is given where a living horse was so employed. The worthy bishop is reported to have sold it to a stranger as more fitted for carts than pro-

phacies. No monuments of the Slave idolatry remain that throw light on the Slave religion. They were destroyed by the Christian missionaries and Church authorities, so soon as they had the power. M. Leger finds considerable help, however, from the language, the terms, *e.g.*, used for deity, for the places of worship, for funeral rites, etc.—The next article is by M. A. Bouché-Leclercq. It is on 'Les précurseurs de l'astrologie grecque.' The Redaction notifies to us that it forms the first chapter of a forthcoming work on Greek astrology. It gives, as its title indicates, a review of the Greek speculations as to the beginnings and relationships of things, prior to the introduction, through Berossus, of the astronomical and astrological learning of the Chaldeans and Egyptians. It was really these speculations, beginning with Thales, that prepared the Greek schools for accepting and utilizing that knowledge. M. Bouché-Leclercq summarises the leading ideas, as to the genesis of things, of Thales, Anaxiander, Anaximenes, and the rest, and brings out very clearly how these speculations paved the way for the systems of the later schools and the astrological fantasies that came afterwards to pass as serious knowledge.—A third article is a summary and criticism of the principal contributions to the recent controversy as to the elements used by Jesus at the institution of, and employed in the early Church in the celebration of, the Lord's Supper. The controversy was originated by Dr. A. Harnack's treatise, published in 1891, in his series of *Texte und Untersuchungen*. There he maintained that the use of water instead of wine in the celebration was much more widely spread than has hitherto been believed, while the texts of the New Testament do not distinctly state that it was wine that our Lord gave to the disciples on the evening of the last Passover. Professor Zahn, of Erlangen, was the first to enter the lists against Harnack. Dr. Julicher followed, and was both more temperate and more thorough than Zahn in his examination of Harnack's arguments. He entered more fully into, and sought more strictly to define the motive of Jesus in instituting the ordinance. Professor Weizsäcker's views, given expression to in his *Apostolische Zeitalter*, that the bread and the wine were only intended to be a sensuous parable, is here noticed, as having engaged the attention of Professor Spitta, and in all essential particulars has been adopted by him. Spitta's contribution to the solution of the questions raised, is detailed, as are those of many others. The conclusion drawn from the divided opinions of these scholars is that the questions are not ripe for solution, and that on one point only does there seem to be anything like agreement among them, Julicher excepted, *viz.*, that in

the Supper Jesus 'a voulu offrir en nourriture et breuvage spirituels sa propre personnalité, qu'il a voulu offrir sa forte vie pour appuyer en la nourrissant et en s'incorporant à elle notre faible vie.'

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (April, May, June).—In the first of the six numbers for the quarter, the opening instalment of a new novel by M. André Theuriet, and the continuation of M. le comte d'Haussonville's historical essay on the 'Duke of Burgundy,' are followed by an article which M. Emile Faguet devotes to 'Lamennais.' It is wholly critical, and assuming in the reader a knowledge of biographical details, examines the character and sets forth the theories of the Abbé.—The conclusion of M. Jean Bertheroy's serial, 'Le Double Joug,' comes next, and after that M. Godefroy Cavaignac concludes his sketch of the Prussian Minister Hardenberg.—In an article entitled 'Examen de Conscience,' M. Arvède Barine gives an interesting critical summary of Olive Schreiner's 'Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland,'—a work with which considerable fault is found from the literary standpoint, but which, as regards its aims, is likened to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.—The concluding contribution—not including the various 'Reviews,' dramatic and political—is one in which M. G. Valbert indicates the position taken up by German Professors with regard to the admission of women as students at the Universities, and incidentally gives expression to his own opinion, which is very far from being one of unqualified approval of the modern movement in this direction.—The first complete article in the second number for April is M. Art Roë's 'La Semaine Sainte à Kief.' It is a brightly written and thoroughly interesting sketch of Russian life and manners.—Continuing the series of papers in which, for months past, he has been studying what he calls 'The mechanism of modern life,' M. le Vte. G. d'Avenel gives a minute description of the internal arrangement of a Parisian house.—The most important contribution is, undoubtedly, the concluding instalment of M. Robert de la Sizeranne's brilliant study of Ruskin. Of the tone and spirit of the whole work, some notion may be formed from the following lines, taken from the author's own summary of Ruskin's character: 'The passion for Nature has been for Ruskin the beginning and the end of everything. It has composed every feature of his countenance; it has dictated every one of his utterances; it has directed the course of all his thoughts. It has been the fire that illumines; it has been the fire that warms; it has been the fire that purifies. It has preserved him from the meanness of hatred; it has comforted him in the sorrows of

love. It has set him up in opposition to triumphal man who pretends to correct Nature, and inclined him towards suffering man, through a profound sympathy with those that live sorrowfully amid the joys of Nature, or those who, in our artificial cities of the nineteenth century, are for ever deprived of those joys.—In an article which he heads 'Navigation et construction Maritimes,' M. Auguste Moireau laments the inferiority into which France has allowed her commercial navy to fall, and indicates some of the causes to which he considers it due.—An excellent criticism of Pierre Loti's works concludes the number.—The number bearing the date of the 1st of June contains a contribution, or rather a communication, which is of some interest in view of the actual crisis in the East. It consists of the letters written by Eugène Cavaignac to various members of his family, during his stay in Greece, in 1828. Cavaignac, who was 25 at the time, and a captain of engineers, belonged to the expeditionary corps sent to the Morea, when France was entrusted by the Allied Powers with the task of dislodging the Turks, who still held it after the destruction of their fleet at Navarino.—M. Emile Michel, of the Academy of the Fine Arts, devotes a long article, entitled 'Rubens et la Galerie de Médicis,' to the paintings of the great master preserved in the Louvre. The history of the order given him by Marie de Médicis, the several stays which he made in Paris in connection with it, his relations with the Court, the circumstances under which he produced those unequal, yet important works, and the reception which was accorded them—all these details are faithfully gone into, and make up a most interesting chapter in the life of Rubens.—In 'Cuba, Spain, and the United States,' M. Charles Benoist looks at the Cuban question in turn from the several points of view of the three parties interested in it; and the not very hopeful conclusion to which he comes is that the Cuban question may very possibly become the eastern question of the New World.—'La Femme Chinoise,' by M. Maurice Courant, is a well-informed, and very readable article, which does not, however, contain much likely to be new to those who have any knowledge of the numerous books on China published in this country.—The number published in the middle of June opens with a very interesting paper in which M. Gustave Boissier, utilising the old registers of the French Academy, published on the occasion of the centenary of the Institute, gives the history of that learned body during the seventeenth century.—The learned philologist, M. Breal, devotes an article to a new science to which he gives the name of 'Sémantique;' and which is the science of significations, as opposed to phonetics which is the science of sounds.

Speaking broadly, its object is to show that the variations of a language are by no means arbitrary, or the result of mere chance, but that they are due to an obscure, but persistent purpose.—‘The State monopoly of alcohol,’ is the subject of an article by M. Raphaël-Georges Lévy, who very earnestly deprecates its establishment, and argues that if more money must be got out of the sale of spirits, an increase of duty would be a lesser evil.—After having examined the present system of trial by jury, as it exists in France, and indicating its very serious defects, M. Jean Cruppi proceeds, in a further instalment of his study, ‘La Cour d’Assises de la Seine,’ to set forth some of the reforms which he considers necessary. It is not undeserving of notice that ‘Cas de Conscience,’ one of the contributions to the lighter literature of this and the next number, is a translation from Ian Maclaren. It is open to question whether the translator’s rendering of ‘established church,’ by *église orthodoxe*, will convey a very correct notion to his readers.—One of the June numbers contains an article ‘Les Femmes qui Enseignent,’ in which a rather melancholy picture is drawn of teaching as a profession for women. For example, mention is made of a young lady, the holder of a diploma, who earned a salary of 25 francs a month, and who was reduced to such straits that she applied for permission to sleep in a night refuge, and did so regularly for six weeks. At the end of that time a situation was obtained for her in a family where, besides board and lodging, she got 50 francs—£2—a month, and considered herself more than fortunate in securing such a berth.

REVUE SÉMITIQUE D’ÉPIGRAPHIE ET D’HISTOIRE ANCIENNE. (No. 2, 1897.)—M. J. Halévy here, in the first part of his ‘Recherches Bibliques’ continues his critical examination of the Book of Genesis, and, in the second part, his ‘Notes pour l’interprétation des Psaumes.’ The section of Genesis dealt with is from chapter xlvii. to the end. The critical analysis was given in the last number, and his efforts now are directed to prove that there is nothing in this section which justifies the modern critical school in apportioning the text to several sources. He shows that this apportioning of the text to different writers has arisen either from misunderstanding of the text, or from its being looked at from false points of view. Chapter xlvii. 27b, 28, *e.g.*, has been attributed by that school to A., because it gives a short account of what is more fully detailed in chapter xlviii. M. Halévy maintains that what is said there forms the most natural sequence to v. 27a, and the most natural preface to vv. 29 to 31. That a more elaborate

narrative should follow that brief note is only what might be expected considering the interest of the events themselves, to the children of Jacob, and their bearing on the future history of Israel. The argument drawn by the critical school from the employment of the different names 'Jacob' and 'Israel' he disposes of by showing that these names are employed indifferently, and that the Divine name 'El-Shaddai' is not peculiar to A. The argument against the unity of authorship drawn from the poetical character of chapter xlix. vv. 1 to 28, loses all its force, he affirms, from the fact that the piece is poetical, and must therefore differ from the rest in both style and phrase. Verses 29 to 33 are assigned by the school in question to A., on grounds which M. Halévy shows beg the whole question. His defence of chapter l. as by the same author as wrote the rest is more elaborate, and he grapples with the geographical difficulties presented by vv. 7 to 14, in a section by itself.—His 'Notes pour l'interprétation des Psaumes,' embrace Psalms lxxvii. to lxxxiii. The textual difficulties are here, as in all the other Psalms, carefully considered; and emendations of the text offered where the present text seems corrupt or unintelligible,—which emendations, if approved and adopted, would remove those difficulties. The emendations suggested are most numerous in Psalm lxxvii.; but some slight changes are found necessary in them all. Each psalm is then translated according to the emended text; and where the data seem to justify it the period of composition is hazarded. Thus Psalm lxxvii. is assigned by M. Halévy to the last years of, or shortly after, the Babylonian Captivity. Psalm lxxviii. is dated before the Captivity, and so are the next two. Psalm lxxx. is a liturgical psalm intended for Temple use on the first day of each month, and belongs to the post-exilic period. The date of Psalm lxxxii. is uncertain. As to the date of Psalm lxxxiii. M. Halévy inclines to the opinion that it refers to the formidable ravages made in the days of Jehoiakim by the Idumaeans, Moabites, and Ammonites, of which mention is made in 2 Kings xxiv. 2ff. M. Halévy next continues his articles on the El-Amarna tablets, the nature and purpose of which was stated in our last number. A more minute and careful study of these tablets has led him to alter his views on some important points connected with the correspondence contained in them, and before publishing his translation of that correspondence in a volume, he desires here to justify the alterations he has now to make on it, and the change in his views as to certain matters concerning the person to whom these letters were originally addressed. Here he gives summaries of certain letters to correct his former render-

ings of them, or to explain their true contents. The readers of this *Revue*, having the translation already given by M. Halévy in their hands, will be at no loss to make on it the necessary changes.—M. Halévy next gives a short history of the recent discovery of part of the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus, of which so much has already been heard in this country. He gives also the Hebrew text itself, and adds some valuable notes on the variations which it shews when it is compared with the other versions we have of it.—The other articles are: ‘Un Fragment de stèle de victoire d’un roi d’Agade,’ by M. F. Thureau-Dangin; ‘Notes pour l’histoire d’Ethiopia,’ by M. J. Perruchon; ‘Deux notes épigraphiques;’ ‘Un dernier mot sur les inscriptions de Nerab;’ and ‘Quelques observations sur les inscriptions de Narnaka,’ all by M. Halévy himself.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (May, 1897).—This part opens with an elaborate analysis of the ‘Mathematical Idea of Quantity’ by M. Mouret.—M. F. Le Dantec gives the concluding part of an essay on ‘Why we grow Old,’ which was commenced in the April part. He studies the course of growth and decay in the various degrees of organic life, and gives formulæ for the proportions which plastic and skeletic substances bear to each other in various organisms at a given time.—M. Philippe describes a series of experiments relating to the changes which take place in mental images.—The Notes and Documents include ‘On Sexual Perversions in Animals,’ by M. Ch. Féré; ‘The Connection between Emotions and the Peripheral Circulation,’ by Herr F. Parr; ‘An Account of some Experiments towards Measuring the Rapidity of Thought in Dreams,’ by M. Jean Clavière, and one by Dr. Pekar shewing the physiological reason for having a centre of interest in pictures. Among the Reviews is one of a French translation of Mr. A. J. Balfour’s ‘Foundations of Belief.’—(June, 1897).—An article on ‘Le Hasard,’ by M. Malidier is a careful examination of the real importance of chance in the world.—M. F. Pillon resumes his discussion of M. Secrétan’s philosophy, to which we referred in last quarter’s summary. He considers some of the changes which have occurred in M. Secrétan’s views, especially owing to the doctrine of evolution. M. Pillon’s discussion of the idea of the Absolute contains some valuable remarks on the Neo-Platonic, Scotist, and Cartesian treatment of the subject.—Dr. Dumas follows up his article on ‘Joy and Sorrow,’ which appeared in the June-August parts of last year, by an account of experiments on the proportion of corpuscles in the blood in states of depression and excitement.—Reviews and Summaries.—(July, 1897).—In addition to portions of two

continued articles on 'The Soul and Liberty' and 'Socialism and Race,' this number contains the final instalment of M. Pillon's discussion of M. Secrétan's system. He criticises the use of the terms 'will,' 'liberty' to denote the absolute, 'causa sua,' creation 'ex nihilo,' etc. M. Secrétan, he says, presents his doctrine as a synthesis of theism and pantheism, in which, to our view, theism is sacrificed. M. Pillon has been dealing with an exceedingly interesting philosophical development, and has done so in a most admirable way.

REVUE DES ÉTUDES JUIVES (No. 1, 1897).—M. Israel Lévi, under the title 'La Sagesse de Jesus, fils de Sirach—Decouverte d'un fragment de l'original hebreu,' subjects the fragments of the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus, acquired by Mrs. Lewis and Professor Sayce, to a more thorough examination than he was able to do in his former notice of them in this *Revue*. His principal object in this renewed study of them is to demonstrate that the fragments are those of what was the original text; in other words, that Ecclesiasticus was written in Hebrew, and that the other known versions are translations from it, and not it from any one of them. He first compares the fragments with the Greek version of Ecclesiasticus in order to show that the Greek is not the original. He shows from numerous examples that the Greek translator has failed in several cases to understand the text before him, and in others has taken liberties with it to serve his own object in translating it. He next compares these fragments with the Syriac version with a view to demonstrate that it also is a translation, and cannot be the original. The Syriac, however, he shows, is more accurate than the Greek version. In a third section M. Lévi sets himself to trace the causes of the mistakes made by the Greek translator. They are, he thinks, due to unfamiliarity with the idioms of the Hebrew language, but partly also to his having a purpose to serve by translating the work. He regards the fragments discovered so important that he thinks that even if no more should come to the light, it will be possible to reconstruct the original now from the guidance given by the parts already in our possession. The Greek version for this purpose will have to be used with extreme caution, but the Syriac will be invaluable. But more than this, the parts already discovered show us that some of the ideas we have derived from the Greek version as to the beliefs of the Jews of Palestine, when Ecclesiasticus was written, will have to be abandoned. They were the opinions of the translator, who adopted this method of giving them currency and clothing them with authority. M. Lévi also points out the fresh light which these

recovered fragments shed on the history and literature of the Jews and the Bible itself.—M. Marmier deals with some of the geographical difficulties connected with the accounts of the conquest of Canaan given in the Book of Joshua, and endeavours to fix more definitely than has been yet done some of the places and localities mentioned in these narratives.—M. Adolphe Buchler continues his examination of the sources from which Josephus drew his information for his work on the *Antiquities of the Jews*. This problem seems to be in the air just now, and it will be well to get, if possible, some definite answer to it. M. Buchler's examination has led him to conclude that, in addition to the Arabic Maccabees, he had before him an historical work which began with Antiochus Epiphanes, and furnished important data up to a least the period of the Seleucides, and possibly even up to a later date. Of that work Josephus seems to have made a somewhat large, if also free, use. In addition to these works, he had made use of the work of Nicolas of Damascus on the *History of Syria*. M. Buchler has a short paper also on the length of the pages and lines in the ancient manuscripts of the Bible, a subject dealt with in a preceding number of this *Revue* by M. Lambert. M. Buchler agrees for the most part with the results come to by M. Lambert, but furnishes some quotations from the Massorettes which show that there was hardly so strict a rule observed in the copying of MSS. as M. Lambert thinks. M. Lambert adds a complementary note to that article. M. W. Bacher takes up the defence of the authenticity of the passage in the letter of Maimonides to the Jews in Yemen as to the coming of the Messiah. Its genuineness has been called in question by scholars of considerable note, but M. Bucher produces here some very strong reasons for holding the text as untampered with.—M. A. Maurice discusses the question of Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, and his treatment of the Jews in his province.—Two brief notes follow on grammatical points; one on the pretended signature of Abraham Zacouts, and one on the Messianic poem of Solomon Molkho. In the section, 'Acts et Conférences,' we have the financial and literary reports of the Société des Études Juives, and a lecture delivered before the Society by M. Maurice Bloch on the military virtues of the Jews.

REVUE CELTIQUE (Avril, 1897).—The first place is given to an article from the pen of M. S. Reinach, in which he turns to the question of the identity of the three deities, Teutates, Esus, and Taranis, mentioned by Lucan (*Pharsal.*, I., 445-446), and to whom the attention of the readers of this *Revue* have recently been directed more than once. The argument is ingenious and striking, and the conclusions to which M. Reinach comes are,

notwithstanding the weight of authority against him, as follows : (1) Tentates, Esus, and Taranis were not pan-Celtic deities. (2) There is nothing to prove that they formed a triad. (3) They were the divinities of certain tribes dwelling between the Seine and the Loire. (4) Esus was probably the god of the Parissi. The argument, as we have said, is striking and ingenious. Much new light is brought to bear upon this vexed question, and the article will amply repay perusal.—Dr. Whitley Stokes continues his papers on the ‘Annals of Tigernach.’ In this number the first year is A.D. 1088, and the last 1178.—Some time ago Mr. J. Strachan published in the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie* a number of notes on the Milan Glosses. Further study has brought light upon a number of difficult passages, and at the same time revealed more corruptions. The results of this further study Mr. Strachan here communicates under the title ‘Notes on the Milan Glosses.’—In his ‘Etudes Bretonnes’ M. Ernault has for his subject in this number the Pronoun.—In the ‘Chronique’ M. D’Arbois de Jubainville among other things deals somewhat humourously with Mr. J. Willis Bund’s volume entitled *The Celtic Church in Wales*.

SPAIN.

LA ESPAÑA MODERNA (May, June, July).—Emilia Pardo Bazán’s novel, ‘El saludo de las brujas,’ which for some time has held the place of honour in this magazine, is in the second of the above numbers brought to a conclusion, while in the first of them the interesting series of papers by An Old Soldier, in which he has related his fortunes good and bad, is concluded. For the rest in the May number, Senor Pablo Iglesias writes on the ‘Socialists in Spain;’ Blanca de los Rios, de Lamperez contributes a long series of notes on the ‘*Quijote* of Avellanda;’ Professor Escricke of Barcelona writes on ‘Secondary Education;’ and in the ‘International Chronicle’ Senor E. Castellar treats of the insurrections in the Spanish dominions, on the recent victory in the Philippine Islands, on the attitude of the United States towards Spain, on the situation in Europe, and on the Jesuits in Germany.—In the June number, Senor Pablo de Alzola writes on the ‘Propaganda regional en España,’ and Blanca de los Rios gives his views and impressions respecting recent affairs in Salamanca; José Ramón Melida discourses on the ‘Churches of Asia.’—The ‘Literary Chronicle’ reviews the two recent novels of Galdós and Reyes, *Misericordia* and *Beba*.—In the ‘International Chronicle’ Senor Castellar writes on Goethe and Victor Hugo, the late Duc d’Aumale, the war in Greece, and the recent catastrophe in Paris.

HOLLAND.

DE GIDS (May—July).—‘Metamorphose,’ by Louis Couperus, runs through the chapters, ‘The Book of Nirvana, of Anarchy, of Metamorphosis.’ In the first two, the titles sufficiently indicate the psychological progress of the young author who plays the principal part in the story, and the last traces out his return to an appreciation of the simpler elements of human happiness. Throughout, Couperus maintains his skill in mental analysis and delicate delineation of character.—A review is given (May) of the works of Alexander L. Kielland, a new edition of which is being published. He has for some years ceased to write, but may still do so, and the compliment of republication shows how great his influence still is in his native Norway, where the social questions that are more or less treated in all his novels are by no means settled.—‘Egypt and the Expedition to Khartoum,’ by F. Beelaerts van Blokland, gives an account of the position of Britain in regard to Egypt, and the difficulties likely to ensue.—‘The Inventor of Book-printing again on the Carpet,’ is a plunge into the ancient controversy between Maintz and Haarlem, in which R. Fruin, who writes this article, defends his views in as far as they differ from those in Boeles’ book on the subject recently published at Groningen.—Mrs. G. H. Marius has a paper on ‘Idealists,’ illustrated by an account of the character and work of Henry de Groux, the little known Belgian artist, whose lithographs are, however, full of extraordinary merit from an idealist point of view.—A most interesting paper (June) by Mr. S. Muller, treats of ‘Guilds and Government Oversight of Trade and Industry in the Middle Ages.’ It refers especially to the Guilds of Utrecht, concerning which much fresh information has lately been drawn from the town archives, and many vivid, strange pictures are brought before us of mediæval life. A continuation of the article is to follow.—‘Parisian Devotion,’ by Prof. A. G. van Hamel, gives an account of the strange devotional development conspicuous in Holy Week in the *Drames sacrés*, then so frequent. These French Passion plays have much that is pure, though, on the whole, apart from the consecration lent by the music, there is little to praise. But Rostand’s ‘La Samaritaine’ is to be excepted, being full of talent and feeling.—G. F. Haspels (July) gives an unattractive but clever sketch of peasant village life.—R. P. J. Tutein Nolthenius discusses at some length the ‘National Water Budget of the last Fifty Years,’ pointing out how much has been done, but at an ever-increasing expense, and making suggestions for the future.—‘Some Old Prose,’ by Prof. Polak,

is a review of Deventer's *Hellenic Studies*.—'The Memoirs of an Arabian Princess,' by G. J. Kolff. This lady, daughter of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and known as Princess Salme, and later as Mrs. Emily Ruete, wife of a Hamburg merchant, was scarcely of note, except in the fact of her belonging to two utterly different worlds. After her husband's death, and after living twenty years in Hamburg, she returned to Zanzibar to find herself unhappy there.—'The Worth of Mysticism,' by H. W. Ph. E. van den Bergh van Eysinga, is a notice of Dr. Otterloo's book on the mystic Ruysbroek, and on the place and worth of mysticism in modern thought.—'The Dismantling of the New Kirk at Amsterdam,' is spoken of in preparation for the coronation festival which is to take place in it next year; the present state of the interior clamantly demands alteration and the exterior equally.

THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT.—The January number is occupied with a long critique of an orthodox work on Dogmatic, and with a historical sketch of the Dutch Missionary Society, neither of which is of great general interest. Among the reviews is one by Prof. Van Manen on 'Blass's Western text of Acts.' Blass is a prodigy among Continental scholars of the New Testament, combining as he does, like an Anglican divine, lofty disregard of the higher criticism with devotion to questions of grammar and of text; and he fares at the hands of the Dutchman as one might expect. His reconstruction of the Western text of Acts, however, is spoken of with gratitude and respect. Van Manen repeats himself on the third part, just published, of his large work on Paul. Part I. deals with Acts and the biography, Part II. with Romans. The third part is on the Corinthian Epistles, and the general verdict pronounced on them is to this effect: 'They bear a very pronouncedly composite character, though their comparative unity is not to be questioned. If this itself prevents us from ascribing them to Paul, this appears perfectly clear when we examine their contents and notice all the features contained in them which manifestly belong to a later period. They are, and remain, precious memorials of Christian antiquity, not, it is true, primarily of the person, life, and work, of the Apostle Paul, but of what is not less important, for the history of Christianity, of Paulinism, after it assumed the Apostle's name.'—The March and May numbers contain a very interesting study on 'Christianity and Paganism in the "Ecclesiastical History" of the Venerable Bede,' by Dr. L. Knappert. This writer's studies have been more than once reported in these columns; he has previously dealt with S. Gallos and with S.

Agobard of Lyons with a view to collecting the information their lives afford as to the nature and condition of the heathenism with which they had to contend. He speaks of going through all the Vitae which possess any importance for the study of pre-Christian religion—a work, he recognizes, which must take some time. Although the Venerable Bede is familiar to us, and we find in Dr. Knappert's present study much that is not new, the examination of the History from this point of view, by one who has studied the same problem in other instances, is very fresh and telling. The author considers that the Church converted the heathen largely by presenting more imposing rites than that of their own religion. Baptism was regarded as a very powerful piece of magic. The priests had splendid vestments, and carried great crosses and banners. The mysterious ceremony of the Mass was performed in churches which were then regarded as splendid: there were relics, by which miracles were wrought. Only in this way could Christianity have prevailed at first. Paganism and Christianity were too opposite in character readily to understand each other, and the means thus described, which have been heard of in later times and other continents in connection with Christian missions, as well as the commands of kings, had to co-operate to the conversion of Europe. It is a pity that Dr. Knappert's studies should be imprisoned in the Dutch language. They are worth translating into English.—The May number has reviews of several English books. Ian Maclaren's *Cure of Souls* is spoken of with high appreciation, as also is Mr. Montefiore's *Bible for Home Reading*, though Dr. Oort considers this book to be needlessly suspicious and defiant towards Christianity, which, after all, has done more than Judaism ever could to make the Bible known and extend its influence.—Mr. Brocke's new text of Origen's 'Commentary on S. John's Gospel,' is reported on by Prof. Van Manen, who has nothing of importance to say about it. He also reports on a number of *Studia Sinaitica*, and on several numbers of *Texts and Studies*.—The May issue concludes with an obituary notice of the blind Dutch scholar, A. D. Loman, whose 'Questiones Paulinae,' in this magazine, contains one of the earliest and most concise statements of the position now characteristic of the modern theology that all the Books of the New Testament belong to the second century, and that Marcian was the true founder of Paulinism. He wrote very little, as he was conscientious to an excessive degree about everything he published. But in spite of his blindness he was able to carry on minute investigations in literary criticism. In spite of his advanced views he was able to act as a devoted member and even as a leader

of his Church. Dr. Meyboan, who writes the notice, shrinks from asserting that the contentious Loman lived to uphold, that the Gospels are symbolical in their character and that the Pauline Epistles belong to the second century, have been finally established. Loman himself, he says, felt himself to be standing only at the beginning of the wide-reaching investigations that were called for.

D E N M A R K .

YEAR-BOOK FOR OLD NORTHERN ARCHÆOLOGY AND HISTORY (Vol. XI., part 3, 1896).—In an article entitled 'Studies concerning the King's Mirror,' Prof. Daae of Christiania discusses various points connected with the Norse treatise, *Speculum Regale* or *Konungs Skuggsjá*, especially that of its authorship. The work itself is one of some interest even in this country, as it contains an account of the marvels of Ireland, which is discussed by Prof. Kuno Meyer in *Folk-Lore* (Dec., 1894). The greater part of it, however, is occupied with instructions in manners and morals, especially with reference to the duties of a king. Prof. Daae first shows how the work was ascribed to too early a date, the real one being c. 1250-60. He then goes into the indications given by the treatise itself as to the character and position of its author; he was evidently a well-educated man, who was of some importance in the royal household. It would also seem as if he had travelled in other countries, perhaps in Italy and the Holy Land, although this rests on much more doubtful passages. Prof. Daae, however, employs this possibility to connect the author with embassies from King Hákon to the Emperor Frederick II.; the argument here is perhaps more ingenious than convincing. His conclusion is that the writer of the *Speculum Regale* may, with great probability, be identified with Meistarí Vilhjálmr ('Master William') who is mentioned in one or two passages in *Hákonar saga*, and whose name occurs as witness to the renewal of a charter by King Hákon.—F. Uldall has an elaborate article on the 'Age of the Granite Churches of Jutland,' a question which seems to be of great interest among Danish antiquaries at the present time. The mass of details which he brings forward is intended to refute a theory that a large number of these churches belong to the 12th century. Many of these details, with the illustrations which accompany them, are very interesting from an architectural point of view. Very remarkable is the case of Vindblæs in Mariager, where the Midgard snake runs all round the wall of the church, and Thor, with his hammer, is carved on the doorpost, with the heathen and Christian crosses side by side.

The author finally comes to the conclusion that the greater number of the churches in question are of the 13th and even 14th centuries.—(Vol. XI., part 4, 1896).—This issue is entirely devoted to a long article by Dr. Sophus Müller, one of Denmark's leading antiquaries, on 'New Forms of the Stone Age.' Owing to the great quantity of remains from this period found in the north, many points still remain to be cleared up, and Dr. Müller here deals with a number of these difficult questions in a way that is both scientific and attractive. Among the objects described and discussed by him, one may note the reindeer horns, which, in his opinion, do not imply the existence of that animal in Denmark, but have been brought south from some Arctic regions. The elegant, dotted ornament, found on some deer-horns, is shown in several illustrations. Some very fine specimens are also figured in the sections on 'flint and bone knives,' and 'the best spear-heads,' while the daggers made of elbow-bones, and boar-tusks used as knives, show how man in the Stone Age made use of anything that could serve his purpose. One of the largest pieces of amber yet found in the North is in the shape of an axe; it is figured in the section on ornaments of that material, while some other specimens show a curious pattern of incised lines not elsewhere met with. Of especial interest is Dr. Müller's discussion of the method by which stone-axes were chipped and ground down to their final forms. Several unfinished specimens show pretty clearly the methods employed, and give some idea of the patience and skill with which these implements were fashioned. Dr. Müller's treatment of the separate forms which he has selected for discussion is sure to prove a valuable addition to the history of the Stone Age in Scandinavia. His remarks on the value of Sir John Evans' work are also very gratifying, as a testimony to the thoroughness of British archæology.

SWITZERLAND.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE UNIVERSELLE (May, June, July).—The May number opens with an article over the signature of M. F. Duniur on Michal Bakounine, the Russian Nihilist. It is founded on a series of letters addressed by Bakounine to Herzen and Ogareff from his exile in Switzerland. The correspondence, with preface and notes, was published some time ago by the late Professor Dragomanov.—M. Abel Venglaire devotes an article to 'La orise actuelle de l'artillerie,' in which he gives some interesting particulars as to recent experiments.—M. Philippe Monnier writes on 'Protestantism in Italy,' and M. Ed. Tallichet on 'The Recent Proposal of the Federal Council respecting

the purchase of the Railways in Switzerland by the State.'—One of the most interesting articles in the number is by M. M. Rador, who writes on 'The Armenian Theatre at Tiflis,' sketching its character, and analysing a number of the more popular pieces which are there put upon the stage.—'Fiction' is represented by Mdle. M. Carrabois' 'Donna Beatrice,' and by a short story by Mdle. E. Pradez.—Besides the continuations of 'Donna Beatrice,' Michael Bakounine,' and the Editor's article on 'The Purchase of the Railways,' we have in the June number a 'Sketch of the Early Years of M. Adolphe Monod,' an instructive paper by M. Aug. Glardon on 'Ants,' and the beginning of a translation from M. M. D. Howells, under the title of 'Le Docteur Breen.'—The most attractive pieces in the July number are by M. Ed. Rod, who writes on 'The Poetry of Heine and its influence in France,' and a descriptive article by M. Helix, under the title 'The Journey of the Emperor Nicolas II. in the East.'—The rest of the pieces are continuations.—As usual, the 'Chroniques' are full and instructive.

A M E R I C A .

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW (April, 1897).—The first place is here given to a brief but suggestive paper read by Mr. John Burgess before the American Historical Association. For its title it has 'Political Science and History,' and the aim of the author is to arrive at a definition of the two, and to discriminate between them. Taking history first, the conclusions he arrives at are: (1) That the substance of history is spirit, since spirit only possesses the creative power of making the consequent contain more than the antecedent, of making the effect an advance upon the cause; (2) that the substance of history is human spirit, since progress can be predicated only to the finite and the imperfect; and (3) that the events which are true historical facts are those creations of the human spirit which are the symbols of its advance towards its own perfection. History in the making, he adds, is therefore the progressive realisation of the ideals of the human spirit in all the objective forms of their manifestations. Political science is said in its present meaning to be the science of the national country state, and its tendency, it is pointed out, is become the human world state.—In a learned article under the heading 'Marsiglio of Padua and William of Ockam' Mr. J. Sullivan points out that all Ockam's works on the Church and State appeared the Defensor Pacis, that, contrary to the generally accepted opinion, Marsiglio was not influenced by Ockam, and that if there was

any borrowing, as it is alleged there was, it was the other way. Mr. Sullivan then goes on the present part of his article to discuss the politics of the two writers.—This is followed by an historical article of great interest by Mr. W. W. Rockhill on ‘Diplomatic Missions to the Court of China.’—Mr. E. J. Bowme discusses the authorship of *The Federalist*, a subject which seems to have caused considerable diversity of opinion in America.—Mr. F. W. Moore concludes his article on ‘Congressmen from the Seceding States, 1861-65.’ Among the ‘Documents’ the longest and most important is a letter (translated) from Baron Carondelet, Governor of Louisiana and West Florida, to his captain-general, showing the preparations he had made for resisting the proposed French Expedition against New Orleans in 1793-94.—The reviews of books are numerous and occupy about one half of the number.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

The Bible: Its Meaning and Supremacy. By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Canterbury. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1897.

Dr. Farrar has here undertaken a task which, though of no particular difficulty in itself, is beset with a considerable amount of risk. While the most popular book in Christendom, and probably just because it is, the Bible is surrounded by a mass of opinions and prejudices which however untenable when brought to the test of reason and argument, are held both by the friends and the assailants of the Bible with a jealousy and a tenacity which always make it more or less dangerous to meddle with them. Encouraged, however, by the success which has apparently attended his efforts to throw light upon another question of religion which had fallen into a somewhat similar condition, Dr. Farrar, while aware of the danger, has here set himself to deal candidly with this growth of opinion and prejudice in the hope both of vindicating the real character of the sacred Scriptures and of doing service to religion. His anxiety to avoid giving offence is as manifest as his eagerness to meet the objector and to contest his opinions. All through one cannot help admiring the judicious way in which the subject is handled, and the calm and dispassionate manner in which the case is stated for the Bible. For the scholar, the Dean's volume contains little, if any thing, that is new. With almost every thing, if not indeed with every thing, it contains the learned world has long been acquainted. The work is essentially popular, and though naturally to a certain extent destructive, is for the most part genuinely constructive. The reader who turns to it without prejudice, and with the desire to understand what the Bible is, will find it of immense help both in the way of removing doubts and clearing up difficulties and of confirming his faith in its incomparable supremacy. There are few difficulties in connection with the Bible, as a whole, on which Dr. Farrar has not something helpful to say. He discusses, for instance, such questions as the growth of the canon, the development of revelation, the difference between 'the Bible contains the Word of God' and 'the Bible is the Word of God,' the morality of the Bible with reference to the imprecatory Psalms, the wars of extermination, etc., the allegorical method of interpretation, the theories of 'verbal dictation' and 'plenary inspiration,' misinterpretations of the Bible, and the misuse of texts. In one chapter, again, he treats of other sources of revelation than the Bible, and refers to the revelation of the Divine in nature, in history, and in the human conscience. One of the most interesting contents of the volume is the long catena of testimonies to the supremacy of the Scriptures, a supremacy, however, which is said to rest not upon the authority of men but upon the revelation they contain of the Saviour. Altogether the volume is a really masterly attempt to present the Scriptures, freed from all accretions of opinion and prejudice, clearly and distinctly before the mind in their true character. It cannot fail to commend itself to the mind and conscience of its readers, and to help them to a larger and more intelligent apprehension of the character and greatness of the sacred volume.

The Acts of the Apostles in Greek and English. With Notes.
By Rev. FREDERIC RENDALL, M.A. London and New
York: Macmillan. 1897.

This is a welcome addition to Mr. Rendall's other exegetical works on the New Testament. It is small in size and modest in appearance, but represents much careful thought and exact scholarship. The text used is mainly that of Westcott and Hort; indeed with the exception of the punctuation and a number of passages where the reading is doubtful, it is wholly theirs. The translation is new, Mr. Rendall not being entirely satisfied with that of the Revised Version. Each text is accompanied by its own notes. Those at the foot of the Greek text are for the most part philological, and though brief, are valuable and helpful. The notes placed below the translation deal more with the contents of the text, and are for the most part personal, historical, or geographical. The dogmatic teaching of the text is of course attended to, but both in the introduction and in the notes the editor has concerned himself more with personal history than with dogmatic theology or ecclesiastical systems, and has made it his chief aim to enable the reader to form a true estimate of the inner life of the church as exhibited in this second book of St. Luke's on the life of Jesus. Mr. Rendall fully accepts the miraculous element in the book, but makes no attempt to combat in detail the sceptical theories which have been advanced against it. 'My judgment,' he says, 'is that the book harmonises so perfectly with the spirit of the apostolic age that it must be a genuine product of that time; and it records not only the miracles which heralded and attended the birth of the Christian Church, but also their attestation by a multitude of eye-witnesses.' And further, 'No historical sequel to the earthly life of Jesus can well be conceived without a supernatural element; the faith of thousands in a risen Lord becomes incomprehensible apart from it; and in the Acts it forms an essential element of the history.' Several brief appendices have been added to the body of the volume, notably one dealing with provinces of Asia Minor and others dealing with the use of *καί* and *μέν ἔν*.

The Christian Ecclesia: A Course of Lectures on the Early History and Early Conceptions of the Ecclesia. By FENTON JOHN ANTHONY HORT, D.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1897.

These lectures were delivered by the late Dr. Hort during his term of office as Lady Margaret's Reader in Divinity in the University of Cambridge, and like the rest of his published works, bear evidence of the care and anxious labour with which they were written. From the point of view of the theologian, they are eminently satisfactory, though from the point of view of the ordinary reader the same can hardly be said. Still, it was not for the ordinary reader that they were originally prepared, but for the student and the scholar. To those who wish to arrive at definite and accurate conclusions as to the meaning of the terms used in the New Testament in connection with the Church, the lectures will be welcome as containing an exhaustive treatment of them, and as exhibiting the precise lines along which the Church developed during New Testament times. The prevalent idea that the term 'ecclesia' stands in the New Testament for those who are called out, and is used to indicate that the Christian Church consists of those who are called out from the world, Dr. Hort sets aside as unwarranted, and after a comparison of its use in the Septuagint, comes to the conclusion that, like the equivalent term in Hebrew, it

stands simply for an assembly of the faithful. The history of the term is then traced through the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles. Of our Lord's use of the term, Dr. Hort remarks: 'The one single saying in which our Lord names the new or Christian Ecclesia marks at once its continuity with the Ecclesia of Israel and its newness as His own, the Messiah's Ecclesia. It marks also its unity. Lastly, it marks its being built on Peter and the other eleven, now ascertained to be fit for this function of foundations by the faith in which they had recognised His Messiahship.' Personal faith leading to personal discipleship, Dr. Hort observes, was both with our Lord and with the Apostles after Him, the condition of entrance into the ecclesia. Dr. Hort also discusses the functions of the Apostles and Deacons. 'Of officers higher than Elders,' he remarks, 'we find nothing that points to an institution or system, nothing like the Episcopal system of later times,' the word *ἐπισκοπος*, he maintains, being used in the New Testament when applied to men mainly, if not always, not as a title, but as a description of the Elder's functions. To the lectures four sermons are added, among which will be found the one preached by Dr. Hort at the consecration of Bishop Westcott.

Lectures in the Lyceum on Aristotle's Ethics for English Readers.

Edited by ST. GEORGE STOCK. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1897.

For the purposes he has in view the plan which Mr. Stock has here adopted is admirable. It admits of a freedom of discussion and illustration which probably no other form of prelection admits of. Throughout the volume he assumes the part of the ancient Stagyrte, imagines himself surrounded by a number of listening and inquiring disciples, and proceeds to deliver a series of lectures upon the Nicomachean ethics, taking the treatise up point by point, expounding every doctrine as it occurs, elaborating and illustrating the arguments in the text, and meeting the objections and inquiries of his imaginary disciples. The argument is carried on with rare ability and insight. Nothing is passed over, and the number and appositeness of the modern and ancient instances which are brought in to illustrate the doctrines under discussion invest the lectures with a singular attractiveness. We can conceive of no better introduction to the study of the Ethics than this volume of really admirable lectures. Both in matter and execution they are excellent, and cannot fail to approve themselves either to the student or to the English reader who wishes to make himself acquainted with one of the greatest books of antiquity.

The Ethics of John Stuart Mill. Edited with Introductory Essays, by CHARLES DOUGLAS, M.A., D.S.C. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1897.

The assertion that there is no better introduction to the study of moral science than an accurate knowledge of Mill's ethical theory may be doubted; but assuming that it is true, and we are not prepared to say that it cannot be defended, there can be no doubt as to the value of the work here done by Dr. Douglas, or as to the excellence of his volume as an introduction to the study of Mr. Mill's ethical writings. The principal of them, indeed, he has here brought together, and provided them with analyses, introductory essays and notes, in all of which he proves himself a sympathetic and skilful editor and commentator. A book similar to this has long been wanted for Mill, and the student may think himself fortunate that the preparation of it has fallen into the hands of so competent and excellent a disciple of Mr. Mill as Dr. Douglas. The introductory

essays, which are three in number, are brief, but lucid and helpful. In the commentary Dr. Douglas has adopted the plan of making Mr. Mill elucidate himself, and for this purpose he has culled numerous passages from the writings of his author, which, strictly speaking, are other than ethical.

History of Intellectual Development on the Lines of Modern Evolution. By JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER. Vol. I. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1897.

In a former work on *Civilisation and Progress*, which was noticed in the pages of this *Review* some years ago, and which reached a third edition as far back as 1892, Mr. Crozier attempted, by the aid of a 'new organon,' to set forth the laws on which human civilisation and progress are based. His idea was that progress depends upon the development of the laws of the human mind, and that the civilisation of any period is the expression of the full life and activity to which the human mind, taken as a whole, has then attained to. In the volume before us, which is evidently the first of two, Mr. Crozier has proposed to himself to apply his 'new organon' to the history of intellectual development, and, as might readily be supposed, 'on the lines of modern evolution.' So far the work is scarcely a history. History is certainly taken into account, but the volume is more theoretical than historical. As those who have read the volume mentioned above will expect, Mr. Crozier expresses his dissatisfaction with the theories of Hegel, Comte, and Spencer, and prefers his own. It is not always clear how he makes it work out, for Mr. Crozier's style is not of the best, and would be all the better if it were more precise and less abundant in words. However, he here applies the 'organon' to Greek and Hindoo thought, to Graeco-Roman paganism, to Judaism, and to Christianity, down to the closing of the schools at Athens by Justinian. As Comte had his three stages of civilization, Theological, Metaphysical, and Positive, Mr. Crozier has his three causes governing the history of intellectual development. They are, Religious, Metaphysical and Scientific. The metaphysical come first, and by a process of development, gradually pass over into the religious, while these again, gradually pass over in a similar way into the scientific, which underlies or represents, we suppose, though the point is not here reached, the highest point of intellectual development conceivable. We may be wrong, but all that we here read seems to lead up to it. 'The characteristic of a religious cause,' we are told, 'is that by it phenomena are referred to the agency of Personal Wills, like our own . . . and its peculiarity is that it *underlies* or lies behind, as it were, the effects explained, in the same way as a man's will may be said to stand behind the house he has built, as its cause and explanation.' 'The characteristic of a scientific cause, on the other hand, is that it refers phenomena not to Personal Wills but to physical antecedents.' 'The nature of metaphysical or philosophical causes,' Mr. Crozier tells us, 'was quite different in ancient from what it is in modern times.' In the present 'a metaphysical cause is in a manner identical with a scientific cause,' but 'in the ancient times a metaphysical or philosophical cause differed from a scientific cause in being the "essence" or "spirit" of a thing rather than the thing itself, in underlying it, as it were, and having an existence independent of it.' This looks very like a sort of refined animism. However, according to our author, this last kind of causes lay at the root of Greek thought, and he attempts to show how, in passing through the alembic of the Greek mind, these 'essences' or 'spirits' were gradually sublimated into a Supreme Intelligence. Religi-

ous causes were characteristic of Hebrew thought and civilisation, which, on Mr. Crozier's showing, is higher than Greek thought and civilisation. Much learning and vast reading is brought to bear upon the subject, but with all deference, we venture to say that the theory here set out does not hang together. We have a difficulty, in fact, in seeing that Mr. Crozier's organon is employed or applied to the solution of the problem. Philosophy represents but one activity of the human mind, and religion, at least as represented by Mr. Crozier, represents but another, but according to his theory the human mind, if it moves at all, does so, like Wordsworth's cloud, altogether. The account which Mr. Crozier gives of Judaism and Christianity, again, is very far from what we should like to subscribe to. In our view, the doctrines both of the Prophets and of Jesus, are to a very large extent misrepresented. The chapter on the two methods of civilisation is not what we should have expected from a writer of Mr. Crozier's philosophical ability. According to our reading of history, there has been no change in the methods employed in the work of civilisation or reform. Both the 'direct' and the 'indirect' methods were employed in ancient times just as they are now; probably the one was quite as efficacious then as now.

Cyprian: His Life, His Times, His Work. By EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D., D.C.L., sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

The late Archbishop would appear to have been engaged upon this work for a period of not less than thirty years. It was begun when he was Head Master of Wellington College, and when the country was surprised by the news of his sudden death at Hawarden in September last, part of it was still unprinted. He was at work upon it at Lincoln, at Truro, and at Canterbury. That he was not engaged upon it continuously need hardly be said; his time was not his own, and the only moments he was able to devote to it were such as were stolen from sleep and such as were left to him after the official duties of the day had been scrupulously performed. A History of the Life and Times of Cyprian is scarcely of a nature to lend itself to this piecemeal sort of composition; nor are the times such as to allow an interval of thirty years to elapse between the beginning and the completion of a volume without throwing the former considerably out of date. Dr. Benson's work has suffered somewhat from the disadvantages under which it was written. The first hundred and fifty pages had been in print so long, we are told, that when the end was reached they had to be entirely revised and rewritten. But though here and there one comes across a sentence which is scarcely consistent with what has been said before, all things considered, the work bears remarkably few signs that its growth was so often interrupted, or that it was so long in process of completion. The materials for a Life of Cyprian are not extensive. All that remain are his treatises, a series of eighty-four letters written by himself or others, and a few contemporary and later notices. A number of letters connected with those which are still extant has probably been lost. About those which remain much has been written and much, in all likelihood, will continue to be written. Notwithstanding some recent books the learned world is still divided as to which of them are genuine and which of them are forgeries. Up and down his pages the Archbishop has written a great deal on the subject, giving evidence thereby of his rare acuteness as a critic, and his quickness to detect the weak points in an opponent's argument. What, however, the reader will probably miss in this connection is a preliminary discussion in which the

authorship of the letters is thoroughly threshed out and all questions as to sources are, as far as possible, definitely settled. Something of this sort would have at least lightened the foot-notes and made the course of the narrative less interrupted. Of Cyprian himself the Archbishop has formed a very high opinion, and commends him for his statesmanlike views, his skill in diplomacy, his devotedness to the Church, his liberality, his large tolerance and charity, and his fearless courage. Though ancient, he regards him as in some respects modern; 'he appeared to be among us,' he says, and approves of him because 'he appeared to me to have dealt masterfully with lasting problems in the Church, and to have left behind him a living "Theory"—so living that the *ecclesia principalis* has never ceased to fret over it and retouch it.' The work, however, is not wholly historical or antiquarian. Many passages in it are evidently intended for the present, and some for the clergy, as, for instance, the following—'The spirit of Novatus illustrates itself in those presbyters of our own who, if they could, would repel from communion, celebrate or withhold marriage or funeral rites, or fix the age of confirmation, in their own judgment; who revolutionise ritual without respect either to Bishop or "Plebes"; who admit to vows, direct the persons who take them, and pretend to dispense from them.' Much of the work, too, is polemical. The Archbishop is evidently anxious to defend his own Communion against the Roman on the one hand, and the Puritan on the other. When criticising the views of O. Ritschl and Harnack his language is stronger than might have been expected, and is not always deserved. His strongest and most denunciatory language, however, is reserved for Abbé Freppel, who has published a series of lectures delivered at the Sorbonne on Cyprian, and for Dr. Peters, a Catholic who has written a life of the Saint. The final chapters are the best. Their style is rugged, but they contain a number of passages of great force and beauty, and show what the Archbishop might have done had he set himself to reproduce the times of Cyprian and to give a picture of the men and incidents among which he moved. As it is the work is a piece of admirable scholarship and will undoubtedly be of great service to any future biographer of the Saint or editor of his works.

Cromwell's Place in History. Founded on Six Lectures delivered in the University of Oxford. By S. R. GARDINER, D.C.L. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1897.

The substance of these lectures was delivered last year by Professor Gardiner as Ford Lecturer in English History in the University of Oxford. They contain, as might be expected, an admirably calm and judicial investigation into the deeds and character of Cromwell with a view to ascertaining his place in history. The popular idea as to the negative side of Cromwell's work Professor Gardiner is disposed to regard as, on the whole, accurate. Cromwell's constructive efforts popular tradition passes by, and it is in respect to these that the student of history experiences the greatest difficulty. No doubt Cromwell had a great influence upon his times, and for a number of years swayed the destinies of Great Britain and Ireland, but what did he leave behind him that was of permanent value, does the system he endeavoured to establish remain? To this latter question Professor Gardiner is obliged to give an answer in the negative. Great as Cromwell's influence and genius were his constructive efforts were marked by hesitation and failure. 'It may be freely admitted,' he remarks, 'that his efforts to establish the national life upon a new basis came to nothing.' At the same time he observes that 'it is beginning to be realised that

many, if not all the experiments of the Commonwealth were but premature anticipations of the legislation of the nineteenth century, and it is also beginning to be realised that, whatever may be our opinion of some of Cromwell's isolated actions, he stands forth as the typical Englishman of the modern world.' That he will ever be more than this is, in Professor Gardiner's opinion, never to be expected. As a study of character these lectures are excellent. The reading of them will serve as a corrective to the extreme views which have been taken of Cromwell by the Royalists on one hand, and by Carlyle on the other, by whom he has been painted 'as a masterful saint who suited his peculiar Valhalla.'

Johnsonian Miscellanies. Arranged and Edited by GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, D.C.L., LL.D. 2 Vols. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1897.

At the suggestion of Mr. Leslie Stephen, Dr. Hill has turned, at least for the present, from the intention he entertained of bringing out a new edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, in order to edit these two volumes of Johnsonian Miscellanies. Mr. Stephen's suggestion was a happy one, but as the splendid work Dr. Hill has done in connection with Johnson and Johnsonian literature will not be complete without an edition from his pen of the *Lives*, it is to be hoped that this final part of 'the main work of his life as a scholar' is only postponed, and that we shall soon have the pleasure of welcoming its appearance. An edition of the *Lives* edited with the same care and scholarship as Dr. Hill's *Boswell* is a desideratum; indeed, every student whether of Johnson or of English literature cannot but anticipate its appearance with pleasure. The two volumes Dr. Hill has now published, though by no means of the same value as the *Boswell* or the *Letters*, are scarcely less acceptable. They contain much that was written by Johnson himself and almost all, perhaps all that is of any consequence, that was written about him by his contemporaries. In the first of the volumes we have the prayers and meditations which were committed to writing by Johnson himself, together with the brief annals of the sage's early life which, contrary to his master's orders were surreptitiously preserved by Francis Barber, Johnson's black servant. After these come Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes* of Johnson, the fourth edition of which was published in 1786, and lastly Murphy's *Essay*. The contents of the second volume are brought together from a greater variety of sources. Here we have twenty pages of Apophthegms, etc., taken from Hawkins' edition of Johnson's works and almost an equal number of pages filled with extracts from Boswell's letters to Malone. After these come anecdotes regarding Johnson from Pennington's memoirs of Mrs. Carter, from Joseph Cradock's Memoirs, from Hawkins' Life of Johnson, from Miss Hawkins' Memoirs, and anecdotes by Lady Knight and Bishop Percy. Then come Sir Joshua Reynolds' two essays on Johnson's character and influence, and his two dialogues in imitation of Johnson's style of conversation, Miss Reynolds' Recollections of Johnson, Tyers' biographical sketches, and a number of anecdotes culled from a variety of publications. After these comes a batch of letters which have come to light since the two volumes of letters were published and most of which are now published for the first time. Three of them are from Richardson the novelist, others of them are from Miss Reynolds, the Rev. Thomas Percy, the Rev. Edward Lye, William Strahan, and James Macpherson. Other letters here printed were written by Boswell, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Dr. Adams. Lastly we have an elaborate index to the two volumes and another *Dicta Philosophi*, a collection of Johnson's sayings not included in the *Dicta Philo-*

sophi given at the end of the sixth volume of the *Life*. To say anything further as to the value of the pieces above enumerated would be needless. Most of them are well known, and the reader has now the advantage of having them all together, admirably printed in two handsome volumes, and edited with that fulness and accuracy of scholarship to which Dr. Hill has accustomed us to expect whenever he takes in hand anything connected with Johnson, and which has given so much entertainment and instruction to the readers of his *Boswell* and its companion volumes of *Johnson's Letters*.

Burnet's History of My Own Times. A new edition based on that of M. J. Routh, D.D. Part I. The Reign of Charles the Second. Edited by OSMUND AIRY, M.A. In two volumes. Vol. I. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1897.

A new edition of Burnet's *History of My Own Times* by competent hands is sure of a cordial welcome from students of history. Much has been said against the work, and many of its statements have been challenged; it is frequently gossipy and inaccurate, often it is badly arranged, and incorrect as regards chronological sequence, the language is often inelegant and sometimes obscure; yet, as one of its editors has remarked, it will never lose its importance, but will continue to furnish materials for other historians, and to be read by those who wish to derive their knowledge of facts from the first sources of information. The present edition, it would appear, is to have more than one editor, an arrangement of which, in view of the large amount of material which has recently been accumulated in connection with the period covered by Burnet, most will approve. The portion assigned to Mr. Osmund Airy is that which deals with the reign of Charles II. If the other parts are edited with the same care as that included in the volume before us, there need be little hesitation in saying that when completed, this new edition will render those which have preceded it useless. The text, which is based upon Dr. Routh's, has been carefully collated with the MS. by Mr. Macray, who, following the same plan as in his edition of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, has given in a series of footnotes the corrections and deletions made by Burnet himself on his original text. The pagination both of the MS. and of the folio edition is also given. As for Mr. Airy's notes they are as full as could be expected. For the most part they are corrective. Dr. Routh's notes are left as nearly as possible in their original shape, as are also the majority of those of Speaker Onslow and the Earl of Dartmouth. Swift's notes have been dealt with less tenderly. Some of the more pertinent of his 'contemptuous snarls,' Mr. Airy has preserved, but 'I have thought it unadvisable,' he remarks, 'to encumber the pages with simple terms of abuse, as "Dunce," "Puppy," "Scotch dog," and the like.' For his own notes Mr. Airy has made free use of the Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission, and of a multitude of other works. The attempt at uniformity in the writing of proper names is not always successful. Here and there the same name appears spelled in a couple of ways on the same page.

A Survey of Greek Civilization. By J. P. MAHAFFY, D.D., D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1897.

A book on Greek civilisation from the pen of Professor Mahaffy is no new thing. He has already dealt with the subject at considerable length in at least three volumes, which all students of Greek history and most others who are interested in the subject have made haste to read. Here,

however, we have only a survey, and the volume may be regarded as a manual containing for the most part a condensed statement of what has already been said in greater detail in the volumes referred to, and from which considerable extracts are here given. As might be expected, the Professor goes back to the pre-Homeric age and to Schliemann's excavations of Homeric sites, and after pointing out and discussing the evidences for the civilisation of that age which have been brought to light in the great fields Himarlik, Mycenae and Tiryns by the excavator's spade, carries on the narrative step by step down to the period when the Greek lands fell into the hands of all-conquering Rome. While doing ample justice to the great men of Greece and to the splendour of the Golden Age of Greek civilisation, Professor Mahaffy is careful to exhibit the other side of the picture, and to indicate the condition of the lower strata of Greek life. In a striking passage which occurs in his seventh chapter, he observes: 'The world moments of great art are like those brilliant constellations which occur at long intervals in the starry heavens. The whole ground as we see it, though made up of innumerable lights, is dark, and only studded with some isolated luminaries. Here and there, there is a brilliant group, but these do not make any change in the background, unless it is that they obscure the lesser lights which are beside them. The floor of heaven shows nothing but consistent gloom. So it is with the background of human history. Up to the present day it is only the few that have ever made the glory of a society: the masses, even the classes, have contributed in some cases encouragement, in many more hindrances and obstacles to the rise of genius. Average human nature has in all ages been a poor and vulgar thing, and I do not think that even the brilliant Athens of Pericles was more than a partial exception to this rule.' He then proceeds to show that it was not. So far as the volume goes, indeed, it is deserving of every commendation; but why should a survey of Greek civilisation end with the domination of the Romans? Greek writers do not think it ought; they trace its history down to the present. Might not Professor Mahaffy or Professor Bury do for English readers what more than one modern Greek writer has done for contemporary Greece?

A Handbook of Greek Constitutional History. By A. H. J. GREENIDGE, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

A Handbook of Greek Sculpture. By ERNEST ARTHUR GARDNER, M.A. Part II. Same Publishers. 1897.

These are the two most recent issues of Messrs. Macmillan's series of handbooks on Archæology and Antiquities. The latter of them is the second part of Professor Gardner's excellent manual on Greek sculpture. The first part, which was noticed in these pages some time ago, is remarkable for the really admirable introduction it contains on the materials, instruments, and methods of the Greek sculptors. This part has no such attraction. It takes up the history of the subject where it was let fall in the first part, and continues the narrative down to the time of Hadrian, and his unavailing attempt to revive the art. The illustrations are numerous, and, as in the first part, the narrative is at once concise and lucid. Mr. Greenidge's volume is also historical. The subject with which it deals is less studied, but it is none the less important. Recently a considerable impetus was given to its study, and Mr. Greenidge has made use of all the available helps. His object, however, has not been to compete in any way with the larger works on Political Antiquities, but to give in a brief narrative form the main lines of development of Greek Public Law,

to represent the different types of states in the order of their development, and to exhibit the working rather than the structure of the various forms of government. The volume supplies a decided want in our manuals of classical studies, and both teachers and students will find it extremely helpful. The 'Select Bibliography' prefixed to it includes all the best books on the subject, and deserves to be reckoned one of the features of the handbook.

The English Dialect Dictionary, being the Complete Vocabulary of all Dialect words still in use, or known to have been in use during the last two hundred years. Part III.—Blare-Caddle. Edited by JOSEPH WRIGHT, M.A., Ph.D. London: H. Frowde. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The letter B is here finished, and the letter C is begun and carried down to *Caddle*. As illustrating the wealth of the English dialects in words beginning with B, Dr. Wright mentions that he has registered under it 7789 simple and compound words and phrases to the number of 910. Some idea of the magnitude of the work he has undertaken, and so far has carried on with such remarkable success, may be gathered from the fact that he has illustrated these 8,699 words and phrases with 18,198 quotations and given in addition no fewer than 17,542 references to glossaries and other sources of information. Under the same letter many words are of special interest both to philologists and to folk-lorists, as, e.g., *blithe-meat*, *bondage*, *boon*, *bride-ale*, *bride-door*, *bo*, *boun*, *busk*, *braid*, *blue*, *bull*. Of words used in the Lowlands of Scotland there is, as in the previous parts, a goodly number. Scotsmen will probably be surprised to see how large a number of words usually supposed to be purely Scots are in use in the English provinces. So far as we have examined the part now before us, it appears to us to be the most satisfactory yet issued. The Lowland Scottish words are as a rule well done. Under *bowel-hive* it might have been stated that in some parts the word is contracted into *hives*. The definition of *book* as a verb might have been given more accurately. To 'book' is not merely 'to register a couple in the Session Records, *previous* to the proclamation of banns,' but to register them *with a view* to proclamation. We miss any reference to the Scottish pastime of bowling and also the words *bowl-money*. These, however, are but trivial faults in a work otherwise so full and admirable.

English Minstrelsie. Collated and Edited with Notes and Introduction by S. BARING-GOULD, M.A. The Airs, in both Notations, by H. FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD, M.A., and others. Volume 7. Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack.

This, the last volume but one of Mr. Baring-Gould's collection of English songs, quite maintains the reputation the earlier volumes have obtained, and in every way merits what was said of a number of them some time ago in the pages of this *Review*. The special feature of the volume is the essay or introduction the editor has prefixed to it on English Folk-music. If it is somewhat gossipy, the excuse is that most of what might have been said in it, has been already said by its author in previous publications of a similar character. What he has said here, however, is none the less deserving of being set down, and none the less interesting. The essay, indeed, takes somewhat of the form of a history of the efforts made to collect English folk-songs. The history does not take long to tell, and by far the most attractive part of it consists of the editor's reminiscences of his own

experience as a song collector in different parts of England. Mr. Baring-Gould appears to have had few predecessors in this direction, and few collectors have met with the same amount of success. Sir Walter Scott got most of his songs and ballads from old women, Mr. Baring-Gould has obtained most of his from old men. He complains that the folk-songs of the country are being rapidly forgotten, and that the taste for folk-music is gradually dying out. The Harvest-homes, Whitsun Ales, Sheep-shearing feasts, and Bell-ringers' Suppers, where the old English songs used to be sung, are now giving place, he tells us, to 'Harvest and Missionary Teas, to which women flock, but from which men keep away.' Some 'Scottish songs,' he also tells us, are simply importations from across the Border, and are of genuine English growth. There seems, however, to be plenty of material still left for the diligent and tactful collector, and it is to be hoped that the editor of this excellent work will have many emulators.

Sketches of Travel in Normandy and Maine. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN. With Illustrations from Drawings by the Author. Preface by W. H. HUTTON, B.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1897.

These sketches, which have been reprinted from the *Guardian* and *Saturday Review*, are further samples of those instructive and often delightful papers which Mr. Freeman was in the habit of throwing off when away on his holiday tours in search of material for the work on which he chanced at the time to be engaged, or for the revision of the conclusions at which he had arrived. They by no means resemble pages from a guide-book, and read as little like them as anything possibly can. The work of a profound scholar with a quick eye for the historical and architectural as well as for the picturesque, they point out many things which the ordinary traveller would ten chances to one fail to note. As might be expected, they are full of historical allusions. More or less they connect the histories of Normandy and Maine with the history of England, and thus invest the places to which they refer with an additional interest. The architectural papers are especially attractive. The sketches by which they are accompanied are an additional feature for which many will be grateful, as most of the churches and cathedrals referred to are away from the beaten track of the tourist, and sketches of them are not always or easily obtainable. Mr. Hutton has contributed a modest introduction to the papers in which he speaks highly of the character of the author, and of his rare gifts as a teacher of history.

SHORT NOTICES.

In *The Plagues of Egypt* (Alex. Gardner) Mr. Robert Thomson sets himself to controvert the explanations which have recently been given by Commentators and Theologians as to the character and causes of the ten plagues by which, according to the Scripture narrative, the land of Egypt was afflicted for the purpose of procuring the release of the Hebrews. The views controverted are mainly those of Kalisch, Cook, Rawlinson, and Dr. Macmillan. In Mr. Thomson's opinion, the whole series of the plagues fell between two successive inundations of the Nile, and the attempt to account for them by natural causes, or by causes partly natural and partly supernatural, completely fails; they are explicable, he believes, only as events which were 'wholly abnormal and supernatural.' Mr. Thomson has read widely in connection with his subject, and brought forward in connection with it some very interesting and striking data. He

has no doubt as to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. After quoting Deut. i. 3, he remarks: 'That is, precisely, two months before the close of the forty years after they [the children of Israel] left Egypt, he [Moses] commenced writing the last roll of the Pentateuch.'

Part of Mr. F. P. Badham's *S. Mark's Indebtedness to S. Matthew* (Fisher Unwin) has already appeared in the pages of this *Review*. Another part is reprinted from the *Expository Series*. Here in the volume the argument is completed by the addition of evidence drawn from a variety of sources.

The Saviour in the Light of the First Century (Gardner Hitt) by the Rev. John Parker, owes its origin apparently to the work recently condemned by the General Assembly in the Church of Scotland. As might be expected, it is in a large measure polemical, but the chief aim of the author is to draw attention to those facts in the history of the Christian Church during the first century of its existence, which, in his view, are incompatible with the new version given of the Gospel, and which, when fairly understood, render any detailed examination of that version unnecessary.

Mr. Reid's *Books that Help the Religious Life* (Gardner Hitt) is a handy little book of a devotional character. Its aim seems to be to direct attention to the books which, in the Christian Church, have found most favour as books for devotional reading. Some eight books are mentioned. Among them are Augustine's *Confessions*, the *Imitatio*, Keble's *Christian Year*, and William Law's *Serious Call*. Strangely enough, Mr. Reid has included among them Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Mr. Reid's list is by no means exhaustive, and his selection might have included others.

Religious Teaching in Secondary Schools (Macmillan), by the Rev. George C. Bell, M.A., avoids as far as possible dogmatic theology, and deals only with the canon of the Old and New Testaments, early Church history, and the evidences of Christianity. While not ignoring many of the results of recent Biblical criticism, the tone of the volume is, if anything, conservative. Mr. Bell acknowledges the necessities of the times, and to a skilful teacher or parent desirous of knowing what to teach on the topics referred to, his scholarly and judicious volume will prove an excellent guide.

Dr. Wright's *The Writings of St. Patrick* (Religious Tract Society) has reached its third edition. The translations have undergone a careful revision, and the Notes, which, as we need hardly say, are non-theological, have been extended. Like the edition we noticed some time ago, this belongs to the series known as the 'Christian Classics Series.'

The Chronicles, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel (Macmillan) are further instalments of Dr. Moulton's 'Modern Reader's Bible.' The first contains not only the two books of Chronicles, but also the narratives of Ezra and Nehemiah. In the other volumes we have the prophecies, which are usually printed under the names of the prophets they bear. The text of each volume is drawn from the Revised Version, and is broken up into sections, paragraphs, and books, as in the other volumes of the series. The introductions are brief, and deal, as usual, with the literary form rather than with points of Biblical criticism. In the prophetic books, Dr. Moulton points out the dramatic element, and to the spiritual dramas they contain, applies the term 'rhapsody,' and in the volume on Isaiah he introduces a new interpretation for word Immanuel.

By-Ways of History (D. Douglas) is a reprint of eleven essays contributed by Dr. Colville to various journals and magazines on a variety of topics connected with the history of Scotland. Those who have read them

in their earlier form will welcome their appearance in the handsome volume before us. The subjects of which they treat are all of permanent interest, and contain quite enough, if not more, of recondite reading to make them worth preserving. The first of the essays is on Lowland Scotland in the time of Burns, and contains a sketch of the economic and social condition of Lowland Scotland during the second half of the eighteenth century, which, if not exactly brilliant, is at least remarkably graphic, and ought to be read by all who are interested in Burns literature. So also ought the essay standing last on the list, under the title 'Town Life in the Eighteenth Century.' Antiquaries will find much to interest them in 'An Antiquarian Ramble in Kintyre,' 'The Complaynt of Scotland,' and 'Scotland under the Roundheads,' have already appeared in the pages of this *Review*. 'The Covenanter Abroad' is of present day interest, and contains some unexpected etymological readings. 'Scottish Trade in the Olden Time' makes the reader acquainted with the ledger of Andrew Halyburton, and throws many curious side-lights on the social condition of Scotland during the fifteenth and following centuries. In a word, in this comparatively small volume, the reader has put into his hands a vast amount of rare information, for which the author has had to search in many out of the way corners.

• In *The Early History of the Scottish Union Question* (Oliphant & Co.), Mr. G. W. T. Omond writes briefly on a subject with which Mr. Mackinnon treated at great length and with great fulness of detail in his *Union of England and Scotland*, which was noticed in these pages at the time of its publication. As a condensed statement, Mr. Omond's work may be commended. It is clearly and forcibly written, and narrates the essential facts with precision.

Messrs. W. B. Pillsbury and E. B. Titchener, of the Cornell University, have translated Professor Külpe's *Introduction to Philosophy* (Swan Sonnenschein), a work that has already met with considerable favour in Germany, and in its present English form is likely to meet with the same in this country and in America. The translators, so far as we have examined their work, have given a good rendering of the original. The work itself is designed as a handbook for students. So far as an introduction can be expected, it covers the whole ground of Psychology, Logic, Ethics, Aesthetics, and General Philosophy. Its definitions are clear and intelligible, the relations in which the different branches of philosophic study stand to each other, are pointed out, and the discussions are illustrated by numerous references to philosophical literature. The translators have here and there supplemented the bibliography by the addition of English and American titles.

The Heritage of Burns (Sinclair, Haddington), by W. R. Turnbull, is an elaborate defence and eulogy of Burns. Mr. Turnbull has already proved his ability as a critic and a writer by his singularly able essay on Othello. His present volume is suggestive, and will doubtless be found extremely useful by many who read and speak about Burns. The following sentence will help to show the estimate which Mr. Turnbull has formed of the Ayrshire poet:—'He not only interpreted the life of the Scottish peasantry, and purified and ennobled Scottish song, but restored the nationality of Scotland, revived the traditional glories of his race, and preserved as classic for all time the Doric tongue, which, but for him, would have been doomed, like other dialects, to obscurity.'

Saint Columba: A Record and a Tribute (Gardner Hitt) by Duncan Macgregor, the minister of Inverallochy, contains a somewhat lengthy biography of the Saint, together with translations of various pieces attri-

buted to him, and offices for his commemoration. The biography, though not critical, is eminently readable, and contains many of the stories which have gathered around the Saint's name. Whether these can be relied upon is a question we need not discuss. They serve, however, to show the estimation in which this great Founder of Churches and Monasteries was held by those who came after him. The office is taken for the most part from the Aberdeen Breviary. The office published at Paris in 1620 has also been used, the hymn *In Te, Christe*, which occurs in Colgan, has been incorporated. The translations are well done, and the work is another indication that some at least in Scotland are not disposed to forget the debt they owe to Iona.

Norman Macleod, by John Wellwood, and *The Blackwood Group*, by Sir George Douglas, are two further volumes in Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier's 'Famous Scots Series.' The first cannot fail to be popular. After a quarter of a century, Norman Macleod's memory is still fresh in Scotland, and all that is said about him is still attractive. In *The Blackwood Group* we have a series of brief biographies of the men, with the exception of the Ettrick Shepherd and Lockhart, who contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* in its early days.

The aim of Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet's able little book with the title, *Rich and Poor* (Macmillan), is to help that happily increasing class who desire to ease the burden of the poor and to make their lives brighter, to find their way through the labyrinth of social work, to indicate some of the points where they may usefully employ their energy, and to promote a better understanding of what life in a poor neighbourhood really is. Mrs. Bosanquet does not deal in theories. She takes the concrete example of a London parish, and writes about the poor and struggling in it with a fullness of information, an enlightened sympathy, and a practical sagacity which make the pages of her little volume extremely attractive and suggestive. Those who are searching for hints and directions in philanthropic work will find it abundantly helpful and stimulating.

Dr. Bastable has brought out a new edition of his volume on *The Theory of International Trade* (Macmillan). The text has been thoroughly revised. Some matter which appeared in the first edition has been omitted as no longer of any particular interest, while the discussions have in all cases been brought up to date so as to render the volume of greater service to students of economic theory.

In *Greece, her Hopes and Troubles* (Paisley, A. Gardner), Mr. Campbell M'Kellar treats, in a somewhat discursive fashion, on everything of importance in the circumstances which led to the foundation of the present Hellenic kingdom, its condition in recent times, its social and educational features, and its aspirations. He writes with an evident appreciation of his subject. In preparing this second edition of his pamphlet for the press he has, he says, refrained from adding a chapter on recent events. In this he has done wisely. The recent action of Greece has, to say the least, made any forecast of her future more difficult than ever. So far as can be judged at present it has increased her difficulties, and has certainly disappointed the greater number of her friends. Mr. M'Kellar is well acquainted with recent literature on his subject, and has produced a volume which is pleasant to read, and most welcome at the present crisis in the East.

The Handbook of English Literature (Crosby, Lockwood & Son), which was originally prepared by Austin Dobson, has been revised and brought down to the present time by Mr. Hall Griffen. As a manual for students, more especially for those who are preparing for examination in the later

periods of English literature it is scarcely possible to desire anything better. Every page is closely packed with information. Particularly is this the case in the chapter devoted to recent authors. All through, too, the student is referred to other sources of information. Several useful appendices are given at the end of the volume. Among others we have one containing a number of extracts illustrating the progress of the English language previous to 1600. Others refer to the *Canterbury Tales*, Shakespeare's plays, and Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. Appendix E. is nothing less than a Dictionary of Minor Authors. The article under Bellenden ought in the next edition to be corrected. Bellenden was not 'the earliest Scotch prose writer,' nor was 'his *Livy* the first translation of a Latin classic in Britain.' Douglas preceded him by half a century, while as for Scotch prose there are several pieces much older than Bellenden.

Where the Heather Grows (Alex. Gardner), by George A. Mackay, contains a series of tales, the scene of which is cast in the north of Scotland. They are admirably done, and give evidence of a power which has not here been put forth in all its force. Mr. Mackay, we should say, is capable of still better things even than anything contained in *Where the Heather Grows*, graphic and touching as most of his tales are.

Mr. Smeaton's *Our Laddie* (Bliss Sands) is founded upon an incident not peculiar to Scottish domestic life—the preference of parents for their showier and less trustworthy son over his less attractive and more generous brother. Though a little disappointing at the beginning, ample amends are made as the story proceeds. The plot is well-conceived, and worked out with skill. The characters are well drawn. Fortune perhaps favours the home-staying son with too much attention; still, there is nothing improbable in the incidents. Altogether, the story is life-like, with a strong dash of the sensational.

Braefoot Sketches (Alex. Gardner) by J. Mackinnon, is a series of sketches of Scottish life in some northern village, probably in Banffshire, and represent what was going on there some twenty years or more ago. There is no plot in them; they are simply sketches. As such, they are wonderfully realistic. One might almost say that they are photographic in their accuracy. Mr. Mackinnon, indeed, seems to be describing the pranks and scenes in which he took part when a boy. The fun in them is sometimes rough, but always boyish. His descriptions of the older people and of the way in which they spent their time and energies, are much more valuable as pictures of Scottish life than those contained in some more pretentious volumes.

The Rev. P. Hay Hunter's *John Armiger's Revenge* (Oliphant Anderson & Ferrier), is a story of Scottish clerical life, and tells of the disappointments and sorrows and final triumph, through a noble revenge, of John Armiger, the minister of Caterton. Like most of the author's novels, it is an excellent study of Scottish life and character. There is sufficient incident in it to make it exceedingly interesting and sufficiently attractive to make one unwilling to put it down until the last page is reached. The minister, a scholar and recluse, is perhaps a little too ethereal. The devotion of Maisie, an adopted child of his parents, to him and his mother, is admirably drawn. One sees little of Meldrum, the minister of a neighbouring parish, and Armiger's successful rival for the hand of Seggarside's daughter, but he is skilfully placed upon the canvas. But among all the characters, that of Sandy Skae is the most attractive. Mr. Hunter's Scotch is intelligible, and is used with effect.

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SCOTTISH REVIEW.

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ART. I.—PROCESSIONS.

THE great historic spectacle, which was witnessed in June by hundreds of thousands of the subjects of our beloved sovereign, has past and gone. It has been described in brilliant and glowing lines by the pens of many ready writers. The last roll of the drum had hardly died away, as the end of the *cortège* entered the gates of Buckingham Palace, ere full accounts of the display were flashed throughout all Her Majesty's dominions. In many respects it was an event unequalled in the history of the world. We can safely say that never has such an amount of personal affection been shown by a people towards their reigning monarch, and never has such affection been so deservedly earned. For centuries, however, processions have been a favourite means of doing honour to the great, and a glance at some of the most famous on record may not be out of place.

Not the least remarkable feature which distinguishes the members of the *genus homo* from the lower ranks of creation is their capacity and fondness for organising themselves into processions. Animals, no doubt, 'proceed' from place to place, sometimes in a more or less regular manner, but we cannot call, say a string of ducks, a procession; the idea of which always implies something out of the ordinary routine of life, a certain ceremonial solemnity. In its motion it must be decent, orderly, even rhythmic, and the success of such a func-

tion therefore depends very much on the capabilities of those taking part in it. 'He is a very fine little fellow,' said a distinguished ecclesiastic of a brother whom nature had not gifted with an imposing presence, 'but he is no good in a procession.' A dignified mien on the part of the persons composing it goes a long way, no doubt, towards the success of a procession, but this is not sufficient in itself; there must also be numbers. It is a moot point how many people are required to make a procession. Will two do? If so, the first procession we have on record must have been that of our first parents from the Garden of Eden. It is generally admitted that a procession of two is hardly worthy of the name, but opinions may differ. An eminent Court official was one day heard to describe the ceremony of presenting an order—let us call it the Order of the Rose—to a foreign potentate, to whose court a small mission had been sent for that purpose. It was, indeed, to that of the King of Bohemia, whose son, Prince Florizel, after a brilliant though somewhat erratic youth, sank, as we have been told by a famous writer, into respectable obscurity in London. The eventful day of the presentation arrived, and the nobleman to whom the duty of presenting the order was entrusted was ushered into the presence chamber with his two subordinates. What happened is related in the words of one of the latter, the official above mentioned. 'Jones and I formed an avenue,' he said, 'and the Marquess walked up it.' Here, then, we have an avenue of two, and a procession of one, but this extremely attenuated ceremony can hardly be taken seriously as falling under our subject.

It may be assumed, then, that a reasonably large body of persons is required to make a procession, enough to make a respectable 'train' either preceding or following the principal personage in the function. The earliest processions of which we have an account are generally connected with religious celebrations, and it is to the Church, of all creeds and throughout all ages, that we owe the most splendid examples of processional art. Solomon installed the ark in his new Temple with a large and impressive ceremonial procession; the Greeks and Romans, on the occasion of the festivals of their various

divinities, adopted a like method of celebrating the day; the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians show us that they had most elaborate processional rites in connection with many of their religious *fêtes*; the Buddhist Church is remarkable for the conspicuous part which processions play in its worship; but the most awful and impressive instance of a religious *cortège* must have been that in which the Aztec priests wound round the spiral stairs of their towering temples, and, on the summit, cut the palpitating heart from out the breast of their wretched victim. The Christian Church, adapting as it did many of the ceremonies and customs of the older religions to its own uses, did not fail in course of time to make processions a very distinctive feature in its ritual, and both its eastern and western branches developed the ceremony in a very high degree. The Reformation in England, and still more in Scotland, had the effect of almost entirely abolishing for many years all processional adjuncts to the service of the Church, but in more modern times their capabilities for impressive and symbolic display are again beginning to be utilised not only by the clergy of the Anglican communion, but even, it is said, by sober Presbyterian ministers, who have not the fear of John Knox before their eyes. But ecclesiastical processions form a class by themselves, which, at present, we need not discuss.

Apart from the above, then, processions may broadly be divided into military, civil and state, the last being frequently a mixture of the other two. The military procession does not include the ordinary operations of a soldier's life, and we cannot call the spectacle of a regiment on the march, however fine in itself it may be, a procession. To give it that character it must be something out of the usual routine of duty. Perhaps the most splendid example of a military procession must have been the triumph accorded to a successful Roman general. Along the *via sacra* through the crowded forum, every coign of vantage being filled with excited spectators, passed the stately *cortège*. The senators arrayed in their purple-striped tunics led the van, followed by musicians heralding the rich display of the spoils of the conquered kingdoms; then came

the white bulls destined for sacrifice along with the attendant priests; the standards and other insignia which had been taken in battle came next; after these the captive leaders, some of whom were cruelly butchered in the adjacent Mamertine prison ere the parade had ended, tasted along with a crowd of inferior prisoners all the bitterness of defeat and disgrace. The presents and other marks of respect bestowed on the hero of the day were then exhibited on high; and the lictors, their *fasces* wreathed with laurel, immediately preceded the *Imperator* himself, who sat, or rather stood, on a circular chariot drawn by four horses. He wore a gold embroidered robe and flowered tunic, and held in his right hand a spray of laurel, and in his left a sceptre, his head being crowned with a laurel wreath. Behind him came his grown up sons with his legates and tribunes, all mounted, and after them the *equites*, while the procession was closed by the whole body of infantry, their spears crowned with laurel. As a spectacle it must have been magnificent, though the physical discomfort of the chief actor in it must have been great. Standing on the floor of a springless chariot he must have had some difficulty in preserving a dignified equilibrium, with both his hands occupied, while his head, bare under a burning Roman sun, must have been uncomfortably tickled by the honourable though inconvenient wreath of laurel. In ancient days too they painted him scarlet from top to toe, but the advent of more civilised times brought relief from that last indignity. Added to all this the fullest licence was on such a day given to the soldiery, who were free to chaff their general to their hearts' content, and no doubt many an old score was paid off by some coarse or ribald witticism.

Coming from ancient to modern times the most striking
 any procession which has taken place in our own day—
 ing also of the nature of a triumph—was on that mem-
 orable day in 1871 when the German troops
 entered the city of Paris. But how different from
 the triumph of 1871. No tiers of exultant and animated
 soldiers to welcome the victorious battalions, nothing

every cogn
 rs, passed the
 : purple-striped
 ralding the rich
 doms; then came

but empty streets and darkened windows: it was, however, one of the historical processions of the century.

But military processions are, after all, only a small branch of the subject. When we turn to civic life the opportunities for organising such ceremonial functions become much more frequent. From mediæval times down to a comparatively recent period funerals were the most common occasions when the natural desire of the community to form itself into a procession or to see a procession formed by others found fullest scope. The history of funerals has yet to be written, but when it is, it will be found that the processional element formed a large part of the ceremonies connected with them. The knowledge that his body would form the principal feature of an imposing cavalcade soothed the last hours of many a man in days gone by; the family, though the expense might cripple their means even more than the death duties do now, found that it added to their importance in the country, and, with more or less cheerfulness, resigned themselves to the duty of seeing it carried through in proper style; the persons who attended considered that it shed a kind of reflected glory on themselves, and found the obsequies perhaps a serious, yet not an altogether unpleasant, social function. Royal funerals have naturally always been on a grand scale. Not to mention the burial of Queen Eleanor, the consort of Edward I., whose body was carried in procession for twelve days, from Hardby, in Lincolnshire, to London, both Queen Elizabeth and her successor, James I., were interred with great pomp, the chief feature on both occasions being the elaborate heraldic display. In each case, also, the waxen effigy of the sovereign was displayed on the top of the coffin, these figures being still in existence in Westminster Abbey; and at the funeral of James, the car was designed by the great Inigo Jones himself. When Queen Mary, the wife of William III., was buried, the procession was on a most elaborate scale, and though no effigy was exhibited, as in former times, the heraldic decoration was very profuse. But no royal interment exceeded in impressive ceremonial the rites accorded to Britain's greatest naval and most distinguished.

military heroes. Shortly after this century opened, the body of Nelson was lying in state at Greenwich; from thence it was brought by water to Whitehall, and then carried with great pomp and circumstance to its last resting-place in St. Paul's. The art of the period was not such as lent itself to the very graceful treatment of such a ceremonial, and it is not surprising to find doubts expressed as to the suitability of making the hearse in the shape of the ship with which the Admiral's name and fame had latterly been so indissolubly connected, but there can be no doubt that the whole display was one for a generation to remember. It was not for half a century later that anything similar was again to be witnessed. Once more the portals of St. Paul's were opened to receive the remains of one whom the nation delighted to honour, and who had fought its battles on land as bravely and successfully as Nelson had done on sea. Many persons still alive remember the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. It was a splendid and memorable sight; no honour that could be paid to the illustrious dead was omitted. The attendant train was so large that it took an hour and a half to pass a given point, and few of the million and a half spectators who were estimated to have witnessed the ceremony, had a dry eye as they saw the last of the great Duke, to whom the country owed so much.

In few countries did the desire to have a grand funeral take hold of all classes of the community, both gentle and simple, so firmly as in Scotland. If the poorest classes could not look forward to having an imposing procession when they were carried to the churchyard, they at least spared no effort to have the 'dead-clothes' of the finest and handsomest material. These were generally provided long before the decease of the person who was ultimately to wear them. Lovers of Scottish fiction, as it used to be before the advent of the 'kailyard school,' will remember the inimitable scene in *Miss Ferrier's Inheritance*, where the heroine and Uncle Adam pay a visit to a cottager's house, where they find the dead-clothes airing at the fire, the person for whom they were destined being certainly bed-ridden, but showing no signs of approaching dis-

solution. Uncle Adam incontinently thrust the whole paraphanelia into the fire, exclaiming, 'There, that'll gie them a gude toast for you,' to the consternation of the mistress of the house, who hysterically sobbed, 'Eh, sirs! The bonny claes, that cost sae muckle siller!' as she made an ineffectual effort to save them; 'the ill-faured carl that he is to tak' upon him for to set low to ony honest man's windin'-sheet.' Higher up in the social scale the aims were, of course, more exalted; a long procession, attended by heralds and 'saulies,' and adorned with mourning banners and other symbols of woe, were essential. This feeling was not confined to members of the nobility, in whose case such a display might be deemed a fitting termination to their earthly career; the lesser barons, the smaller lairds, would seem not to have been able to rest in peace unless they were borne to their graves with an ostentatious ceremonial quite out of keeping with their real importance when in life. Many official records, kept by the heralds who superintended the arrangements and marshalled the processions, still exist, and they show to what an extent the practice prevailed. If the distance from the house to the grave was too short to admit of a sufficiently long 'tail' being developed, the procession was started in an entirely opposite direction, and circumambulated the neighbourhood in numerous convolutions. All this display cost money, and not the least expensive part was the feast which invariably closed the day's proceedings.

The usual order of the funeral procession of a nobleman or gentleman in Scotland was as follows:—First came 'an old poor man' carrying 'the little gumpheon' (*gonfalon*) with a morthead painted on it; after him marched as many poor men or 'saulies' as corresponded with the number of years of the deceased; they also carried spears or rods having small flags with the family arms painted on them. Then came the master stabler or other servant with a banner composed of the livery colours: then another servant bearing a large standard with his master's full armorial achievement: after this was carried another morthead called the 'honourable gumpheon.' Then came the 'branches,' to the number of four or eight, represent-

ing the paternal and maternal descent of the deceased to two or four generations, thus, *Paternal*, father, father's mother, father's father's mother, and father's mother's mother, *Maternal*, mother, mother's mother, mother's father's mother, mother's mother's mother. The arms of these different families were carried by gentlemen generally relations of the family. More heraldic escutcheons followed, then the heralds who had charge of the procession, and in the case of a nobleman his coronet and parliament robes immediately preceded the coffin, which was covered with a pall, richly embroidered with coats of arms and 'epitaphs.' The chief mourners attended the coffin, and the procession was closed by a long train of general mourners. Details, of course, varied with each individual case, but the above may be taken as the arrangements of an average funeral of a Scottish nobleman or gentlemen in the seventeenth century. Sometimes they were of much greater magnificence: the culminating point indeed of Scottish funerals may be said to have been reached in that of the Duke of Rothes, Chancellor of Scotland, who died in 1631, and whose obsequies were conducted on a scale of grandeur never before approached. The body was borne from Holyrood House to St. Giles, and it may safely be said that Edinburgh never saw such an elaborate funeral. It is impossible to describe it in detail here, but the curious on such matters will find a full account of it in Arnot's *History of Edinburgh*, six solid pages of which it fills, or in the second volume of Nisbet's *System of Heraldry*: the print collector too may be glad if he can add to his portfolio 'a fine draught and figure thereof, done with china ink, in four large sheets of Lombard Paper,' a valuable representation of the procession.

Several other fine pictorial representations of funerals are in existence. The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland possess a beautiful roll of the funeral of a Scottish nobleman: Queen Elizabeth's funeral procession was pourtrayed by William Camden, Clarenceux King of Arms, and the funeral roll of the father of her great Chancellor, Sir Nicolas Bacon, Lord Keeper, is still in existence: of foreign works there need only be mentioned a splendid folio illustrating the burial of Albert the

Pious, Archduke of Austria and Stadtholder of the Netherlands, who died at Brussels in 1621. The engravings were executed by Jacques Francquart, and are excellently done.

The above instances serve to show the fascination for some persons of ordering and carrying out the arrangements for the last disposal of these poor bodies of ours; and it is well to note them if only by way of contrast with the latter day desire for simplicity and quiet in similar preparations. Our forefathers would not have quite understood this feeling: their ideas on the subject are well displayed by the story told of the wife of Frederick I. of Prussia, the sister of our own first George. When she was on her deathbed she overheard one of her attendants observe how severely her removal would afflict the king, and that the misfortune of losing her would plunge him into the deepest despair. She, knowing the character of her good-natured but vain husband, said with a smile, 'With respect to him I am perfectly at ease. *His* mind will be completely occupied in arranging the ceremonial of my funeral, and if nothing goes wrong in the procession he will be quite consoled for his loss.'

The *acmé* however of magnificent and impressive ceremonials is not either in military triumphs or in the solemn pageantry of a funeral, but in Royal and State processions. We have pictorial representations of some of these, and descriptions of many more: it must ever be borne in mind as to the former that there are such things as ghost processions, that is, we have representations, and very elaborate representations too, of processions which never occurred. There is, for instance, a splendid series of woodcuts by Andreani after the pictures by Mantegna, now in Hampton Court, of 'The Triumph of Julius Cæsar,' but perhaps the best known is the 'Triumph of Maximilian,' a colossal work never finished, but which in its present state consists of 135 engravings on wood by Hans Burgmair, taken from the original paintings on 109 large sheets of vellum, now preserved in the Imperial Library at Vienna. In wealth of detail and exuberance of imagination these plates have probably never been surpassed: indeed no procession could have been so grand as that depicted: but

although the actual scene never took place the engravings are none the less valuable as giving us correct representations of the dresses, armour, and general equipment of the period. Other ghost processions which may be mentioned are one giving portraits of Luther, Melancthon and other Reformation leaders, and another representing the triumph of John Sobieski, on assuming the Crown of Poland after the defeat of the Turks at Kotzen in 1674, engraved by Romanus de Hoogte.

We turn with greater interest to the record, whether by pencil or pen, of the great State processions which have actually taken place. These were in mediæval times more frequently styled pageants than processions, consisting as they did not merely in the progress of an imposing train from one place to another, but in the display of something more, as we shall see immediately. Sir Walter Besant somewhere says that the grandest procession ever seen in this country took place, in his opinion, on the occasion of the return of Henry V. from Agincourt, but it really was not of very exceptional grandeur. All the processions of the 15th and 16th centuries were accompanied by 'pageants,' which word was used to denote not the whole ceremonial but certain specific parts of it, generally consisting of erections from which persons supposed to represent abstract qualities, such as Justice and Virtue, or notable personages of Antiquity, issued and delivered speeches, or performed some other act. In the case of Henry's procession, which we may take as an example, we are told that, after being received at Blackfriars by the mayor, aldermen, and a large number of citizens, he encountered at London Bridge a giant and giantess, the former bearing the keys of the city on his staff; at the other end of the bridge there was a tower, with St. George thereon, and a number of boys in white raiment, with wings, sang an anthem to an organ accompaniment. On Cornhill there was a tent decorated with the armorial bearings of the King, St. George, St. Edward, and St. Edmund, and under the tent an assemblage of 'prophets,' clad in gold, and with crowns of the same metal. They performed the somewhat inappropriate duty of letting loose a number of small birds and singing a psalm. The latter

performance was repeated in the ward of Cheap by the Apostles, who also executed the very unapostolic feat of setting the pipes of the conduit flowing with wine, to represent, it is said, Melchizedek receiving Abraham after his victory. There was also a castle garrisoned by girls with timbrels, who symbolised the welcome given to David after killing Goliath. More winged boys sang a *Te Deum*, and scattered small coins; the tower of the conduit at the west end of Cheap was surmounted with pavilions, from each of which a damsel dropped golden leaves upon the king; on the tower itself was a canopy supported by angels, on the top was an archangel, and on a throne the sun in its splendour, and angels playing and singing!

All this to us savours of pantomime, and we cannot get rid of the association of the footlights and the flies. But the proceedings were taken in all solemnity by our less sophisticated ancestors; they had not yet emerged from the period of the miracle play, and the appearance of giants and boy-angels did not impress them, as it would us, with a sense of the grotesque. They were common adjuncts to all processions, and as for the flight of the birds, it appears to have been originally taken from a practice at the sacrificing of the Kings of France. It was certainly used in royal processions in that country; there is a beautiful miniature in the *Chronique d'Enguerrand de Monstrelet*, showing the entry of Charles VII. into Paris in 1438, where two *oiseliers* are letting fly flocks of birds from cages on the ground, while the king on horseback, under a blue canopy, emblazoned with golden fleurs de lys, and attended by his chivalry, passes by.

The most magnificent of all such pageants was that great one in Bologna, on the occasion of the coronation of the Emperor Charles V. as King of Italy and Lombardy, by Pope Clement VII., in 1530. 'The period,' as has been said by a writer on the subject, 'was one when Italian costume was at the height of its picturesqueness in all the glory of embroidery on cloths of gold and silver, and armour at its utmost splendour of artistic design, being gorgeous beyond measure in chasing and inlaying with the precious metals.' The artist of

the forty plates which illustrate the procession was Nicolas Hogenburg, of whom not much is known save that he was born in Munich about 1500, and died at Mechlin at the age of 44. Whoever he was, there can be no doubt about his genius, for his drawing and disposition of the various groups in the pageant is masterly. It is impossible within the limits of an article like the present to enter into much detail as regards this wonderful procession; we have civilians, magistrates, soldiers, ecclesiastics of all grades, and officials of all sorts, depicted in their habits as they walked; heralds are crying the Emperor's largesse, and scattering coins and medals; officers of State carry the imperial sceptre, iron sword, globe and crown, while Clement VII. and Charles V. advance together in robes of State, under a splendidly embroidered canopy. The train is closed by horsemen, 'clad in complete steel'—every detail of which is carefully given—followed by the German and Spanish soldiers on foot. No allegorical figures are represented, but, on the other hand, we have some very vivid realities of life. A fountain spouts wine, which is being eagerly caught by the crowd in all kinds of vessels, one man drinking out of his shoe; many being on the ground overcome with the liquor. We see also, drawn with all the exactness and character of a sixteenth century Hogarth, the cooks turning a spit on which an ox, stuffed with birds and other small animals, is being roasted, while bread is being given away from great tubs to the people, some of whom hurry off with it, and others quarrel over its distribution. It is altogether a wonderful and lively representation of a great historic event.

There are many other Continental processions of which the record has come down to us. Among them may be mentioned two at Antwerp, the first being on the occasion of the landing of the Duke of Brabant in 1582. The worst feature in the procession was probably the Duke himself, if we are to believe Motley's description of him. 'He was,' says that historian, 'below the middle height, puny, and ill-shaped. His hair and eyes were brown, his face was seamed with smallpox, his skin covered with blotches, his nose so swollen and distorted that

it seemed to be double. No more ignoble yet more dangerous creature had yet been loosed upon the devoted soil of the Netherlands.' He was, however, received on a bright winter morning by the silent Prince of Orange, whose own end was then so near and yet so unsuspected, and conducted with magnificent state, and in a procession which included all those allegorical features so characteristic of the age and the taste of the Hollanders, to the town of Antwerp. Twelve years later at the same place another great pageant was seen at the entry of the Duke of Burgundy, and in the pictures of this cavalcade we recognise several of the cars and allegorical erections used on the former occasion, from which we may conclude that they were kept in stock and utilised whenever an opportunity presented itself. There is also an interesting set of drawings representing a water festival on the Arno at Florence in 1664, on the occasion of the marriage of the Grand Duke. The galleys and barges are of the most extraordinary and elaborate design, and each is under the command of a mythological deity or hero with appropriate attendants. This period was indeed distinguished for the wonderful work of the builders of state barges and state coaches: of the former we have a good example in the engraving of the Coronation of William and Mary in 1689, when their Majesties went by water to Westminster: of the latter there are some beautiful plates in a singular work published at Rome in 1687 containing an account of the entry of the English Ambassador, accredited to the Pope by James II. This embassy of Lord Castlemain is treated of in detail by Macaulay, and does not seem to have been very successful diplomatically. He made, however, a great display, and his carriages were profusely covered and decorated not only with the usual scroll work and heraldic ornamentation, but with large allegorical figures both before and behind.

Leaving unnoticed the records of many splendid Continental pageants we may glance at some of those which have a greater interest for us, inasmuch as they took place either at our own doors or in connection with our own realm. One of the finest sights ever witnessed must have been that meeting between

Henry VIII. and Francis I. near Guisnes on Sunday the 7th of June, 1520. So grand was the display that a French annalist has remarked that many of their nobility carried their mills, their forests, and their meadows on their backs. There is a picture of the event in the Windsor Collection which was exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition some years ago: the procession was in the circumstances chiefly of a military character, but some of the great officers of state, such as the Earl Marshal, the Marquess of Dorset, and others, along with Garter King of Arms, were present. The king himself was clad in cloth of gold, with a jacket of rose velvet, while Wolsey was arrayed in violet velvet. If contemporary chroniclers bear testimony to the scene as having been one of unusual magnificence, we may be certain that it was very grand indeed, as such things were in those days judged by a much higher standard than in ours. Costume was at its finest and, though it is difficult to realise in these democratic days, the bearing and manners of the higher classes were such as to enable them to wear it with distinction and ease. They grew up in it, so to speak, and it was part of their continual environment: while in any modern pageant, however grand, in which unaccustomed costume is worn, the spectator has always an idea that the wearers of the dresses are wishing themselves out of them and in their club smoking-room arrayed in a shooting coat and trousers.

We have remarked how great a part allegory played in the processions of the Middle Ages: the taste for it in such a conjunction endured for a long period, and continued to be popular even after the advent of the new learning, and when the people were far removed from the influence of the mystery or miracle play. It was indeed in the days of Queen Elizabeth that this feature of public pageants perhaps reached its culmination. In Scotland a very good example of it was seen at Edinburgh a fortnight after Queen Mary landed at Leith on that miserably wet August afternoon in 1561. On the 2nd of September she rode from Holyrood to the Castle and had an early dinner there. After that she rode down the Castle hill in state under a canopy of purple velvet, borne by sixteen of 'the maist honest men' of the town clad in velvet gowns and

velvet bonnets. She was met by fifty young men attired as moors with blackened faces: behind her rode in a cart 'certain bairns' with a handsome casket of silver gilt, which at the end of the proceedings they presented to her as a 'propine' or gift. At the Tron she passed through a 'port' made of timber, on which were children singing 'in the maist heavenly wise.' Under it was a cloud opening with four leaves, in which was 'ane bonnie bairn,' who descended like an angel and delivered to Her Majesty the keys of the town, together with a handsomely bound Bible and Psalm-book, a gift we may imagine not altogether to the Queen's liking. 'This being done the bairn ascended in the cloud and the said cloud steekit.' The *cortège* then proceeded on its way to encounter further down the street maidens representing Fortune, Justice, and Policy. After looking at the Cross and seeing the people with glasses drinking the wine that flowed from its spouts the Queen had certain addresses presented to her, an ordeal which was again undergone at the Nether Bow, where there was also a dragon on a 'scaffet.' The dragon was burnt and a psalm was sung, after which Her Majesty was free to return to Holyrood and take her well-earned repose. Mary's son, the young King James, had a somewhat similar experience when he entered Edinburgh in 1579. King Solomon's judgment was the first allegory presented to his view: was it a presage that the King would ultimately earn the name of that wisest of monarchs? The 'cloud that steekit' was this time superseded by a brazen globe; speeches were made by Peace, Plenty and Justice in the Greek, Latin, and Scottish languages, much no doubt to the edification of George Buchanan's pupil, while Religion harangued him in Hebrew at the entrance to St. Giles, where he heard a sermon preached. The dryness of the discourse may possibly have been corrected by the sight afterwards of Bacchus seated on a gilt hogshead distributing wine in bumpers. But apart from a certain element of the grotesque the whole procession must have been very striking, as the King was attended by about a thousand gentlemen on horseback, and the usually dirty streets of the town were strewn with flowers, while the houses were all hung not only with

'magnifick tapestry,' but also with 'painted histories and the effigies of noble men and women.'

When James re-visited his kingdom in 1616, no procession seems to have been organised, though his welcome was elaborate and cordial. Charles I., however, had an experience of the allegorical pageant in its most intense form. Ben Jonson had shown that poets of the highest class were not above lending their talents to insuring the success of such entertainments, and we know that William Drummond of Hawthornden wrote some of the verses which greeted His Majesty's ear on this occasion. It would be tedious to go into the particulars of the procession; it is sufficient to say that, instead of Peace and Plenty, and their attendant dames, the figures in this show were of a more poetical character than had previously been the case. Nymphs, representing Edinburgh and the Muse of Caledonia, duly declaimed their speeches of welcome; Mars, Minerva, and Mercury, all appeared, while Endymion and the nine Muses on the top of Parnassus no doubt gave excellent effect to Drummond's verse.

Apart from the allegorical features of the procession, it was interesting from two facts: first, that two English heralds, York Herald and Norroy King-of-Arms, took part in it along with their Scottish brethren; second, that an awkward incident took place as the procession was being marshalled outside the town. A contest for precedence arose between the eldest sons of Earls and the Lords of Parliament; so hot did it become that the whole cavalcade was brought to a standstill, and we can fancy how uncomfortable the mild and gentlemanly king must have felt when these hot-blooded Scottish subjects of his were squabbling about their places. Why the Lyon (Sir James Balfour, who tells the story himself) did not roar at them and lash his tail, it is difficult to imagine, as he was the proper officer to have decided the dispute. Ultimately, however, the matter was referred to the King, who gave his decision in favour of the Earls' sons, and so the dispute ended.

The most national of all Scottish processions, and one

unique in its way, was the 'Riding of Parliament,' when the members rode from Holyrood to the place of meeting arrayed in their robes of State, and with 'foot-mantles,' and attended by a number of servants proportioned to their rank—from a duke, who was entitled to eight lacqueys, down to a Commissioner for a burgh, who had to be content with one. The 'honours,' *i.e.*, the crown, sceptre, and sword, were carried immediately before the King, if present, or if he was not, before the Commissioner. And so the brilliant train wended its way up the picturesque Canongate, through the Netherbow, and past St. Giles, all the street having been specially swept for the occasion, to the Parliament House, where they found the High Constable sitting on a chair. Rising from his seat, that official saluted the members one by one, and handed them over to the gentlemen of his guard, who conducted them inside the house, where the Earl Marischal and his deputies showed them their seats. The whole proceedings were of an exceedingly ceremonious character, and the procession must have been a very quaint and interesting one.

But it is to coronation processions that we must turn if we wish to realise fully the magnificence of a solemn State ceremonial. The records of these are, as may be imagined, ample. Though the procession on the actual day of coronation necessarily travels but a short distance, there used to be for centuries a royal progress through London on the day before. In 1236, we are told by Matthew Paris, Henry VI. and his newly-wedded wife, Eleanor, rode through the city, which was adorned with 'rich silks, pageants, and a variety of pompous shows,' attended by the mayor, aldermen, and three hundred and sixty citizens, all richly apparelled, and each man carrying in his hand a gold or silver cup in token of the privilege claimed by the city of being the Chief Butler of the kingdom at a coronation. From that time onwards there is hardly an English sovereign who has not made a triumphal progress through the capital of his kingdom. After James I., dinner seems to have been the principal feature in these royal visits to the city, but the allegorical pageant was still in force as late as Queen Anne's time, and it even flickered up in a last

expiring gleam when George III. and his Queen were entertained by the Lord Mayor in 1761.

We have now left these customs far behind, and the manners of our time require other methods of satisfying their sense of fitness on the occasion of a procession. But while castles, giants, embodied virtues, and winged children are all dead, with no chance of revival, we cannot but confess that we have also parted with many picturesque adornments to such a function. Our garments, comfortable though they may be, have gained that comfort at the cost of elegance and richness. On solemn occasions, no doubt, such as a coronation, the old-time dresses are once more assumed, but the capacity for wearing them with freedom is gone; our carriages, useful and even handsome though they may be, cannot attain to the imposing presence of the old-fashioned coach. As for horses which gave their name to the 'cavalcade,' would it be possible for the Lord Mayor of London to find four or five hundred city gentlemen to go with him on horseback to meet the sovereign? In modern times then, in default of anything better, we fall back on a military display, and we do it, considering all things, very well indeed—no one who saw the Diamond Jubilee function could doubt it. And yet, might we not utilise our inheritance of these historic ages of the past a little more, with all due regard to dignity and impressiveness. We have, for instance, still a College of Heralds, and nothing, as is becoming gradually recognised in other branches of art, is so decorative as heraldry, but not a solitary armorial achievement (except those on carriage panels) graced the memorable show of the 22nd of June, while surely an easily added element of picturesqueness was lost by the exclusion of the Officers-of-Arms in their tabards, which would have made that happy link with the past which would have given completeness to the display. Not only so, but a number of heraldic tabards, clustered say on the steps of St. Paul's, would have given a colour effect which, it is safe to say, could not have been produced in any other capital in Europe. And if a detachment of the Queen's Bodyguard for Scotland, the Royal Company of Archers, had been included in the pro-

cession, armed with their bows and arrows, it would have given that touch of the mediæval, and that variety of contrast, which was all that was wanted to emphasize the historic continuity between the weapons of ancient warfare and the modern magazine-rifle and Gatling-gun. But perhaps it is hardly fair to expect the modern military mind to be very tolerant of such relics of the past as heralds and archers!

J. BALFOUR PAUL.

ART. II.—SHERIFFS AND CORONERS.

THE early arrangements in any nation for the settlement of disputes between man and man, and the punishment and prevention of crime, are always of interest. In Scotland the ancient judicial arrangements, largely founded as they were on territorial possessions, and supplemented by royal charters, were tolerably complete. Not a hamlet growing up and extending beneath the protecting shelter of some ancient castle but found, in its captain or constable, one who was alike protector of its liberties, guardian of its rights, and settler of its disputes. Beyond the limits to which the jurisdiction of the constable reached—more or less extended as these were, according to the prowess of the lord of the castle—there were other jurisdictions, justiciaries (minor), sheriffdoms, stewardries, royalties, regalities, and bailleries of different kinds, while within royal burghs a jurisdiction—sometimes, but unsuccessfully, claimed to be private—was exercised by the provost and magistrates. In Scotland proper, dating from the time of William the Lion, the king's justiciars, at first two in number, one besouth the two firths, called the Justiciar of the Lothians; the other benorth the firths, perambulated the country at first two times, 'ance in graisse and ance in corn,' and afterwards four times a year. To these there was afterwards added a justiciar for Galloway, while that part of the kingdom commonly called the Highlands of Scotland, 'Being of so unsettled a character that offenders were not from thence easily amenable to justice,

nor could process of law have free course through it,' was early confided to MacCallum More, the head of the powerful family of Argyll, as Justiciar of the Highlands and Islands, except Orkney, Zetland, and Arran. All of these officers had the power of deputation, and they were provided with officers, sergeants, and mairs of fee, who, like the crownaires or coroners who attended to the courts of the King's Justiciars, were often hereditary in their tenure of office.

It was unavoidable in the disturbed and uncivilized character of the country that these high jurisdictions should, as matter of policy, be at first lodged in powerful families who might be able to enforce the decisions at which they arrived, and execute the laws against offenders. It illustrates the perilous and uncertain character of the times that the Lord-President of the Session, Lord Balmerinnoch, who sat, on 31st May, 1608, as Assessor to the Justice-General, was, within a year, in the same court, condemned to death for high treason; and that Argyll himself was, in 1661, 'as an hereditary and archtraitor,' sentenced, because of many and unparalleled treacheries, to forfeit all his high offices, a sentence confirmed by Parliament in 1685, but reversed under William and Mary in 1689. From a very early period of Scottish history we find grants of jurisdictions more or less extended in use to be made. These grants were sometimes absolute to a man and his heirs, generally those lawfully procreated, but not seldom to natural sons named in succession, and their children, whom all failing, to return to the king. Many of the grants were of a more limited character—for life, or for a certain number of years, 19 or 13 as the case might be. Generally the grant included certain lands and baronies, which were the rewards for the exercise of the office, the grantee rendering compt to Exchequer for the fines and escheats inbrought. In many instances, however, the fines and escheats—or, at all events, a certain proportion of them—or a specified sum of money out of these escheats, were granted with the office. Grants of regality were frequently made to Churchmen. From these there were generally excepted the pleas of the Crown, though sometimes, as in the grants to Paisley (1451) and St. Andrews (1480), these were expressly included.

Sometimes the grantee was a lady, but in that case the power of appointing competent parties to discharge the duties of the office was expressed—as, for instance, in the charter granted in 1451 by James II. to his queen, Mary, in security of her dower, conveying to her various earldoms, lordships, baronies, customs, power was given to appoint the Sheriffs of the Burghs of Stirling and Linlithgow and the County of Fife, these offices being included in the grant.

The Barons' Courts and Courts of Regality were often held in curious places—wherever, indeed, open spaces, as in churchyards, were found for the congregation of the vassals. In an old charter dated in 1380, David Earl Palatine of Stratherne and Caithness conveyed to John Rollo the lands of Fyndon with this reservation—'Salvis nobis et heredibus nostris Cathedra Comitis et loco domus Capitalis dicte terre de Fyndon;' the Chair of Justice, wherein the Earl sat in deciding causes, and the mansion-house to westward of which it was placed, being thus reserved. Similarly, in 1371, Robert Maxwell, Lord of Mearns, reserved to himself and his heirs the mount nearest to the village of Dryppyes, Barony of Kilbrideshire and County of Renfrew, and the great stone erected on the top for the purpose of holding courts so often as necessary to prosecute the inhabitants for injuries committed against himself and his heirs only. But grim and stern was the justice meted out in many an old castle to the enemies of the lord brought before him when seated on his moot hill within his castle walls, especially when his grant was with pit and gallows. At the head of Loch Tay stand the ruins of the strong fortalice of Finlarig, the seat of the Glenorchy Campbells, and now the property of the Marquess of Breadalbane. Surmounting the moot hill within its walls is a venerable holly of great size, green and flourishing to this day. To the right is the pit, in depth the height of a man, with a receptacle for the head, a rude and permanent 'block,' and a little distance off stood, till recently, the oak tree, one branch of which, deeply grooved with the friction of the rope, formed a ready gallows. Here, as tradition says, sat the chief, having power of life and death, and, according to his rank, gentle or simple, when he was found guilty, was sent to be 'justified' in

pit or on the tree. A strong tradition illustrative of the superstition of the time attaches to another tree in the ancient Castle of Dunoon on the Clyde. In the trial of the Marquess of Argyll in 1661 for the murder of 36 persons by hanging them on this tree, it was one of the articles of dittay that the Lord from heaven struck the said tree, so that it remained without leaf for the space of two years, and that being cut down there sprang out of the very heart of its root a spring like unto blood popling up, running into several streams all over the root, and that this continued for several years.

When these heritable offices came, in 1747, to be abolished, it was found after careful sifting that there were subsisting and entitling the holders to compensation one great justiciary—that of Argyll, two minor justiciaries, 28 sheriffships, 2 depute sheriffships, 4 constabularies, 79 lordships and bailleries of regalities, and 9 clerkships to regalities. Parliament in its wisdom provided the sum of £152,037 12s. 2d. to meet this claim of compensation which had been specially reserved to Scotland in the Treaty of Union, and it was remitted to the judges to ascertain who were entitled to claim and in what proportions. It was a busy time in the Court of Session. The claimants comprised almost all the nobility and a goodly number of gentry. The law officers of the Crown were called in as objectors. Ordinary business was at a standstill. The Court was empowered to sit continuously through the vacation month of March if the winter session did not see the business completed, and by the 18th of that month the claims were all adjusted. No one can now tell how many claimants appeared in this huge Multiple Poinding—the rejected claims lie an undigested mass in the Register House. To facilitate business the judges allowed every claimant whose rights stood on similar grounds or against whom the Lord-Advocate made a similar objection to be heard before any point was decided. What the data were on which the judges proceeded in fixing special sums cannot now be known. The claimants had most extravagant ideas of the values of their jurisdictions. Lord Blantyre claimed £3000 for the Regality of Kilpatrick and was allowed £200. Lord Bute claimed £9000 for the Sheriffdom

of Bute and Constabulary of the Castle of Rothesay, and was allowed £2000. The Earl of Moray claimed £8000 for the Sheriffdom of Moray and was allowed £3000. That the claim was in this last case not extravagantly stated appears from the fact that Charles Earl of Moray had in 1724 purchased from Ludovick Dunbar of Westfield the hereditary sheriffship for £25,000. The Countess of Errol, in claiming for the Regality of Slaines, with a woman's tact, contented herself with pointing out the incontestable fact that so just and regular had been the exercise of this jurisdiction that no complaint of any sentence or decision had ever been made. She based her claim on the loss of the happiness and satisfaction she had enjoyed in the opportunity of doing justice to her vassals and tenants in her own court free of charge, and commenting on the worry and distress to her tenants in having to resort to the new jurisdictions which would react unfavourably on the landlord, left the matter to the court. The judges awarded her £1,200.

The final award illustrates how largely these hereditary offices were lodged with the great families. Of the £152,037 12s. 2d. voted by Parliament £15,000 was awarded to the Duke of Argyll as Justiciar of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, except Orkney, Zetland, and Arran. £77,611 13s. 3d. divided among four dukes, one marquess, eleven earls, one countess, and nine commoners, was awarded for sheriffships. £54,005 18s. 11d. divided among nine dukes, one duchess, two marquesses, sixteen earls, one countess, six barons, and sixteen commoners, was awarded for abolished bailleries and lordships of regality. Four of the nobility received £3,500 for abolished constabularies, and the nine clerks whose occupation, like Othello's, was gone, received the balance, £1,920.

These figures attest the importance and value of the office of Sheriff, more than one half of the whole sum allocated being required to meet the claims on account of sheriffships. The judges in the report further stated that but for special agreements as to the terms on which the Sheriffships of Sutherland and Roxburgh were to be surrendered these sheriffships would have been entered at £2000 and £4,602 2s. 8d., more than was

allowed to the Earl of Sutherland and Mr. Douglas of Dean Brae, thus bringing up the rateable value of the 30 abolished sheriffships to £84,213 15s. 11d., or nearly twice what was allowed for regalities.

Both in England and Scotland sheriffs and coroners have existed from a very early period, going back in England as early as the times of Alfred, in Scotland to David I. It is to this monarch that the division of Scotland into shires has been ascribed. Although not, according to the best authorities, indigenous to Scotland, the Celts having, as Chalmers says, always hated sheriffs, but coming to us from Anglo-Saxon England the office and duties of sheriffs in Scotland do not correspond with those of sheriffs in England. From the nature and importance of these duties they would rather seem to correspond to the officers of similar title in Persia and the East. In England the shire is co-extensive with the county; in Scotland, while in popular language the two names are often used synonymously, there might at first be several shires in one county—counties being properly the districts of country, including many lordships and baronies united under one comes or earl—shires being those parts of counties to which sheriffs were by royal charter appointed. Curiously enough, under the statutory arrangements which now obtain, while the old time-honoured divisions of counties remain largely unaltered, sheriffdoms are in many instances composed of two or more counties. In England, as in Canada, the United States, and some Continental countries, the sheriff is entirely an executive officer, whether as high sheriff of the county, annually appointed he attends upon Her Majesty's judges, gives them fit and honourable reception, summonses juries and prisoners to their courts, and arranges for the carrying into execution of their sentences; or in more humble capacity he carries through by distraining and pouncing the decrees pronounced in civil causes, or at best holds a court to assess damages when parties confess judgment. In Scotland, on the contrary, high and important judicial duties have from the earliest times been in addition to those honorary and executorial duties attached to the office of sheriff.

Like the coroner in England, dating from very early times, the crownare in Scotland had as an officer *sub-coroná* important duties connected with the inbringing of the Crown revenues. Hence, according to some authorities, their name. Others, as Lord Bacon and Sir George Mackenzie, refer the name to the inquisition made by them *in coroná populi* into cases of sudden death. As representing the Crown they made inquisition as to treasure trove, a duty still discharged by coroners in England. They had also duties as to the arrest and warding of criminals to be tried before the king's judges. Their duties in England are now regulated by the statute of 1887. In Scotland, though at one time appointed one or more for every shire, and for a long time hereditary in families, they have long since ceased to exist. 'The office,' says that learned antiquarian and accurate historian, Professor Innes, 'went early out of use in Scotland.'

The grants of coronerships appearing in the Register of the Great Seal are such as these:—"1472, to Master John Lyon and his heirs male, the office of coroner within the bounds of the Counties of Forfar and Kincardine. 1498, to Archibald Erle of Argyle and his heirs certain lands with the office of coroner within the limits of Cowell from the water of Altneskyany to the point of Towart, and from said point to the point of Ardlawmout, and thence to the water of Lindesaig, and from that water to the well called Tibirore. 1472, to James Stewart of Auchingown and his heirs certain lands with the coronership of the lordship of Arran and its island. 1482, to William Murray of Tullibardine, soldier, the offices of steward, coroner, and forester within the earldom of Stratherne and lordship of Bouquidder with fees and dues for life."

It is understood that there was an heritable Coroner for Scotland—the Laird of Ednam: but the Charter Chest of the Duntreath family (now representing the Lairds of Ednam) furnishes little information as to this. Sir John Edmonstone did indeed in 1352 obtain from David II. a grant of the coronership of Lothian or Edinburgh to him, his heirs and assignees: but ten years later this was limited to a life-rent, and none of his descendants seem to have succeeded to the

office. The Earls of Sutherland were hereditary sheriffs and coroners of Sutherland. In Sir Robert Gordon's book on that Earldom mention is made in that land of clans of the Clan Cruner. James Gun, the founder of the clan, came from Caithness, where his father and all his family and principal kinsmen had been treacherously slain. His father was Cruner of Catteynes, chief of the Clan Gun, and a 'great Commander in his time, there being then no Erle of Catteynes.' Feud having broken out between the Clan Gun and the Keiths of Akregell, a meeting for recoulement (?) was fixed at the Chapel of St. Tayr in Catteynes, not far from Girnigo, with 12 horse asyde. Thither the Cruner repaired with his sons and principal kinsmen to the number of 12. But as they were within the chappell at prayer, the Laird of Inverrugie and Akregell arrived with 12 horse indeed, but with two men on every horse. So these 24 men rushed in at the chappell door invading at unawares the Cruner and his men, who gave them stout resistance. In the end the Clan Gun were slain, and the most of the Keiths as well, their blood remaining long to be seen on the chapel walls. James Gun, who was fortunately not with his father, withdrew with his family from Caithness to Sutherland and founded the Clan Cruner.

Under the *Leges Malcolmi*, the coroner was charged with the duty of making instant inquiry into all murders, and arresting the murderer—'The Crownare or Scherif, or in burgh the Provost, being required to make inspection of his body, that is slaine, and their clerk to make an abridgement of the same, and see the body buried. In the *Quoniam Attachiamenta* there is a curious brieve for arresting persons denying their nativity, illustrating the existence in early Scottish history of serfs attached to the soil, and passing with the lands from one proprietor to another—'Gyf the natives bondmen deny to their lord their nativity or bondage, they sal be attached be the Kingis officiaris, or be the Crownare, bi sikar pledges to answer to their Lord before the Justice at ane lawful day.' An early statute of Alexander provides—'Gyf ony schip or fercost or other veschell arrives, and in hir is found ane quick leevand man, dog, or cat, and comes quick furth of hir, that

veschell sal not be judged or decerned schip wrack; but sal be keiped with all hir gudes at the sight of the Schiref, Crownar, or Kingis Bailie for the benefit of the owner, who may claime within yeire and day.' But the chief duties under these early statutes of the 'crownare,' in association with the 'sherif,' were connected with the Courts of the Justitiar. When either the Kingis Justitiar in ordinary course made progress through the country, or when, as often happened, special Justitiars were appointed to try particular criminals, they handed to the coroner the portuous roll with the names of the accused. His duty then was to arrest these parties, and see that they were put under ward with the sheriff, or under caution to appear at the Justice Aire. If, however, they were too powerful for him to deal with at his own hands, he applied to the Lord of the Barony or the Sheriff of the County either to give surety for the parties appearing at the Justice Aire, or to provide him with sufficient escort to arrest the accused. In making his arrests, the coroner could proceed at any time of the year, and either before or after the 'crying' (proclamation) of the Justice Aire. If the accused could not be found, the Coroner remained at his dwelling-house for a night and day, being entitled to sustentation for himself and two servants, also two others as witnesses; and, failing to secure the accused, he was to arrest all his goods under sure pledges to answer at the Justice Aire. Wyntoun alludes to these duties in the couplet—

' To Elandonan the Crownar past,
For til areist misdoaris there.'

Sheriffs and coroners both required to give attendance at the Justice Aire to prove the arrests, produce the prisoner, and guard the bar. The old justiciary records contain entries showing how sharply coroners were called to account, *e.g.*, 'Jedburgh, 1502. Dominus de Cranston Coronator principalis sæpe vocatus ad probandam arrestacionem supra David Turnbull de Wauchop, psont receptit eum in portuferio, et in defectu probationis arreste in amerciamento est.' There are notices, also, of arrestments by the coroner of goods: 'Oxin, ky, hors, schiepe, ryks of corne, nolte, and the lyk.' On the last day of

the Aire, both these officers had to thole 'An assize anent the using and execution of their office to quhom justise sal be administrat as they sal be found innocent or culpable.' Coroners were often fined under such an assize. Though now largely a formality, the sheriffs of the district are still called on the last day of a Circuit Court, and opportunity is given for complaint being made against them.

Fees were, under early statutes, provided to coroners—'For ilk man that was unlawed or that componed ane colpindach (ane quaich or yung kow) or threttie pennies; for ane man that was cleged (acquitted), nathing.' The option of the 'threttie pennies' was only given south of the Scottish Sea (Firth of Forth). When sentence of death was pronounced, the coroner was entitled to a share of the goods—'All the dantoned and tame horse not shod, al the schiepe within 20, al the goats and swine within 10, al the grains and corns lyand in byngs or broken mawes, al the utensils or domicil of the house within the inward part—that is, within the cruke hing-and on the fire.' Abuses, however, crept in, and a statute (1487, c. 102) was passed requiring the sheriff to go with the 'Crownar and see the whole goods of the convict, and give the Crownar only what was justly his due.' There are traces, also, in old charters of certain casualties being paid to heritable coroners. When Sir James Stewart pursued his action of reduction of the Crownarie of Bute against John Stewart of Ascog, one of the conclusions was to free his lands of the custom or casualty of so many bolls of oats payable to the coroner. The statute (1633, c. 54) confirming the bargain between the King and the Erle of Sutherland as to the Sheriffship and Crownarie of Stirling contains a ratification of the 'Wadsett and impignoration to the Erle for £1000 of the said heritable office with all and sundrie fies, privileges, jurisdictions, immunities, casualties, and dewties belonging thereto.'

All these fees and duties had come to an end when Sir George Mackenzie wrote at the end of the 17th century, though it was only under protest that some of the heritable coroners gave place to the officers and macers who had come to discharge their duties. The Justiciary Court, with its own

proper officers, was established on its present footing in 1672, and though there are traces of heritable coroners down to a later period, coroners were not included in the list of heritable offices abolished in 1747. Some claims for compensation were indeed then made on that head, but none were allowed. The whole duties discharged by coroners are now absorbed in the office of sheriff; discharged either personally by sheriffs, or by the officers whom they appoint in their counties.

Sheriffs, like earls and barons, the oldest titles of nobility in Scotland, go back to the times of David I., if not to those of Malcolm Canmore. It has, indeed, been authoritatively stated that there are no Scottish patents of nobility extant earlier than James VI., and that it was only by the erection of lands into a barony or earldom that such titles were conferred. Certainty on this point cannot, however, be predicated, when it is considered that, in 1661, when the Scottish registers, which had been carried to England in the time of Cromwell's usurpation, were being brought back by sea, 85 hogsheads of them were shifted in a storm from the frigate, the *Eagle*, into another vessel, which afterwards sank with these records at sea, and that in many grants of Novodonus it is recorded that though the lands and others had beyond the memory of man been possessed by the grantee's authors, yet his titles had been lost in the recent disturbances or rebellion. Earls and barons bearing these titles did exist in the time of David, or even earlier, the usual preamble to the Acts of Parliament of that sovereign being 'with the advise of his earls, barons, and with the consent of the clergy and people.' The earl was the comes, the sheriff was vice-comes in the vice-comitatus or county. He sat first of all as assessor with the earl, and later on when the earl was often absent he gradually became the recognised head of the court. In the grants of sheriffships the power of deputation which was always implied was often expressed. The holding in these old charters was usually blench—a rose, red or white, a pair of white gloves, a pair of gilt spurs or some such symbol of the purity and celerity with which justice was to be administered. In the great grant, however, in 1511, to Adam Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, of

various lands and baronies, church patronages, etc., in ten different counties, and which included the offices of Principal Sheriff of Edinburgh, and of Sheriff of Edinburgh within the constabulary of Haddington, also Sheriff of Berwick, a distinction was made between the lands and the offices—the reddendo for the former being 4 silver pennies, and for the latter ‘to render due administration of justice, and render to exchequer an account of the fees.’ A remarkable reddendo occurs in the charter (16th November, 1482), to the burgesses and community of Edinburgh appointing the provost of the burgh duly elected to be sheriff within burgh, and the bailies his deputies for ever—for which offices the provost, bailies, burgesses, and community should be held bound to cause celebrate on 4th August in every year in the church of the blessed Egidius (St. Giles), ‘missam de Requie cum Placebo et Dirige—pro animâ Jacobi II. regis.’ An interesting enumeration of the duties of sheriffs occurs in the Deputation by John Lord Halyburtoune, Sheriff of Berwick, to Sir Alexander Hume of that ilk—confirmed by Royal Charter, 22nd June, 1449. It gave and granted to the said Sir Alexander ‘my full and plaine power, shyref courtis within the said shyrefdome to set, proclaime, and halde; al maner of brevis and borowes to execute; trespaseours to punys, eschetis, and amerciantis to rase and inbring, and for thame to streinzie if need be, al men and thair gudis, inhabitantis the said schyrefdome, before quhatsumever juge or jugis thai be attachit to borrow and bring again to the freedome of the said schyrefdome of Berwick, and al uthir and sindry thingis to do, and til use that to thyre office of schyreff-depute be law, use, or custum is knawen to pertain, and that I mycht do myself in propre persoun.’ The power of repledging alluded to in this commission was one often inserted in grants of offices, and in its exercise troublesome questions as to jurisdiction often arose which required to be settled by the superior courts.

It is interesting to note in some of these early charters that care for the comfort of the sheriff which under modern legislation has resulted in provision for the palatial structures in which the justice of the sheriff courts is now administered. As

early as 1452 the sheriffship of Berwick was combined with a grant of the lands of Little Lambertoune, commonly called Sherefbyggane. In 1498 the Sheriff of Elgin and Forres was in his charter provided with a house. But the most detailed of all provisions occurs in the grant in 1508 to the Earl of Huntly of the office of Sheriff of Invernys, with power at his own expense to build on the castle hill of Invernys his court-house on vaults of stone and lime 100 ft. long by 30 broad, and a like height of wall covered with slates.

In the Scotland of to-day there is a great variety of sheriffs, from the lord lieutenant or sheriff principal of a county, through the sheriffs proper, whether sheriff-depute or sheriff-substitute of sheriffdoms, downward to 'our sheriffs in that part specially constitute,' who are properly the sheriff's officers appointed by him to see his decrees and judgments enforced, by the painful processes of arrestment, poinding, and sale.

In most of the counties of Scotland the lord lieutenant is sheriff principal—so gazetted. Originally he was expected to discharge all the duties of sheriff, but was entitled to depute these, so far as the judicial office was concerned, to men versed and able in the law. He is now by statute prohibited from exercising any judicial function. It was at one time part of his duties to 'Raise the county in pursuit of Wolves, to see that Fute Ball and Golf were utterly cried down and abused (disused), and in their place to set up Bow Marks near the Kirks and see that Archery was practised.' He is Her Majesty's representative in the county, head of the lieutenancy and Militia, and though he has not now the duty, at one time laid upon him, of attending on the judges when they make their circuits, he resembles in many respects in Scotland the High Sheriffs in England. His appointment is, however, not annual but for life. In legal language he is not included in the expression which occurs in many statutes, 'Sheriff of the County;' indeed, where several counties are united in one sheriffdom, he is only one of the Lord-Lieutenants or Sheriff-Principals of the counties embraced within the sheriffdom.

Then we have the sheriffs proper, who are of two kinds, both holding Her Majesty's commission—the Sheriff-Deputes,

who, except in Glasgow and Edinburgh, are non-resident, and who, under statute of George IV., c. 29, are entitled to be addressed by the title of Sheriff, and the Sheriff-Substitutes, of whom there are usually several in every sheriffdom—all resident in their respective districts. Both are included in the term Sheriffs of the County; the commissions of both extend over the whole sheriffdom, but in the case of the latter they are recommended to confine themselves to a particular district, although entitled, if need be, to act in the other districts of the sheriffdom. In large towns, such as Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, where the judicial work is considerable, there are several co-ordinate Sheriff-Substitutes, whose work is not specially separated, but allocated by themselves in consultation with the sheriff.

The Sheriff-Depute, although entitled, if present, to discharge all the duties of the sheriffdom, is, with the above exceptions, non-resident, giving attendance on the Supreme Courts in Edinburgh, and entitled to practice as an advocate. His principal duties are those of an Appeal Judge, but he exercises a controlling influence in all the affairs of the sheriffdom, and has a privative duty in certain administrative functions falling to the office of sheriff, such as the appointment of sheriff-officers, delineation of populous places and burghs, and the holding of Registration Courts for the election of members of Parliament. He is the Returning-Officer in Parliamentary elections, both for the counties and the burghs within his sheriffdom. Some of the Sheriffs of Scotland are salaried members of the Local Government Board, and others are Commissioners of Northern Lights, and, as such, annually inspect the lighthouses of Scotland.

The Sheriff-Substitute is resident in his district, and may be regarded as the local representative of law and order. His appointment, like that of the sheriff, is from the Crown, and *ad vitam aut culpam*. With the exception of these private duties above mentioned, he is expected to discharge every duty laid at common law or custom, or by innumerable statutes upon sheriffs. Scotland has taken kindly to the office; there is perhaps no country where a more complete local provision

for justice has been made. The sheriff is not merely the *Juge de la première instance* of France. He represents in Scotland a variety of public officers in England, being as he is in his district County Court Judge, Chief Commissioner in Bankruptcies, Chief Resident Magistrate, Coroner, and head of the department of crimes. The public records for deeds of various kinds are managed, under his control, by the Sheriff-Clerk and his staff of assistants, who also have the care of the court books, and voluminous papers constituting the records in the civil causes coming before the sheriff. It is in name of the sheriff and under his supervision that the investigation of crimes occurring in the district is carried on by the Procurator-Fiscal and his staff of assistants. He has a certain control over the police, and has, in addition to his civil jurisdiction, a large criminal jurisdiction both in summary cases and with the assistance of a jury in those more serious. The preliminary examination of prisoners and the preparation for trial in the more serious cases of the pleas of the Crown and others coming before Her Majesty's judges, are conducted before the sheriff.

In the Small Debt Court, for causes under £12, which are held once or twice a week, or oftener in large centres, and from which there is practically no appeal, justice is brought down at simple cost to the very humblest of the people. In the Certain Debts Recovery Court questions in causes under £50 with a limited right of appeal to the Sheriff-Depute are determined, and in the ordinary Sheriff Court questions of unlimited amount, and sometimes occupying several days in their expiscation, are tried subject to appeal to the Supreme Civil Courts of the country. It is before the Sheriff-Substitute that complaints and proceedings under innumerable statutes are brought. To state the whole of these would be endless:—bankruptcy, public health, poor laws, game laws, registration of births, deaths, and marriages, factory complaints, and every conceivable matter in regard to which the legislature can devise a crime or invent a penalty. Runaway soldiers, recalcitrant debtors, rogues, vagabonds, and Egyptians equally with mad dogs and dangerous animals share his attention. Any

sudden encroachment on property may call for his interference with an interdict; and at any moment he may be called to some part of his district to take a dying declaration.

Public attention has been recently called to his duties as coroner. He does not as in England call in the assistance of a jury whenever an old pot of coins is found in a kailyard, but he sees that it is claimed for the Crown. In all cases of sudden death investigation at his instance is made, and it is he who determines whether the case calls for post-mortem examination. This is done privately and without a jury. Where the deceased has been under confinement in prison or in a public institution the inquiry is made publicly, but without a jury. Under a recent statute a jury is called in to hear the evidence where a workman has met with his death in the course of his employment. The office of the jury is strictly limited to ascertaining when and where the man died, when and where he met with the accident causing his death, and what was the cause of death. Jurymen have frequently expressed a wish to go beyond this, and record their opinion as to whether any are or who was to blame. They have been held in all cases strictly to the statutory duty. It would be manifestly improper that they should be allowed to express such opinion at that stage, and without full evidence as to the whole circumstances. Inquiry is in all cases made by the Crown, and should there be occasion for it criminal prosecution follows. It may be questioned whether as limited by statute there is any necessity for a jury being called in at all—in some parts of the country complaints are made of this additional burden of service. The whole purpose of public inquiry would be equally well served by the inquiry before the sheriff being conducted in public. Again, in railway accidents, unless it happens that a railway employee is killed, there is no public inquiry. Inquiries are in such cases privately made both by the Procurator-Fiscal and *also* the officers of the Board of Trade. It would, I think, be *very* advantageous for the information of the public if the *public* duty inquiry before the sheriff were conducted in public. So upon *that* know, there has been only one instance of a public *inquiry* before a sheriff in such a case. I allude to the Loch-

winnock disaster about two years ago. It was conducted with the sanction of the Lord Advocate, in the presence of a court crowded with the villagers, and though no jury was called in to assist, the mere fact of the inquiry being in public gave great satisfaction to the relatives and the public generally. It may be mentioned that, whether in the ordinary court, under the service of Heirs Act, or in the Commissary Court, as regards movables, all questions as to the transference of property to the heirs and representatives of one deceased, and the collection and inbringing of the death-duties, are disposed of before the sheriff.

No one, it may well be believed, enjoys a holiday more than a resident sheriff. It is no part of his duty now to cry down football and golf, and though few sheriffs engage personally in the former, not a few find a pleasant holiday pastime in the great legal and national game.

HUGH COWAN.

ART. III.—PAOLO SARPI.

THERE is a Scotch proverb which says, 'It's ill work chap-ping at a dead man's yett.' Whatever may have been the intention of the man who framed the aphorism, its truth will come home to all who, out of the fragmentary records bequeathed by contemporaries, and the voiceless pages of epistolary correspondence, have endeavoured first to recover and then to display the living portrait of a man long dead and gone. The proverb is particularly true in the case of Fra Paolo Sarpi, for not only is he dead and buried nigh upon three hundred years, but during his very lifetime he suffered a species of burial. He entered a monastery at the age of thirteen, and made open profession of his vows before he was twenty. Under the rigid rule of monastic life one day resembles another, and we are deprived of all those little touches of humour, of temper, of sentiment, which in the early

lives of distinguished persons so clearly indicate the manner of men they will come to be.

Nevertheless, with the help of his own writings, his official opinions presented to the Government in his capacity of Counsellor to the State, his informal letters to friends, in which, as he himself declares, 'I write as I would speak';* in the current opinions about him expressed by contemporaries; above all, thanks to that labour of loving hands, Fra Fulgenzio's life of his friend and master, we may construct for ourselves some likeness of the great Servite friar.

Sarpi was born on the 14th of August, 1552. His father was Francesco Sarpi, of San Vito, in Friuli, who had migrated to Venice; his mother, Elizabeth Morelli, a lady of good, though not of noble, Venetian family. Sarpi took after his mother—was a delicate child, thoughtful, silent, studious. His father died when he was young, and his mother entrusted the boy's education to her brother, Don Ambrogio, a priest, who kept a school. Here the boy was worked too hard for his slender constitution, and suffered in consequence. He grew shy, retiring, melancholy. His companions called him 'La Sposa,' and paid him the compliment of avoiding loose conversation when he appeared, but he was not popular. At the age of twelve Don Ambrogio could teach him no more, and he was passed on to Gian Maria Capella, a Servite friar, master in theology, mathematics, and philosophy. Under Gian Maria's teaching, young Sarpi discovered the real bent of his intellect towards mathematics and the exact sciences, and doubtless acquired that liking for the Servite order which led him, in spite of his mother and his uncle, to take the habit in November, 1566.

A period of close application to his studies was followed by a journey to Mantua, where Sarpi won the favour of Duke William, who was never tired of putting difficult, and sometimes ridiculous, questions to the young student, though Sarpi soon wearied of the game. Under this powerful patronage, however, he became Theologian to the Duke, and the Bishop

* *Lettere di Fra Paolo Sarpi.* Firenze, 1863. Vol I., p. 112.

of Mantua gave him the Chair of Theology, with a readership in Casuistry and Canon Law; and here, in the process of teaching, Sarpi learned the use of those weapons with which he subsequently made such sprightly play.

His studies continued at a high pressure—eight hours a day of Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, mathematics, medicine, anatomy, botany. The pile of his note-books grew in height. He never allowed a difficulty to escape him; he would follow it up till he was able to say, 'I've beaten it; now I'll think no more on it.'*

Sarpi was soon in high favour with the Cardinal Archbishop, but that did not shield him from the first of the many attacks which he was destined to experience in the course of his life. He was accused of heresy because he confessed that he could not find the complete Trinity in the first verse of Genesis. His defence is characteristic and noteworthy, showing a legal rather than theological turn of mind. He alleged that there was connivance between his accuser—a jealous friar—and his judge, the Inquisitor of Milan. He asserted and proved that the judge was incompetent, through his ignorance of Hebrew. On these grounds he refused to answer in Milan, and appealed to Rome, where the cause was quashed.

In the following year Sarpi received a call to teach philosophy in the Servite Monastery in Venice. He set out; it was summer. On the way between Vicenza and Padua, along those hot and dusty roads, he was seized with heat-apoplexy. He sent for a barber to bleed him; the man refused without the presence of a doctor. Sarpi said, 'Go and fetch one; but just let me see if your lancet is sharp.' When the man returned, the operation was over.

For the next four years Sarpi continued to lecture and study in his Monastery at Santa Fosca, where he steadily won for himself a foremost place in the ranks of his order. In 1579 he was elected provincial and named to serve on the Committee appointed to bring the rules of the order into unison with the

* *Vita del Padre Paolo Sarpi. Opere. Helmstat, 1765. Vol. VI. Page 6.*

Tridentine decrees. This necessitated a journey to Rome to consult with the Cardinal Protector of the Order and with the Pope. Sarpi drew up the chapter on Judgments. The work was considered a masterpiece and one dictum in it has attracted the attention and admiration of jurists. Sarpi declares, and perhaps for the first time, that the prison ought to be reformative not merely punitive.

The new constitutions were approved and Sarpi returned to his duties as Provincial of his Order. His rule was severe, incorruptible, sound. No judgment of his was ever reversed on appeal, and the Cardinal Protector, Santa Severina, declared to an appellant that 'the findings of your Provincial admit of no reply.'

During these Roman visits Fra Paolo made the acquaintance of many distinguished persons, of Farnese, of Santa Severina,—head of the Inquisition, of Castagna,—afterwards Pope Urban VII., of Dr. Navarro—who had known Loyola, above all, of Cardinal Bellarmine, with whom he was subsequently brought into violent controversial relations. But the two men personally liked each other, and Bellarmine did not fail in the offices of friendship when, much later on, he warned the Venetian Ambassador that plots were being laid against Fra Paolo's life. It is a pleasure, moreover, to record that on the appearance of a scurrilous biography of Sarpi, Bellarmine expressed to the Pope, the following opinion. 'Holy Father, this book is a tissue of lies. I know Fra Paolo; I know him for a man of irreproachable habits. If such calumnies are published by us, all the dishonour will be ours.'*

Indeed Sarpi made for himself a very strong position in Rome. It was even thought that he might reach the purple. Bellarmine, at all events believed that his services might have been retained for the Curia, by the gift of *un fiore secco*, a dried flower, as he called it, by which he meant a see without emoluments. But Sarpi was not ambitious; he took little pains to conciliate; and the jealousy of more persistent aspirants easily blocked his path. He was in Rome for the last

* *Bianchi Giovini; Biografia, etc.*, II., 174.

time in 1597. From this, his fifth journey, he returned to Venice, which he seldom quitted again till his death.

And now that we have our Frate safely in his cell, now that he is on the very threshold of the larger field of European ecclesiastical politics, let us see how much of his daily life, his habit of mind and body, we can recover from the testimony of his contemporaries. He was a man of medium height, with a large forehead, arched eyebrows, a long nose, a broad nasal bone,—remarked by Lavater—a strong, large hand and thick-set body. Eyes very black and piercing. He was excessively thin, and his health was seldom good. He had his own peculiar way of doctoring himself,—he believed in violent changes of food, of hours, of habits. When out of sorts he would turn day into night, night into day. His medicines were cassia, manna, tamarind—the same that the Venetian *popolo* still consumes. His ailments, which he called his ‘notices to quit,’ he treated lightly, and fought them chiefly by the vigour of his spirits. His high courage was his best medicine. Courage and coolness he possessed in a singular degree, and he had abundant need of both. He was a fidgetty patient, asking his physicians many questions, and frequently declaring that he knew more about his illness than his doctors did—which I daresay was true. The frailness of his body, and the austerity of his habits, preserved to his senses an extraordinary delicacy of perception. He always declared that his enemies would never succeed in poisoning him through his food; and he refused the government’s proposal to appoint an official taster. His memory had been well trained in his youth, and was prodigiously retentive. It seems to have been largely what is called a visual memory—he recalled the look of a page—then what was on the page. To Sarpi it seemed a mechanical quality, and he always spoke of it as that ‘excellent weakness.’

He suffered much from cold and tried to combat it by holding warm iron in his hands; but I suspect that chilblains had the better of him. His friend, Sir Henry Wotton, the English Ambassador, describes him as sitting in his cell ‘fenced with a castle of paper about his chair and over his head when he

was either reading or writing alone, for he was of our Lord of St. Albans' opinion that all air is predatory, and especially hurtful when the spirits are most employed.' This cell was extremely bare—a table, a box for his books, a bench, a crucifix above a human skull, a picture of Christ in the garden, a little bed, to which he preferred a shakedown on his book-box—that was all. His diet was spare as his lodging, vegetables, hardly any meat, a little white wine, toast—his fine palate appreciating the great varieties of flavour obtained by that excellent method of cooking. His old friend, Frate Giulio, attended to him—saw that he was washed, dressed, brushed, etc. From the convent registers we learn that two pairs of sheets lasted him twenty years, thanks no doubt, to the shakedown. He was a devourer of books; and he had them bound before he read them. I suppose most of them were like modern German editions. Mathematics were his pastime, and these he kept for the afternoons. Sir Henry Wotton adds some further touches. 'He was one of the humblest things that could be seen within the bounds of humanity, the very pattern of that precept "Quanto doctior, tanto submissior," and is enough alone to demonstrate that knowledge, well digested, *non inflat*. Excellent in positive, excellent in scholastical and polemical divinity, a rare mathematician even in the most abstruse parts thereof, and yet withal so expert in the history of plants as if he had never perused any book but Nature. Lastly, a great canonist, which was the title of his ordinary service with the State, and certainly in the time of the Pope's interdict they had their principal light from him.' Sarpi's manner was excessively ceremonious and urbane. Times were dangerous, and politeness is an excellent weapon of defence. He talked little, but possessed the gift of making others talk. When he did join in the conversation, his tone was persuasive not dogmatic. He cared most, as Fra Fulgenzio says, to know the truth, 'una gran curiosità d'intendere come realmente le cose fossero passate,' and this gave to his attitude a certain air of aloofness, indifference, disdain, irritating to those who were defending a *parti pris*, and led Sarpi to say that nothing so much as the truth enraged and rendered men obstinate. It

also induced him to lay down a rule for his own guidance. 'I never,' he says, 'tell a lie, but the truth not to everybody.'* Not because it is not well to tell it always, but, as he remarks, because not everybody can bear it.

The temper of his mind was scientific—mathematics were his favourite study—and the scientific method is apparent throughout all his work. 'I never,' he writes, 'venture to deny anything on the ground of impossibility, for I am well aware of the infinite variety in the operations of God and Nature.' † In respect to this scientific quality Sarpi is a very modern man. He is talking about the merits of the various writers of his day, and whom does he select for praise as the only 'original authors,' (?) Vieta and Gilbert, two men of science, ‡ just as we might say that Darwin and the scientific writers were, in a sense, the only original authors of our day.

Linked with this genuine love of discovery for discovery's sake, this curiosity as to how things really were—which is perhaps the essence of the scientific spirit—Sarpi also possessed an exquisite modesty. He never displays one iota of jealousy, and is absolutely without desire for notoriety, yet Galileo acknowledges assistance, in the construction of the telescope, from 'mio padre e maestro Sarpi.' The famous physician, Fabrizio of Aquapendente, exclaims, 'Oh! how many things has Father Paul taught me in anatomy.' The valves in the veins were discovered by Sarpi. Gilbert of Colchester ranks him above Della Porta as an authority on magnetism. In his treatise on 'L'arte di ben pensare,' ('The Method of Thinking Correctly'), he certainly anticipates the sensationalism of Locke.

Many of his curious inventions, and more of his ideas, were freely placed at the disposal of his friends, and no acknowledgment in public ever sought. Indeed Sarpi, in this respect, lived to the height of his own generous maxim, 'Let us imitate God and Nature; they give, they do not lend.' Twice only does he assert his priority. It is important to note the occa-

* *Vide Encyclopedia Britannica.* 5 V., Sarpi.

† *Lettere*, I., 229.

‡ *Vide Quarterly Review*, No. 352, p. 379.

sion, for it affords some clue as to Sarpi's personal estimate of the relative value of his works. Writing to a friend in France on two different occasions, he exclaims, 'I was the first to affirm that no sovereign had ever freed the clergy from allegiance to himself.'* Sarpi is right to guard his reputation here, for it is precisely on the point of ecclesiastical politics, and not in the region of science, however brilliant his accomplishments may there have been, that his real distinction rests.

Thus far I have endeavoured to represent some of the qualities which characterised the mind of Paolo Sarpi. But let us press a little deeper, and discover, if possible, his fundamental views of life, his inner religion, the faith by which he lived. He was a strict observer of outward forms and ceremonies—so strict, indeed, that his enemies were unable to fasten upon him any charge which they could sustain. The cut of his shoes was once impugned by a foolish but troublesome brother; Sarpi, however, triumphantly demonstrated their orthodoxy, and it became a proverb in the Order that even Fra Paolo's slippers were above suspicion.

But beneath the surface of these formalities, I think that Sarpi was essentially sceptical as to all human presentations of the truth outside the exact sciences. And, as so often happens, this scepticism was accompanied by a stoical resignation to fate, and a profound belief in the divine governance of the universe. It was this scepticism which kept him inside the Church of Rome in spite of his dislike to its excessive temporal claims and worldly tendencies. He never showed the smallest inclination to change his native creed for any of the various creeds which the chaos of Reformation bestowed upon Europe. The temper of his mind, eminently scientific, prevented him from enjoying that strong externalizing faith which allowed Luther to believe that he had engaged in a personal conflict with the devil. Sarpi was Italian, not German; he was not superstitious, and an Italian who is not superstitious is very frequently sceptical. This scepticism, however, did not leave him without a religion; its corrosive power could not reach

* *Lettere*, II., 414; I., 313.

further than the human formulas in which men endeavoured to confine the truth. Below all these lay the core of his faith. In his letters no phrases occur more frequently than those which declare his conviction that all is in the hands of God. While in constant danger of his life, he refused to adopt the precautions recommended by his friends, being convinced that he will not be killed before the appointed time. When he sees the course of events taking a turn destructive of his hopes, again he affirms his confidence that the issue will be for good. 'What human folly is this to desire to know the future. To what purpose? To avoid it? Is not that a patent impossibility? If you avoid it, then it was not the future.'* 'Fate guides the willing,' he said, 'but compels the reluctant' ('i fati conducono chi vuole, e chi non vuole strascinano'), † an aphorism which we may parallel with Dante's noble line, 'In la sua volontade è nostra pace,' or with that simpler and diviner formula of submission, 'Thy will be done.'

But there was a further principle in the religion of Fra Paolo, a principle which saved him from the dangers of fatalism. He was perfectly convinced that men were the agents of the Divine will, and that it was man's first duty to act, to take advantage of the fitting occasion which presented itself almost as a divine injunction to use it. This doctrine of the *Kairos*, of the fitting opportunity, is repeated again and again throughout the letters. ‡. 'In all human action,' he writes, 'opportunity is everything. It is well to do God's service without regard of consequences, but only if all the circumstances are propitious. Without that, such action cannot merit the name of good, and may even be a hindrance to successful action in the future, when the season is ripe.' Again: 'As for myself, being well aware that to use an unpropitious occasion is little pleasing to the Divine Majesty, I never cease to make myself more able and more ready to act when the right moment arrives; and like the artificer I gather material when not at work. If the time should never come for me, what I have gathered may be of service to another.'

* *Lettere*, I., 270.† *Lettere*, II., 126, 429.‡ *Lettere*, I., 269.

It is a cold religion, perhaps, but a very strong one; with a deep taproot of faith and an abundant field for the play of human practical judgment, for the development of human action. And this is a proof of its goodness that in spite of all Fra Paolo suffered—in body—from ill-health and the assassin's dagger; in mind—from calumny, from apparent failure, from isolation; his religion was strong enough to sustain and strengthen his whole life, and a contemporary observer, Diodati, was forced to admit that every blow falls paralyzed and blunted on that sweetness and maturity of affections and spirit, which raise him to a height far above all human passions.*

And now, before proceeding to an account of Sarpi's life-work—to a narrative of what he found to do in the field of ecclesiastical politics, it will be as well to see what his views upon this subject were and what weapons of offence and defence were at his disposal.

We must bear in mind that throughout the controversy upon which Sarpi was about to engage, it is not the Church which he is attacking but the Roman Curia, and the new tendencies which it represented—new, that is, in so far as they gave a new form to the mediæval claims of the Papacy. Sarpi observes that the Curia would like to give to the Pope not the 'primatus' but the 'totatus' † in the world of ecclesiastical politics. He has a distinct name for the policy which was represented by Spain, the Jesuits and the Inquisition—he calls it the Diacatholicon. For the Jesuits, whom he conceived to be the life and spirit of the diacatholicon, are reserved his most pungent irony, his most crushing attacks. He hated them because he thought they were not only a serious and unwarranted danger to temporal princes, and destructive of good citizenship; but even more, because he was convinced that they were leading the Church upon a false track—confounding the things of earth with the things of heaven (*mescolare il cielo colla terra ‡*), and introducing disorder into a divinely ordered world.

* Moritz Ritter; *Briefe und acten zur Geschichte des Dreissig jahrigen Krieges*, II., p. 131.

† *Lettere*, I., 275.

‡ *Lettere*, II., 6.

The political situation stood thus: The Curia could always rely on the dread of Spain to enforce its supremacy upon an unwilling Italy; France was the only counterpoise to Spain; England and the Protestant princes of Germany were too far off, and as Sarpi said, they were quite unknown in Venice, and this combination of Spain and the Curia was developed by the Jesuits for the furtherance of their special ends. Sarpi was convinced, as he says, that 'if the Jesuits were defeated, religion would be reformed of itself.'* And what his aspirations were in the direction of reform can be gathered from his letters; from such explicit passages as this: 'I imagine,' he writes, 'that the State and the Church are two separate Empires—composed, however, each of them, by the same human beings. The one is entirely celestial, the other terrestrial; each has its proper limits of jurisdiction, its proper arms, its proper bulwarks. No region is common to both. How then can those who walk by different roads clash together? Christ has said that He and His disciples were not of this World, and Saint Paul has declared that our citizenship is in Heaven.'† Again Sarpi argues that the Church being a divine institution cannot ever be really injured by the State, which is a human institution.‡ He wishes to mark the two as entirely distinct from one another, moving on different planes. If asked; what then is the field of action left to the Church, if she is to interfere in no matters secular and temporal, Sarpi replies that to the Church he leaves the wide field of influence, through precept, through example, through conviction. Religion is the medicine of the mind. As the doctor to the body, so the cleric to the soul.§ Let the Church make men *good*, voluntarily, freely, of their own accord, through conviction, and they will not govern wrongly, nor will they ever run counter to their nursing mother. The phrases are such as we might expect in the mouth of a reformer, and yet I think it certain that Sarpi was no Protestant in spirit, or in form. Diodati, the translator of the Bible, who had come to Venice with

* *Lettere*, II., 217. † *Lettere*, I., 312. ‡ *Lettere*, I., 276.
 § *Arte di ben pensare*. MS. Marciana, d. 2. Ital. Cod. 129.

high hopes of winning Fra Paolo and his followers to an open secession from Rome, reluctantly admits that 'Sarpi is rooted in that most dangerous maxim that God cares nothing for externals, provided the mind and the heart are in pure and direct relation with Himself. And so fortified is he in this opinion by reason and examples ancient and modern, that it is in vain to combat with him.'* That is the true word about Sarpi. The outward forms were so indifferent to him that he would never have abandoned those into which he was born. But that did not prevent him from lending his aid to the party who wished to establish a Reformed Church in Rome. It is impossible to deny that he did so after reading Dohna's most explicit reports. † Sarpi would gladly have seen perfect freedom for all forms of worship provided that the worshippers remained good citizens. No wonder that, with these principles at heart, he dreaded every success of the Jesuits; no wonder that the Jesuits hated and pursued him alive and dead. Whether Sarpi can be considered a good Churchman or not, depends upon the view we take of what the Church is, who is its head, what its functions. Certainly he was no Churchman at all in the sense intended by the Curia and the Jesuits, certainly not one of those 'qui filii sunt legitimi.' And yet Bossuet's assertion that under the frock of a friar he hid the heart of a Calviuist is quite untenable. And the opinion here expressed is confirmed by a letter to Cardinal Borghese from the Nuncio, Bentivoglio, no friend to Fra Paolo, in which he says that 'though Sarpi displays a great alienation from the Court of Rome and holds views diametrically opposed to the authority of the Holy See, yet he shows no inclination to embrace the new heresy.' ‡ And there we must leave it; he had his own ideal of a Church and expressed it in the passages just quoted. I think that if he had given himself any name at all he would have called himself an old Catholic.

As to the weapon at Sarpi's disposal, his inimitable and individual style, something must be said before we come to

* Ritter, *ut sup.*, p. 131.

† Ritter, *ut sup.*, pp. 75-89.

‡ Balan. *Fra Paolo Sarpi*, p. 39.

the actual struggle with the Curia. We have seen that the bent of Sarpi's mind was pre-eminently scientific, and scientific is the chief quality of his style. His manner was precise, parsimonious, hard, positive, pungent. Never was there a more complete lack of adornment, a more thorough contempt for rhetoric, in a writer of so powerful a pen. And yet the whole is vivified by a living logic, and the reader is caught and held delighted by the compulsion of a method which is never explained but always felt. That is why Sarpi may be called the historian's historian, that is why Gibbon, Macaulay, Hallam, Johnson, agree in placing him in the foremost rank. Sarpi is chiefly concerned in saying his say so directly and simply that the comments, the deductions, the lessons, become obvious, are implicit in the very narration. Let me take an example. Fra Manfredi—one of his colleagues in the struggle with the Curia—was enticed to Rome upon a safe conduct, which guaranteed the inviolability of his person and his honour. This notwithstanding, he was tried, forced to an ignominious public recantation, hung, and burned. How does Sarpi narrate this event. 'I know not what judgment to make,' he writes; 'the beginning and the end are clear, a safe conduct and a pyre.'* This is what Sarpi meant by *l'arte del colpire*, the art of striking. The effect is obtained by the simplest juxtaposition of the facts, and no rhetoric could have more eloquently expressed the writer's intention.

It is a masculine, athletic style—a style of bronze, polished and spare. Only one decorative variation breaks the rigid outline of its simplicity; Sarpi possessed a dry, ironical humour, with which he made great play. Referring to James I.'s commentary on the Book of Revelations, and laughing at his pretensions as a theological controversialist, Sarpi says: 'I never claimed to understand the Apocalypse, but then I'm not a king.' † When asking for information as to the views of a man he was about to meet, he says: 'I should like to know whether one God in heaven is enough for him, or must he have another on earth,' like those 'good gentlemen, the Jesuits.' ‡

* *Lettere*, II., p. 102.

† *Lettere*, II., 29.

‡ *Lettere*, I., 210.

Again, 'Our adversaries are of such a kidney that they claim to be believed without proof, while they deny to us what is as clear as the sun in heaven, and we have to light a candle at mid-day to let them see it.' Yet again: 'There is a Scotchman here who says he understands the Jesuits; he must be a very clever fellow.' And indeed this incessant slashing at the Order becomes a little wearisome, and seems exaggerated, perhaps, to us who know the course events have taken, though Sarpi had it firmly in his mind that his great duty to Church and State was to thwart the Order, and defeat its policy.

Such was the man who was called upon to defend what may be considered a test case in the interests of temporal sovereigns against the persistent claims of the papacy. The question at issue has never really been absent from the field of European ecclesiastical politics. It is a vital question to this day.

Doubtless Fra Paolo Sarpi is best known to general fame as an author, as the historian of the Council of Trent; not, I imagine, because that work is often read, but because its writer has received such high commendation from competent judges—Gibbon, Johnson, Hallam—that his name has become a name which people ought to know. But it certainly is not his fame as an historian which won for the obscure Servite friar the devotion of his contemporaries, of Wotton, of Bedell, of Sanderson, among Englishmen; of Philip du Plessis-Mornay, Leschassier, Casaubon, Galileo, in France and Italy, and has made his name a living watchword to the present day.

Sarpi has suffered, I think, from being considered as an isolated phenomenon, as a figure which appears upon the stage of history, acts vigorously, even picturesquely, and disappears again, without any obvious connections in the past, with no very definite effect upon the future. His biographers tell us who he was and what he did, but they say little to explain his attitude, they make no effort to place him in his true historical perspective. The consequence is that his figure loses some of its significance for us; we are at a loss to understand the weight of his name, the importance of his career.

As a matter of fact, Sarpi represents one very definite line

in ecclesiastico-political history in that struggle for national independence out of which modern Europe has been evolved. An analysis of his political descent will help us to realise his place in the procession of thought, and the course of this enquiry will explain the devotion of some contemporaries, the animosity of others, the reverence and the hatred with which posterity has surrounded his name.

To understand Sarpi's politico-ecclesiastical position, we must go back for a moment to the origin and development of the temporal power in the Church. During the early centuries of the Christian era, the idea of imperial Rome as the unit of society had been growing weaker, while silently, and almost unknown to the temporal rulers of the world, the idea of Christian brotherhood was gaining in strength. The removal of the capital from Rome to Constantinople; the failure of the Emperors and the success of the Popes, in withstanding the barbarian attacks; the separation of the Church from the Empire, brought about by the iconoclasm of Leo the Isaurian—all these events contributed to establish in men's minds the idea of the Church as an earthly power at least concurrent with the Empire. Then came the union of the Pope and the Franks; the coronation of Pepin as King; the protection he afforded to Pope Stephen; the donation of lands won from the Lombards; the crowning of Charles the Great as Emperor in Rome—and there we have mediæval Europe established with its twofold basis of society, the Pope and the Emperor, a scheme which satisfied the aspirations of mankind by preserving, in an outward and visible form, the ancient grandeur of the Roman name, while including the new factor of Christian brotherhood.

But this beautiful and orderly disposition of the world—a Catholic Church to guide the soul, a Universal Empire to protect the body—~~was an idea~~ only, an unrealisable dream, practically ineffectual.

In the intellectual sphere this double headship of society brought confusion to the mind, and introduced a double allegiance. In actual politics the existence of two co-equal sovereigns—both human—at once raised questions as to the

exact boundaries of their power, their jurisdictions inevitably overlapped. In a rude society, and with widely scattered territories, the appointment of Bishops was an important consideration for the Emperor no less than for the Pope. The Bishops were political factors in the Government of mankind, as well as spiritual shepherds of human souls—who was to exercise the right of appointment, the Emperor or the Pope?

But the clash of Pope and Emperor over such a point as this, laid bare the inherent defects in the mediæval conception of society. The Emperor was absent, he did not reign in Rome, the Pope possessed no temporal weapons. The Emperor, at war with his spiritual brother, the Pope, ordered his vassals in Italy to attack the Ecclesiastical Head of society; and the Pope, at war with his material protector, the Emperor, was forced to provide material protection for himself by the creation of a personal territory, the States of the Church. The beautiful and orderly ideal is shattered, the material chief has attacked the spiritual, the spiritual chief has made himself a material Prince. He is no longer Pope only, he is something more, he is an Italian sovereign besides.

Two great Popes, Hildebrand, Gregory VII., and Lothario Conti, Innocent III., achieved and carried to its utmost conclusion this change in the idea of the Papacy. Gregory stated his object and formulated his claims in no uncertain tones. The Church, he said, ought to be absolutely independent of the temporal power; that it might be so in fact it claimed supremacy over the State. The Pope was infallible; he had authority to depose Emperors; Princes must do him homage; he was competent to release from their allegiance the subjects of a rebellious sovereign. As we hear the words we seem to hear the voices of Bellarmine, Baronius, Mariana or Suarez, and to catch an echo of the Bull 'In coena Domini.'

Innocent carried on the Hildebrandine tradition and realized it in fact. He changed the title 'Vicar of Peter' for 'Vicar of Christ,' and paved the way for that more ambitious style of 'Vice Deo' which was applied to Pope Paul V. He created the States of the Church; and dreamed of a Spiritual Empire over Europe, a temporal sovereignty over Italy.

But the consequences of this Papal expansion did not correspond to the hopes of these great Prelates. The abasement of the Empire led, not to the transference of European temporal allegiance from the Empire to the Papacy, but to the discovery of strong national tendencies among the various races of the Continent. And further, inside the Church itself, from this time forward two distinct lines of thought are visible, two opposite tendencies in the spiritual and political region. The one line, continuing the tradition of Hildebrand and Innocent through Thomas Aquinas and the brilliant series of Anticonciliar and secularizing Pontiffs; through Bellarmine, the Jesuits, the Inquisition and the Council of Trent. The other, voiceless as yet, but soon to be proclaimed by a phalanx of illustrious writers, Dante, John of Paris, William of Ockam, Marsilio, Barclay, Sarpi. And this double opposition to the Hildebrandine theories—the national opposition outside the Church, the intellectual opposition inside the Church, frequently joined hands and worked together towards the development of modern Europe as a congeries of independent States.

Here, then, I think, we find Sarpi's intellectual pedigree. Thomas Aquinas asserted the supremacy of the Church over the State, and his spiritual offspring are living to this day, in all who hold ultramontane views.

Dante maintained the rights of the Empire as against the Papacy, but his client was moribund, and his *De Monarchia* died *sine prole*.

Egidio Colonna and John of Paris enunciated the doctrine that the Church and the State are absolutely distinct one from another, both divinely constituted, both with independent spheres of action; and from these men by a direct descent through Ockam and Marsilio of Padua comes Paolo Sarpi.

Let us look for a moment at Marsilio of Padua—the greatest Italian political thinker of the fourteenth century; perhaps of any century.

Dante had declared that *qua* men, Pope and Emperor were equal, but *qua* Emperor and Pope they were incompatible, irreducible to a common denominator in the world of politics.

Of course he is seeking, as the schoolmen always sought, the universal which includes the particulars. He argues accordingly that the resolution of these incompatible factors of the body politic must be sought outside the world, in God. Marsilio of Padua says: Yes, Dante is right. Only I must not introduce into the world of politics a factor which is not there. I must seek the resolution of these incompatibles inside the political sphere. He then announces his doctrine, surprisingly bold, astonishingly modern when we remember that the year is 1324. For him the resolution of the Pope and Emperor, the universal which contains the particular in the world of politics, is the People. The People is the true divine on earth because it is the highest universal, because God made the first revelation of himself not to the rulers but to the People; because out of the People come the various appellations of the body politic—citizens, faithful, lay, cleric. For Marsilio the People presents a double aspect; it is the *universitas civium*, but it is also the *universitas credentium*. From the People in one or other of these aspects, emerge all the phenomena of the politico-ecclesiastical world.

Marsilio called his book *Defensor Pacis*, Defender of the Peace, but he might with greater truth, as regards its results, have named it *Gladius furens*, The Flaming Brand; for the ecclesiastical party which represented the Hildebrandine tradition, never for a moment subscribed to his bold speculations, and such theories must have sounded but little less distasteful to the ears of the Imperialists. And yet Marsilio's doctrines, sowed seeds which have lived—are indeed more living now than ever before—and I have dwelt upon them because I think that, in some ways Sarpi was nearer in politico-ecclesiastical thought to Marsilio than to any other of his predecessors.

When I say that Sarpi was intellectually descended from Marsilio of Padua, I do not mean that their views were identical. There was a wide difference between them, the result partly of their age, partly of their temperament—Marsilio, eminently scholastic, constructive, boldly speculative; Sarpi, on the other hand, coldly scientific, not discursive, occupied in

answering definite problems as they are presented to him, not dealing with Utopias. But in spite of all differences, both Marsilio and Sarpi belong to the same order of political thought, to that party which was called into existence by the excessive expansion of Papal claims; the party whose task it was to defend the just liberties of the individual and the State.

In order to appreciate the services which Sarpi rendered to his cause, we must first obtain some view of the position which Papal pretensions had assumed at the date of his birth.

The temporal claims of the mediæval Papacy, conceived by Hildebrand and carried to their extreme conclusion under Innocent III., induced the Hohenstaufen Emperors to an attack, in which their greatest representative, Frederick II., was worsted, it is true, but the papacy itself suffered in the conflict, both in moral prestige and temporal power. To support itself against the later Hohenstaufens, it called the Angevine princes to its aid. A crippled papacy was no match for the growing national tendencies championed by France. The struggle between Boniface VIII. and Philip IV. ended in the capture and maltreatment of the Pope. The victorious Philip was able to place a creature of his own upon the Papal throne, and to remove that throne and its occupant for safety to Avignon.

But if the mediæval conception of the papacy had proved a failure, the same fate had likewise befallen the mediæval empire. They had destroyed each other in the struggle for supremacy. The capture of Boniface at Anagni, and the tragic end of Manfred, are parallel events, each of them closing an epoch in the history of the Church and of the empire.

There was no comparison possible, however, between the vitality of the empire and the vitality of the papacy. The waning power of the empire allowed the growing national instincts to make their way in the formation of modern Europe. The waning temporal prestige of the Pope left no one to take his place. However weak he might temporally be, he was still the spiritual head of Christendom. It is true that a national Church, like the Gallican Church, gained in authority by the abasement of the papacy, but no one had

been audacious enough to carry the idea of a national Church to its logical conclusion by declaring the head of the State to be head of the Church. The spiritual headship of the papacy remained, however impaired its temporalities might be; and those temporal claims, though abased for the present, lay dormant only until the Papacy was strong enough to assert them once more, not against the emperor, it is true, but against the growing nationalities which took the emperor's place in the field of European politics.

The Papacy had struggled with the empire and strangled its opponent. Its next conflict was with the nation, as represented by the Conciliar Principle—the principle that the universal Church, the *universitas credentium*, when represented by a General Council, is superior to the Popes.

The results of the struggle are notorious. The apparent triumph of the Conciliar principle at Constance by the election of Martin V.; its real failure owing to Martin's unexpected independence of action the moment he became Pope. The patent incapacity of the Council of Basel to command Eugenius IV., and its fiasco with its own nominee, Felix V. As far as the power of the Papacy was concerned, it seemed that the Conciliar movement had achieved nothing except to make the Popes strong again by sending them back to Rome. The Papacy rejoiced in the return to its native seat.

Three strong Popes—Eugenius, Nicholas, and Pius II.—successfully defied the Conciliar movement, and gave a new and purely Italian character to the Holy See. The crown was set upon this revival by the famous Bull which, beginning with the word 'Execrabilis,' declared all those damned who should venture to appeal from a Pope to a future Council. And the Popes had achieved their new position by the help of the national instinct—that very instinct which had called up the Conciliar movement against them. It was the support of Italy which enabled Eugenius to defy Basel. It was the patronage of Italian art and learning, and the restoration of Italian towns, which made Nicholas popular. Aeneas Sylvius, a humanist Pope, sat in the chair of St. Peter.

The restored Papacy thus established once more in Rome,

its independence asserted by Eugenius, its splendour by Nicholas, its superiority to Councils based upon 'Execrabilis,' began to assume that aspect under which Paolo Sarpi came to know it. Three powerful temporalising Popes confirmed the worldly tendencies of the Petrine See as an Italian sovereignty. The system of family aggrandisement, begun under Sixtus IV. and continued through Alexander VI. and Julius II., laid those pontiffs open to the charge of cynicism. Men were shocked to see spiritual weapons employed for the secular ends of a papal family. And by the beginning of the 16th century we find a revival of that line of opposition to the Curia Romana which made itself first heard as the result of the Hildebrandine theories. The spirit is the same, the tone is different; no longer scholastic, speculative, theoretical, but rather spiritual, religious, with something in it of the coming reformation. 'Whoever,' writes Francesco Vettori from Florence in 1527; 'whoever carefully considers the law of the Gospel will perceive that the pontiffs, although they bear the name of Christ's Vicar, yet have brought in a new religion which has nothing Christian in it but the name; for whereas Christ enjoins poverty they desire riches, where He commands humility they flaunt their pride, where He requires obedience they seek universal domination.' This is language very similar to that which is often found in the mouth of Sarpi—a little more rhetorical, less coldly impersonal than Sarpi's style—but in that essential phrase, *una nuova religione*, a new religion, containing the whole of what the opposition felt, the break in divine order, the confounding of earth and heaven. Their protest and their spirit are preserved to this day in the term 'Old Catholics.'

The course of events in Europe, no less than in Italy, tended to accentuate the quality of the new papacy. The rise and spread of the reformation beyond the Alps led the Roman Curia to furbish its spiritual weapons of excommunication and of interdict. However lightly we may think of such things now, there was a time when Papal thunders were no mere *brutum fulmen*. The Venetians had learned that lesson to their cost when, in 1309, the Republic was placed under inter-

dict and excommunication, with the result that her merchants in England, in Italy, in Asia Minor, were threatened in their lives, despoiled of their goods, and Venetian commerce was ruined for a time. She had felt the effect later on when the attack by the league of Cambray opened with an interdict and excommunication from Rome. It is, thanks to the action of Venice and to the guidance of Fra Paolo Sarpi, that these weapons lost their point, that they have ceased to be used, that Europe can contemplate them now with no greater alarm than we should feel at the threat of a Star Chamber prosecution.

But, further, the revolt against authority which was taking place beyond the Alps, served only to emphasize the Papal claims in Rome. A noble and genuine effort at reconciliation was made by the yielding Bucer, the gentle Melancthon, and the winning Cardinal Contarini, in the Conference of Ratisbon. But behind these dreamers of peace was Luther, on the one hand, declaring that whatever formulas might be agreed upon at Ratisbon, nothing would induce him to believe that the Catholics could be sound upon justification; and Paul III., vowing that he would accept no concordat whose terms should leave the Papal authority open to a moment's doubt.

The Conference of Ratisbon was a failure, and merely resulted in more positive assertions of the Papal position, and more active, and even violent measures for the maintenance thereof. And two instruments were ready to hand. The bull, *Licet ab initio*, which founded the new Inquisition, 'on heretical depravity,' was published in 1542. The Society of Jesus was definitely established in 1543, nine years before the birth of Paolo Sarpi. Nor was it long ere the world perceived that the Inquisition and the Society of Jesus were bent on attacking freedom of thought, liberty of action, national independence, in the interests of Papal supremacy. And the Papacy, or at least the Curia Romana, came to be identified in many minds—among them, Sarpi's—with the action of the Inquisition and the teaching of the Jesuits.

In the face of this aggressive attitude of the Papacy, temporal princes began to look to the defence of their rights.

Cardinal Baronius challenged the validity of the Spanish claim to Sicily, and even such a Catholic sovereign as Philip III. caused the book to be publicly burned. His father declined to accept the Roman Index, and declared that he was competent to make his own. The Catholic rulers of Europe were hostile to the Papal claims. But it was reserved for Venice and Sarpi to champion the just rights of secular princes, to defend, single-handed, a cause which was common to all sovereigns. This constitutes Sarpi's claim to recognition by posterity. His action in this great cause, his coolness, his courage, give us the reason why he has had to wait 270 years for the erection of the monument decreed to him by the Republic, why his name is venerated by all lovers of national liberty, execrated by those whose policy he helped to crush.

And now let us return to Paolo Sarpi himself, to the man who was called upon to face and largely modify the politico-ecclesiastical conditions of the civilized world. We must remember that it would hardly have been possible for Sarpi to embark on a struggle with the Roman Curia in any State save Venice. In any other Catholic country he would have been surrendered to the Inquisition; had he retired to a Protestant country his arguments would have lost much of their weight, his books would have been prohibited, he himself would have been represented as the servant of a Protestant prince. It is precisely because the defence of secular princes came from a Catholic, living in a Catholic State, that it made so deep an impression upon Europe.

Sarpi and the Republic were singularly at one in their external attitude towards Rome. The Republic had, from the earliest times, maintained a more independent position than was generally assumed by the other princes of Italy, yet Venice always remained Catholic. When the Pope alluded to reforming tendencies in the Republic, the Doge Douato, Sarpi's personal friend, broke out: 'Who talks of Calvinists; we are as good Christians as the Pope, and Christians we will die in despite of those who wish it otherwise.' It was this attitude of Venice—a defence of temporal freedom while

admitting a spiritual allegiance—which Sarpi was to proclaim and to defend.

The events which immediately led to the rupture between Venice and Rome had been ripening for many years before the protagonists, Sarpi and Pope Paul, appeared upon the scene; and relations were strained at the moment when Camillo Borghese was raised to the Papal throne in 1605 as Paul V. Borghese, member of a Sienese family, born at Rome, had been auditor of the Apostolic Chamber, was a strong Churchman, and believed himself a great jurist. He was so amazed at his own elevation to the Papacy, that he considered it to be the special work of heaven, and determined to act accordingly. The Pope 'was scarce warm in his chair' before he plunged into controversies right and left. Genoa yielded, Lucca yielded, Spain was pliant; but when the Venetian ambassadors, sent to congratulate His Holiness, were admitted to audience, they referred in no doubtful terms to the attitude of the Republic on the questions pending between Venice and the Holy See. The Pope answered by complaining of two laws, lately renewed by the Republic, both of them affecting Church property. In the course of a pacific reply to the Pope, the Senate enunciated its fundamental principle: 'We cannot understand how it is possible to pretend that an independent principality like the Republic should not be free to take such steps as she may consider necessary for the preservation of the State, when those measures do not interfere with or prejudice other princes.' It seems a reasonable reply, but the difficulty lay in this that neither party would condescend upon a definition of what was or what was not to the prejudice of another prince. That depended upon what the other prince claimed, and the Pope was a prince. The need for such a definition led Sarpi to formulate *precisely* what he considered the boundary line between temporal and spiritual rights. 'The dominion of the Church,' he says, 'marches along celestial paths; it cannot, therefore, clash with the dominion of princes which marches on paths terrestrial.' Could he have obtained subscription to a dichotomy of this nature, the quarrel would have been at an

end, but the Roman Curia never dreamed of making such a renunciation of its substantial authority.

While the question was still pending, two criminous clerics were arrested in Venetian territory and imprisoned. The Pope considered this act a violation of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. He sent two briefs to the Nuncio at Venice, one demanding the repeal of the obnoxious laws, the other the persons of the two prisoners, and threatening excommunication in case of disobedience. The briefs reached Venice, but before the Nuncio presented them the Doge died. The Nuncio declared that no election to the dukedom was valid, as the State was under excommunication till it had satisfied the Papal demands. This, of course, did not stay the Venetians, who proceeded to elect Leonardo Donato, Sarpi's friend, to the vacant chair. The election was no sooner over than the Senate desired the counsels of a Doctor in Canon Law, and Sarpi was invited to express an opinion on the case. He gave it verbally. The Cabinet asked for it in writing. Sarpi declined. The Senate saw the reasonableness of this refusal, and issued an order by which they took Sarpi into the service of the State and under its protection. In answer to the question: 'What are the proper remedies against the lightning of Rome?' the newly appointed theologian replied, 'Forbid the publication of the censures, and appeal to a Council.' This position was supported in a document of fifteen pages, in which the whole question of appeal to a future Council is argued with profound learning and perfect limpidity of thought. The brevity, strength, and clearness of this written opinion gave the highest satisfaction, and the reply to the Pope was dictated by Sarpi. It was still pacific in tone; the Senate declares that 'Princes by divine law have authority to legislate on matters temporal within their own jurisdiction. There was no occasion for the admonitions administered by His Holiness, for the matters in dispute were not spiritual but temporal.' The Pope was furious. He declared to the Venetian Cardinals that 'This discourse of yours stinks of heresy,' 'puzza d'eresia,' and dictated a monitorium, in which he allowed the Republic twenty-four days to revoke the ob-

jectionable laws and to consign the ecclesiastics to the Nuncio; if obedience were refused, Venice would be placed under an interdict.

The Monitorium was published in May 1606. The Senate replied by two manifestoes, one appealing to the cities of the Veneto for support, the other commanding the clergy to ignore the monitory, to continue divine service, and to affix this protest in a public place. There was a disposition on the part of the clergy to disobey; but an example or two were sufficient to secure compliance. A vicar refused to say mass; the government raised a gibbet before his door and he was given his choice. At Padua the Capitular Vicar, when ordered to surrender despatches received from Rome, replied that he would act in accordance with the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, to which the Governor replied that the Ten had already received that inspiration to hang all who disobeyed. The rupture with Venice was complete. The Nuncio and the Ambassador were recalled from their respective posts.

The question now was whether the Republic would yield as she had done before, as other more powerful States had often been compelled to do. Pope Paul never doubted the issue. But, at Venice, inspired and guided by Paolo Sarpi, there was an unwonted spirit of resistance to the Papal claims, which found expression in the Doge's farewell to the Nuncio. 'Monsignore,' said Donato, 'you must know that we are, every one of us, resolute to the last degree, not merely the Government but the nobility and the population of our State. Your excommunication we hold for naught. Now just consider what this resolution would lead to if our examples were followed by others,' a warning which the Pope declined to take. Yet this spirit of resistance in defence of temporal rights was accompanied by a remarkable attention to ecclesiastical ceremonies. The churches stood open day and night, and were much frequented. The procession of the Corpus Domini was conducted on a scale of extraordinary magnificence. The Republic desired to make her attitude clear; it was the claims of the Curia, and not the Church which she was opposing.

Meantime the controversy assumed a literary form; Venice

was attacked in books, in pamphlets, in the confessional, from the pulpit. The attention of Europe was soon attracted to the surprising spectacle of a temporal sovereign successfully defending his temporal rights against the Pope, while still endeavouring to remain inside the pale of the Church. France was friendly, England promised support; Spain alone was openly hostile.

The mass of controversial literature grew rapidly, especially in Venice, where all adverse criticism was studied, not burned as at Rome. The government appointed a committee to deal with this side of the contest, and Sarpi was its ruling spirit. An attack by Bellarmine drew Sarpi openly into the controversial arena, and instantly he became the mark for the arrows of the Curia. His works were prohibited and burned; he was cited before the Inquisition, and refused to obey on the double ground that he had already been judged illegally, because unheard in the defence; and that Bellarmine, one of his adversaries, would also be upon the judicial bench. His phrase was 'I defend a just cause.' The Pope prepared for war; and Venice too armed herself. But the Pontiff found that even his ally Spain was not willing to support him in a cause which was so hostile to the temporal interests of Princes, and likely to be opposed by all the powers in Europe.

The interdict had now lain upon Venice many months without effect, the ceremonies of the Church were performed as usual, the people were not deprived of the Sacraments, they could be baptized, married, buried as though no interdict had ever been launched. That terrible weapon of the ecclesiastical armoury hung fire. Each day discredited it still further. Venice was demonstrating the truth of Macchiavelli's observation that these instruments were powerless unless backed by force, like bank-notes with no metal reserve; current as long as the credit of the institution lasted, as long as people took them on faith.

At Rome it was becoming evident that the Pope would be compelled to retire. The only question was how to yield with as little loss as possible. Both Spain and France were ready to mediate. France proposed terms of an agreement. But

the Venetian Government, after taking Sarpi's opinion, modified these terms beyond all recognition. The Pope might be entreated, but not in the name of Venice; the prisoners would be given to the King, not to the Pope; nothing would be said about withdrawing the protest, and as for the controversial writings in favour of Venice, the Republic would do with them whatever the Pope did with those in favour of the Curia.

The position of Venice was that she had done no wrong; her cause was just. From this firm attitude the Government would not move. The Pope raised objections, hoped for help from Spain, implored the intervention of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, changed his mind a hundred times. But the scandal of the powerless interdict grew daily more serious; the Cardinals protested against the injury to the prestige of Rome; and the Pope was forced to yield.

France undertook to mediate, and for that purpose the Cardinal de Joyeuse came to Venice. The various steps in the ceremony of reconciliation were carried out with the utmost punctiliousness on the part of the Republic. The terms of the proclamation withdrawing the protest were framed so as to allow no word to escape which might imply that Venice acknowledged an error.

The surrender of the prisoners was made to the Ambassador of France as a gratification to his Most Christian Majesty, and without abrogating the right to try ecclesiastics. The Ambassador handed over the prisoners to the Cardinal as a present from the King. The Cardinal then proceeded to the Cabinet, which was sitting, and announced in the Pope's name, that 'All the censures were removed.' Whereupon the Doge presented him the proclamation which recalled the Protest. And so the celebrated episode of the Interdict came to an end.

The victory remained with Venice, and Sarpi was the hero of it. It was a great achievement to have resisted the temporal assertions of the Curia without breaking from the Church. And Sarpi himself makes it quite clear that he was aware of the effect of his handiwork. He writes: 'The Republic has given a shake to Papal claims. For whoever heard till now of a Papal interdict, published with all solemnity, ending in

smoke? And whereas the Pope once raised a wasps' nest about our ears for wishing to try two criminous clerics, from that day to this a good hundred have been brought to justice. Our differences with the Curia continue just as before, but they have never ventured to use an interdict again; its power is exhausted.' An appreciation confirmed by so cautious an historian as Hallam, who says: 'Nothing was more worthy of remark, especially in literary history, than the appearance of one great man, Fra Paolo Sarpi, the first who in modern times and in a Catholic country shook the fabric of Papal despotism.'

It was not likely that the Roman Curia would ever forgive such a blow. Sarpi was quite right in saying that it left the Republic alone for the future, but it pursued the men who had been the Republic's advisers. It was the object of the Curia to induce Sarpi and his colleagues to come to Rome; it could then have represented them as erring children returning to the bosom of the Church, wrung recantations from them, and undone most of the benefits secured by their courage. Sarpi refused to leave Venice, and pleaded an order from his sovereign which forbade him to go. Others, less cautious, yielded to the promises of protection and of honours, and failed to detect what Sarpi called 'the poison in the honey.' Their fate was pitiable. Sarpi alone his enemies could not get, though he wrote to a friend: 'They are determined to have us all, and me by the dagger.' And he was right. He had received several warnings that his life was in danger. Gaspar Schoppe, on his way from Rome, told him that it was almost impossible for him to escape the vengeance of the Pope. The Government also begged him to take precautions. Sarpi refused to change any of his habits. He continued his daily attendance at the Ducal Palace, passing on foot from his monastery at Santa Fosca through the crowded Merceria to Saint Mark's, and back again when his work was done.

On October 5th, 1607, he was returning home about five o'clock in the evening. With him was an old gentleman, Alessandro Malipiero, and a lay brother, Fra Marino; the people of the Santa Fosca quarter were mostly at the theatre, and the streets were deserted. As Sarpi was descending the steps of the bridge at Santa Fosca, he was set upon by five assassins. Fra

Marino was seized and bound, while the chief assailant dealt repeated blows at Fra Paolo; only three took effect, two in the neck, of small consequence, and one in the head, which was given with such violence that the dagger, entering the right ear, pierced through to the cheek-bone and remained fixed there. Sarpi fell as though dead, and the assassins, believing their work accomplished, and being disturbed by the cries of Malipiero and some women who had witnessed the assault from a window, fired their arquebuses to terrify the people, who were running up, and made off. Sarpi was carried into his monastery, where he lay for long in danger of his life. The Republic insisted upon calling in all the celebrated doctors and surgeons of Venice and Padua, though Sarpi himself desired to be left to the care of Aloise Ragozza, a very young man in whom he had confidence. The multitude of doctors nearly killed their patient. But at length the wound healed, and Sarpi resumed his ordinary course of life. He had never any doubt as to the quarter whence the blow came; and the flight of the assassins to Papal territory, their triumphal procession to Rome, the protection they received there, all point to one conclusion.

The Republic was lavish of its attentions to its famous Councillor. Sarpi was offered a lodging for himself and two others on the Piazza, and the Senate voted him a pension of four hundred ducats. Sarpi declined the money and refused to leave his monastery. All that he would accept was the construction of a covered way and a private door, so that he might reach his gondola without passing through the streets. These precautions were by no means unnecessary, for his life was never safe. At least twice again plots were laid against him. The one which was discovered in the monastery was a real pain to him. He writes: 'I have just escaped a great conspiracy against my life; those of my own chamber had a part in it. It has not pleased God that it should succeed, but I am deeply sorry that the agents are in prison. Life is no longer grateful to me when I think of the difficulty I have to preserve it.'

That is the first note of weariness which we come across in Sarpi's letters; it is a note which is repeated and deepened during the later years of his life. Those years were passed in constant

and active discharge of his duties to the State, in the preparation of opinions upon the various points about which the Government consulted him; on benefices, on Church property, on the Inquisition, on the Prohibition of Books, on tithes. The epithets applied by distinguished authorities bear witness to their value. Gibbon talks of 'golden volumes,' Grotius calls them 'great.'

The fame of the Servite grew world-wide. But at Venice his years were closing in some loneliness and depression. To his eyes it seemed that his policy had not achieved all the success he desired. The murder of Henry IV. in 1610 was a cruel blow, and he saw France once more under the Jesuit sway. Venice, too, appeared to be lost in a lethargy which offered no resistance. Again and again in his correspondence he complains of Venetian supineness, and declares that the Republic is no freer after, than it was before, the fight. Moreover, his intimate friends and supporters were dying; Alessandro Malipiero in 1609, Leonardo Donato the Doge in 1612, Andrea Morosini the historian in 1618. The younger generation held different views; were disposed to leave matters alone. Sarpi felt the gradual abandonment. It is said he even thought of going to England, or again to the East. The extent of that abandonment was shown immediately after his death. The Senate decreed a monument in his honour. The Nuncio declared that the Pope could not submit to such an affront, and if it were erected, the Holy Office would be obliged to declare Sarpi an impenitent heretic. The Venetian ambassador counselled compliance, comforting himself with the reflection that he who may not live in stone will live in our annals with less risk from all-corroding time.

But the end of this active life was drawing near. Sarpi had never feared death. When his friend the Doge expired, he wrote that nothing more desirable could happen to an honest man than to say adieu to the earth after a lifetime spent in preparation for departure by integrity of thought and the discharge of duty.* That, indeed, was Sarpi's own case. He died in harness.

* *Lettere*, II., 334.

On Easter Eve, 1622, while working in the archives, he was seized with a violent shivering fit. It was the beginning of the end, though he rallied and resisted for another year. Early in 1623 he obeyed a summons to the Palace. He was very ill at the time, and on his return he knew himself stricken for death. On the 14th of January he took to his bed. Fra Fulgenzio was summoned to the Senate to give a report. 'How is he?' they said. 'At the last,' replied Fulgenzio. 'And his intellect?' 'Quite clear.' The Government then proposed three questions on which they wanted the dying man's advice. Sarpi dictated his replies, which were read and acted upon.

He grew rapidly worse; still he was able to say with a smile, 'Praise be to God; what is His pleasure pleases me, and with His help we will through with this last act becomingly.' Then falling into a delirium they heard him murmur, 'I must go to St. Mark's. It is late. There is much to do.' About one in the morning he turned to his friend Fra Fulgenzio, embraced him, and said, 'Do not stay here to see me in this state, it is not fitting. Go you to bed, and I will return to God whence I came.' 'Esto perpetua,' May she endure, were the last words on his lips, a prayer which his audience took as on behalf of his country, for whose just rights and liberties he had fought so well.

HORATIO F. BROWN.

ART. IV.—MRS. OLIPHANT AND HER RIVALS.

A SUFFICIENT time has elapsed since the death of the writer who was perhaps the most industrious of British literary workwomen during two generations, to permit, if not of such a critical judgment upon her labours as will fix her permanent position, at least of such an appraisal as will detect the element of immortality in her almost infinite variety. Many have been the judgments passed upon Mrs. Oliphant, but it may be doubted if any has come nearer the mark than the dictum that

had circumstances permitted her to devote herself exclusively to fiction and to perform even in that department only one-tenth of the labour she actually achieved, she could have produced, if not the best novel of our time, certainly the novel that is most typical of modern British society as a whole. This may seem at first sight what is vulgarly known as 'a large order.' But when one recalls the different lines of fiction in which she excelled all but the greatest of her rivals, when one remembers that the patient delineator of clericalised English rural life in *The Chronicles of Carlingford* was also capable of the better than Kailyard pathos of *Katie Stewart*, and of the Hardy-esque passion of *Kirsteen*, when one thinks of the energy expended—it would be unjust to say wasted—on such works outside the field of fiction as her biographies of Edward Irving, Principal Tulloch, and Montalembert, her *Royal Edinburgh*, and her *Makers of Florence*, above all, when one tries to realise what might have been had the extraordinary imaginative power displayed in *Two Stories of the Seen and the Unseen* been diffused over a life's work, and from being a wandering voice become a pervading presence like Mr. Marion Crawford's *diablerie*, or the fatalism which ennobles the peasantry of Wessex with the tragedy of the Æschylean drama, who can say that she might not have produced what would have been to British life in the second half of the nineteenth century what *Middlemarch* aimed at being, but somehow is not?

It may be said that the comparison involved in this suggestion, the making of which somehow seems inevitable, is unfortunate. It is quite true that Mrs. Oliphant had neither the piercing imagination, nor the almost too profound culture, of George Eliot. She could never have written that noble passage in which are embodied Dorothea Casaubon's first impressions of Rome. It is hardly possible to conceive of her representing Maggie Tulliver as relating the story of the earwig's domestic troubles to her cousin Lucy. Nor, had it come within her province to describe the appearance of Lawyer Dempster while mixing his third glass of brandy and water in the bar of the Red Lion at Melby, would it have occurred to her to have represented 'the front part of his large surface' as 'so well dredged

with snuff that the cat, having inadvertently come near him, was seized with a severe fit of sneezing—an accident which, being cruelly misunderstood, caused her to be driven contumeliously from the bar.' Her warmest admirers will allow that her slight efforts in the direction of historical romance were failures; she could never have given us a flesh-and-blood Savonarola. The question, however, is, could Mrs. Oliphant, had circumstances allowed her as much time to produce a novel as they allowed George Eliot, the only one of her female contemporaries, with the exception of Mrs. Humphry Ward, who can be named in the same breath with her, have given the world a book more realistic in the sense of being truer to life and society than her rival's most finished and elaborate performance? This question can best be answered by comparing the works of the two writers which are similar in scope and range of character—*The Scenes of Clerical Life* on the one side and *The Chronicles of Carlingford* on the other. It is a fashion with Eliotolaters to warmly praise the book by which their divinity made her first reputation; some go so far as to place it above *Adam Bede* and even above *Silas Marner* and *The Mill on the Floss*. And yet the careful reader and impartial critic of *The Scenes*, who will probably place it as a work of art immeasurably above books of the Kailyard school, will admit that its chief strength is the same as theirs, that it is to be found in the power of moving to tears. Everybody that is superlatively good in *The Scenes* dies precisely as does everybody that is superlatively good in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*—Mrs. Amos Barton, Mr. Gilfil's Tina, Mrs. Dempster's saviour, Mr. Tryon. Over the graves of the two first, at least, as many have wept as have found an abundance if not a surfeit of the luxury of woe in the return of Mr. Barrie's 'son from London' and the death of Ian Maclaren's 'Lad o' Pairts.' *Sunt lachrymæ rerum* is the 'Register, Register, Register' of the novelist who seeks a large public. It is a quite legitimate trick of art, but it is a trick all the same. Another trick of George Eliot's art is exemplified in *The Scenes*—that of getting into a corner or sitting down in an arm-chair, and making essentially masculine reflections on the changes effected, sometimes for the better but oftener for the worse, by

the magic of time. I say 'essentially masculine,' for while it is quite impossible to conceive of the author of *Daniel Deronda* smoking a churchwarden and drinking gin and water—even Mr. Gilfil's modest dilution—in the orator's chair of a village inn, or at the bar of a country-town hostelry, the 'philosophy' to give expression to which she so often steps aside from the straight road of her plot, as when she discourses on leisure in the beginning of *Adam Bede*, is quite that of the male *laudator temporis acti* who looks at life through Thackerayan spectacles. Take, for example, this passage, which forms part of the overture to the *Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton* :—

'Immense improvement ! says the well-regulated mind, which unintermittingly rejoices in the New Police, the Tithe Commutation Act, the Penny Post, and all guarantees of human advancement, and has no moments when Conservative-reforming intellect takes a nap, while imagination does a little Toryism by the sly, revelling in regret that dear, old, brown, crumbling picturesque inefficiency is everywhere giving way to spick-and-span new-painted new-varnished efficiency, which will yield endless diagrams, plans, elevations, and sections, but alas ! no picture. Mine, I fear, is not a well-regulated mind ; it has an occasional tenderness for old abuses ; it hungers with a certain fondness over the days of nasal clerks and top-booted parsons, and has a sigh for the departed shades of vulgar errors. So it is not surprising that I recall with a fond sadness Shepperton Church as it was in the old days, with its outer coat of rough stucco, its red-tiled roof, its heterogeneous windows patched with desultory bits of painted glass, and its little flight of steps with their wooden rail running up the outer wall, and leading to the school-children's gallery. Then inside what dear old quaintnesses ! which I began to look at with delight, even when I was so crude a member of the congregation that my nurse found it necessary to provide for the reinforcement of my devotional patience by smuggling bread-and-butter into the sacred edifice. There was the chancel, guarded by two little cherubim, looking uncomfortably squeezed between arch and wall, and adorned with the escutcheons of the Oldinport family, which showed me inexhaustible possibilities of meaning in their blood-red hands, their death's-heads and cross-bones, their leopards' paws and Maltese crosses. There were inscriptions on the panels of the swinging-gallery telling of benefactions to the poor of Shepperton, with an involuted elegance of capitals and final flourishes, which my alphabetic erudition traced with ever-new delight. No benches in those days ; but huge roomy pews round which devout church-goers sat during "lessons" trying to look anywhere else than into each other's eyes. No low partitions allowing you, with a dreary absence of contrast and mystery, to see everything at all moments ; but tall dark panels,

under whose shadow I sank with a sense of retirement through the Litany, only to feel with more intensity my burst into the conspicuousness of public life when I was made to stand up on the seat during the psalms or the singing.'

There is no denying the cleverness and restfulness of this sort of writing. But it is essentially masculine, or at the best suggests a highly cultured woman playing very prettily with all her head, but not quite with all her heart, the part of the male lover of the past. Let it freely be allowed that Mrs. Oliphant, though she too can indulge in reflection and even preach a very good Scotch sermon, was incapable of this style of literary reverie, as incapable as was George Eliot herself of what a competent critic has termed 'the delicate monotone of Jane Austen's novels with their smoothness of movement, their subtle delicacy of description, their avoidance of any touch of tragedy.' Nor will the warmest admirer of Mrs. Oliphant deny that she was not steeped in the life of the country as was her great contemporary, and that she could not have written the incomparable passage in which Mrs. Poyser and life at her farmhouse are introduced to us.

'Plenty of life there! though this is the drowsiest time of the year, just before the hay-harvest; and it is the drowsiest time of the day too, for it is close upon three by the sun, and it is half-past three by Mrs. Poyser's handsome eight-day clock. But there's always a stronger sense of life when the sun is brilliant after rain; and now he is pouring down his beams and making sparks among the wet straw, and lighting up every patch of vivid green moss on the red tiles of the cow-shed, and turning even the muddy water that is hurrying along the channel to the drain into a mirror for the yellow-billed ducks, who are seizing the opportunity of getting a drink with as much body in it as possible. There is quite a concert of noises; the great bull-dog, chained against the stables, is thrown into furious exasperation by the unwary approach of a cock too near the mouth of his kennel, and sends forth a thundering bark which is answered by two fox-hounds shut up in the opposite cow-house; the old top-knotted hens, scratching with their chicks among the straw, set up a sympathetic croaking as the discomfited cock joins them; a sow with her brood all very muddy at the legs, and curled as to the tail, throws in some deep staccato notes; our friends the calves are bleating from the same home croft; and, under all, a fine ear discerns the continuous hum of human voices. . . . Everything was looking at its brightest at this moment, for the sun shone right on the pewter dishes, and from their reflecting surfaces pleasant jets of light were thrown on mellow oak and

bright brass ; and on a still pleasanter object than these ; for some of the rays fell on Dinah's finely moulded cheek, and lit up her pale red hair to auburn, as she bent over the heavy household linen which she was mending for her aunt. No scene could have been more peaceful ; if Mrs. Poyser, who was ironing a few things that still remained from the Monday's wash, had not been making frequent clinking with her iron, and moving to and fro whenever she wanted it to cool ; carrying the keen glance of her blue-gray eye from the kitchen to the dairy, where Hetty was making up the butter, and from the dairy to the back-kitchen, where Nancy was taking the pies out of the oven. Do not suppose, however, that Mrs. Poyser was elderly or shrewish in her appearance ; she was a good-looking woman, not more than eight-and-thirty, of fair complexion and sandy hair, well-shapen, light-footed ; the most conspicuous article in her attire was an ample, checkered linen apron, which almost covered her skirt ; and nothing could be plainer or less noticeable than her cap and gown, for there was no weakness of which she was less tolerant than feminine vanity, and the preference of ornament to utility. The family likeness between her and her niece, Dinah Morris, with the contrast between her keenness and Dinah's seraphic gentleness of expression, might have served a painter as an excellent suggestion for a *Martha and Mary*.'

No apology is needed for quoting this passage. It is the high-water mark of George Eliot's literary work ; it is perhaps the high-water mark of 'the graphic' in British prose fiction. Mrs. Oliphant could not have written such a passage, or even come near it. And yet, for the purposes of comparison, I quote the opening sentences of *The Perpetual Curate* :—

'Carlingford is, as is well known, essentially a quiet place. There is no trade in the town, properly so called. To be sure, there are two or three small counting-houses at the other end of George Street, in that ambitious pile called Gresham Chambers ; but the owners of these places live, as a general rule, in villas either detached or semi-detached in the North-end, the new quarter, which, as everybody knows, is a region totally unrepresented in society. In Carlingford proper, there is no trade, no manufactures, not anything in particular, except very pleasant parties and a superior class of people—a very superior class of people, indeed, to anything one expects to meet with in a country town, which is not even a county town, nor the seat of any particular interest. It is the boast of the place that it has no particular interest—not even a public school. For no reason in the world but because they like it, have so many nice people collected together in those pretty houses in Grange Lane, which is of course a very much higher tribute to the town than if any special inducement had led them there. But in every community some centre of life is necessary. This point, round which everything centres, is, in Carlingford,

found in the clergy. They are the administrators of the commonwealth, the only people who have defined and compulsory duties to give a sharp outline to life. Somehow this touch of necessity and business seems needful even in the most refined society; a man who is obliged to be somewhere at a certain time, and whose public duties are not volunteer proceedings but indispensable work, has a certain position of command among a leisurely and unoccupied community, not to say that it is a public boon to have some one whom everybody knows and can talk of. The minister in Salem Chapel was everything to his little world. That respectable connection would not have hung together half so closely but for this perpetual subject of discussion, criticism, and patronage; and to compare great things with small, society in Carlingford recognised in some degree the same human want. An enterprising or non-enterprising rector made all the difference in the world in Grange Lane; and in the absence of a rector that counted for anything (and poor Mr. Proctor was of no earthly use, as everybody knows), it followed, as a natural consequence, that a great deal of the interest and influence of the position fell into the hands of the curate of St. Roque's.'

The dissimilarity between these two passages is almost painfully obvious. The one is instinct with the freedom and largeness of the country, which condemns to the simplest of lives, but permits of the richest of dreams. The other is full of the pettiness of the small town—that pettiness which crushes the soul, paralyses the imagination, and dwarfs ambition. That George Eliot realised this pettiness is clear enough from her *Middlemarch*, but she so shrank from it that she was incapable of doing justice to it; her characters soar above it. Mrs. Oliphant grasped the realities of Carlingford as George Eliot never grasped the realities of Middlemarch. But she was something more than a realist—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that she was a realist in the larger and truer sense. In the matter of fact—the boldly matter of fact—passage that I have quoted, she brings these ideals on the scene at once. They are concentrated in the clergy, whose mission, of course, it is to keep the flag of simple yet eternal truth flying above—yet not too much above—the heads of their flocks. In this lie the supreme charm and the true historical value of *Salem Chapel*, which, if not the most readable of *The Chronicles*—that distinction belongs to *Miss Marjoribanks*—is the truest to life. The vitality of this social sketch is to be found not in that delight-

ful but not perfectly satisfactory vision, Lady Western, in the mysterious and too melodramatic Mrs. Hilyard, or in Adelaide Tufton, 'pale spectator of a life with which she had nothing to do,' but in the Tozers. They are plain to vulgarity in their lives and their ideals. The blushing Phœbe is a trifle too willing to fall into the arms of Mr. Vincent; Mrs. Tozer is a trifle too ready to throw her there. Then look at the deacon himself, as he 'sits in his little parlour on an October night looking over his greasy books, one of which lay open upon a little writing-desk, where a bundle of smaller ones, in red leather, with "Tozer, Cheesemonger," stamped upon them in gilt letters, lay waiting Phœbe's arrival to be "made up." Trollope, or even Thackeray, could not have made a more complete exposure of what Matthew Arnold has termed 'The hideousness and immense ennui of dissent,' than in this dialogue between Tozer and poor Vincent:—

"Three more pews applied for this morning—fifteen shillings in all," said Mr. Tozer, "that's what I call satisfactory, that is. We musn't let the steam go down—not on no account. You keep well at them of Sundays, Mr. Vincent, and trust to the managers, sir, to keep 'em up to their dooty. Me and Mr. Tufton was consulting the other day. He says as we oughtn't to spare you, and you oughtn't to spare yourself. There hasn't been such an opening not in our connection for fifteen years. We all look to you to go into it, Mr. Vincent. If all goes as I expect, and you keep up as you're doing, I see no reason why we shouldn't be able to put another fifty to the salary next year."

"Oh!" said poor Vincent, with a miserable face. He had been rather pleased to hear about the "opening," but this matter-of-fact encouragement and stimulus threw him back into dismay and disgust.

"Yes," said the deacon, "though I wouldn't advise you, as a young man settin' out in life, to calculate upon it, yet we all think it more than likely; but if you was to ask my advice, I'd say to give it 'em a little more plain—meaning the church folks. It's expected of a new man. I'd touch 'em up in the State Church line, Mr. Vincent, if I was you. Give us a coorse upon the anomalies and that sort of thing—the bishops in their palaces, and the fisherman as was the start of it all; there's a deal to be done in that way. It always tells; and my opinion is as you might secure the most part of the young men and thinkers, and them as can see what's what, if you lay it on pretty strong. Not," added the deacon, remembering in time to add that necessary salve to the conscience, "not as I would have you neglect what's more important; but after all, what is more important, Mr. Vincent, than freedom of opinion and choosing your own religious teacher? You can't put Gospel truth in a man's mind till you've

freed him out of them bonds. It stands to reason, as long as he believes just what he's told, and has it all made out for him the very words he's to pray, there may be feelin', sir, but there can't be no spiritual understandin' in that man."

And again—

"I am very partial to your style, Mr. Vincent ; there's just one thing I'd like to observe, sir, if you'll excuse me. I'd give 'em a coorse ; there's nothing takes like a coorse in our connection. Whether it's on a chapter or a book of Scripture, or on a pertiklar doctrine, I'd make a pint of giving 'em a coorse if it was me. There was Mr. Bailey of Parson's Green, as was so popular before he married, he had a historical coorse in the evenings, and a coorse upon the eighth of Romans in the morning ; and it was astonishing to see how they took."

There is no question whatever as to the relentless cleverness of all this. Had Mrs. Oliphant's object been not to draw a picture of a particular phase of life in Carlingford, but to present what would have been regarded as a clever caricature of the more ignoble features of Nonconformity, she could not have succeeded better. But she would have been untrue to life and disloyal to her art, had she not reproduced the simple goodness that shines through and redeems the vulgarity—which is on the whole objective rather than subjective—of the Tozers. Phœbe thinks none the worse of Mr. Vincent because her charms fail to adequately impress him, and even her mother bears no malice. As for Tozer, he transcends himself in that truly masterly oration in which he not only defends Mr. Vincent against the foes of his own household who have gossipped about and watched and suspected him until he finds his position intolerable, but reveals himself as the most sarcastic critic of 'chapel' weaknesses.

'It's the way of some folks in our connection, ladies and gentlemen ; a minister aint to be allowed to go on building up a chapel and making hisself useful in the world. He aint to be left alone to do his dooty as his best friends approve. He's to be took down out of his pulpit, and took to pieces behind his back, and made a talk and a scandal of to the whole connection. It's not his preaching as he's judged by, nor his dooty to the sick and dyin', nor any of them things as he was called to be pastor for ; but it's if he's seen going to one house more nor another, or if he calls often enough on this one or t'other, and goes to all the tea-drinkings.'

Mrs. Oliphant here reveals herself as a realist in a true and complete sense. She does ample justice to the weaknesses of Dissent in Salem Chapel just as she does ample justice to the possibly less angular and obtrusive, but equally indubitable weaknesses of Anglicanism. But she also reproduces without unduly emphasizing the unquestionable if conventional goodness which atones for and redeems these weaknesses. The sore-tried Wentworth, the perplexed Morgan, and the embarrassed Proctor, are invariably equal to the duty, even to the duty of self-effacement, that lies nearest to them, and are as real, if not quite as enjoyable as Tozer.

Beyond all question, the best, or at all events most emphatically classical work of Mrs. Oliphant, is to be found in her *Chronicles of Carlingford*. They give the best pictures of English clericalised society that have ever been drawn. For although Bishop and Mrs. Prowdie in the rival *Chronicles of Barset* are as good photographs and in every way as real as the Tozers, a fire of genuine religious conviction is to be found in the best of Mrs. Oliphant's characters which was foreign to Trollope's 'purpose' and decidedly alien to his art. But there is also in them a fire of a totally different kind—the fire of youth, of strong will, of honest indignation, of what we rather helplessly style 'character.' Mr. Wentworth in *The Perpetual Curate*, and Mr. Vincent in *Salem Chapel*, are quite as capable of getting into a healthy temper as Mr. Tozer. Take Nettie, the pretty, piquant Australian who figures in *The Doctor's Family*, which is perhaps the most finished of all the *Carlingford Chronicles*. She is in a flame all over the stage, and it is impossible not to sympathise alike with her contempt for her weak and grumbling sister and with her anger at that sister's hopelessly indolent and self-indulgent husband. It is her spirit which makes her a better wife for Edward Rider than Lucy Wodehouse, or even the incomparable Lucilla Marjoribanks herself. I say 'incomparable' advisedly, for I am quite certain that in the whole range not only of Mrs. Oliphant's works but of the British fiction of two generations, there is not a closer approach to 'the perfect woman nobly planned' than Miss Marjoribanks. In some of her qualities, and in certain even of the

possibilities open to her, she recalls Mrs. Humphry Ward's Marcella. But how pale and unsatisfactory and in every way ineffectual is the creation of the younger artist beside that of the elder and earlier! No doubt Lucilla's most ardent male admirers must feel some disappointment that 'in the end it is to be Tom after all,' and that she who 'might have done ever so much better' should not only be in the end married to, but be in a sense dependent on her cousin. But there is at least poetic justice in the final arrangements of her life which take her from Carlingford to Marchbank:—

'It was but the natural culmination of her career that transferred her from the town to the country, and held out to her the glorious task of serving her generation in a twofold way, among the poor and among the rich. If a momentary sigh for Grange Lane, which was about to lose her, breathed from her lips, it was sweetened by a smile of satisfaction for the country which was about to gain her. The lighter preface of life was past, and Lucilla had the comfort of feeling that its course had been full of benefit to her fellow-creatures; and now a larger sphere opened before her feet, and Miss Marjoribanks felt that the arrangements of Providence were on the whole full of discrimination, and all was best, and she had not lived in vain.'

The time is not far distant, if indeed it has not already arrived, when the historian of this country who takes a genuine and not a merely superficial interest in the sociological department of his subject, will seek in novels as in newspapers—and novels and newspapers between them constitute literature in the eyes of more than a moiety of the British population—for a picture of the times of which he treats. In the eyes of such a historian books like the *Chronicles of Carlingford* series are of greater value than those of Thomas Hardy and George Meredith. Both the world of Thomas Hardy and the world of George Meredith are brighter and fairer than Mrs. Oliphant's; they are inhabited by diviner women and more capable, or at least (to use a now hopelessly vulgarised phrase) more Napoleonic men. She has not given us a Bathsheba Everdene or a Lucy Feverel, a Clym Yeobright or the conqueror of Diana of the Crossways. But her world is peopled with real men and women, those folk whose hearts may be in Philistia, and who may be governed not by ideas but by traditions to which time has given a certain con-

secration, but who perform nine-tenths of the work of the world. Regarded from the standpoint of reality and comprehensiveness, Mrs. Oliphant's works will constitute a valuable mine to the sociologist in search of genuinely 'human documents,' a mine to which nothing, not even the stories of Anthony Trollope, one of her earlier contemporaries, can be compared. Her mantle seems to have fallen on Mr. Norris, in whose best works modern seaside and holiday life is presented with a fidelity to truth that is not diminished by its association with gently Thackerayan satire. But Mr. Norris has not yet migrated from Torquay to Carlingford; he has yet produced a Tozer.

But Mrs. Oliphant was a Scotswoman, and an intensely patriotic Scotswoman of that old fashioned conservative—in regards religious and moral questions eminently Conservative—type which is generally associated less with the moist and fervid West than with the bracing and biting East, and above all with the Kingdom of Fife. Many of her best stories—too many indeed to be mentioned—deal with various phases of Scotch life. What then is her position among Scotch novelists? In this case, as in that of her position among delineators of English life, it is necessary to indicate her limitations by contrasting her with those writers who will naturally be mentioned in the same breath with her. Some of her best Scotch types are suggestive of Galt. Her *Margaret Maitland*, which many critics regard as the greatest of her purely Scotch stories, is admittedly an imitation of the work and method of the author of *The Ayrshire Legatees* and *The Entail*, and, as a representation of the period when 'Non-Intrusion' feeling ran high, it is admirable. But neither Mrs. Oliphant nor any other writer of Scotch fiction, not even Sir Walter himself, has immortalised certain outstanding features in our national character as Galt has done, has given us such a portrait of the worldly, but neither indolent nor ungenial Scotch minister of the old school as Mr. Balwhidder, or has reproduced municipal selfishness tempered by good nature so well as in Provost Pawkie, or has so effectually represented the bright side of Sir Pertinax Macsycophancy as in Sir Andrew Wyllie. Mrs. Oliphant has drawn many delightful Scotch gentlewomen, although I agree with a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* that her

Scotch servants are conventional ; but she had not Miss Ferrier's perfect knowledge of the old Scots—not merely Scottish much less Scotch—lady of quality and character. Her world is a much larger one than Mr. Black's ; but she never wrote such an exquisite idyll in the true sense, as *A Daughter of Heth*. She has not what Mrs. Ward has termed 'the golden art of Mr. Stevenson.' As Sir Walter was often slovenly, she was often dowdy, in style. She has not Mr. Barrie's miraculous insight into that hereditary saintliness which is to be found in the descendants of those on whom 'Calvinism' has held the strong hand of its purity ; she has neither the humour nor the pathos of *A Window in Thrums*. It must be allowed also that some of her most ambitious Scotch stories are but ambitious failures. A number of her books, of which *The Railway Man and His Children* is perhaps the latest, but is not quite the worst, are simply to be regarded as conclusive evidence that Mrs. Oliphant perceived that middle Scotch life as it is lived in those crowded modern cities of which Glasgow is at once the model and the flagrant example, is a field that has yet to be worked by the novelist, and that she was incapable of working it. But when all this has been conceded, it must also be said of Mrs. Oliphant, if regard be had at once to the range of her subjects, to the reality of her characters, and to her artistic loyalty to the ideas which she found underlying the mere moral weaknesses of the men and women she has introduced the public to, that she is the greatest Scottish novelist that has appeared since the death of Scott. She may not have added an Alan Breck or a Master of Ballantrae, a Tammas Haggart or a Hendry M'Quhumpha, or even a Whaup to the gallery of Scottish character in fiction. But her lairds, her ministers—though she has never produced quite so good and finished a sketch as Ian Maclaren's Dr. Davidson of Drumtochty—her self-made men, her wives and mothers quite as devoted as George Eliot's 'Mrs. Amos Barton,' but endowed with a healthy amount of 'temper,' her innumerable girls, at once sweet and spirited, who are in training to take the places of these wives and mothers, represent Scottish life in its breadth and Scottish character in its depth with a completeness which cannot be claimed for any other writer during the last fifty years.

Mrs. Oliphant had none of the power, possessed both by Mr. Barrie and Mr. Stevenson, of 'realising' an episode or a character in a phrase. She required elbow-room. But when she permitted herself scope she could reproduce the angularities, the contradictions, above all the almost Pagan 'thrawnness' of the best Scotch characters in all their perfection. Take the following—it is impossible to do justice to Mrs. Oliphant except by quotation—from one of her shorter and least pretentious stories. Young John Rintoul brings the news of the drowning of his father to his home circle:

"The sloop's gone down atween this and St. Minan's; they've never been heard tell of in Anster. I found a bit of the wreck on the shore—ye a' mind it; and there's no anither token of them, man or boat, except at the bottom o' the sea!"

'John's hoarse breathless whisper was broken by a scream—it was but Euphie, who had in this intimation only a great shock, but scarcely any bereavement; and on his disengaged arm Ailie Rintoul laid a savage grasp, gripping him like a tiger—"Say it's a lee—say it's a story you've made—and I'll no curse ye, John Rintoul!"

'But Kirsteen Beatoun said not a word. Her eyes turned upon her son with a vacant stare, and her fingers kept opening and shutting with a strange idiotic motion; then, suddenly starting, she lifted up her hands, and bent her cowering head under their shadow, pressing her fingers over the eyes which would not close. John made no answer to the fierce question of his aunt—said nothing to soothe the terror of Euphie; his whole attention was given to his mother.

'There was a solemn pause—for even Ailie did not venture to speak now, till the wife and mother, doubly bereaved, had wakened from her stupor—and nothing but the low moans and sobs of Euphie disturbed the silence. It was but momentary, for they woke the stunned heart of Kirsteen, and roused her to know her grief.

"Comfort the bit poor thing, John—comfort her," said his mother, suddenly; "for she has her prop and her staff left to her, and has never heard the foot of deadly sorrow a' her days. The auld man and Patie—baith gane—a' gane—I ken it's true—I'm assured in my mind it's true; but I've nae feeling o't, man—nae feeling o't—nae mair than cauld iron or stane."

'And with a pitiful smile quivering upon her lips, and her eye gleaming dry and tearless, Kirsteen turned to pace up and down the little apartment. Strangely different in the first effort of her scarcely less intense grief, Ailie Rintoul turned now fiercely upon John—

"Have ye nae mair proof but this? A wave might wrench away a companion-door that wouldna founder a sloop—are ye gaun to be content with

this, John Rintoul! He's gane through as mony storms as there's grey hairs on his head—and ilka ane of them is numbered. Am I to believe the Lord would forsake His ain! I tell ye ye're wrang—ye're a' wrang—I'll never believe it. He may be driven out a hundred mile, or stranded on a desolate place, or ta'en refuge, or fechtin' on the sea; but ye needna tell me—I ken—I ken—I'll believe ye the Judgment's to be the morn, afore I believe my brother's lost."

'Hot tears blinded Ailie's eyes, and all the stiff sedateness of her mien had vanished in the wild gestures with which these words hurried from her lips; she paused at length, worn out and trembling with feverish excitement, and turned to the window to look out on the sea. John, still more completely exhausted, and lost in the deep hopeless despondency which had now succeeded to the first impatience of grief, stood at the table silent and unresponsive still; and the slow, heavy footsteps of Kirsteen Beatoun sounded through the room like a knell.

"And it was for this ye minded of the bairns! Oh, John, my man, my man! and it was for this the Lord warned ye with a sight of them, and put dark words in your mouth, that I kent nae meaning to! No, Ailie; no lost: blessings on him where he is, where nae blessings fail! I never had dread nor doubt before, but put him freely in the Lord's hand to come and gang at His good pleasure—and he came like the day, and gaed like the night, as constant, serving his Maker. He's won hame at last—and the Lord help me for a pair desolate creature, that am past kenning what my trouble is. Patie, too: bairns—bairns, ye needna think me hard-hearted because I canna greet—but it's a' cauld, cauld, like the blast that cast our boat away."

'And the poor widow leaned upon the wall, and struggled with some hard, dry, gasping sobs; but no tears came to soften the misery in her eyes.

'Agnes was cowering in a corner, like one who shrinks from a great blow; Euphie wept and lamented passionately and aloud—she felt the stroke so much the least of all.'

Here, as in the tragedy of the Mucklebackits, and what Arnold would have termed 'the intolerable pathos' of the Kail-yard, we have a revelation of Scotch 'humble' life in its complexity, its strength, its impotent resistance and final submission to the Divine will. Take, again, the following very different passage from *Kirsteen*. Kirsteen Douglas, the daughter of Drumcarro, the savage West Highland laird who has been a slave-driver in the West Indies, and who, in a moment of rage, has killed the young patrician Don Juan, whom he has found trying to persuade his youngest daughter to elope with him, is sent for by him on his death-bed, to help him to buy a property adjoining

his own, although she has 'disgraced' him by becoming a mantua maker in London :—

"Well," he said, with a slight appearance of embarrassment and a wave of his head, "here's just an opportunity. I have not the means of my own self. I would just have to sit and grin in this corner, where a severe Providence has thrown me, and see it go—to another of those damned Campbells, little doubt of that."

"What is it?" she said. Kirsteen had lifted her head too, like a horse scenting the battle from afar. She had not her father's hatred of his hereditary foes, but there was a fine strain of tradition in Kirsteen's veins.

"It's just Rossraig—our own land, that's been in the Douglas name for hundreds of years, and out of it since attainder. I would be ready to depart in peace if I had it back."

Kirsteen's eyes flashed in response. "If it's possible—but they will want a great sum for Rossraig."

"Possible!" he cried with furious impatience. "How dare ye beguile me with your offer, if it's only to think of what's possible? I can do that myself. Does one of your name condescend to a dirty trade, and serve women that are not fit to tie a Douglas's shoe, and then come to me and talk of what's possible? If that's all, give up your mantua-making and your trading that's a disgrace to your family, and come back and look after the house, which will set you better. Possible!" he cried, the fire flying from his eyes and the foam from his mouth. "For what do you demean yourself—and me to permit it—if it's no possible?" He came to the end on a high note, with the sharpness of indignant passion in his voice.

Kirsteen had followed every word with a kindling countenance, with responsive flame in her eyes. "Ye speak justly," she said, with a little heaving of her breast. "For them to whom it's natural a little may suffice. But I that do it against nature am bound to a different end." She paused a little, thinking; then raised her head. "It shall be possible," she said.

He held out his thin and trembling fingers, which were like eagle's claws.

"Your hand upon it," he cried. The hot clutch made Kirsteen start and shiver. He dropped her hand with an excited laugh. "That's the first bargain," he said, "was ever made between father and child to the father's advantage—at least, in this house. And a lass,—and all my fine lads that I sent out for honour and for gain." He leant back on his pillows with feeble sobs of sound, the penalty of his excitement. "Not for me," he said, "not for me, though I would be the first—but for the auld name, that was once so great."

Kirsteen unfolded the paper tremulously, with tears lingering on her eyelashes. "Father, if ye will look here—"

"So away with your news and your follies," he said roughly. "You think much of your London town and your great world, as ye call it, but I think more of my forbears' name and the lands they had, and to bring

to confusion a false race, Kirsteen," he put out his hand again, and drew her close to the bedside, clutching her arm. "I'll tell you a thing I've told nobody. It was me that did it. I just took and threw him down the linn. Me an old man, him a young one, and as false as hell. He was like the serpent at that bairn's lug; and I just took him by the scruff of the neck. My hand's never got the better of it," he added, thrusting her away suddenly, and looking at his right hand, blowing upon it as if to remove the stiffness of the strain.

"Father!" Kirsteen cried, with subdued horror, "what was it you did?"

He chuckled with sounds of laughter that seemed to dislocate his throat. "I took him by the scruff of the neck—I never thought I would have had the strength. It was just passion. The Douglasses have that in them; they're wild when they're roused. I took him by the scruff of the neck. He never made a struggle. I know nothing more about it, if he was living or dead."

"Ye killed him!" cried Kirsteen with terror. "Oh, it's no possible!"

"There ye are with your possibles again. It's just very possible when a man's blood's up. He's not the first," he said, in a low tone, turning his face to the wall. He lay muttering there for some time words of which Kirsteen could only hear, "the scruff of the neck," "no struggle," "it's hurt my hand, though," till in the recoil from his excitement Drumcarro fell fast asleep and remembered no more.'

Here we have 'elemental passion'—and elemental Scottish passion—with a vengeance. That Mrs. Oliphant, so fond of good-natured fathers and gentle hard-worked mothers as often as not with a tear in the eye should have given two such pictures of Scottish diabolism and moral decadence as Drumcarro—who is more real than Stevenson's Master of Ballantrae—and Lord Lindores, whose moral ruin it effected by his accession to an estate, is one of the most notable of her achievements, another evidence of what she might have done, had circumstances allowed her to write but one-tenth of what she has written. Even as a Scotch novelist Mrs. Oliphant had her limitations. One of these has been indicated by a critic who has written of her with personal knowledge and who says:—'That the whole bent of her opinion was Conservative is manifest enough, and her code of ethics was as old-fashioned as the Ten Commandments. She was too wise to believe in panaceas for the distemperature of mankind, or to suppose that human nature could be revolutionised by the invention of a taking formula or

the turning of a felicitous phrase.' Mrs. Oliphant's conservatism gives strength to a great number of her characters; the best of them are those she herself liked best, because they are in favour of the old order in morals and the conduct of private life, if not in politics and the government of society. But it has also limited her range. As I have already said, she has not succeeded in entering into the life of the Scottish *bourgeoisie* as it is to be found in the commercial cities. Probably she detested the vulgarity so commonly associated with that pursuit of wealth which is the leading aim of the wealthier section of such *bourgeoisie*. It is quite certain that for æsthetic reasons she shrunk from entering into and reproducing the moral and physical squalor of the slums that are the purlieus of wealth in cities. And although she admired and defended Burns, it may be doubted whether her attitude towards the Scottish peasantry was not to some extent that of kindly patronage rather than of thorough-going sympathy. Such of them as respect and follow their 'betters,' as walk in the old paths of decorum and devoutness, she admires and has drawn with a loving as well as artistic hand. But she could not understand much less approve of latter-day democratic aspirations. She had an impatient horror of that unlovely aspect of Scottish village life which is best known to members of Kirk Sessions. She was a realist, but there are depths of reality which she refused even to attempt to fathom, to her own loss and her public's. For she thus failed to discover that soul of goodness which is to be found in the most squalid environment.

The leading defects of Mrs. Oliphant as a novelist flow very readily indeed off tongue and pen. She was not a great 'stylist' in any sense of that much abused word. She could not write like Stevenson, or even like Mrs. Humphry Ward at her best, as in *Robert Elsmere*. She was not a puissant genius like Dickens. She had not Thackeray's insight into the seamy side of character. As a contriver of plots and 'strong situations' she was hopelessly behind many even among her second-rate contemporaries, like Miss Braddon and Wilkie Collins; indeed, it is so much to the credit of Mrs. Oliphant that she is popular in spite of her inability to make a plot. To her was not entrusted, as to Mr.

Hardy and Mr. Meredith, the divine Shakespearian mission of portraying beings that never lived on earth, but will live for ever. Yet when this is conceded, it must also be conceded that for variety of character and, within certain limits clearly defined by the range both of her experiences and her sympathies, for fidelity to fact, she is surpassed by none of her contemporaries. She is the first of Scottish romancists since Scott. Among British novelists of the Victorian era, she occupies the first place in the second rank ; or, if some one must be bracketed equal with her, it is Anthony Trollope. Above all things she appears in her life, as in her work, a good and infinitely industrious woman, performing hard work unrepiningly under very unfavourable circumstances, and trying to make the world around her brighter—and better because brighter.

AN OLD PERSONAL FRIEND.

ART. V.—THE NEW WOMAN ON THE BIBLE.

The Woman's Bible. Part I, 2nd Edition. Edited by
ELIZABETH CADY STANTON. New York, 1895.

THE modern woman, bred in the 'New Spirit,' is very multifarious in her works. Her 'rights' and her 'wrongs' are for ever confronting us in new dresses. Not content to tread the well-paved ways allotted to her sex in the past, she must needs keep battering at the pales and barriers which have hitherto shut them in. In their feverish impatience to pluck every leaf and fruit from the tree of knowledge, our modern Aspasia's and Hippolytes will not be restrained from searching out every devious by-path, fair or foul, that promises aught which is *new*. The fermentation of the new wine has got into their heads, and fostered strange forms of self-assertion and unblushing self-exposure. A branch of this modern female school have probed every sex-question to the quick, and laid woman, body and soul, so bare to us that scarce a rag has remained to cover her nakedness. We

have been surfeited with the Lyndalls and Evadues of fiction, the 'second-hand husbands,' the Monas with their moans over the feminine 'dumb despair of trampled centuries,' the Hermaphrodites of the 'Keynotes,' the man-hating Belindas 'bumps of philo-progenitiveness,' the Christines and Lotuses, the Gwen Stranges of the 'Yellow Aster' type, the 'Gallia' woman who, like Amazonian Thalestris, selects her mate on hereditary lines, the Marie Bashkirtzeffs, and all the variants of the too, too well-known tribe. Women everywhere are thrusting themselves in increasing numbers into the places of men, and the advanced band among them have wheedled or importuned our legislators so successfully into dallying with woman suffrage that at last we are face to face with an agitation leading up to a future majority of female voters, and with the possibility of having the affairs of our great empire 'conducted after the manner of women and not after the manner of men.'

And now it has been reserved for the new woman in this latest decade of a much vaunted century to discover a novel field for her literary energies—the production of a *Woman's Bible* by a company of exclusively female revisers.

To enter upon the domain of Biblical criticism were far indeed from the intention or competency of the present writer. Such a theme, moreover, would better befit a specifically theological serial than the pages of this *Review*. The standpoint from which I desire to present to the reader this *soi-disant Woman's Bible* is the singularity of the book with its avowed aims and arguments, and the reflected light these cast upon the revolutionary woman's character. The title seems somewhat of a misnomer, at least in this 1st part of the published work, which covers only the Pentateuch; for the book is not a re-translation or new version of the Sacred Writ, but simply a collection of female commentaries thereupon.

The number of commentators and critics of the Scriptural text is legion. The mere catalogue of them in the British Museum takes up several folios. We know not if the ladies who are responsible for the publication under review have the intention, or the gifts, or the patience, to sift and digest a millesimal fraction of the weighty authorities on Biblical

exegesis. They may have dipped into the works of the modern school of so-called 'higher criticism.' They may have culled ideas from De Wette and Renan, Graf, Baur, and Friedrich Strauss. For aught we know they may have ransacked the later learned dissertations on the vexed questions of the date, composition, and authorship of the Pentateuch or Hexateuch; such treatises, say, as those of Kuenen, Wellhausen, Kautzsch, Reuss, Stade, Kittel, and Leunormant. And in the coming parts of their work they may think to reinforce their 'free handling' of the older Scriptures from the writings of Otto Pfeleiderer and Professor Maspero.

A perusal, however, of this *Woman's Bible* is scarcely calculated to reassure the reader as to the width or depth of the research bestowed upon it. A few sporadic references to commentators are vouchsafed us, among which Adam Clarke and Thomas Scott figure oftenest, though these two are cited rather by way of contrast to our revisers' superior enlightenment. Once or twice we have a *réchauffé* of the bald and unconvincing cavillings of a late sceptical African bishop against the letter of the Mosaic narrative. But the great bulk of the ladies' animadversions appear to be evolved from their own inner consciousness rankling over the non-emancipation of the Scriptural women. The general drift of the criticisms, such as they are, in the volume before us, is to throw as much discredit as possible on the value and authenticity of the Pentateuchal Record, for the apparent reason, as we shall presently see, that this Record is silent or hostile as to the rights of women, or at all events to the asserted rights of the New Woman and the equality she claims with man. Indeed, the view of these feminine revisers seems very much that expressed by the prince of darkness to the Divine Master in the 'Paradise Regained':—

' All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote :
The Gentiles also know, and write and teach
To admiration, led by nature's light.'

To attempt to discriminate between the various ancient texts of the Septuagint, the Massoretic (Hebrew), the old

Syriac, Targum, old Latin, and the Latin Vulgate, and to reconstruct a Version of the Pentateuch after the fashion, let us say, essayed for other parts of Holy Writ by Lagarde, Cornill, and Wellhausen, might be a Herculean labour doubtless, but it might at least serve as another useful brick laid on to the splendid edifice of Scriptural translation. The lady-writers of these *new* commentaries have devoted themselves to no such enterprise. Rather has their aim been to pull down the whole structure.

When we think of the sum of human toil and patience and devout study that have been bestowed upon translations and recensions of the sacrosanct writings, whether displayed in the Egyptian, Ethiopic, Coptic, Armenian, Arabic, Slavonic, and other Biblical reproductions,—or in cognate undertakings in the English tongue, *e.g.*, the Bible of Wyclif, of Tyndale, of Miles Coverdale, the ‘Matthew’s Bible’ of John Rogers, the so-called ‘Breeches Bible’ of Geneva, Archbishop Parker’s ‘Bishop’s Bible,’ the Douai Text, and our Authorised Version of 1611;—or, again, contemplate the multitudinous modern renderings of the Scriptures in well-nigh every known language:—when, I say, we try to realise all this enormous polyglot industry, we are bound to recognise the paramount claims of the Book of Books to man’s super-reverent attention, and the amazing difficulties of the task of criticising it. As to our Authorised Version, which now bears upon its pages the seal and imprimatur of reverent acceptance through all but three centuries, a host of eminent men of diverse communions ‘have borne testimony to its general accuracy and high excellence.’ Yet to meet the desire of some for the emendation of its occasional small verbal defects, a further Revision of the Sacred Text has recently, at the instance of the Convocation of Canterbury, been undertaken by a band of associated English and American scholars of known competency. This Revision was completed in 1884, and it is marvellous, all things considered, how few and minute are its deviations from the older and more familiar Authorised Version.

Nevertheless, as will appear presently, the outcome of all this mass of erudition and authority has not sufficed for the

aspirations of the modern woman. For, it had the primal and essential taint that, with a single exception, no female had been enlisted for the work. The revisers and translators were all men!

We will now proceed to an examination of the contents of the *Woman's Bible*. The Revising Committee, a list of whom is appended to the book, numbers 28 ladies, most of them presumably American; but it would appear that some foreign female members are to be added. In this Committee three female ministers of religion—or shall we call them clergy-women—prefix the style 'Reverend' to their names. Among the British representatives there figures a lady well-known for her zeal towards woman suffrage, and also as being a near kinswoman of a late distinguished orator and statesman, Mrs. Priscilla Bright M'Laren. Eight ladies are allotted by name to act as commentators on the Pentateuch, of whom six belong to the trans-Atlantic group of the Committee. There is a Preface, and a plan sketched out:—

'The object,' says the editress, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, 'is to review only those texts and chapters directly referring to women, and those also in which women are made prominent by exclusion. . . . The Commentaries will be of a threefold character, those on the plain English version being reserved for the Committee. These are women of earnestness and liberal ideas, quick to see the real purport of the Bible as regards their sex. Among them the various books of the Old and New Testament will be distributed for comment.'

Here it may be observed that the scope and limits of the treatise as set forth therein are not altogether free from obscurity. Thus, we are told by the editress [Introduction, p. 12] that her 'standpoint for criticism is the revised edition of 1888;' while in an Appendix (p. 149), it is stated that 'the Revising Committee refer to a woman's translation of the Bible as their ultimate authority for the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew Text.' The woman referred to is a certain Julia Smith, an American lady, who died in 1886, and who, it appears, accomplished unaided no less than five translations of the Bible into English, 'twice from the Hebrew, twice from the Greek, and once from the Latin.'

I pass next to the 'Introduction,' which opens with the following exordium:—

'From the inauguration of the movement for woman's emancipation, the Bible has been used to hold her in the "divinely ordained sphere" prescribed in the Old and New Testament. The canon and civil law, Church and State, priests and legislators, all political parties and religious denominations, have alike taught that woman was made after man, of man, and for man, an inferior being, subject to man. Creeds, codes, Scriptures and statutes, are all based on this idea. The fashions, forms, ceremonies, and customs of society, Church ordinances and discipline, all grow out of this idea.'

Mrs. Stanton is again the writer, and the burden of her remarks is what she calls 'the Bible position of woman,' which she thoroughly resents:—

'It,' she says, 'the Bible teaches the equality of woman, why does the Church refuse to ordain women to preach the Gospel, to fill the offices of deacons and elders, and to administer the Sacraments, or to admit them as delegates to the Synods, General Assemblies, and Conferences of the different denominations? They have never yet invited a woman to join one of their Revising Committees. . . .'

The undertaking, we are told, of this *Woman's Bible* 'is very encouraging to those who have inaugurated the movement, and indicates a growing self-respect (?) and self-assertion (!) in the women of this generation.' 'Why,' she asks, 'is it more ridiculous for a woman to protest against her present status in the Old and New Testament, in the ordinances and discipline of the Church, than in the statutes and constitution of the State?' This is to say that woman's social and political degradation is an outgrowth of her status in the Bible. Her complete independence can only be achieved by an entire revolution in all existing institutions.

'Again,' says our Editress, 'there are some who write us that our work is a useless expenditure of force over a book that has lost its hold on the human mind. Most intelligent women, they say, regard it simply as the history of a rude people in a barbarous age, and have no more reverence for the Scriptures than any other work.'

She laments that 'The masses in all English-speaking nations' revere the Bible 'as the Word of God.' 'All the religions on the face of the earth degrade' woman. 'Whatever the Bible

may be made to do in Hebrew or Greek, in plain English it does not exalt and dignify woman.'

This is pretty strong as a preliminary indication of the tone and spirit of our New Woman's venture. But through all this Introduction, as indeed throughout the book, one thing is made clear. However eager the 'New Eve' may be to fasten and insist upon the alleged inaccuracies of our accepted versions of the Scriptures, it has to be reluctantly admitted by Mrs. Stanton that 'The verbal criticism in regard to woman's position amounts to little.' No conceivable recension or re-translation by Julia Smiths or Elizabeth Stantons, or by any of the malcontent junta of advanced women, can read woman's rights or emancipation, or female-suffrage, or non-differentiation from man, into the text of the Sacred Writ. And it is her palpable conviction of this *non possumus*—this impotence to wrest the Scripture to her service—which bars the weapons the female *Progressive* is so ardent to turn against it.

From the Introduction of the *Woman's Bible* let us turn to the body of the book. I shall not attempt to notice *seriatim* the comments of the revising ladies; it must suffice to select a few examples on the principle of '*ab uno disce omnes.*'

The first book dealt with by our feminine expositors is Genesis. The system of criticism adopted is to pick out arbitrarily such parts of chapters as appear to the commentators to bear directly or indirectly on their sex. Each dissertation is subscribed with the initials of the particular writer responsible for it.

The story of the Creation furnishes some suggestive and novel ideas. 'It is evident,' says Mrs. Stanton, 'that there was consultation in the Godhead, and that the masculine and feminine element were equally represented. But instead of three male personages as generally represented, Heavenly Father, Mother, and Son, would seem more rational.' In the presence of transcendent mysteries incomprehensible to human ken, we may perhaps, without heterodoxy, recognise a substratum of truth in the conception of a feminine principle contained within the Godhead—a conception more or less shadowed in the Roman branch of the Christian Church.

One of the writers, Lillie Devereux Blake, finds consolation in the gradually ascending series of the creations, because, succeeding man, at the top of the tree so to say, comes 'the last and crowning glory of the whole, woman.'

' O ! fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works " . . .

wrote the sublimest of our singers. There be few, of us men at all events, who will incline to dispute this reading of the allegory. That there are two separate accounts of the Creation in the 1st and 2nd chapters of Genesis must be patent to all readers. The most orthodox will admit so much, even should they deem the one merely an expansion of the other. Indeed, a dual strain or literary style in the early Scriptures, known as Elohistic and Jehovistic, has come to be recognised by most schools of theological criticism, and may probably be traced in the twofold story of the Deluge. Some go farther and claim, I believe, to have found two different *Elohistic* hands in the writings of the Pentateuch. Others, who contend for the composite character of the Old Testament text, have traced four distinct sources in the script of the book of Genesis. Our lady-expositors, lay stress on the asserted discrepancies of the two Biblical narratives of the Creation, extolling the prior one as equalising the sexes, but flouting the other for its doctrine of woman's subjection. Yet it is something to find one of the writers (Clara Bewick Colby) acknowledging that 'Nothing can surpass in grandeur the account in the first chapter of Genesis of the creation of the race.'

From the contemplation of 'the Heavenly Mother and Father' (mark the sequence), in the beginning of all things, we are led on to the Temptation and Fall. The principal lessons, it would seem, to be derived from the story of the Satanic seduction of our primal mother are 'the lofty ambition of the woman,' her insatiable craving for 'the wisdom of the gods,' and 'that intense thirst for knowledge that the simple pleasures of picking flowers and talking with Adam did not satisfy.' This last naive admission recalls a certain dean's delightful story of an old-fashioned Scottish gentlewoman's views

on the same subject, which I may be pardoned for quoting. She had begun too tardily a course of Bible reading at the feet of her parish pastor, and when questioned by him as to her impressions of the leading incidents related of our first parents, gave in substance this somewhat froward but outspoken reply. 'Weel, Doctor, it would ha' been sma' plesure to me to rin naked about a gairden eatin' green aipples.'

'Recent historians,' we are informed, 'tell us that for centuries woman reigned supreme.' The dull male understanding might humbly acknowledge that in her especial manner she has always done so. 'That period was called the Matriarchate. Then man seized the reins of government, and we are now under the Patriarchate. . . . The next dynasty, in which both will reign as equals, will be the Amphiararchate, which is close at hand.' But surely it might not unreasonably be held that woman's 'home rule' in the family is already a very fair matriarchate, and among the masses a quite adequate share of the *amphiarcate*.

The biographies of Abraham and Sarah are somewhat differently viewed by three of our lady-writers. The editress is scornful and severe on the cruelty and injustice of both these personages. Miss Colby reads their story in a much fairer spirit, and recognises in this woman beautiful to look upon the attributes of a distinguished mother of kings. But whether the wife of the great patriarch of Chaldæan Ur should be regarded as the precursor of the coming woman of undwarfed individuality who is hereafter 'to claim her birthright of freedom,' may be more open to question. Miss Blake, while commending Abram for his monotheism, yet finds 'his conduct to the last degree reprehensible.'

Next follow some observations on the character of Rebekah, 'the subject for some charming pictures.' 'Women,' we read, 'as milkmaids and drawers of water, with pails and pitchers on their heads, are always artistic, and far more attractive to men than those with votes in their hands at the polling-booths, or as queens, ruling over the destinies of nations.' 'Why,' asks Mrs. Stanton, 'did not Laban and Bethuel draw the water for the household and the cattle.' . . . 'The Rebekahs of

1895,' she adds, 'would never have drawn water at a well for a stranger and his camels without promptly summoning the (male) bystanders to their aid.' Madame Hansson, in a recent book, *Modern Woman*, deprecates 'the intense and morbid consciousness of the *Ego*' in her sex nowadays, which overdone education and perverted fiction have developed. Another authoress (Mrs. Roy Devereux), criticising the *fin-de-siècle* woman, emphasises 'the sublimity of her self-esteem.' Max Nordau and Ibsen have had their say on this new degeneracy of *egomania*. And now our editress writes down a not so very dissimilar article of the modern woman's religion. 'The virtue of self-sacrifice has its wise limitations. Though it is most commendable to serve our fellow-beings, yet woman's first duty is to herself, to develop all her own powers and possibilities, that she may better guide and serve the next generation.' And again, further on (p. 84): 'I would fain teach women that self-development is a higher duty than self-sacrifice.'

Mrs. Stanton evidently has a feminine leaning for romance and episodes that have to do with the tender passion. She is disappointed to find so little of this element in the Biblical pages, and thinks that, without falsifying the important facts of history, the Revising Committees might have condescended to infuse 'a little sentiment into these ancient manuscripts.' This same note of disappointment is elsewhere discernible in the book. The asserted essential divinity of the element of sex, the 'eternal feminine leading us on,' female evolution, the failure of marriage, and the like—such themes so dear to the new Eve are not to be found within the four corners of the inspired Volume.

Miss Colby reads 'this romantic pastoral' of the betrothal of Rebekah to Isaac in a sense differently from her collaborator, and one more consonant with the lofty but simple dignity of the Scripture recitals. She considers it an illustration of the high position held by women among this ancient people, and finds in it no teaching of woman's subordination. 'How serenely beautiful and chaste,' she says, 'appear the marriage customs of the Bible as compared with some that are wholly

of man's invention.' Which is indeed only the truth. Her view of the daughter of Bethuel is that 'she seems to have had things her own way, and therefore she did not set any marked example of wifely submission for women of to-day to follow.' This may be so, but it is certainly not difficult to find lessons of wifely submission elsewhere in the Sacred page.

As is not unbecoming, the same commentatress bestows a passing word of appreciation on the exquisitely suggestive passage (Gen. xxix. 20) recording the youthful Hebrew's devotion to Rachel the beautiful and well-favoured, and his seven years of self-imposed service, which 'seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her.' Mrs. Stanton also discourses on the relations of Jacob with the daughters of Laban, and upon the preference evinced by Jews, to-day much as aforetime, to have sons born to them rather than daughters. 'They believe,' she observes, 'in the home sphere for all women, that wifehood and motherhood are the most exalted offices. If they are really so considered why does every Jew on each returning Holy Day say in reading the service "I thank thee, Oh Lord, that I was not born a woman."'² She might have added that the Moslems are generally credited with addressing to Allah a like thanksgiving. 'And if Gentiles,' she proceeds, 'are of the same opinion, why do they consider the education of boys more important than that of girls.' The answer was surely not far to seek. Because the male is usually the principal bread-winner, scientist, and skilled operative—representative and guardian of the household—enforcer of the law and defender of the commonwealth. Because nature has for the most part given him strength both of brain and body exceeding the woman's. I have heard more than one girl's lament that she was not born of the masculine gender. One of the advanced fiction-writers, Olive Schreiner, has enlarged to great lengths on the same longing of her sex. Mrs. Anna Kingsford, another of the new evangelists, has struck the self-same chord in one of her sibylline rhapsodies about the coming 'dies dominae.' 'Women shall no more lament for their womanhood: but men shall rather say "O that we had been born women."' Maybe: but meantime the

man may feel more disposed to be grateful that he 'was not born a woman' of the new or neurotic type!

Mrs. Stanton reluctantly admits that 'The home sphere has so many attractions that most women prefer it to all others.' And why not? Why should it be made an indictment against them that they incline to such attractions rather than to the more turbid atmosphere of the New Woman's excitements—the public platform, the garb and pastimes of men, the propaganda of female enfranchisement, the struggle for masculine place and power. This is just what the dense, domineering, dullard of the male kind has never been able to comprehend!

I will conclude the revisers' gleanings from the book of Genesis, with an allusion by the editress to Aholibamah, the wife of Esau, and mother of three dukes. Mrs. Stanton tells us she would have liked to find in the Bible 'A knowledge of some of her characteristics, what she thought, said, and did, her theories of life in general. One longs all through Genesis to know what the women thought of a strictly masculine dynasty.' Verily a strange mental attitude towards the Word such an observation seems to reveal; as though the Book of Life should have been made a symposium of entertaining biographies, travels, and feminine introspections.

The ladies' descent upon the book of Exodus is almost entirely left in the hands of their reviser-in-chief. Concerning Pharaoh's admonition to the Hebrew midwives, and the Divine approval of their action, we are informed that Origen and other more recent writers have ascribed a deep spiritual meaning to these passages, but that none of the interpretations 'are complimentary to our unfortunate sex.' Reviewing the life of Moses and the establishment of the Mosaic code, our editress commits herself to another rather sweeping statement: 'These [the Jewish] people had no written language at that time, and could neither read nor write.' But what says that profoundly learned Biblicist, the late Georg Heinrich Ewald of Göttingen, who certainly cannot be charged with overcredulity or undue orthodoxy: 'So much is incontrovertible, that it [ink-writing] appears in history as a possession of the Semitic nations long before Moses, and one need not scruple

to assume that Israel knew and used it in Egypt before Moses.* The 2nd chapter of Exodus discontents our reviser in that, among 'about a dozen women' mentioned therein, all save Zipporah are nameless. The names of women and slaves are of no importance. It is an affront to her that her sex, in these modern days, should on marriage or re-marriage have to take the surnames of their husbands. 'We have had,' she says, 'in this generation one married woman in England, and one in America, who had one name from birth to death, and, though married, they kept it.' And the following reflections are added: 'Why should women, denied all their political rights, obey laws to which they have never given their consent, either by proxy or in person . . . and why should they obey the behests of a strictly masculine religion that places the sex at a disadvantage in all life's emergencies?'

Again, part of the 4th chapter of Exodus suggests a feminine grievance and a question:—

'Although the Mosaic code and customs so plainly degrade the female sex, and their position in the Church to-day grows out of these ancient customs, yet many people insist that our religion dignifies women. But so long as the Pentateuch is read and accepted as the Word of God, an undefined influence is felt by each generation that destroys a proper respect for all womankind. . . . Do our sons, in their theological seminaries, rise from their studies of the Mosaic laws and Paul's epistles with higher respect for their mothers? . . . As long as our religion teaches woman's subjection and man's right of domination, we shall have chaos in the world of morals.'

The reader will long since have discovered the head and front of our revisers' fault-finding with the canon of Scripture.

Those who know their Old Testament will remember the chapter recounting the generous manner in which the Israelites of both sexes lavished their voluntary offerings for the adornment of the Lord's tabernacle. All brought their best without stint. 'And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen, and all the women, whose heart stirred them up in wisdom, spun

* See *Geschichte des Volkes Israel* (Eng. transl., Martineau), pp. 50-51.

goats' hair' (Ex. xxxv. 25-26). The editress of the *Woman's Bible* is not much impressed with these liberal services to the Most High:—

'Some women in our times,' she remarks, 'think these unhappy Jewesses would have been much 'wiser-hearted' if they had kept their jewelry and beautiful embroideries to decorate themselves and their homes, where they were at least satellites of the dinner-pot and the cradle, and goddesses at their own altars. Seeing they had no right inside the sacred Temple, but stood, looking-glass in hand, at the door, it would have indicated more self-respect to have washed their hands of all that pertained to male ceremonies, altars, and temples.'

In concluding the comments on the second book of the Pentateuch, Mrs. Blake consoles herself and her sex with the reflection that 'at every stage of his existence Moses was indebted to some woman for safety and success.' This, we may allow, is no more than the good fortune of many, perhaps most, malekind. But it may be permitted us to question her pessimistic pronouncement on this part of the Mosaic revelation that 'whether fact or fiction, it is one of the most melancholy records in human history.'

Of Leviticus our commentators make short work. We may note here the suggestion made more than once that an expurgated or *Bowdlerised* edition of the Bible is highly desirable, and should long since have been prepared. Such an idea is not altogether new, for in earlier times restrictions were imposed on the reading of the Bible in the vernacular, on the ground, I believe, that it was unsuitable for the very young and ignorant, and specially dangerous in the hands of the evil-disposed, who had not the key to its interpretation, that is, the traditional teaching of the Church. But these restrictions became gradually obsolete, and at this time of day, when the realist is abroad, we are not going to clip and trim the pages of Holy Writ to meet the susceptibilities or false delicacy of certain purists. One is glad to find oneself in accord with the editress in respect of the 'social habits and sanitary conditions' prescribed by Moses to the children of Israel. Since cleanliness is next to godliness, it is quite true that 'The virtue of cleanliness so sedulously taught cannot be too highly commended.' But in the Leviti-

cal injunctions infinitely more than mere corporeal sanitary cleansings and ablutions, and precautions against contagion, are inculcated. In the scrupulous purification of the members of the priesthood before approaching the holy things or coming 'nigh unto the altar,' in the freewill offering of the living creature 'without blemish,' the oblation of first fruits, the trespass offering, the sin offering, the scapegoat of atonement, the scarlet wool and the hyssop, with all the minute details of the religious ceremonial of these Hebrews, surely in these sacred ordinances even a tyro in the Christian faith can trace without difficulty the 'figure for the time then present' emblemizing the Exalted Arch-Priest yet for to come, 'having neither beginning of days nor end of life!'

Our lady-exegetes enter upon the book of Numbers with a note of implied dissatisfaction:—to wit, that the census ordered to be taken of the Israelites included only *males*. Mrs. Stanton suggests that such references in the Biblical page as 'the children of Jacob by Leah, the children of Jacob by Zilpah, the children of Jacob by Rachel, the children of Jacob by Bilhah,' should more properly be rendered 'the children of Leah, Zilpah, Rachel, and Bilhah by Jacob, making Jacob the incident instead of the four women.' But does not this savour of feminine hyper-criticism? Concerning Miriam, we are told that she showed 'great self-respect and self-assertion in expressing her opinion—qualities most lacking in ordinary women.' Further, 'if Miriam had helped to plan the journey to Canaan, it would no doubt have been accomplished in forty days instead of forty years.' Objection is next taken to the custom whereby woman has to keep her head covered in church while men uncover. This is considered derogatory to her sex as implying inequality. To point the moral, an English lady is cited, who 'made the experiment of going to the established church without her bonnet,' which resulted in an admonition from the bishop of the diocese that she must either cover her head when she came to the sanctuary 'or stay away from church altogether,' a very natural and proper remonstrance. The lady, 'the wife of a British colonel' (save the mark), chose the latter alternative. To this another of

the revisers (Mrs. Louisa Southworth) adds a rider. 'If the command to keep silence in the churches has no higher origin than that to keep covered in public, should so much weight be given it, or should it be so often quoted as having Divine sanction?' And then follows an attempt to discredit the inspiration and authority, and even the genuineness, of St. Paul's teaching, especially his 'mandates concerning women.'

Our editress grows severe on the priests and pastors of Christendom. 'Our Levites,' she observes, 'have their homes free, and good salaries from funds principally contributed by women, for preaching denunciatory sermons on women and their sphere.' Again, 'this whole chapter (Numb. xviii.) is interesting reading as the source of priestly power, that has done more to block woman's way to freedom than all other earthly influences combined.' Coming to the 22nd chapter, Mrs. Stanton commits herself to the singular avowal that 'the chief point of interest in this parable of Balaam and his ass is that the latter belonged to the female sex.' Either this is meant to be sarcastic, or it is another illustration of the oft-asserted contention that women have no sense of humour.

In treating the book of Deuteronomy our revisers evince the same spirit and harp on the same string as throughout their preceding ratiocinations. Again the Mosaic order comes in for disapprobation. 'We cannot accept any code or creed that uniformly defrauds woman of all her natural rights.' 'Woman's secondary place in the world' is the popular idea. On the other hand, the *Rev.* Phebe Hannaford does in a measure rise to some apprehension of the beauty and grandeur and solemnity of the closing chapters of this book of the Law.

In view of the proclivities of some modern representatives of her sex towards masculine attire, our editress might not inaptly have drawn attention to the injunction in Deut. xxii. 5. 'The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth to a mau.'

. . . But she has not done so.

The commentaries are concluded with a final word on the bearing of the Pentateuch by Ursula N. Gestefeld. After the manner of her revising sisters, the burden of 'Woman's Rights' is heavy upon her.



‘It is no wonder,’ she urges, ‘that woman’s true relation to man and just position in the social fabric has remained unknown. A Moses on Pisgah’s height is needed to-day to see and declare the promised land. . . . Her religious nature is warped and twisted through generations of denominational conservatism ; which fact, by the way, is the greatest stumbling-block in the path of equal suffrage to-day, and one to which the leaders of that movement have seemed unaccountably blind. Thus woman’s strongest foes have been of her own sex.’ . . .

Which last is quite true of the advanced ‘political equality’ woman: the great body of her own sex have the sound intuition to be against her.

With the above exceptions, however, Miss Gestefeld strikes one as taking a larger and juster view of the Sacred Writings than any other of the commentating ladies. Speaking of what the Bible teaches concerning the relations of the sexes, she observes that one sex ‘cannot take the place of the other because of the fundamental nature of each. The work of each half in its own place is necessary to the perfect whole.’ Most true: and what comes afterwards is equally true, though lamentable to contemplate. ‘Woman’s intellectual development,’ she says, ‘after ages of repression, has resulted with many of the sex in an agnosticism which, at first liberal, has grown to be a dogmatic materialism. She speaks against spiritual insight and its revelations. In forsaking her dogmas and creeds she has forsaken religion.’ And some consciousness of the barren and nugatory task her colleagues have set themselves in attempting to deride the Mosaic canon seems to show itself in the next sentence, the last I shall have occasion to quote. ‘An outline of a subject so vast and profound as the nature and meaning of the Pentateuch must necessarily be more or less unsatisfactory. It cannot be detached from the rest of the Bible, which is a complete organic body.’ In short, this is very much what has always been insisted on by the defenders of the Faith, and was expressed, I think, in a saying of St. Augustine:—that the Old Testament is patent in the New, and the New Testament is latent in the Old.

From the copious verbatim extracts I have given from *The Woman’s Bible*, the reader will now be in a position to gather the general opinions and aims of its compilers. That

such a book, turned out from a female workshop, should have been published in the last expiring years of this 19th cycle of the Christian era, is indeed a curious outcome of the 'larger freedom' of the age, and a portent of the further growth of that so-called *progression* which too oft is but another word for decadence. Doubtless, the very singularity of the notion of a self-constituted female syndicate sitting down with lancet and scalpel to prick, snip, and pull to pieces the sublimest collection of writings ever bequeathed to mankind, would of itself help to sell such a book. The great sale, for example, of Mrs. Ward's novel, *Robert Elsmere*, was generally understood to have been largely due to the heterodox views of Christian doctrine it propounded in an attractive modern guise, and to the enhanced publicity these views obtained from Mr. Gladstone's adverse criticism of them. That the treatise under review has secured some attention may be surmised from the fact that the copy I procured is enfacéd as one of a 2nd edition of 'ten thousand.' Moreover, the American periodicals must have pretty extensively advertised the work, if we may judge from a catalogue of Press comments on its 'advance sheets.'

Let me give a few specimens of these:—'Mrs. Stanton's efforts to reverse the Bible, and to make a woman's Bible of it, is "the clarion call of a new idea" . . . 'Mrs. Stanton is especially gratified with the reception that has been given to those parts of her *Woman's Bible* which have been published, though it has not met with the approval of theologians, Biblical critics, or Hebrew scholars . . . 'We see that the women have at last come to the conclusion that the Christian Bible treats their sex unjustly; that it is not up to date on the woman question, and they propose to revise it. . . 'A celebrated divine holds the devil responsible for the *Woman's Bible*. . . 'The new *Woman's Bible* is one of the remarkable productions of the century. . . 'The ministers are unanimous against the revision. . . 'The work is unique. Its aim is to help the cause of woman in her battle for equality. . . 'This commentary is attracting newspaper comment far and wide. The committee includes women of

the most diverse religious views. . . ' We hardly think the condition of the prospects of woman will be at all improved by this proposed new version of the Bible. . . ' 'The new women are about to revise the Bible so as to make it conform to the advanced ideas of the omniscient sisterhood.'

What is the salient impression left in one's mind after perusal of this jejune and ill-digested literary production? Some of its criticism approaches the puerile: much is idle, captious, and not seldom flippant. As literature, its style barely attains the level of mediocrity; the grammatical construction of the diction is frequently clumsy, and the punctuation (possibly the type-setter's fault) is, in many cases, execrable. But these defects might be passed over if in other respects the book, as a whole, showed either a dispassionate spirit, a just sense of proportion, or even any genuine homiletic purpose. Unhappily, these qualities are conspicuously absent. What stand out most clear in the pages of this publication are the irreverence, the temerity, the anti-Scriptural *animus* of its writers. One marvels at the self-assurance of a Consistory of women rushing in upon ground where even feminine angels might very well fear to tread. In the forum of ancient Rome on a memorable occasion, so goes the story, the invading barbarians shrank back awe-stricken at sight of the majestic aspect of fourscore *Patres Conscripti*. But, like the Amalekite who was not afraid to lay hands on the Lord's anointed, these ladies, for a specific object, have not shrunk from defying alike Patristic fathers, Œcumenical Councils, and Revisional Assemblies, nor from defaming that Word which has been a lamp to illumine the race for nigh upon nineteen centuries. No faintest semblance do we find here of that reverent spirit of diffidence in which Miles Coverdale put forth his fine translation of the Bible. 'As for the commendation,' he wrote, 'of God's holy Scripture, I would fain magnify it as it is worthy, but I am far insufficient thereto, and therefore I thought it better for me to hold my tongue than, with few words, to praise or commend it.' 'Far insufficient thereto' is not the note of our female Revisers' Committee. What they have done is very much what John Ruskin rebuked among so many

youthful women even a generation ago. They have 'cast all their innate passion of religious spirit into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood but through a deed.'

Yet there is another aspect of this *Woman's Bible*. The insistence with which its compilers pursue the implicit theme of their sex's grievances would, were it not so flippantly expressed, be almost pathetic. Happily, despite the Schreiners, Grands, Cairds, and all the rest of the phalanx after their kind, the great mass of English-speaking women are fairly contented with things as they are. Woman still jogs on under existing male government; her shackles sit lightly upon her. Indeed, as I have said, it is her unconcern and indifference thereto which are the despair of the Woman's Rights agitators and of our lady-commentators. She finds herself to-day in a distinct position of vantage, with most of her past disabilities redressed. But, nevertheless, as the late Professor Huxley has put it in one of his *Lay Sermons*, 'Nature's old Salique law will not be repealed, and no change of dynasty will be effected.'

Again, this ill-conceived compilation forms a veritable landmark in the devious path of the advanced woman. Its dangers would be small to the adult readers of average apprehension and average knowledge of Christian theology. Where its possibilities of doing mischief might be expected to come in would be among the young of both sexes, particularly immature, half-taught, and impressionable girls, such as have caught up the high-sounding catchwords and crude chimeras of the modern female vanguard. The religious faith of these the book might tend to disturb. And it might give them a plausible pretext for refusing to believe in anything—but themselves!

It has been no agreeable task to the present writer to make these remarks on the work of women. But when members of the sex we have been used to style 'the gentler' and 'the softer,' and to deem the more reserved and reverent, elect with insufficient qualifications to band themselves in an assault on the venerated Palladium of our faith, they must not com-

plain of being withstood. If these ladies persist with their literary adventure and proceed to further parts of this Bible commentary, it is to be hoped their zeal and audacity may be more tempered with discretion. It might also be recommended to them to go further afield in comparing their own views of Holy Writ with the views of others better versed in up-to-date Scriptural exposition. For example, they might advantageously refer to the erudite researches of the distinguished French biblicist, M. Halévy,* whose latest *études* in the book of Genesis constitute a vindication both of the consecutiveness of its narrative and the substantial unity of its text. Similarly, Mr. A. Wood's *The Hebrew Monarchy* would supply new lights on the remarkable parallelism between so many passages in non-Jewish writers and the text of our Old Testament books; to say nothing of the corresponding evidence of ancient epigraphical monuments in the East. Or, again,—since our lady-revisers evidently mistrust the *orthodox* exponent of Scripture—an able writer of to-day who has been described as ‘almost of the most advanced school of Biblical criticism’ might have some chance of being listened to. In his *Bible for Home Reading* (1896), edited for the use of Jewish parents and children, Mr. A. C. Montefiore evinces a spirit of devout appreciation of the Old Testament Scriptures; and, while recognising that they exhibit varying stages of morality among mankind, insists upon their intrinsic and abiding value. ‘The Bible,’ he observes, ‘tells us about God and goodness. . . . This is what gives it its unique value. . . . Taken as a whole, no book has spoken and still speaks of God and goodness as this book, the Bible. And this is what has made the Bible precious and beloved through so many ages, and to so many different peoples.’ † ‘The Book which has been the life of English religion and to a great extent of English literature’ still remains ‘a bond of union to the whole Christian world.’

* ‘Recherches Bibliques’ in the *Revue Semitique*, a series of papers carried on to the end of 1896—[See various recent No's. of the *Scottish Review*].

† See summary of Contemporary Literature—*Scottish Review*, July, 1896, p. 182.

These considerations appear to have been lost sight of or strangely undervalued by the composers of the *Woman's Bible*.

In fine, those of us who still hold by 'one Catholic and Apostolic Church' and one Bible have good hope for the future of our Faith, the 'newer woman' and the 'newer criticism' notwithstanding. That Joshua or some other scribe may have assisted the great lawgiver in the compilation of the Mosaic books: that the Pentateuch 'may have undergone some recension in after times as by Ezra or others:' that explanatory notes by post-Mosaic hands may have got into the text: that patriarchal traditions were drawn upon and incorporated into the Biblical history:—all or any of these admissions are not incompatible with a belief that the Old Testament contains a real inspired revelation from the Most High. 'History,' said Dean Milman, 'to be true must condescend to speak the language of legend,' and the same may surely hold good of the older Scripture history. But neither the early Biblical narratives, nor the phraseology of the prophets, any more than the utterances of the Exalted Master, are to be 'treated as if they were the cold, phlegmatic, and precisely logical expressions of a German professorial mind.' To interpret them aright needs, besides other gifts, a humility of soul and something of the 'vision and faculty divine.'

'The Hebrew race,' it has been well said, 'their works and their books, are great facts in the history of man: the influence of the mind of this people upon the rest of mankind has been immense and peculiar; and there can be no difficulty in recognising therein the hand of a direct Providence.' In the words of a noble thinker of widest views, the late Master of Balliol, we 'wish to preserve the historical use of Scripture as the continuous witness in all ages of the higher things in the heart of man, as the inspired source of truth and the way to the better life. . . . Every part of Scripture tends to raise us above ourselves—to give us a deeper sense of the feebleness of man, and of the wisdom and power of God.' Nor, in contrast to the tone of our revising ladies' comments, could I select words more fitting to conclude this article than these by the same eloquent and enlightened writer:—

' But the Old Testament has also its peculiar lessons which are not conveyed with equal point or force in the New. The beginnings of human history are themselves a lesson having a freshness as of the early dawn. There are forms of evil against which the Prophets and the prophetic spirit of the Law carry on a warfare, in terms almost too bold for the way of life of modern times. There, more plainly than in any other portion of Scripture, is expressed the antagonism of outward and inward, of ceremonial and moral, of mercy and sacrifice. There all the masks of hypocrisy are rudely torn asunder, in which an unthinking world allows itself to be disguised. There the relations of rich and poor in the sight of God, and their duties towards one another, are most clearly enunciated. There the religion of suffering first appears—"adversity, the blessing" of the Old Testament, as well as of the New. There the sorrows and aspirations of the soul find their deepest expression, and also their consolation.'*

T. P. W.

ART. VI.—SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

The Saga Library. Done into English out of the Icelandic by WILLIAM MORRIS and EIRIKR MAGNUSSON. Vol. I., Howard the Halt, The Banded Men, Hen Thorir; Vol. II., The Story of the Eredwellers; Vols. III., IV., and V., The Heimskringla.

WHEN in 1890 it was announced that Mr. Bernard Quaritch was about to publish, under the editorship of William Morris and Eirikr Magnusson, a more complete series of Icelandic sagas than had hitherto been attempted, the intimation evoked considerable interest and curiosity among lovers of Northern literature. The translation and publication of the sagas had been previously done in a spasmodic manner by independent workers, and though much valuable and genuine work had been done by individuals, *e.g.*, Dasent and Vigfusson, yet the idea of a sustained and organised attempt to collect and re-edit previous

* *Essays and Reviews—On the Interpretation of Scripture*, by Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. Pp. 416-417.

translations, many of which were buried in publications long ago out of print, to translate those which had not been previously rendered into English, and to publish the whole in an accessible form, was one which appealed to a wide circle of readers and students of Northern literature. The programme which the editors set before themselves, though it did not include nearly all the sagas extant, involved a task of considerable magnitude. The fruits of the years that have elapsed since the intimation of publication have been the five volumes above mentioned, being the first instalment of the fifteen volumes promised.*

The knowledge of the beauties and power of Northern literature is of comparatively recent growth in this country. As early as 1797 a metrical translation of Saemund's *Edda*, by A. S. Cottle, was published at Bristol, but the book which brought the romance of Norse mythology popularly before the English people was the unscientific but delightfully written *Northern Antiquities* of P. H. Mallet. This book, translated into English by Bishop Percy, diffused a knowledge of Northern mythology among scholars, and whetted their taste for further information. But no great effort was made in this direction until Sir George Webbe Dasent began his series of translations, which brought home to us some of the finest things in Icelandic literature, presented in an English garb not unworthy of the originals. His translation of the prose *Edda*, in 1842, was followed in 1858 by his Oxford essay on *The Norsemen in Iceland*. The latter gave an admirable representation of the life and manners of the sagatime, depicted by one who had caught its spirit. Shortly after Dasent's first volume, came a translation of the *Heimskringla*, in 1844, from the pen of Samuel Laing. In 1861 and 1866 Dasent's two great masterpieces were published, *Burnt Njal* and *Gisli the Outlaw*. About this time it appears that the interest in

* Since this article was written, we have to deplore the death of Mr. William Morris, the chief editor of the series. So far as we are aware, the publishers have not made any announcement whether they intend to continue the series, and if so, who is to take Mr. Morris's place, but there is no doubt it would be a misfortune if the loss of Mr. Morris were to stop the enterprise when it was but well begun, and deprive us of the publication of some of the most interesting of the sagas.

Norse literature must have been stirred up anew, for in 1866 we have the admirable translation of the short saga of Viga Glum, by Sir Edmund Head, and in 1869 the present editors made their first venture in this realm of literature. *The Saga of Grettir the Strong* was followed in 1870 by the *Story of the Volungs and Niblungs*, and in 1875 by *Three Northern Love Stories*. In 1873 the Orkneyinga saga was published by Dr. Joseph Anderson, and we may just notice in passing the several works of Rasmus B. Anderson. It was left for Gudbrand Vigfusson to give the most critical and comprehensive exposition of the whole literature, first in the Prolegomena to the *Sturlunga Saga* (1878), and in 1883, more amply, in the monumental work, the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, which reaches the high-water mark of criticism in Norse literature.


The development of Northern literature presents one of the most remarkable phenomena in the literary history of the world, whether we consider its extent and originality, its unique character and history, or its rare artistic and literary merit. The poetry and the sagas of the North gave expression to the highest ideals of the Homeric age of our forefathers. There are embedded in that literature the deepest thoughts and the grandest aspirations of the Teutonic race. Well has the late Vigfusson, one of the most arduous workers in the field, said: 'The men from whom these poems sprung took no small share in the making of England; their blood is in our veins, their speech in our mouths. . . And if there be, as the sage has said, no ingratitude so base as self-forgetfulness, surely we, of all men, should look back to the great Wicking-tide as a momentous era in the world's history and our own.'

'The great Wicking-tide' was a time of restless stir and movement among the Scandinavian races, during which these roving spirits were moulding the destinies of nations, our own amid the rest. The history of Scotland in the 9th and 10th centuries, and that of Orkney and Shetland during a much longer period, is inwrought with that of the Scandinavians, who have contributed in no small degree to the building up of our character, our civilization, and our literature. The courage and daring of the Viking has added grit and energy to our national character, the

freshness and simplicity of his genius has moulded and chastened our literature, and to the blood of the hardy and skilful Norwegian sailor we must trace, in some measure, our great enterprise on the sea.

It was in the second half of the 9th century that the liberty-loving spirits in Norway, who brooked not the harsh yoke of Harold Fairhair, were ousted from Norway by his policy of consolidation, and driven to find more peaceful settlements beyond the sea, in the far-distant Iceland, where they founded a unique commonwealth under new conditions of existence, which gave rise to a literature that, in many respects, is without parallel in the world. The great storehouse of the records of this literature, and the most fertile centre of its activity was, no doubt, Iceland. To her people we are indebted for shaping it into a literary vehicle of thought, and for preserving many of its unique monuments in a literary form. But the area of old Northern literature may be said to be much wider, embracing Scandinavia, Orkney, and Shetland, the Western Islands of Scotland, and Isle of Man, all of which have contributed something in scene, or character, or incident, and perhaps some of them in authorship, to Northern literature.


Exhibiting the usual characteristic of other great literatures in finding expression first in poetry, and only in prose at a later period, when the written language had become more mature, Northern literature divides itself into two great sections—(1) the Lays, commonly called the Eddic Poetry, and (2), the Sagas or Prose Histories. There are two so-called Eddas. The term was first applied to a work of Snorri Sturlason's on the *Poetic Art*, which contained a digest of Northern mythology, but no satisfactory explanation has been given of how it came to be so applied. Edda is not an Icelandic word, occurring only once in Icelandic literature, in the Lay of Thrym, where it means 'grandmother.' 'Edda' meant in the Middle Ages the technical laws of metre. When the Lays were subsequently discovered in 1642, these were erroneously and at haphazard called Sæmund the Historian's Edda, from their supposed compiler. The inventors of this dual authorship for the two Eddas may be said to have been Biorn of Scardsa, and Arngrim the Learned, two



Icelandic scholars who lived in the beginning of the 17th century.

The poetic Edda is a collection of old Northern poetry composed in different ages and by different unknown authors. It is the chief source of our knowledge of the early poetry of the peoples of the North. The great mass of Northern poetry is epic and lyric in form, and much of it is mystical in character. Its earliest examples take the form of saws and proverbs of great pith and wisdom, others deal with mythological subjects, giving an anthropological account of creation, and attempting to explain the spark of divinity in man. These mythic poems shew great range and power of thought in their conceptions, and in them is elaborated that wonderful system of mythology, which, though rude in many respects, shews such a strong grasp of the principles and realities of life. Everywhere they are characterised by that robustness and vigour of thought which marks the Scandinavian genius. There is throughout a nervous energy of word-painting, an intellectual restraint, which intensifies the effect, like the speech of Hilding in Frithiof's saga, who spake in words of wisdom—deep, short, pithy pleas—that rang like strokes of swords. The bold and original conceptions, and the artistic method in which they are fashioned and moulded, make these creations permanent part of the world's literature. The great variety of character—the serious and the sublime—the satirical and the comic—shews the wealth and versatility of genius with which our Scandinavian forefathers were endowed.

In the quasi-historic poems and ballads we find the germs of the stories of many of the traditional heroes round whom the Teutonic races centred their greatest ideals. The chief theme which has fascinated the minds of Northern poets is the story of Sigurd, the champion of the Volsungs, and his ill-fated descendants. The individual poems of this series differ from one another in style, composition, and antiquity. In the earlier, the mythical portions are highly developed, and the archaic, didactic, style very marked. In the later, the direct dramatic fervour makes the play of human interest, and the surging of human passion, all paramount. The story, with its trail of hereditary curse, contains the elements of awful tragedy, where the hand of



fate seems to probe the depths of human misery, and to stir up the most profound human passions.

Into the plausible, interesting, and still debateable theory of the western origin of these poems, so ably advocated by Vigfusson, we cannot enter, but must pass on to the second section of this literature, which is more immediately under review. The saga or prose tale was the distinctive product of Iceland. It was a form that suited the genius of the people no less than the conditions of life in the island. There was no music or dancing in the old time, but in a climate necessitating long periods of enforced leisure, it was the custom in the long winter evenings for the whole family to gather in the common room, and while the good man mended his farm-implements or sharpened up his weapons, and the good wife sat at her spinning-wheel, they listened to some skilful Skald reciting the adventures of a great local or national hero. Such, too, was the practice at the long Yule feast in the dead of winter, and at the annual Althings—the Parliament and Court of Justice of the Icelanders. These gatherings, like the Isthmian games of Greece, fostered the ideas of unity and brotherhood among a people apt to scatter into family and district groups, whose union was thus strengthened and promoted by their pride in the common heritage of noble deeds, which were thus periodically retailed, and ultimately took permanent shape in the form of a saga.

The Icelandic sagas chronicle the events that took place in the heroic age of Iceland—that brief period of stir and change from 890 to 1030, succeeding the settlement of the island. It was an age of enterprise and great endeavour, when both at home and abroad the heroes of the race, now one and now another, were performing deeds of derring-do that stirred the hearts of men. The sagas gave expression to the innermost heart of that restless age, within which lived Njal and Gunnar, and Gisli, Grettir, Snorri, Scapti, Kiartan, and all the other warriors and law-men who were the history-makers of Iceland. To this succeeded the story-telling age, when the sagas lived on the lips and in the hearts of the people, and in the 12th and 13th centuries they received their final and definite literary form at the hands of the scribes on whom depended the choice of diction, the

literary power and grace, imparted to the narrative. The nameless authors who clothed *Njala* or *Gisli's saga* in its present garb, with all the graces of diction, symmetry and balance of construction, must have been writers of no mean genius.

As a form of composition, the saga is a kind of prose epic, governed by its own literary laws, marked by recurring set phrases, and following a regular scheme of literary workmanship. The whole conception, centring round a single figure or a group of characters, is highly artistic and well-balanced. The story is realistic, full of dramatic incident, uninterrupted by scenic descriptions or character analysis. It was the Sagaman's greatest endeavour to make his characters live. The tale is told with so much circumstantiality that the listener instinctively feels that it is a narrative of actual facts that the Scald is reciting. The saga is, therefore, one of the purest forms of epic narrative.

Many Icelanders were famous for their recitation of these tales. They practised it at home and at the courts of foreign kings. The gift was highly prized. The Skald must repeat the tale as truthfully and fairly as he had received it. Any abuse of the sacred gift was bitterly resented by the company and sometimes swiftly avenged. Thus, in the *Orkneyinga Saga*, after the feast in the Hall of Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, given just before the Earl sailed for the battle of Clontarf—the great battle of the faiths—Gunnar Lambi's son, in telling of the burning of *Njal*, unfairly represents that Scarpheddin, *Njal's* son, had wept. Thereupon, Kari, the friend of *Njal*, draws his sword and smites off Gunnar's head, and the Earl is bespattered with his blood. Yet from their innate love of fairness and resentment at Gunnar's breach of Scaldic etiquette, the men around back up the slayer, and call shame on the perverter of the truth. On the other hand, we have a pretty picture in the *Hawksbok* of a reward given for a well told tale. A sailor tells his fellows the story of King Vicar's life as they bivouac beside his home, and the grateful ghost of the king appears to the storyteller, and bids him take the treasures of his grave for his fee.

The Sagas may be roughly divided into three groups:—(1). The Icelandic Sagas, which deal with life and character in Iceland. (2). The Historic Sagas, *e.g.*, *Heimskringla*, *Orkneyinga*,

etc. (3). The Mythical or Romantic Sagas, *e.g.*, The Volsung and Frithiof's Sagas. Besides these there are many miscellaneous stories and biographies difficult to classify.

The Icelandic Sagas are most interesting from a purely literary point of view. The five great Icelandic Sagas, Njala, Gretla, Laxdaela, the Eyrbyggja and Egil's Saga, which are works of pre-eminent literary merit, are all found in the prospectus of the series now under review. But the Eyrbyggja alone has yet been published.

Njal's Saga is called the Saga of Law, for Njal was the greatest lawyer of his day, and the inheritor of the traditions of other great lawyers. The pictures of the scenes at the Althing during the decisions of the great lawsuits which are here narrated, throw a flood of light upon the history of Icelandic law, and, at the same time afford most delightful examples of the keen and sagacious intellect of the people. The Saga illustrates most remarkably the great reverence of a primitive community for the majesty of the law, even when law was unwritten, and simply embodied in the oral traditions of men reputed for subtlety and learning. It was the pride and delight of every man to preserve the stream of justice untainted, and their deep seated reverence for their ideal, and their ready acquiescence in authority, is worthy of all imitation. For truthfulness and beauty, for literary grace of expression, for symmetry and balance of plot, for sharp clear delineation of character, and above all for the pathos and tragedy of the whole, Njala stands alone, even amid the Sagas. The fascination of its pages is irresistible, but the heart cries out, 'Oh, the pity of it,' as we follow those heroes, Njal, the wise hearted, patient man, Gunnar, the peerless man of honour, rectitude and courage, Scarpheddin, the bold impetuous warrior, and see them unavailingly, but so sagaciously and courageously striving to beat off the arm of fate, conscious all the time that destiny is drawing its meshes closer and closer, until Gunnar dies at the hands of his enemies in his own house, and Njal perishes amid the burning ashes of his homestead, along with his devoted wife and his whole family of brave sons.

The Saga of Grettir the Strong illustrates the Icelandic proverb, 'Good parts and good luck are very different things.'

Grettir was reputed the strongest man in Iceland, and his many adventures form the theme of the story, his strange fight with Glam, the ghost, his robbing of the home of Karr the old, and his capture of the good short sword that went with him all his life, his outlawry and many years' wanderings, his dwelling among the trolls, and his famous fight and death on the lonely island of Drangey in the Arctic Sea. There are many points of interest about the Saga, such as, the Æschylean character of the hero, the reminiscences of traditions common both to the Norwegian and the Anglo-Saxon branches of the race, the semi-supernatural episodes, illustrating the old belief of the people, and the touching examples of brotherly and maternal love shown to Grettir.

The Eyrbyggja Saga, or the Story of the Eredwellers, is the only one of the great Icelandic Sagas that has yet been published in the series. So far as we can judge from the volumes already published, the series will prove to be a most valuable one, and will form such another landmark in the history of the development of Northern literature as the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale* did. The work is being done with great care and painstaking research, and the reputation of the authors ought to be a guarantee that the literary aspects of these works will not be lost sight of. But we would venture to enter a mild protest as to the style adopted in the translations. The stories are for the most part told concisely and well. But the editors have attempted to give them a smack of archaism by employing out of the way expressions, and a diction and construction that are known to the best English literature. They have attempted to attain to the realism of the Saga teller, but instead of realising the living touch of genius with which he represented his characters as clothed with flesh and spirit, they have too often attained only to the dead formalism of the mummy, or the hard set lines of the fossil. The result unfortunately is that the ordinary reader cannot peruse these translations with pleasure, as he is hampered by the use of these archaisms, which gives the style a stilted appearance, and causes it to lack the fluency and pliancy of our noble English speech. Some of the phrases and expressions, indeed, are so faulty as to be hardly worthy to be called English; they are, sometimes, scarcely intelligible. It is a great

mistake to enshroud these classic works of the Icelandic tongue in anything but classic English.


In many respects the story of the Eredwellers is a most interesting and characteristic Saga. It has been called a string of gems, and the Sagaman himself has pointed out its tripartite character, by calling it the story of the Thornessings, the Eredwellers, and the Swanfirthers. It opens with a delightful description of the settlement of Broadfirth by Thorolf Mostbeard, the friend of Thor, and Biorn the Easterner, son of Ketil Flatneb, who had been outlawed by Harold Fairhair for usurping the lordship of the lands he had been sent to subdue for the king. Many striking glimpses of old world society are revealed in the story, such as the description of Geirrid's Hall, built athwart the highway, wherein was a table always spread, so that whosoever passed through, might eat. The Saga is famous for its description of Thor's temple, and the heathen cult of that god. The battle of Thorness Thing resulted from the overbearing spirit of the Kiallekings, who would not suffer that Thorstein Codbiter's field should be reckoned holier than any other, although his grandfather Thorolf had laid it down that no person, unwashed, should turn his eyes thither, and none should defile the place with blood. Moreover, Thorolf had erected a temple on Thorness. Within the doors stood the pillars of Thor's High Seat, and the god's nails reverently brought by Thorolf from Norway, along with some of the mould of Thor's old temple there. On a stall in the inmost house of the temple, made in the fashion of an altar, with the gods set round about, lay a ring without a join, weighing 20 ounces, which the chief wore on his arm at all man motes, and on which men swore oaths. This is a variation, and perhaps a later development of the rude mythological symbol called Bragi's Stone, upon which, as we read in many of the Sagas, mighty vows for the performance of doughty deeds were taken. So in this same Saga, we read, that the oaths of Arnkel and eleven men upon the doom ring, that Geirrid had not witch-ridden Gunnlaug brought to naught the case of Thorbiorn and Snorri, so that they gat much shame therefrom. On the altar of Thorolf's temple stood the blood sprinkling rod, and the bowl filled with the blood of sacrifices. It would even seem



as if human sacrifices were made in this temple, for the **Sagaman** relates that there could be seen in his day the doom ring, where men were doomed to the sacrifice, and within the ring the stone of Thor, over which men were broken who were sacrificed. It is only in the closing chapters of the Saga, that we get an account of the introduction of Christianity into Iceland by Gizur, the White, and Hialti, his son-in-law. All men in Iceland were christened, and the Christian faith was made law at the Althing. It was Snorri the Priest who converted the men of Westfirth, the scene of this Saga, and he it was who built the famous church at Holyfell, near the site of Thorolf's temple of Thor. Men's desire for building churches was whetted by the curious promise that a man would have welcome place for as many men in heaven, as his church on earth could contain. The natural consequence was that so many churches were built that sufficient priests could not be got to serve in them.

This Saga must have been written by a man well versed in folk-lore, and whose mind was instinctively attracted by the weird tales of ghosts and portents that abounded in the countryside. The shepherd of Thorstein Codbiter has a foretoken of the drowning of Codbiter and his crew, when he sees the side of Holyfell open and hears the dwellers of the other world welcoming them to the realms of death. We are familiar enough with the character of Katla, the witch who throws a glamour over the eyes of her visitors so that her son, whose blood they seek, is turned into a goat, a bear or a rock. In the death and burial of Thorolf Haltfoot, we have a typical example of the significant belief of the heathen that the spirit of an evil man was turned into a troll after death and sent to work harm among his erstwhile kindred and friends. The face of the corpse is so baneful and loathsome that Arnkel will not look upon it before the lykewake. The oxen that draw the corpse founder with its weight, and then go mad and break away. The cattle that go near his house go mad and die; the very fowls flying over it fall dead; the herdsman is found 'cold, blue, and every bone of him broken.' The hall is troll-ridden, and terror pervades the whole countryside, until the body is disinterred and buried deep in a headland, across which a wall is built landwards. No man dare

refuse to help at such a burial, even though it be that of his deadliest enemy. The incidents of this haunting are similar in many points to the famous contest of Grettir the Strong with Glam the Ghost, which, again, supplies or suggests the link between the Norse version of the superstition, and that brought over to England by the Anglo-Saxons in their poem of Beowulf. The sequel of the haunting, too, is interesting, for the sagaman has used it to produce an admirable literary effect. Years after Thorolf's burial, when Arnkel, his son—the good man of whom the troll stands in awe—is dead, the ghost of Thorolf again troubles the men of Ulfarsfell until his body is burnt to ashes on the strand. Then the fiendish spirit of the troll is transferred to a cow, which licks the stones where Thorolf's bale-fire had been litten. She bears a calf, which grows up to be the famous bull, Glossy, supposed to be a troll. Glossy gores Thorod, his master, to death, and the fight gives rise to one of the most picturesque incidents in the story. The moral of the portents and wonders that take place at Frodis Water on Thorgunna's death seems to be that the evils were due to the covetousness of the good-wife, Thurid, who cast her eyes upon the rich bed-hangings of Thorgunna, and by her blandishments persuaded her husband not to burn them. The shower of blood, and the moon of weird that shines through the walls of the house, are portents of a unique kind, which betoken the death of Thorir Wooden-leg, his shepherds and carles. The sagaman displays a profound faith in the credulity of his hearers that is supremely attractive in its simplicity, when he tells, in serious guise, of Thorod Scat-catcher and his crew, who had been drowned at sea, returning nightly to sit at their own burial cell, until a door-doom is constituted against them by Kiartan. The scene of the expulsion of the ghosts is inimitably realistic, and surely never were the forms of human process glorified more highly, or their power more triumphant, than when each ghost, as the verdict of the door-doom is given, and his doom pronounced, solemnly rises from his place at the fire, and departs by the door before which the Court was not fenced. Then when the priest bore hallowed water through the house, and sang all the hours and the mass with solemnity, the hauntings and ghost-walkings henceforth cease.



The curious blending of Christian rites and heathen superstition did not strike the mind of the saga-teller as at all incongruous.

In an interpolated chapter, having comparatively little to do with the thread of the story, the saga-man introduces Eric the Red, the discoverer of Greenland, and tells how Eric, having to flee from Iceland for the slaughter of Thorgest's sons, sailed north and found his way to Greenland. On his first voyage, which is reckoned as being fourteen winters before Christ's faith was made law in Iceland (*i.e.*, 986), he stayed three winters, and then returned to Iceland before finally returning to settle in Greenland. Later in the Saga, it is also related that the sons of Thorbrand fled to Greenland, where Thorleif Kimlie died in good old age, after giving his name to Kimlie's bay in Greenland, while Snorri fell in battle with the Skaerlings in Vineland the Good, as the Norsemen called the land they had discovered across the Western Seas, and which we now call America.

The second part of the Saga opens with an incident relating to those curious beings called Baresarks, who were not of the fashion of men when they were wroth, but went mad like dogs, and feared neither fire nor steel. But such men as were skin changers became void of might when the Baresark fury fell from them. The victorious Eric of Sweden had sent two Baresarks as a present to Eric of Norway, who in turn transferred them to Vermund, the Slender, who took them out to Iceland, and when they became too troublesome, he handed them over to his brother Stir. One of them presumptuously aspired to the hand of Asdis, Stir's daughter, and he treacherously slew them both by burning them alive in his hot bath.

In the story of the outlawry of Biorn the Broadwickers' Champion, we get a glimpse of the famous company of Jomsburg Vikings, who were for a long time the scourge of the Danish Seas. When Biorn slew the sons of Thorir Wooden-leg, he went South and joined the Jomsburg band, when the famous Palnatoki was captain, and he was reckoned by him a champion. Biorn was present at the battle of Fyrisfield, giving aid to Styrbiorn, and had to flee into the woods with the other Jomsburgers. Biorn's second and voluntary exile from Iceland, lest he should fall a victim to the charms of the good wife of Frodis water, enables

the Sagaman to work up an incident of much beauty, full of many fine touches of romance. When Gudleif, who was a great sea farer, is returning from a voyage to Dublin, late in the days of Olaf the Saint, he is driven upon a land of which he knew naught. Here he is rescued from the hands of the barbarous inhabitants by a chief who talks Icelandic, and betrays himself to be none other than Biorn, the Broadwickers' Champion, by his enquiries for his friend the good wife of Fordis water and for his enemy Snorri the Priest, her brother. The mystery and romance of the discovery of the grey-headed old man in this far off, unknown country, is intensified by the suggestion that, for the honour of a Northman, Biorn has voluntarily exiled himself because he could not restrain his love for a woman whom he might never seek in marriage.

Part of the tragedy of the Saga arises out of the sport of Ball Play in Playhall Meads, just as the catastrophe in Gisl's Saga starts from the Ball Play under Thorgrim's howe. There is a most graphic power of word painting in the incidents of the attempt of Egil the Strong to slay Biorn by hiding in the valley, and then coming up under cover of the fire smoke, while his treacherous design is only frustrated by his stumble upon his tasselled shoe tie, which he wore according to the custom of the time. Another glimpse of primitive custom is given in consequence of Egil's death, for it was the law that whoever slew a thrall should take home his weregild to his master, and must begin his journey before the third sun after the slaying, otherwise a blood suit lay against the slayer. So the Broadwickers fare to Karstead to carry the thrall's weregild, gathering strength from the houses of their friends as they pass, until the two parties of the countryside are matched against one another. They fasten a purse of twelve ounces of silver to the door-post and name witnesses thereto. Through the rashness of Thorbrand's sons, who are eager to pay off old scores, this leads to the great battle of Swanfirth between the forces of Snorri, the priest of Holyfell, and Steinthor of Ere. The fight is remarkable for a notice of the curious ceremony performed by Steinthor, who, according to ancient custom, for his luck, cast the first spear clean over the head of Snorri's folk, although, in this case, the

spear sought out a mark and put Mar out of the fight. Another great fight at Swordfirth, told with all the graphic power and love of detail familiar in the Sagas, winds up the story so far as the Eredwellers are concerned.

The Eyrbyggia affords a good example of the character of the Icelandic Sagas, which present a vigorous and truthful picture of the domestic, social and political life in Iceland in the ninth and tenth centuries. The life depicted is very stern and very earnest. Life and death lie very close together, and the Icelandic genius is thereby inclined towards the tragic vein. The Northman was a great fatalist,—so much so that the stories of many of the Sagas entwine themselves round the thread of destiny of a man or a family, foredoomed from the beginning. The Saga man takes a peculiar delight in shewing how the hero is checkmated at every point of escape, priding himself upon his skill in forging the links of the chain that binds the victim down to his doom, and almost exulting as he finally launches him upon the fatal path of death. Thus in the Saga of Grettir the Strong, it is the working of the curse of Glam, the ghost, that gradually drags the strong man to his fate. Ever after the spell of ill-luck is cast over him by the vampire is he a luckless man, and never can he free himself from that character, or rid himself from the glare of the ghost's eyes that haunt him to his grave. So too the peerless Gunnar, though he knows that the restless malignity of his wife will work his doom, yet he patiently bears with her, and makes numberless atonements for the slaughters she instigates. Yet this is how she exults over hastening his death when driven to his last extremity by the attack of Gizur the White and Geir the priest,—‘Gunnar turns to Hallgerda, his wife, “give me two locks of thy hair, ye two, my mother and thou, and twist them together into a bowstring for me.” “Does aught lie on it,” says she. “My life lies on it, for they will never come to close quarters with me if I can keep them off with my bow.” “Well,” she says, “now I will call to mind that slap on the face which thou gavest me, and I care never a whit whether thou holdest out a long while or a short.”’ So fell Gunnar, the peerless, resigned to his fate. As Gisli the outlaw said, when the chattering of Auda, his wife, and Asgerda

his sister-in-law, started the avalanche of catastrophe, that was to overwhelm him and his house, 'when things are once doomed, some one must utter the words that seem to bring them about,' or as the Anglo-Saxon proverb expressed it, 'what is to be goes ever as it must.' Yet the cloud of fatalism which overshadowed the Norseman did not damp his ardour or unnerve his arm. On the contrary, it spurred him on to meet with a brave heart the fate which he himself is fully persuaded nothing can avert, for by courage and activity alone can he win the one thing which stands firm amid the mutability of all earthly things—the well earned fame of noble deeds. Thus their proverb said, 'Goods perish, friends perish, a man himself perishes, but fame never dies to him that hath won it worthily.' There is nothing that a Northman is more solicitous of than his reputation. Nothing can make him do a cowardly act or a deed that strikes against his peculiar code of honour. In scenes, of what we would term license, there is a line which the Northman never passes, and which none gives his fellow the credit of contemplating the possibility of overstepping, although they are restrained by nothing but the unwritten law of custom and honour. Thus, in all their feuds, there was a great gulf fixed between honourable slaughter in pursuance of a blood feud, and the dastardly crime of murder. It was murder to slay a man unawares and without proclaiming the deed. It was honourable slaughter to attack a man, to call upon him to take his weapons to defend himself, and when he was slain, either to leave the weapon in the wound or to proclaim the deed to his next of kin. Even to leave the weapon in the wound was called secret manslaughter, and in early days, the duty of avenging the deed fell to him who extracted the weapon. When Vestein was slain in his bed by Thorgrim, in Gislí's Saga, Thord the thrall is afraid to take out the spear, and the blood feud falls to Gislí, who extracts it and casts it all bloody into a chest till the time comes when it will be again used in the sacred work of vengeance. Palnatoki, the founder of the Jomsburg Vikings, did not shirk from owning the arrow which had been the death of Harold Bluetooth, though he stood in the midst of all the Court of King Sweyn, his son.

War and love were two of the master passions of the North-

men. The blood-feuds and the lawsuits for slaughter usually constitute the links by which the incidents of a saga are threaded together. To the Northman war was a sacred, a holy thing, an appeal to the God of Battle, who ever gave victory to whom he would. Cheerfully did he meet his fate in battle, for it was a sign that he had been selected by the Valkyries, Odin's corpse choosers, to fill a place at the festive board of Valhalla. In every day life, however, they were a hard working frugal people, and amid the brawl and broil of bloodshed, ever and anon sweet pictures of domestic peace burst upon the view, rare examples of deep and long tried affection, brotherly love and devoted service, scenes of pastoral quiet and patriarchal simplicity, for the good man cuts his hay and herds his sheep as calmly as if he were quite unaware that the avenger of blood may be lurking in the next thicket. In such a state of society it is little wonder that the Northmen should reverence, nay even make a fetish of their weapons, and many are the tales of magic weapons we read of treasured as sacred heirlooms in a family. Such was the great Spearhead, wrought with runes, fashioned out of Kol's wondrous sword, that not only served Gisli all his outlaw life, but which we read of 250 years afterwards in the Sturlunga Saga, as being wielded deftly and well by Sturla Sigvatson. The huge axe of Skarpheddin, Njal's tall son, was well christened the ogress of war, and Gunnar had a magic bill wrought with seething spells, in which something sang loudly, when it was about to slay a man.

Superstition played a large part in the life of the characters of the Sagas, but the fruitful points of investigation that suggest themselves are too numerous to be prosecuted here. It is common for the man who is 'fey' to see his own fetish, or dream symbolically of his own death. The two dream wives of Gisli go with him for years, and he knows his end is near when the evil wife appears to him persistently. In Gisli's saga occurs the finest description of a Viking burial, when Vestein is laid in his warship, the vessel steadied amidships with a mighty stone, the Hell-shoon bound on his feet by the priest to carry him over the rough road that leads to Valhalla. They leave the Sea-King to his last sleep with the farewell formula, 'I know naught

of binding Hell-shoon on, if these loosen.' There is also a loving touch of imagination about the story that no snow settled on the south side of Thorgrim's howe, because he was so dear to Frey the Sun god, that he would suffer nothing so cold to come between them.

The many other interesting questions raised and the aspects of life revealed by the Sagas, cannot be discussed here, but the completion of the present series will afford an easy and accessible means of prosecuting this most fascinating study of a literature which appeals so powerfully to us in its numberless relations with our own country and institutions. In many respects it takes rank with the best literature of the world, and it has been but neglected in the past. Its mythology is far less corrupt than that of Greek and Rome, and its characters are not less grand and noble. Take for example Grettir the Strong,—a man cast in the mould of a hero, a type of the unselfish, single-hearted fate-defying hero, around whom the genius of the Sagaman has thrown something of the tragic grandeur that marks the characters of Æschylus and Sophocles, the high strung human mind matched in unavailing conflict against the irresistible forces of divinity. It is a literature where real life is strikingly portrayed, where the characters are boldly yet deliberately drawn, where the thoughts and emotions of men and women glow fresh on every page. The passions of the Northmen were fierce and strong no doubt; they were revengeful and unrelenting, but these characteristics did not choke out the lowlier and lovelier emotions that are the crown and joy of every day life. Witness the lifelong wedded bliss of Njal and Berthora. 'I was given young to my husband,' she says, as she refused the offer of his foes to allow her alone to escape from his burning homestead, 'and then I promised to live and *die* with him.' Consider Auda's devotion to Gisli, the hunted outlaw, the loves and woes of Gudrun, who loved most of all women in the world, or the passionate attachment of Frithiof and Ingebiorg, and on the other hand, the tragedy of the wasted life of the Gudrun of the Laxdaela, who wailed out in her old age about the love of her girlhood, 'The man I loved best, I treated worst.' Or take their ideal of friendship, strong as iron, and as lasting as life, and look

at the numberless concrete examples pictured in the Sagas, the loving brotherhood of Vagn the young stripling and Bui the Stout, the wrinkled old warrior, of Njal and Gunnar. 'Bare is back without brother behind it,' is a noble precept, which was one of the keynotes of the Northman's life. Truly the Sagas are well worthy of study, for they are permanent, powerful, and beautiful pieces of literature.

DAVID ANDERSON.

ART. VII.—GREEK ART IN ASIA.

- (1) *Sassanian Architecture.* By R. PHENE' SPIERS. Transactions of Royal Institute of British Architects. 1891.
- (2) *The Great Mosque of the Omeiyades, Damascus.* By R. PHENE' SPIERS. Transactions of Royal Institute of British Architects. 1896.
- (3) *The Holy Places of Jerusalem.* By T. HAYTER LEWIS. London. 1888.

HERODOTUS was no doubt right in saying that the Greeks invented nothing, for when they appeared first on the page of history the civilisations of Babylonia, Egypt, and Syria, were already more than two thousand years old, and on these civilisations that of Greece was founded. But no Oriental nation ever attained to the mastery of design which characterises Greek sculpture, and Asia in turn came under the influence of an art which surpassed that of all other races. It is perhaps hardly recognised how widespread and enduring was this influence, and how much was owed by Persians, Indians, Syrians, and other Asiatics, down to the Arabs and Crusaders, to the genius of Greece and to the perfection of her art. Questions of the history of Architecture, and of the dates to which various famous buildings in Western Asia are to be ascribed, are still the subject of controversy, on account of the imperfect manner in which the history of the Greek influence

has been traced. The Byzantine and the Saracenic styles arose out of the interaction of Greek and Oriental ideas, and the Jews were not less subject than others to the subtle influence of Greece. It may be interesting therefore to trace briefly, both the origin of Greek civilisation, and the natural growth of later art from the classic models of Greece.

The influence of Egypt and of Assyria has long been recognised as lying at the base of Greek architecture and art. The Ionic volute was known in Assyria as early at least as the seventh century B.C., and many figures of Greek mythology—the sphynx, the griffon, the winged horse, and the chimæra, were represented by Assyrian artists at an early period. The Greek honeysuckle descended from the Assyrian *samullu* or sacred tree, and Greek legends found their prototypes in Assyrian tablets. Egypt was known to the Greeks of Asia Minor as early as the fourteenth century, B.C., and its temples no doubt suggested many ideas to Greek builders. But there was also a third almost distinct civilisation in more immediate contact with Ionia and Greece, to which the Aryan tribes of the Ægean seem to have been yet more deeply indebted, namely, that of the Semitic and Mongolic tribes of Syria and Asia Minor, which is already traced to the seventeenth century B.C., and probably six centuries earlier.

It was to the Syrians that Greece owed not only its alphabet, but also the more ancient syllabary which had been used earlier at Troy and in Cyprus. The art of Troy and of Mycenæ, as now known through actual recovery of art objects dating as early as 1500 B.C., bears less resemblance to the stiff conventional forms of Egypt, and to the bas-reliefs of Nineveh, than to early Phœnician art, and to the bolder reliefs of monuments hewn in basalt in Asia Minor, and in North Syria. The description which we possess of royal presents, sent from Armenia to Egypt about 1450 B.C., recalls in a most remarkable manner the style and material of those treasures which Dr. Schliemann ascribes to Greeks at Mycenæ and at Troy. The early statues recently unearthed at Athens, some of which still bear traces of the paint which once covered them, closely resemble the Cyprian statues of the fourth and fifth centuries,

B.C., which are now known to be Greek on account of their accompanying texts, but which—until these texts written in syllabic character had been read—were at first supposed to be Phœnician, on account of their style. The remarkable art of Lycia, representing the native work of the fifth century, B.C., is not indeed Greek, though due to an Aryan race. It also shews a connection with the more ancient styles of Assyria and of Syria, and marks a transition between the earlier rude forms of Asiatic sculpture and the perfect art of the best Greek age. The use of colour in sculpture was not peculiar to Egypt, for Assyrian bas-reliefs were also painted, as were Phœnician statues, and Lycian tombs. The Greeks indeed were the first to rely on the effect of form and of shadow alone, while Asiatics preferred the effects obtained from the glow of precious metals, and from the natural colour of various stones—a taste which continued in all later times to characterise Oriental art. The history of ceramics is the same, for while in the earliest ages Greece looked to Asia for her models, she learned in time far to surpass her teachers. Egypt and Syria had brought this art to great perfection long before it was studied in Greece, and the chased work of Sidonian bowls was famous when the Homeric poems were penned. But in later times the figures on Phœnician pottery, seals, and metal work, remain ill-formed and conventional, while Greece went straight to nature for models, and brought fresh life into an art which, among Assyrians and Egyptians, was shackled by the traditions of a remote past.

It was not until the conquests of Alexander had brought Greek letters, literature, and philosophy, to Asia and to Egypt, that Oriental art began to copy that of Greece. Before that conquest the western Orientals, though influencing each other, maintained an art quite distinct from the new methods of Eastern Europe. Even as late as 250 B.C., the Phœnicians looked to Egypt rather than to Greece for models, and Babylonia and Persia continued to follow the methods of ancient Assyria. But after Alexander's time we trace, even as far as India, the influence of Macedonian conquest in Bactrian coins, and probably in Buddhist architecture, while the Arsacidæ

were yet more closely in connection with Greek civilisation in Persia. The Ionian alphabet spread to Assyria, Commagene, Syria, and Egypt; and Greek became the common tongue of merchants and rulers all over Western Asia, and so continued dominant, under Romans and Byzantines, until the Arab conquest in the 7th century A.D., or for a period of a thousand years.

Fettered as they were by earlier canons of art, the Orientals never attained to the truth and beauty of classic style. Their figures continued, even when most clearly imitative of Greek sculpture, to be stiff and ill-proportioned; the ornamentation was never purely structural as in Greece, and was often overloaded and incongruous. The love of colour survived, and the barbarian use of precious metals. A strange mixture of classic and archaic ideas marks the art of Phœnicia, Commagene, and Persia, after the 3rd century B.C. Perhaps the most remarkable of such remains are the sarcophagi found recently at Sidon, on one of which a battle of Greeks and Persians is sculptured. But, superior as these are to the Greek art of Cyprus, and to the later work at Palmyra and elsewhere, they are still very inferior to the best Greek art, while the use of colour is not abandoned by the Sidonians even at this late period.

Another remarkable instance of Greek influence is found in the sculptures at Tell Nimrûd, on the upper Euphrates, representing the palace of the half-Greek kings of Commagene, shortly before the Roman conquest, by Pompey. The giant figures of kings and gods seated on the terrace beneath this high conical mound, and the reliefs representing Persian gods, accompanied by Greek inscriptions, are singularly hybrid in character, combining Greek ideas with the stiffer and more ornate forms of Persian art, derived by the Achemeneans from Babylonia and Assyria. The figures are stumpy and ill-drawn, the dress is partly classic, partly Oriental. The artist has trusted for effect rather to the gigantic size of his statues, which rivals that of Egyptian figures, than to any just idea of copying Nature.

At the famous palace of El Hadr, south of Mosul and west



of the Tigris, which dates about 200 A.D., we find Greek cornices with acanthus leaves, and other classic details, among which are sculptured, on a narrow frieze, figures of winged lions, eagles, and solar-rayed heads, which remind us rather of Persian or Assyrian than of Greek art. At Diarbekr the so-called Palace of Tigranes appears to have been rebuilt, from more ancient materials, by the Arabs, and presents semi-classic pillars and cornices, with pointed arches and Cufic texts. The pillars are remarkable for the ornamentation of their shafts with diapered patterns, indicating the love of tracery which distinguishes the later Byzantine style, and which has here, much earlier, invaded the borrowed art of Greco-Persian or Greco-Armenian builders.

Although the origin of coinage is found in Babylonia and Persia, and in Lydia earlier than in Greece, the development of the art was due to Greeks, who carried it to India and even to Yemen. The Seleucid Greeks in Syria are known to us only by their coins, for all their buildings seem to have perished. These often rival Greek coins in beauty, although steadily deteriorating from the standard of art represented by the beautiful gold pieces of Alexander the Great. The native Hasmonean kings in Palestine—successors of Judas Maccabæus—adopted Greek models for their coinage about 90 B.C., and inscribed them in Hebrew and Greek; but the rough and poor character of their art may be contrasted with that of their Greek masters. Coinage in Asia and in Byzantium continued to lose in truth of form and boldness of relief, until we reach the greatest degradation, and approach the stiff and childish attempts of the early Venetian gold pieces.

Jews and Phœnicians and Palmyrenes were equally bad copyists of Greek art from the 2nd century B.C. down to the 3rd century A.D., after which native art dies out, to be replaced by that of Byzantium. The earliest dated specimen of Greco-Syrian architecture is the famous palace of Hyrcanus in Gilead, dating from 176 B.C., and still standing in ruins. We here find enormous blocks of masonry, 8 feet high, well hewn, and drafted round the edge of the stone, in imitation of the earlier masonry of the Acropolis at Athens. This finish, which

was used by Herod the Great at Jerusalem, by the later Phœnicians, by the Romans, the Arabs, and the Crusaders alike, was once thought to be of Phœnician origin, but it never has been shown to occur in Western Asia before the Greek conquest, and almost invariably accompanies imitations of classic art, as shewn by pillars and cornices. Such cornices occur in the outer court of the palace of Hyrcanus, but the building is not purely Greek, the roof having once been supported by thick pillars, of which the capitals are very peculiar, and more like the later Egyptian style than anything Greek. In Phœnicia and in Cyprus similar remains, with Doric pillars and drafted stones, belong to the same period; and it is now generally acknowledged that the mighty ramparts of the Jerusalem and Hebron sacred enclosures are to be attributed to Herod the Great, presenting the same drafted masonry, with boldly corbelled cornices and projecting buttresses. Herod's temple at Siah, in Bashan, dedicated to the Arab sun god, Aumo, is yet more indicative of style; for, while the pillars are classic, the bust of the deity presents the same feeble caricature of classic sculpture which is noticeable in Commagene and at Palmyra, while the vine is carved round the great gate as at Jerusalem, where however it was made of gold, and nailed to beams over the entry.

The Roman conquest did not greatly affect Asiatic art, which continued to be semi-Greek; and even Romans wrote their mortuary inscriptions in Greek in Syria. The very remarkable monuments in the Kidron Valley, east of Jerusalem, and at Petra, were hewn after the time of Pompey, and the tomb of the kings of Adiabene, north of Jerusalem, belongs to the first century A.D. In these well-preserved examples the same imitative style is found, with Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars, but in some cases with friezes of grapes and other non-classic designs, and peculiar cupolas unlike anything Greek or Roman, and with Hebrew inscriptions, which serve to indicate the date of the buildings. It has often been remarked that these buildings, so far as they are classic, are never Roman but always Greek in character. The great building age of Rome had not yet commenced in Nero's time, and their art

owed quite as much to Greece as to the Etruscans, who themselves, at an earlier period, had brought their art and alphabet from Asia Minor.

The second and third centuries of the Christian era were great building ages in Asia Minor and Syria, especially under the Antonines. Baalbek and Gerasa are among the most famous ruins of this period and the temples of Palmyra date from the time of Zenobia. At Baalbek, where the masonry is even larger than that of the Herodians, the drafted stones are signed with Greek masons' marks. In Palmyra the statues are singularly poor in design and execution, but the architecture is more purely classic than that of earlier Syrians. Greco-Palmyrene bilingual texts here witness the mingled character of the population. The Jewish synagogues in Galilee, which belong probably to the second century A.D., also present us with a semi-classic style, much marred by details of native origin which, to our eyes, seem strangely out of place.

The great contribution of the Romans to Eastern architecture was the arch: for whatever be the truth as to its antiquity in Egypt and Assyria, it did not practically become a building feature till after the Roman Conquest, when it begins to appear in triumphal arches, and in the barrel vaulting of roofs. The early Greek vaults of Tiryns, and the arches of the Phœnician aqueduct at Tyre, are not true arches at all, but arching forms due to the overlap of horizontal courses.

The domes, found in the tombs at Petra, and in the monument called 'Absalom's' at Jerusalem, start from circular drums; but a very remarkable attempt to apply a dome to a square building is found in one of the great tomb towers at 'Ammân in Gilead, which may date from the second century A.D. This dome rose neither from a drum, nor from pendentives such as Sassanians and Byzantines used later, but simply from horizontal courses projecting inwards from the four corners of the building, and cut on the inner faces to a circular form. This example is perhaps one of the earliest in Asia in which such a dome was attempted. The native Oriental roof was flat, and generally of wood. The Greek roof accompanying the pediment, was not needed in snowless regions, and it is

certain that the Temple at Jerusalem had a flat roof in Herod's time. On Assyrian bas reliefs, however, small domed buildings seem to be represented, such domes being probably built not of stone, but of concrete, formed on clay moulds supported by logs and brushwood, after the manner still used in the East. The very flat domes with pendentives in the vaults of the 'Double Gate' at Jerusalem are by some architects attributed to Herod, but by others to Justinian six centuries later. There is, however, a small flat masonry dome of similar construction in Herod's palace at Herodium, south of Bethlehem, which appears to belong to the original building.

The Greco-Roman architecture of the second century appears to have remained little changed, down to the time of Constantine, in Asia; but between 330 A.D. and 530 A.D. a revolution in style occurs, dating perhaps from the erection of the great church of St. Sophia in Constantinople; and Byzantine architecture then comes into existence, simultaneously with the Sassanian style of Persia, while in the West the Romanesque begins already to develop at Spalato in Dalmatia, as early as the time of Diocletian (285-305 A.D.) It is interesting to trace these two developments of Greek Art in the East. The great change in Byzantium coincides with the decay of the Greco-Roman race, and with the invasion of the capital by Asiatics who attained to most of the higher offices of government. In Persia the Sassanians were the rivals and foes of the Greek Emperors, and their art and architecture, though still owing much to Greek influence, were also modified by native ideas. The fusion of these two schools—Byzantine and Persian—produced a new Arab and Saracenic architecture, long before the Gothic of the West developed from the Romanesque.

The Spalato palace has been much studied, to control conceptions of fourth century architecture. The style of its details is far purer than that of the earliest Christian buildings of the East, but many of the features are new, and distinct from classic style. The architrave is greatly increased at the expense of freize and cornice. Gateways appear with bold cornices supported by cantelievers, and adorned by elaborate



tracery in low relief on jambs and lintels. The cornice is carried in an arch between pillars under a pediment—a feature never found in the Antonine buildings, but commonly used later in Syria. Miniature arcading also appears perhaps for the first time.

Of Constantine's work in Rome very little has been left, in consequence of mediæval reconstructions. His baptistry contains Corinthian pillars in good style, and the basilica of Maxentius, which he completed, also presents well outlined and bold details, though coarsely executed. In the East we have a further example at Bethlehem, where the pillars of the great basilica—the oldest of existing Christian churches in Asia—are still standing in place. They support a plain wall rising to a clerestory in the nave: the capitals are Corinthian and fairly well carved, and are all marked with the cross, and the bases are also of good design. This building may have formed the model for the innumerable chapels of Syria, built in the fourth and fifth centuries, all on the same plan—a basilica with its apse to the East (not as often occurs in Europe to the West), and consisting of nave and aisles, with columns and flat entablatures or epistylia. Constantine's magnificent Basilica of the Anastasis, at Jerusalem, has utterly perished, and the description given by Eusebius is somewhat confused; but it is remarkable that, according to his account, the Byzantine love of decoration with precious metals already appeared in the silver capitals of its pillars and in its golden roof. This method of enriching the appearance of a building carries us back to the Babylonians, for Nebuchadnezzar, like Solomon, adorned the interior of his temples with carved plates of gold and of bronze.

Two other early Christian buildings in Syria—which had now become the Holy Land of the established faith—must be noticed, concerning the date of which there is some difference of opinion. They both present fine examples, probably of Greek Christian art, before the appearance of Byzantine peculiarities. The first is the Damascus mosque, and the second the Golden Gate at Jerusalem.

The great mosque at Damascus was built by El Welid, the

sixth of the Ommeiyah Khalifs of Damascus, in the third year of his reign, 708 A.D. It replaced the Church of St. John Baptist which he destroyed, and which had been built by Theodosius about the close of the fourth century, and enlarged and completed by his son Arcadius, who acceded in 395 A.D. No remains of this church itself are traceable, but two fragments of Greek work, which have been supposed to belong to an earlier temple, may in all probability have belonged to this edifice. On the west side of the outer court of the mosque are the ruins of a great gateway, and at the base of the S.-W. Minaret there exists also a colonnade clearly of Greek origin. Masûdi, writing in 954 A.D., also speaks of a second gateway on the east side of the enclosure, at the *Bâb Jeirân*, which has now disappeared. The existing west gate consisted originally of six pillars, with Corinthian capitals, supporting a cornice, which rises to an arch over the two central pillars; and above this is a pediment. The design is similar to that found at Spalato half a century before the time of Theodosius. The arched cornice is never found in the temples of the second century A.D., in Palestine or Syria, and the general style of this building is more in accord with the Christian architecture of the fourth century. On the south wall of the mosque is also to be seen a doorway, very similar to one at Spalato, and to others which are known in Syria dating from the fourth and fifth centuries A.D. The great gateway also bears a Greek Christian inscription, in which the name of Christ has been inserted in a verse from the Septuagint translation of the Psalms:

‘ Thy kingdom (O Christ) is an everlasting kingdom,
And Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.’

—(Psalm cxlv. 13).

The text may have been written later than the erection of the pediment, but it is equally possible that it indicates the Christian origin of this fine structure. It was a common practice in Syria, in the fourth century, to inscribe such verses of Psalms over the entrances of chapels and of houses. These few fragments of the Church of Arcadius indicate that it must have been a large and important building. The outer court measured at least 700 feet east and west, and the church itself

may have been as large as the existing mosque, which is 446 feet long north and south, by 125 ft. east and west.

The Golden Gateway, on the east wall of the temple enclosure at Jerusalem, is a building of the same class, but probably of somewhat later date. There is no very distinct allusion to its existence before 1102 A.D., when Sæwulf speaks of it as having existed in the time of Heraclius (629 A.D.) A more doubtful allusion to its being the 'Beautiful Gate' of the temple is found in the diary of Anthony of Piacenza (560-570 A.D.) By de Vogüé it is supposed to date from the fifth or sixth century, and others have regarded it as the work of Julian, on the occasion of his attempt to rebuild the temple.* This beautiful gate-house, with a double entrance, is crowned by six domes resting on two large central pillars. The design of the arched cornices, and other details, recall the Spalato architecture, but the work is less purely classical, and the capitals of the central pillars, which are Ionic, seem to suggest a late period, being very heavy and inartistic. Prof. Hayter Lewis, compares the Church of St. Demetrius in Thessalonica, built early in the sixth century, as being the nearest in style to the Golden Gateway. The domes are on the true Byzantine principle; and, in spite of the great differences in detail which distinguish this gateway from Justinian's style in Constantinople, it may be supposed to have formed part of the extensive works which he carried out about 530 A.D. in Jerusalem, including the great Church of the Virgin erected on the south wall of the same enclosure. The successive rebuildings and destructions (due to earthquake) of this latter church, and the work done by the Khalifs and by the Templars, have left us nothing of the original plan, although the heavy columns with Byzantine capitals, which flank the central nave of the Aksa mosque may have belonged to Justinian's basilica, and may possibly still remain *in situ*.


With the erection of the great cathedral of St. Sophia by Justinian, we enter on an entirely new chapter of Greek art. The few remains of building which belong to the 5th century

* *Ammianus Marcellinus*, xxiii. 1.



in Syria and elsewhere do not prepare us for so great a change in style, and are more similar to the architecture of Constantine's age. In order to understand how such a revolution in art came about, it is necessary briefly to consider the history of the Eastern empire during the interval of two centuries between Constantine and Justinian, and the relations between the Greeks and their Asiatic and European subjects. Art and architecture only expressed the change in manners due to the rise of new forces in the empire, and to the decay of the Greek and Roman races.

After the death of Constantine in 361 A.D., the Persians, under Sapor, advanced their frontier to Diarbekr and Nisibis, and under Valentinian I. the Euphrates became the eastern boundary of the empire about 375 A.D. The first Hunnic invasion of the west occurred in the same year, and wars in Africa and against Germans and Goths, left neither time nor money to devote to art or to building. Under Theodosius (379-395 A.D.) there was peace with Persia, and Oriental embassies reached Byzantium. The Goths were settled in Thrace and in Asia, and added a new element to the mingled population of the Eastern Empire; but immediately on the accession of the sons of Theodosius—Arcadius in the East and Honorius in the West—appeared Alaric, marching into Greece in 396, and invading Italy in 409 A.D. The luxury of the empire under Arcadius is vividly described in the sermons of St. Chrysostom, and the use of silver and gold in churches and palaces became extravagant. The Eastern emperor is described as robed in purple silk wrought with massive dragons of gold embroidery. The riches of the clergy and nobility of Antioch, their silver chariots and golden vessels, scandalised the great preacher; and the influence of Syrian art was equally felt in Rome itself. Under Theodosius II., in 422 A.D., a truce with Persia was established, which endured for eighty years; and Armenia was divided soon after between the Romans and Persians. During this period it is probable that the native civilization of the Sassanian monarchs may have become familiar in Byzantium, and after 450 A.D. the Nestorians, driven eastward by the Orthodox Greek party,



took with them to Persia a knowledge of western art and letters, and began to build, probably in the Byzantine style. In 430 A.D. the Huns attacked Persia, and ten years later they endeavoured to reach Byzantium. Peace was made with Attila in 446 A.D., and his energies were diverted to Gaul. In 476 the Western empire fell, but in the East the time of Anastasius (491-518 A.D.) was a period of retrenchment, by which Justinian profited during his glorious reign.

Justinian was himself apparently of Gothic origin, and the revival of the empire, due to the victories of Belisarius in Africa, Italy, and Persia, was accompanied by an activity in peaceful development which has left its mark all over western Asia, in the ruins of churches, fortresses, and walled towns, as far east as the borders of Persia, where, during the same period, the strong rule of Chosroes Nushirwan (531-579 A.D.) was signalised by the encouragement of literature, and by the erection of the new palace at Ctesiphon, south of Baghdad, near the east banks of the Tigris. Chosroes invaded Syria in 540 A.D., and took back with him to the East a number of Syrian captives, who appear to have erected Greek buildings in their new home. The affinities which have been remarked between the Sassanian and the Byzantine architecture of the sixth century are no doubt explained by such peaceful relations which were renewed, from 541 A.D., for twenty years, and the reign of Justinian (527-565 A.D.) marks a distinct epoch in the Greek art of Asia. The Byzantine influence began to penetrate northwards with Greek trade, until even the mediæval art of the Norsemen and their runic characters arose in imitation of Greek models. But after this great age the power of the empire dwindled reign by reign, until Chosroes II. took Jerusalem in 614 A.D., and Omar finally wrested from the Greeks their Asiatic dominions twenty years later, and subdued Persia at the same time.

The empire of Justinian was no longer Greek or Roman, and the civilisation of Byzantium was Asiatic rather than European. The Syrians dominated the Church. Goths and other wild races of the North had settled down on the Danube, and had become distributed over Anatolia. The old classic ideas of

simplicity in art had given way to a barbaric love of colour and profuse adornment. A lace-like tracery covers the gallery fronts of St. Sophia, and glass mosaic began to be extensively used to ornament interiors. Procopius revels in description of the varied colours of the marbles used by Justinian, but the lover of classic art laments the loss of form in the elaborate capitals of the St. Sophia pillars. The heavy shape of these capitals, peculiar to Byzantine style, became yet more exaggerated later. The volutes diminished, and finally disappeared; a basket-work ornamentation replaced the acanthus leaf; and in the poorer execution of provincial chapels the artist was content to obtain an effect of ornament by holes drilled in a flat surface in curving lines, replacing the bold, sharp chiselling of Greek work found as late as the time of Constantine. Silver and gold took the place of white marble, and Arabesque tracery of the more massive classic foliage. The art of the sixth century reminds us rather of Phœnician metal work than of Roman masonry. The influence of the Syrians on the barbarians who had permeated the empire, descending from the North, gave rise to new ideas, replacing those of the earlier ruling race. Yet the Greek influence was not wholly lost, and formed the basis of the new Byzantine style. In Persia, brick and small rough stonework was concealed by plaster and stucco. In Constantinople brick was also used for the structure of the St. Sophia, and was veneered with marble. The Sassanians used bitumen for mortar, like the early Babylonians; and in the West an inferior masonry, with beds of lead, and thick mortar-joints, replaced the magnificent ashlar of the Antonines, which was so massive and finely wrought as to render the use of cement needless. The Greek canons of proportion became obsolete, and stiff, gaunt figures of saints, painted or wrought in mosaic, replaced the bold reliefs and statues of classic Greece. Images had not, as yet, been forbidden by the Greek Church, but they were wrought in gold, silver, and bronze; and a barbaric delight in glitter and colour, in false surface appearance, and intricate ornament, replaced the simplicity and greatness of solid white marble sculpture. The art of the Byzantines is a true expression of the character of the people who now squandered the wealth of Europe and Asia.

Among new architectural ideas, the dome became one of the most remarkable. The flat dome of St. Sophia, notable for size, but built of very light material, is often regarded as a new invention of the emperor's architect; but in Asia, as we have already seen, it is traceable to the second century A.D., and perhaps even earlier, while it is doubtful whether it was not used in Persia a century before it appeared in Byzantium. It seems to be of Asiatic origin, and its application to square buildings was a problem which the Sassanians had solved before the pendentive came into use in the West. The enquiry leads us to consider the growth of native style in Persia under the Sassanians, and the later development of Arab art, which was equally indebted to the Persian and the Byzantine teaching.

The early influence of Greece in Persia has been already noticed, but side by side with this must be placed the tradition of Persian architecture and sculpture, tracing back to the time of the Achemenidæ at Persepolis. The eastern Aryans, invading Persia from Bactria, adopted the civilisation of the Elamites and Babylonians whom they conquered. Persepolis traces its origin to the earlier art of Chaldea; and the carved signet of Darius is almost Assyrian in character. The fine masonry of Pasargadæ, however, seems to indicate Greek influence. In the Hall of Artaxerxes at Susa, the brick is covered with enamelled tiles, which seem to suggest the origin of the later Persian faience work, in which the Arabs delighted. With the Sassanians a new art arises, and the traditions of Babylonia were discarded equally with Greek ideas, as Greek and Babylonian written characters were also abandoned for the new alphabet of the Aramean-speaking peoples of Chaldea.

Close to the ancient capital of Susa two Sassanian palaces still exist in ruins, east of the Persian Gulf, at Serbistan and Firuzabad. The first of these has been supposed by architects to date even as early as the middle of the fourth century (the reign of Sapor), and the second to be a century later. The palace of Serbistan is remarkable for its lofty domes of elliptical section, surmounting square chambers. They are somewhat insecurely based on arches built across the four corners of the walls below, which form alcoves, not properly structural, but

depending rather on the power of resistance of a rough rubble set in bitumen.

The Firuzabad Palace repeats the same features, but with superior construction. The use of stucco decoration is here notable, with clustered pillars; but the peculiarities of Sassanian architecture are yet more distinctly illustrated by the ruins of Ctesiphon, where the elliptical barrel vaulting of the central passage or hall is flanked by walls ornamented with double semi-columns, above and between which smaller arched arcades are inserted.

In Syria, east of the Jordan, two buildings exist which closely reproduce the main features of Sassanian art. The elliptical arch, the coupled column, and the miniature arcade above, characterise the hall at 'Ammân, which was built in the centre of an earlier Roman fortress. At Mashitta, near the Hâj road in Moab, east of Heshbon, are the foundations of a palace which in general plan recalls those of Persia. It has been attributed to Chosroes I., who however seems only to have invaded Northern Syria, or to Chosroes II., at the time when the Persians overran all Western Asia and Egypt. The latter king occupied Palestine in 614 A.D., but withdrew his forces ten years later, on account of the bold advance of Heraclius from Armenia to Ispahan in the heart of Persia; and although the Mashitta palace seems never to have been completed, it is doubtful whether Chosroes II. would have had leisure even to commence such a building. He destroyed the Christian churches of Syria, but is not recorded to have ordered the construction of any architectural works. Unfortunately there are no inscriptions, either at 'Ammân or at Mashitta, to attest the origin of these beautiful buildings. In both cases the delicate tracery of the stone work—carved after the erection of the walls—far surpasses anything yet known in Persia, although it may be regarded as nearer akin to later Persian than to Byzantine art. One of the panels at 'Ammân gives a representation of an artificial tree, recalling those shewn on Assyrian bas-reliefs, and akin to the semi-Greek ornamentation of Tak-i-Bostan between Baghdad and Ecbatana. At Mashitta an elaborate design represents two conventional lions, flanking a vase, whence the arabesque ornament springs. Such repre-

resentation of animal life was forbidden to strict Moslems, but has nevertheless been found in specimens of Arab art in all ages. At 'Ammân the designs are all geometric or arabesque, and no animal forms occur. The dwarf pillars have capitals not unlike the early Norman forms, and their arches have dogtooth mouldings. The influence of Greek or Byzantine art is however traceable in the rosettes, at both the sites here mentioned, and we shall see reason immediately to suspect that these structures were erected by the early Ommeyyah Khalifs of Damascus. That Byzantine influence did penetrate into Persia is shown by the pillar capitals of Tak-i-Bostan, and of Bisutûn hard by, which both in form and in decoration recall those of the age following the erection of Saint Sophia.

At the time of the Arab conquest of Western Asia there were thus in existence two separate schools of art and architecture—that of the Greeks and that of the Persians. The Arabs themselves cannot be said to have had any native art at all. Their greatest architectural triumph was the Kaaba at Mecca—a cube without any ornamental feature. In North Arabia weak imitations of Babylonian and Greek art mark the rude monuments of an earlier period, and in Yemen the same influences were feebly felt; but the first Khalifs of Damascus, and the later Khalifs of Baghdad, alike relied on Greek and Persian artists, when they began to erect new buildings in their newly won dominions. They were long content to appropriate Christian churches as mosques, and perhaps one of the earliest buildings in Asia specially erected for Moslem prayer is found also at 'Ammân beneath the citadel; for its arches are round, and the pointed arch came into use in Syria in the ninth century A.D., and is found in the Nilometer near Cairo as early as 861 A.D.

We have already seen that El Welîd erected a mosque at Damascus, and we are expressly told by el Mukaddasi that he brought skilled workmen from Persia, India, and Byzantium, to assist in its construction. The curious glass mosaics of the facade, whether original or of later date, indicated Byzantine influence. They have now unfortunately been injured by the disastrous fire which occurred in 1893. The greater part of the existing structure belongs to the time of El Welîd (708 A.D.),

and the arches are round, or in some cases slightly pointed. The great inscription noticed by Mas'ûdi (954 A.D.), which ascribed the building to this Khalif, and attested the destruction of the church of Arcadius, has however perished. The description by el Mukaddasi applies to the existing structure, but the mosaics in gold and in colours, which once covered walls and roof, have now disappeared. The dome of the mosque, rising from an octagon, is very Byzantine in character, and appears to be ancient. It is supported on arched pendentives, in the four corners of the square walls beneath, after the manner already described in Sassanian buildings. The ideas of the Greek and Persian architects, who aided in building this early and interesting work, are thus visible to the present day.

The Damascus mosque was not however the first built by the Ommeiyah Khalifs, for all Moslem accounts agree that 'Abd el Melek, the father of El Welid, built a shrine over the sacred rock (or Sakhrâh) in the temple enclosure at Jerusalem (688-691 A.D.), and the present Dome of the Rock preserves a mosaic Kufic text of 72 A.H., which serves to confirm these accounts. Before this time Omar had built a wooden mosque west of the rock, which has now disappeared. The Christians never erected any building on the site, although Justinian built the church of St. Mary on the south side of the enclosure, and a chapel of St. Sophia on the north, at the Pretorium, which still exists in the Turkish barracks.

Jerusalem was a sacred city to the Moslems, and had even for a time been the *Kibleh* or 'direction' of prayer. The quarrels of the Ommeiyah with the citizens of Medinah inclined these Khalifs to discourage pilgrimage to Mecca, and to foster the tradition which saw in the Haram of Jerusalem that 'remote sanctuary' (*Haram el Aksa*) to which Muhammad was carried.* Pilgrimage to Jerusalem was therefore instituted, and a *Kubbeh*

* The foundation of the legend of Muhammad's night journey to Jerusalem, and ascent to heaven from the Sakhrâh rock, is found in the words, 'blessed be He who brought His Servant from the sanctuary to the far off sanctuary' (Korân xvii. 1); but it is more likely that the passage refers to the escape of Muhammad from Mecca to Medinah.

or 'dome' (not a mosque) was erected by 'Abd el Melek over the Sakbrah.

The chapel which thus represented the oldest Arab building of ascertained date is among the most beautiful and impressive of Oriental structures. Its proportions on the exterior are marred by the excessive width of the octagonal outer wall, which somewhat dwarfs the height of the dome and drum; but the interior, glowing with ancient mosaic work, and marble pillars with gilt capitals, the dome of wood painted with arabesque patterns, and the very fine sixteenth century windows of stained glass, combine to give a general effect of great richness and beauty. They recall the appearance which the Damascus mosque presented in the tenth century A.D., and indicate that, from the first, Greek and Persian artists must have been employed at Jerusalem as well as at Damascus.

The wooden dome, bearing an inscription of Saladin, rises from a drum, covered with mosaics of later date than those of the outer arcade, which belong to the original period. The dome is supported on eight piers, between each of which there are two pillars. The arches are slightly elliptical, and covered with a veneer of grey and white marble. The pillars were evidently torn from some of the Christian churches destroyed in 614 A.D. by Chosroes. The capitals are in no case the same on any of the columns; some are Corinthian of late character, some are later Byzantine. They do not in every case belong to the shafts which they surmount, and the bases—now covered over with marble slabs—are equally diverse. Round this colonnade a beautiful grille of French hammered iron-work, dating from the 12th century, encloses the rock. An octagonal arcade forms an outer cloister, and the arches are here covered with mosaics of the 7th century. The painted, wooden ceiling of the arcade is comparatively modern, but the ornamental wooden beam which, as in other Arab buildings, runs above the caps of the pillars, is an original feature.

El Y'akûbi, writing in 874 A.D., says that 'Abd el Melek built over the Sakbrah a dome, and hung it round with curtains of brocade.' The arcade was thus apparently open to the air at first, but in 985 A.D. el Mukaddasi describes the building as

having four gates; and Ibn el Fakih, in 903, says that 'at each gate there are four doors, and over each gate is a porch of marble.' The present building, with its outmost octagonal wall enclosing the arcade, thus appears to date from the 9th century A.D. The extant bronze gates bear the date 831 A.D., when el Mamûn, the Abbaside Khalif, restored the building; and the old beams of the roof resting on this outer wall have on them a date answering to 913 A.D.

This outer wall is one of the most interesting features of the building. It is now covered with enamelled tiles, but these were removed for repairs in 1874, when it was discovered that the wall had originally been adorned with glass mosaics, and presented the peculiar feature of a dwarf arcade, forming the battlement above the roof, and surmounting arched panels similar to those found at 'Ammân, and in the Sassanian buildings of Persia. The caps of the coupled pillars, flanking the round arches of this dwarf arcade, are also similar to those at 'Ammân. The Persian influence is here clearly traceable as late as the time of el Mamûn, while the general effect of the original building is so similar to that of a Byzantine church that (until more carefully examined by later explorers) the dome of the Rock was pronounced by Mr. Fergusson (in defiance of history) to have been built by Constantine, and by Prof. Sepp (with equal disregard of known facts) is attributed to Justinian. The character of the ornamentation renders it probable that the buildings at 'Ammân and Mashitta, already described, may also have been erected by the Khalifs of the 8th or 9th century A.D., by aid of Greek and Persian artists, as in the case of the Damascus mosque.

Our enquiry has thus carried the history of Greek influence in art down to the time of the Arab Khalifs. The Christian chapels, built by their permission, were purely Byzantine in character, and the features of this art became yet more pronounced in the 8th and 10th centuries. When first the Crusaders began to build (before 1130 A.D.) they also adopted a heavy Romanesque style, but after that time their buildings are more Gothic in character, with pointed arches, clustered columns, fanciful capitals, and bold, dog-tooth mouldings. Considering that their Syrian churches are older than the Gothic buildings

of Italy or of Western Europe, it is not unnatural to suppose that their later style sprang from the influence of Arab art. The pointed arch was an advance made by the Arabs on the elliptical arch of Persia, long before the first Crusade. Slender coupled shafts, dog-tooth mouldings, and simple pillar caps, very similar to those used by the Crusaders and by the Normans in the West, had all appeared in Arab buildings three centuries or more before the Crusaders adopted them. In Sicily the Arab architecture was known to the Normans before they reached Asia, and the same Saracenic influence reached France from Spain at a very early period. The classic models of the West—such as the early Romanesque churches of Italy—presented no such ideas of lightness and height as were to be derived from Arab style. Thus the Greco-Persian influence penetrated also to the far West, and lies at the base of Gothic architecture. The Byzantine influence is clearly shown in the frescoes and mosaics of the 12th century found in churches and monasteries of the Crusaders; and after the fall of Constantinople in 1203 A.D., Greek literature and Greek art were carried to Italy, and so diffused throughout Europe.

Briefly to sum up the results of our inquiry we have seen that the origin of Greek art is to be found in the earlier civilisation of Asia Minor and Syria, adopted and improved by a new Aryan race unfettered by the traditions of Eastern style. After the Macedonian conquest the art of the victorious Greeks imposed itself on Asia, where however the copyists never attained to the beauty and truth of Greek models. With the triumph of Christianity the later Greek style again spread over the Eastern Empire, while the rise of a strong dynasty in Persia gave birth to a native art which owed more to the Babylonians than it did to the Greeks. With the development of new forces in Byzantium, under Justinian, a great change in art and architecture coincides, and the influence of Persia and of Syria again prevailed over and mingled with the classic ideas of Greeks and Romans. The ignorant Arab became a new pupil both of the Persian and of the Greek, and the rude Crusaders learned in the East new features of ornament and of structure, which laid the basis for the beautiful Gothic art of Western Europe, after the twelfth

century of our era. The history of art and architecture is one of natural development or evolution, and the art of any age is a true indication of the character of race, and of the influences to which various peoples became subject in consequence of conquest, or of peaceful relations with other nations.

C. R. CONDER.

ART. VIII.—SOME ANONYMOUS SCOTTISH SONGS.

IN their national songs and ballads the Scottish people have inherited a kingdom of romance and poesy such as few other nations can boast of. It is a kingdom of which they are justly proud, and in which most of them delight to wander.

Our Scottish songs 'have the pure breath of the heather and the mountain breeze.' Sir Walter Scott compares them to cameos that show what the national visage was in former days. They show the thoughts, the style of living, and the manners and morals of the times in which they were written as no other writings show them. What vivid pictures of the rough and ready wooings of the old times do we find in 'Muirland Willie,' 'The Brisk Young Lad,' 'The wooing of Jenny and Jock,' and 'I hae laid a Herring in Saut,' and what an inimitable description of a rustic wedding two centuries ago is given in 'The Blythsome Bridal.' Mr. Chambers says of the last named song, 'its enumeration of oddly characterised men and women, all with appropriate nicknames, is only to be equalled by its list of the rough viands and dainties with which they were to be regaled.'

It is impossible now to trace the authorship of very many of our old songs. Probably they were transmitted orally from generation to generation, as the ballads were, and in course of time the name of the author, if ever known, was forgotten. Many of them were probably, as Ritson points out, the productions of obscure anonymous authors, of shepherds and milkmaids, who actually felt the sensations they describe. In many instances there can be no doubt that shyness or modesty

prevented the author or authoress attaching his or her name to their work. In these days, when self-advertisement has become a fine art, we fail to appreciate such refined modesty. But that such was the feeling in former generations can be amply proved. The authors of the songs published for the first time in Allan Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany* in 1724 purposely withheld their names, and the authorship of many of these songs can now never be traced. We know that William Crawford, David Mallet, and William Hamilton were among the 'ingenious young gentlemen' who assisted Ramsay in writing the *Miscellany*, but of the others little or nothing is known. It was with difficulty that Sir Walter Scott could get Miss Jean Elliot to acknowledge the authorship of 'I've heard them liting at our yowe-milking;' the name of the authoress of 'And ye shall walk in silk attire' was not generally known for fifty years after her death; and, not to mention others, with Lady Nairne the secrecy as to the authorship of her lovely songs was little short of a mania.

In glancing over the old anonymous songs it is at once seen that some of them have been written by women. The tenderness and simplicity of 'The Broom o' the Cowden Knowes' are surely purely feminine, and who can doubt that 'O, waly, waly' was written by a woman? It is the heart's cry of a poor deceived girl.

' O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum ?
 For of my life I am wearie.
 'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 By my love's heart grown cauld to me.'

And yet in the midst of her despair she thinks of how she and her lover were dressed and how they must have looked as they came in by Glasgow town.

' When we came in by Glasgow town
 We were a comely sight to see ;
 My love was clad i' th' black velvet,
 And I mysell in cramasie.'

Could any touch be more thoroughly feminine? No man would have thought of his dress, or of the appearance he made

in the eyes of others, if his heart were breaking. This song is supposed to refer to the unhappy marriage of Lady Barbara Erskine, daughter of the ninth Earl of Mar, to James, second Marquess of Douglas. If this supposition is correct, then the song may have been written by the unhappy Marchioness. If it was written by a woman, as is probable, the authoress was evidently in the higher ranks of life; the language and the allusions show this.

If the old song 'I'll gar our Gude-man trow,' first printed in C. K. Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, was written by a woman, the authoress was gifted with an unusual amount of humour for one of her sex. In looking over our national collections it is surprising to notice how few humorous songs have been written by women. Lady Nairne and Joanna Baillie are almost the only ones that have produced humorous songs, and 'The Laird of Cockpen,' by far the best of Lady Nairne's, is after all a development of the idea in the old song 'When she cam' ben, she bobbit.' The anonymous song 'I'll gar our Gude-man trow,' is delightfully and humourously feminine throughout. In it the gude-wife tells her cronies what she will do if her husband does not provide her with a new side-saddle, some rings, and three or four valets, and the refrain is ludicrously arrogant. She calls her cronies 'fisher jades,' and orders them to stand aside to give her gown room. Surely such an idea is thoroughly feminine!

When attempting to judge from internal evidence whether an anonymous lyric has been written by a man or woman three points have to be kept in view, namely, the nominal sex of the speaker, the character of the humour, and the character of the pathos.

As regards the first of these points it is of course more natural for a man to write as a man, and a woman as a woman. To do so requires only the lyric gift, while to write as one of the opposite sex requires dramatic talent also. If many of our old songs have been written by shepherds and milkmaids who actually felt the sensations they describe, then we can assume that in most instances the writer has written from the point of view of his or her sex. There is no doubt that among the

Scottish people it has not been uncommon for comparatively prosaic persons, at some moment of supreme emotion or passion, to express their feelings in verse, and such lyrics sometimes attain to a high order of merit. These songs, coming straight from the heart, are almost certain to be written from the point of view of the writer, and not from that of the opposite sex. This is especially so with women. If we look over the songs written by Scotswomen, from Lady Grisell Baillie's 'Werena my heart licht I wad dee' downwards, we find very few exceptions to this rule, especially when the authoress wrote only a few songs. Lady Nairne wrote many songs, and she was a great poetess with dramatic instinct: she is therefore an exception to the rule. But even of the nine or ten songs she wrote from the man's point of view several are old songs polished up, and the others cannot be classed among her best. With Joanna Baillie, also, her best known songs are, as she herself says, 'Auld sangs new buskit.' They are not passionate lyrics coming from the heart. And the same rule holds with Burns himself. Of the two hundred and seventy songs written by him fifty-three are from the woman's point of view, and of these the best can be counted on the fingers of one hand. They are 'John Anderson, my jo,' 'Ye banks and braes,' 'Last May a braw wooer,' and 'Wandering Willie,' this last being an 'auld sang new buskit.'

The *second* point to consider is the character of the *humour*, if it be a humorous song. The range of a man's humour is wider than that of a woman, and it is well that it should be so. Natural delicacy has prevented women touching upon certain subjects which have unfortunately too often been used by the ruder sex as the foundation of humorous songs. Women have not even, so far as we know, drawn upon conviviality for their humour. But both sexes can meet on the common ground of such subjects as courtship and marriage. Compare, for instance, 'The Laird o' Cockpen' with 'Duncan Gray.' In the woman's song the heroine wins the day; in the man's the hero wins. In the former the details are gone to much more than in the latter, and, as is often the case in Cou¹gs by women, the dresses are described, would

' His wig was weel pouter'd and as gude as new ;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue ;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that ?'

What feminine satire there is in that last line ! Then the poor blundering Laird called at the wrong time of day. In his excitement he forgot that 'a morning call must be paid between the hours of 3 p.m. and 6 p.m.,' as the books on etiquette say, but how feminine to point this out ! No one could imagine Burns touching upon a trifling breach of etiquette such as this. And as it was not a time for receiving visitors Mistress Jean had to change her dress, and no doubt kept the Laird waiting an unconscionable time, only as that would not occur to the feminine mind it is not dwelt upon.

' She put aff her apron and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' doun.'

The humour in this song is very delicate and the satire very pointed, but it is like stippling compared with the broad brush of Burns. Although it was 'blithe yule night' when Duncan Gray came to woo, and no doubt both he and Maggie were dressed in their best, still Burns does not condescend to touch upon that, but he does admit, what to the masculine mind is of much greater importance, that 'we were fu'.

The Laird, being in an upper stratum of society, took Mistress Jean's 'Na' as final, but in Duncan's rank in life it is permissible to fleech and pray, and he did so. Moreover, he

' Sighed baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleert and blin ;
Spak' o' lowpin' o'er a linn'

before he gave up the siege. After the refusal the thought in the lover's minds was similar, only the Laird, as was to be expected, expressed it in a more gentlemanly way.

' She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen'

is much more polite than saying—

' She may gae to—France for me !'

It is surprising that any writer of taste should have proposed adding the two verses to 'The Laird o' Cockpen' that



are attributed to Miss Ferrier. If a man had written them, they would have been condemned, and coming from a lady they are in still worse taste. The point of the story is the unbounded surprise of the self-important Laird that a penniless lass should refuse him, and the moral Lady Nairne means to impress upon man is, that pride comes before a fall. Miss Ferrier's verses, apart from the question of taste, nullify the lesson the authoress intended to teach.

The moral in 'Duncan Gray' is precisely the same, only it was not the 'lad o' grace' that required to be taught humility. The pride was in Maggie's heart, and it was she who was humbled. In this way Burns impresses the same lesson upon women that Lady Nairne does on men. They both teach the opposite sex—not their own.

The *third* point to consider in judging the sex of the unknown author of a song is the character of the *pathos*, if it be a pathetic song. If men have a broader vein of humour than women, the gentler sex has quite as great a depth of pathos as men, if not greater. It may be questioned if any songs written by our poets equal in this respect Lady Anne Lindsay's 'Auld Robin Gray,' Miss Elliot's 'Flowers of the Forest,' and Lady Nairne's 'Land o' the Leal.' Of the first of these Mr. F. T. Palgrave writes:—'There can hardly exist a poem more truly tragic in the highest sense than this: nor, except Sappho, has any poetess known to me equalled it in excellence.' This is very high praise from perhaps the highest authority of our times. The two other songs I have mentioned are very little inferior to 'Auld Robin Gray;'; indeed the 'Land o' the Leal' has been pronounced by the late Professor Blackie as 'perhaps the very top and crown of all Scottish devout songs.' The treatment of subject in 'Auld Robin Gray' and 'The Flowers of the Forest' is to some extent similar, and the effect is heightened by artistic, and yet very feminine, treatment of minutiae. The touch of the lady in pathos, as in humour, is a fine one: the details of the situation are dwelt upon more than the broad results. In 'The Land o' the Leal' there is not the same room for description of incidents, but to a certain extent there is a similar treatment of detail. These three

songs are alike in, there being little or no reference to Nature in them—that Nature which Burns always went to for sympathy in his sorrows. If we compare ‘Highland Mary,’ ‘Mary in Heaven,’ and ‘The Banks o’ Doon,’ with the above three songs, the difference of treatment is most marked. In each of them Burns appeals to Nature as his only source of consolation, and he compares or contrasts her sights and sounds with his mental state. And this is true of other poets also. In that beautiful poem of Logan’s ‘The Braes of Yarrow’ the heroine addresses Yarrow and Nature, telling them of her sorrows; and Sir Walter Scott in ‘Where shall the lover rest,’ and ‘He is gone on the Mountain,’ receives consolation from Nature, or compares the loss of the hero to the evanescent ‘dew on the mountain’ and ‘foam on the river.’

In songs of sentiment, apart from pathos, it is most difficult to tell the sex of the author of our anonymous songs. Still, a phrase here or there, or a certain atmosphere of the song, may indicate what we want to know, especially when the sex of the speaker is considered.

Keeping these points in view let us consider now some of the best known of our anonymous songs, and I begin with ‘S. R.’s.’ ‘Broom of Cowden-Kuowes,’ briefly mentioned before. This charming lyric appeared first in Ramsay’s *Tea Table Miscellany*, published in 1724. The refrain is known to be that of a much older song now lost. ‘S. R.’s.’ song is put into the lips of a woman; it is a song of pathos without consolation being sought from Nature, or comparisons made with natural sights or sounds; details are not wanting; the tenderness is quite feminine, and so are the lines—

‘ My doggie, and my little kit
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick
May now lie useless by.’

Mr. Chambers thinks that ‘S. R.’ was alive in Ramsay’s time, but ‘being probably a gentleman or lady under the restraints of society, desired to remain unknown.’ Judging from internal evidence there can be little doubt, I think, that ‘S. R.’ was a lady. It appears to be impossible now to trace the authorship

of the song. Ramsay's wife's initials were not 'S. R.' and his poetical daughter was too young in 1724 to have written the song. The only person with the initials 'S. R.' who subscribed for the collected edition of Ramsay's Poems—was a man—Mr. Samuel Rith—and he subscribed for two copies. But who was Mr. Samuel Rith? Was he such a genius as to write the 'Broom of the Cowdenknowes?'

'Shame fa' the Gear' may be attributed to a woman for the same reasons as 'The Broom of the Cowdenknowes.' The same may also be said of 'Anne Bothwell's Lament,' except that details are not dwelt upon so much; but the two last stanzas show the noble, forgiving spirit of a true woman.

The old song of 'Wandering Willie,' which Burns so beautifully imitated, is one of refined sentiment, and excepting that it is sung by a woman there is little to indicate the sex of the author.

Although 'The Brisk Young Lad' is a humorous song, and therefore difficult to judge, the humour is surely that of a woman. It is a girl who speaks; she was glad to have the wooer, for she took him in and gave him a scone (she 'was baking when he came') and bread and ale; he would pay no attention to the lassie till he had finished his meal; this coolness incensed her so much that she shoved him to the door where he fell into a 'deuk-dub' to the intense satisfaction of the girl, her parents and neighbours. As in 'The Laird o' Cockpen' it is a woman impressing upon men the lesson that pride comes before a fall.

'I Lo'e nae a Laddie but aye,' is given in Ritson's collection with the initials 'J. D.' attached to it, but someone told Burns that it was written by a 'Mr. Clunie,' minister of Borthwick. It is more like the song of a woman than a man.

'The Country Lass' was first printed in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, and marked as an old song. The first sixteen lines are like a woman's, but in the third stanza we read—

'No wines do e'er 'my veins' enrage,
Or tempt my mind to sin;'

and in the next stanza she speaks about 'my fair body,' phrase which rather show the cloven hoof of man.

In 'Andro and his Cutty Gun,' although it is a woman who speaks, the humour is more that of a man.

'The Cock-Laird' and 'My Jo Janet' are amusing dialogues between a man and a woman. In the former the heroine has the last word, in the latter it is the hero. From this circumstance it might be supposed that the former was written by a woman, but in both the humour seems more that of the other sex.

'Saw ye Johnnie Comin'' is a strange mixture of humour and 'pathetic earnestness' on the part of the heroine, asking her father to fee the lad she loves, though it does not appear whether or not Johnnie returns her affection. I think it would be unnatural for a woman to write such a song.

'Kind Robin Lo'es Me,' as we now know the song, appeared in Herd's *Collection*, and it has ever since been a favourite. The singer is a woman; the sentiment is pure and tender; she speaks of napkins, rings, gloves, and 'kissin' strings'—things dear to women—calls her lover 'tall and sonsie, frank and free,' as she ought to do; does not morbidly refer to Nature, and, in short, looks at things as a healthy young woman should do. For these reasons I attribute the song to one of the fair sex.

The pathetic little ballad, 'The Lowlands of Holland,' has also all the appearance of being written by a woman.

'There's nae Luck about the Hoose'—the most beautiful song of married love we possess—was written by an unmarried person. It was written either by an old maid of close upon fifty, or a young bachelor of six-and-twenty—the former, Jean Adam, the latter, William Julius Mickle. The claim for the latter was fully given in a letter written by Charles Mickle, a relative of the poet, and printed in the *Athenaeum* of January 27, 1877. It is briefly this: a copy of the song, differing in many minor details from the popular version, but written in the style of writing he was accustomed to about 1760, and on paper bearing the same water-mark as a letter he wrote in that year, was found among his papers about ten or twelve years after his death. Moreover, in 1810—that is, twenty-two years after Mickle's death—his widow told the Rev. J. Sim that

Mickle gave her the song as his own composition, and explained to her the Scottish words and phrases (Mrs. Mickle was an Englishwoman), and she repeated, with a very little assistance, the whole of the song except the eight lines ascribed to Dr. Beattie. Mr. Sim, in a letter to a certain Mr. Mudford, dated April, 1810, and said to be a reply to letter from Mr. Mudford in September, 1801 (Sim was a long time in getting up his facts), says he has discovered what he considers the *first sketch* of the song, and this is his explanation of the differences in the text from the usual version. This is all the evidence in favour of Mickle, and it is certainly not strong. It was not till twenty-two years after her husband's death that Mrs. Mickle said a word about the song being his, and at that time she was, as Sim admits, 'labouring under a disorder so repressive as paralysis.' Moreover, she did not voluntarily make any statement about the song, and when asked at first if she knew anything, she would or could say nothing about it. At a subsequent time, with Sim's assistance, she managed to repeat it. The value of such evidence must depend upon the state of health of the person who gives it. Her memory might quite well be such that she could repeat a song she had learned many years before, and yet her statement as to the authorship be, quite unwittingly, incorrect. She never claimed the song as her husband's when she was well; her claim when she was a paralysed old woman is therefore a weak one. The evidence as to the water-mark on the paper has a certain amount of weight, but it is by no means conclusive. Who does not occasionally find paper in his desk that has been there for years? Or is it not possible that Mickle, as has been suggested, heard or saw the words in 1760 and copied them? In those days, when books were scarce or dear, is it not most probable that a man of literary tastes like Mickle would copy any verses that he particularly liked into a commonplace book or on loose sheets of paper? At any rate, we know that, apart from his widow's statement, *Mickle never claimed the song as his.* Sim says, in his preface to the 1806 edition of Mickle's *Poems*, that he had 'An unreserved intimacy of more than sixteen years' prior to his death with the poet, and he repeatedly pro-

mised to write Mickle's life, if he survived him, and act as his literary executor. Yet, during all those years, Mickle never hinted to Sim that he was the author of the song, which was so popular as to have been sung in the streets as early as 1772. Again, Sim says that Mickle had 'Too much honour and integrity to give the least occasion to the publishing of the works of another as his own productions,' and yet in an early epistle to a friend he appropriates Pope's line—

' But looks through Nature up to Nature's God,'

without acknowledgment, and in the same epistle he alters Pope's

' I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,'

to

' I lisped no numbers, for no numbers came.'

It is claimed that Mickle wrote the song in 1760. Now, in 1761-62 he was in dire straits for money, and he wrote his poem, 'Providence,' with great care and with great expectations. If he had 'There's nae luck' in his desk at this time, why did he not try to publish it? At this time he had written nothing in the least like the song; nothing in Scottish, and nothing humorous. In 1764 he tried to publish a volume of poems, but the song was not one of the poems. In 1767 he published 'The Coucubine' (afterwards called 'Syr Martyn') anonymously, but as it proved a success, he promptly acknowledged it. If 'There's nae luck' had been his, he would also have acknowledged it quickly when it became popular. In 1772 we find him editing Pearch's *Collection of Poems*, and inserting two of his own poems, 'Hengist and Mey,' and the 'Elegy of Mary, Queen of Scots.' If the song were his, would he not have inserted it also? In 1775 he published his translation of the 'Lusiad,' in 1781 'Almada Hill,' and in 1782 'The Prophecy of Queen Emma,' a ballad, and yet he does not include 'There's nae luck' in any of these volumes. The only lyric he wrote was shortly before his death in 1788. It is called 'Eskdale Braes,' and it is in *English* not in our *Doric*. He never used the Scottish dialect in any of his acknowledged poems. If he had written a song that had become popular, is

it possible that a man, thirsting for popularity as Mickle could refrain from writing more songs in the same strain? I think not. Neither in the edition of Mickle's *Poems*, published in 1794, nor in the subsequent collection of classical poems printed at Edinburgh, with a life of the author by Robert Anderson, M.D., is the song given.

'There's nae luck' is a song of mature love, but in 1762 Mickle was far from mature. Two years later, in 1764, he calls himself 'A youth as yet beginning existence,' in some reflections written at that time. Judging by internal evidence the song is infinitely more likely to have been the work of a mature, though unmarried, woman than of 'a youth as yet beginning existence.' The affection portrayed is purely feminine—

' Since Colin's well, I'm well content,
I hae nae mair to crave ;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.'

And

' His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak ?'

Were these lines written by a youth of twenty-six or dictated by the heart of a woman? No one who knows human nature can doubt.

Were the instructions to the maids to 'Mak' a clean fireside to 'Gi'e little Kate her Sunday gown and Jock his buttoned coat,' to 'Mak' their shoon as black as slaes,' and to 'Spruce the table neat and clean,' more likely to have been written by a lad or by a woman who had been a nursery governess or a manse? From internal evidence there can hardly be any doubt that the song was written by a woman. What, then, is the evidence in favour of Jean Adam? In the first place Cromek claimed the song for her on the ground of strong local tradition—tradition lasting, as I know from recent inquiries made in Greenock, to this day. Cromek also states in 1810, on the direct testimony of an old lady then living, Mrs. Fullarton, a former pupil of Jean Adam's, that she

often heard Jean sing or repeat the song, prior to 1760, and claim it as her own. Mrs. Fullarton's daughter, Mrs. Crawford, confirmed this statement, and in a letter to Mrs. Fletcher, dated Ratho House, January 24, 1810, she wrote as follows: 'You may assure Mr. Cromek that the ballad, "There's nae Luck about the House," was written by Jean Adam on a couple in Crawford's-dyke (Greenock), the town where her father lived. I do not recollect that I ever heard her repeat it, but since I can remember anything I have always heard it being spoken of as being her composition by those she depended much upon. My aunt, Mrs. Crawford of Cartburn, often sung it as a song of Jean Adam's.' Cromek withdrew the claim for Jean Adam when Sim told him he had found a manuscript copy of the song among Mickle's papers, but in doing so he acted too hastily, for the copy was imperfect, and, as Mr. David Laing points out, 'Such as a person might have written after having heard it sung.' Then, again, as Miss Tytler remarks with critical acumen, 'the scenery, the incidents, the expressions of the song, are thoroughly identified with the west coast of Scotland; so is the very name of the hero.' The hero and heroine, too, were popularly held in Greenock to be a couple named Colin and Jean Campbell who lived there, and who were known to be lovers—though married. Jean Adam's only volume of poems was published many years before this song was written, and latterly she was too poor to publish again, but the measure and rhythm of many of her other poems, as Motherwell says in his edition of Burns, 'are so like that of this song as forcibly to recall it to recollection, while nothing written by Mickle has the remotest resemblance to it.' That high authority, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, also points out that 'it is very improbable that Mickle, who had a musical ear in poetry, could ever have made *speak* rhyme to *greet*.'

Taking all these facts and circumstances into account, and sifting and weighing the evidence as carefully as possible, no impartial critic can fail to conclude that 'There's nae luck' was certainly *not* written by Mickle, and that in all probability it was written by Jean Adam.

It is not my intention to compare English with Scottish songs, but it is interesting to note how many folk-songs of English nationality have been included by Mr. F. T. Palgrave in *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*. There are only few English songs that can properly be called folk-songs in this anthology, and they were written by great, or at least well-known, poets. They are Marlowe's 'Come live with me and be my love;' Ben Jonson's 'Drink to me only;' Gay's 'Black-eyed Susan,' and Carey's 'Sally in our Alley.' Of Scottish folk-songs Mr. Palgrave gives twenty—most of them pathetic—besides about a dozen of Scott's and Campbell's that might almost be classed under this heading. The English songs reflect the light heart of the jovial Saxon of Merry England. In the Scottish songs, on the other hand, the Celtic nature-note is the dominant. Imagination, grief, passion, are the strings of the lyre on which the melody is played, and the music is the music of the heart. They are the voice of the race rather than of the individual who wrote them. The writer was 'the heir of all the ages' in a true sense, and voiced the feelings of generations as they became articulate in him or her.

J. A. DUNCAN.



SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

GERMANY.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (No. IV., 1897).—This number is dedicated to the memory of Melanchthon, and is wholly taken up with articles on him—on the man, his history, his work, and the influence he exercised and has since exercised on the religious thought and life of Germany especially, but also on the world as a whole. The reason of this dedication to Melanchthon is that the four hundredth anniversary of his birth fell to be celebrated this year, and was celebrated with great enthusiasm at the University of Halle-Wittenberg, on the 16th of February. Two of the principal addresses that were then delivered occupy the first places here. The first was delivered by Dr. F. Loofs, who dealt with Melanchthon as a Humanist, and as a Religious Reformer. As a Humanist Melanchthon must be ever gratefully remembered. Called to be professor of Greek at Wittenberg, he gave a memorable and undying impulse to the study of the language and its literature, as also to Latin and letters generally. As leading up to his proof of this, Dr. Loofs sketches the condition of things intellectually on the eve of the Reformation. The dissolution of the old that was then proceeding was not as that of decay, but was the result of the fermenting of a young re-born life. New energies were awakening on every side; new forces were stirring everywhere in nations and in individuals, and claiming for themselves, and gradually creating for themselves, new conditions, and new forms in which to incarnate themselves, and through which to work. The old forms of culture, and the old conceptions of piety, were equally insufficient for the intellectual and religious needs of the hour. Here and there research was bringing to light the treasures of ancient knowledge that had been lost for centuries, and to these the reawakened intellectual life was now greedily turning, and on them feeding and growing. The contrast between the Latin of the Classic writers and that of the day began to be apprehended. Greek was beginning to be studied, and was inspiring curiosity. The crisis was approaching. The Church was becoming apprehensive of danger, and was already beginning to take steps to guard itself against it. To some extent its efforts were successful in Italy, Spain, and France. In Germany it had less success.

The Princes there were beginning to foresee the advantage likely to come to them from the new movement, and were encouraging the men engaged in it. Of the latter Rudolf Agricola and Reuchlin were the foremost. Their work was soon taken up by hosts of others, all inspired, however, by the love of letters alone. Melancthon began his work in the same spirit. Being a nephew of the great Reuchlin, who interested himself in him from the first, he soon was fired with his unclouded love of letters and ambition. Dr. Loofs traces the influence of Luther on him, and shows the direction his work afterwards took. His estimate of the man, of the scholar, and of the reformer, is, of course, very high, but is tempered by caution. A genial man, Dr. Loof says, he was not; he was, however, a man of pre-eminent talent, comprehensive scholarship, of great versatility, and of healthiest influence.—The second Festschrift here is that which was delivered by Dr. G. Kawerau. It deals more directly and fully with the relations that existed between Luther and Melancthon, and the mutual influence they exercised on each other.—Dr. Albrecht contributes a series of studies based on Luther's pamphlet addressed to the 'Rathsherren aller Städte deutsches Lands,' regarding the institution and maintenance of Christian Schools. M. S. Berger, Paris, has a paper on Melancthon's 'Vorlesungen über Weltgeschichte.' Dr. Knaake furnishes a brief note on his 'Dictionarium.' Dr. Albrecht deals with a MS. notice of Melancthon of date 1559. Professor Caro contributes 'Anekdotisches von Melancthon.' Dr. Otto Clemen, 'Miscellen zur Reformationsgeschichte;' and Professor Kostlin, 'Luther's grabstätte Wittenberg.'

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (August, 1897).—'Schlimme Flitterwochen,' a sketch of artist life by Helene Böhlau.—'Results of the last Indian Census,' an interesting summary of details of population, sects, etc., by Prof. Julius Jolly.—'Previs et Chavannes,' by Walter Gensel, with accounts of the principal works of this mural painter.—(September)—Opens with somewhat sad sketch, 'Mamsell Biene,' by Ilse Frapan.—V. Bosche tells the life-story of Fechner, the nature-philosopher.—The member of the French Assembly J. J. Mounier's stay in Weimar, and his intercourse with Goethe, Schiller, and the rest, is described by P. von Bojanowski.—'A Mediæval Alpine Artist' is a very interesting account of the school which flourished in the Tyrol, and more especially of Michael Pacher whose magnificent carved and painted altar-pieces were executed toward the end of the 15th century.—The remaining contributions deal with literary and political subjects.

(October, 1897).—With this part the *Rundschau* enters on its twenty-fourth year. The place of honour is given to one of those short stories which seem to have taken the place of the serials, 'die Waidfrau.'—'Die Hohe Tatra' describes scenes in the Carpathians.—C. Freiherr von der Goltz, formerly Inspector General of Military Instruction in Turkey, discusses that country's strength and weakness. He shows that there are great possibilities in the country. Public spirit is forming. The recent 'losses' of territory are really a gain to a power whose possessions are too wide for the military forces at its command. Among other things the writer advocates the removal of the capital to Asia, and quotes a saying of Fuad Pasha, the former Grand Vizier. A gathering of diplomats was discussing which was the strongest State in Europe. Fuad kept his own counsel, until, being pressed, he answered, 'Turkey, for we Turks have been labouring at our own ruin for centuries and have not succeeded yet.'—Other contributions deal with memoirs of Brahms, a recent performance of Aeschylus' *Agamemnon* in Berlin, etc.

R U S S I A.

ROOSKAHYAH MYSL.—*Russian Opinion*—(June, July, August, and September).—As we have not before mentioned the fact explicitly, it is as well to say that each number of the *Rooskahyah Mysl* is divided into three distinct parts, with separate pagination, the first being the imaginative portion, consisting of poetry, tales, and lengthened romances, which in the present four numbers varies from 186 to 228 pages; the second being the practical, scientific, and historical portion, varying from 178 to 208 pages; and the third the critical or 'Bibliographic Division,' varying from 48 to 56 pages. In the present numbers 'Poesy' leads off in Part I. with a continuation of 'Prometheus Unbound,' acts 3 and 4 of a lyrical drama by Percy Bysshe Shelley, translated by K. D. Balmont; two translations from the Polish poet, Victor Gomoulitski, by Michael Garbanofski; a 'Letter to Joakeim Leleval,' of 232 verses, by J. G. Korolenko; 'Autumn,' in three pieces, by N. Vilde (? Wilde); and 'The Shaft,' from Victor Hugo, by Vladimir Lahdyzhenski. In our last notice we omitted to state that the lyrical drama, 'Prometheus Unbound,' in four acts, was a translation from the English.—A selection 'From the Letters of Ivan Tourghenieff' to Madame Sophia Konstantinovna Kaveline, daughter of Konstantine Dimitrievitch Kaveline, will be read with interest by all admirers of that charming writer. The several letters range from 1871 to 1877,

and are written one each from Moscow and London (Devonshire Place, Portland Place, Friday 14 [2], April, 187 and five from Paris.—‘A Tale of Years Gone By,’ by Zasodimski, is complete in 122 pages. It deals with Russian life only.—‘The Crusaders,’ an historical romance by Her Senkevitch, translated from the Polish by V. M. Lavroff, in its continued course also to 122 pages, but shows no sign coming to an end.—‘Provincial Mire,’ a stupid French tale with a questionable title, from the pen of Camille Vernic runs to 97 pages, and is unfinished.—Of ‘Whirling Yea from the writer’s recollections, by P. A. Saloff, we have pages, to be continued.—‘An Equitable Marriage’ (Les jus Noces), a romance by Andre Morel, translated from the French and ‘Then was Early Spring,’ by A. R. Krandiefski, are complete in the July and August numbers.—‘Nego,’ a short tale from the Polish of G. Danilefski, translated by the editor, M. L.; ‘Misha,’ a domestic tale, by S. Elpatyefski; ‘On a tale from a lost scrap-book (tetradi), by N. A. Annenkoff-Bnard; ‘The Children of General Granoff,’ a tale by M. Remezoff; and ‘Sieur Gabriel,’ a tale translated from a Norwegian of Amalie Skram by O. A., are each complete in a single number. But though comparatively short these five tales run into 158 pages, of which no fewer than 53 are occupied by the last-named.—Part II. contains ‘Normal Peas Banks,’ by L. S. Litchkoff, which article seemed to close May, but has really come to an end in the June number. Also ‘National Education in the Government of Tchernig which is discussed by V. Khizhniakoff in two numbers; ‘Voyage to Mecca,’ by the French Mussulman, Courtellem translated by M. N. R.; ‘Observations on the Circle of National Poets,’ by I. I. Ivanoff; ‘The National Schools of Denmark,’ by P. Hansen; ‘Outlines of Provincial Life,’ in three fragments, by I. I. Ivanyoukoff; ‘The Question of Population in France,’ by S. An—ski; ‘The Russian Archæological Institute at Constantinople,’ and the first year of its activity by L. Mseriantsa; ‘Neapolitan Impressions,’ by Victor Faus in two papers; ‘On the Antique Motives of the Productions of Henry Senkevitch,’ by Th. G. Mishchenka; ‘Tragedic Idea a tribute by P. S. Kogan to the memory of Miguel Cervantes Saavedra, the celebrated author of *Don Quixote*, 1350th anniversary of whose birth occurs on the 9th of the present October; ‘The Contemporary French Village,’ by Eugene Sheminon; ‘Thirty Years in the Service of the Nation, schoolmaster’s experience, by Victor Ostroghorski; ‘Some Words concerning Women,’ by Princess Ekaterine Koudashe; ‘Women’s Co-operative Guild in England,’ by Ivan Ozero

'International Art Exhibition in Venice,' by I. I. Ivanoff; 'Byzantine Epic Poetry,' a review of Gustave Schlumberger's work entitled *L'Épopée Byzantine à la fin du dixième siècle*, by Th. I. Ouspenski; 'French Decentralization,' by V. V. Ivanofski; and 'Contemporary Dutch Literature,' by L.—'Home Review' is exceptionally full, excepting in the August number, which tells the usual tale, to those who know, that there is no Russian news to be looked for in the torrid month of July.—'Foreign Review,' by our old friend, V. A. Goltseff, has, however, no break, Greek and Turkish affairs keeping the political world in full occupation.—Part III., or the 'Bibliographic Division,' contains notices of 150 works, mostly Russian, a few German and French, but none in English.

RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW (*Voprosi, Philosophii i Psichologii*, No. 37)—opens with a paper by M. Alexander Vvedenski on 'The Atheism in the Philosophy of Spinoza.' Our author begins by admitting that in the majority of instances, it is not admitted that the doctrines of Spinoza, as they are conclusively expounded in his *Ethic*, are really Atheistic; on the contrary, he so continually speaks of God that his doctrine on this point is fully opposed to Atheism. Yet it is agreed by all to name his philosophy Pantheism, a doctrine which upholds the *immanence* of God in the world. Pantheism, moreover, it must be admitted, is not the same with Atheism. Besides it is fully consequent, not to look upon certain other doctrines as Atheistic, which, like Spinoza's, annihilate the conception of God, while at the same time, they accept the designation of the Divine Being as a *term*. Finally, all do not go so far. For example, Ueberweg, in speaking of Spinoza, expresses himself after the following fashion, 'That it is not in any way possible to explain away the word, God; nevertheless there is something foreign in it, when taken as a substance. If He is a personal Being as the Creator of the world, with unconditional power, wisdom and goodness, it is a justification of Theism. If not such a Being, then it is the duty of the honourable thinker either to profess Atheism, or to admit that his presentation of God is a fiction, and to replace it scientifically, for example, as a conception of eternal world-order, or to enter upon theological questions not otherwise, than as historical.' But in this article the writer has in view the chief form of the views circulated in his own society, and strives to show that the doctrine of Spinoza, in the name of logic, ought to be regarded as Atheistic (although that is not to say that Spinoza himself was an Atheist), and explain how his doctrine comes to have such a character, and

how, nevertheless, it cannot be said that Spinoza himself was properly speaking an Atheist. The truth appears to be that while Spinoza was never personally an Atheist, yet, by following Descartes, and identifying God and *substance* as he really does, he both deceived himself and his readers, by adopting an Atheistic monism of substance as an equivalent of God, which he consciously or unconsciously seeks to cover by making frequent use of substance as an equivalent of God which it really is not. To use a quotation from M. Vvedenski himself, descriptive of Spinoza, this deception of himself and others, in other words, in the development of his philosophy he shows himself to be without the *concept* of God, while, at the same time, he is always making use of the name of the Divine Being as an ornament of his terminology for the designation of *substance*.—In the second article by M. Tchichéou on the 'Nature and Methods of Idealism,' the author begins by referring to a series of articles by Prince S. H. Trubetski on the 'Foundations of Idealism,' which have been referred to in preceding summaries, and in which he endeavoured to determine those positive results which were borne to philosophical science by German Idealism in the first half of the present century. The question is a wide one and important in the highest degree. The questions which the author brought referred to the roots of human thought. They comprehend the methods of knowledge and the very contents of thought. They could not but draw upon themselves the attention of those seriously occupying themselves with philosophy. If it were only by the exchange of thought and the united labour of men in the search after truth, philosophical science could be placed on a firmer basis, that which constitutes one of its most fundamental necessities. Further progress is only possible when the main questions stand on unshaken bases; when each philosopher builds his system on the grounds of his own personal views and thoughtful pre-suppositions, otherwise philosophy cannot be described as an objective science. The writer refers to the imperfection of the exposition of the author's views and the development of his thought. He enumerates three separate sources of misapprehension and mistake in Prince Trubetski's articles, and goes on to point out groups of misunderstanding as to the positions of Kant, of Fichte, and of Schelling, and finally of Hegel, who affirmed that Being and Non-being are one and the same, and that the great essential matter to be regarded is spirit developing itself through contradictory determinations. From some passages of the scattered articles, it is possible to conclude that the author has in view Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*, wh

actually begins from this position; but the *Phenomenology* is not an exposition of the idealistic philosophy but a description of the successive developments of human thought from the coarsest Empiricism to the most abstract conceptions. The results of this lengthened critique of Prince Serge Trubetskoi's 'Nature and Methods of Idealism' are thus summed up: The author has attempted to conceive in some measure an outline of all the varied forms and the whole fulness of Being. Such a problem, demanding a special combination of intellect and experience, is incomparably more complex and difficult than the purely intellectual construction of a one-sided system. It is impossible to reproach the author, as to this, in his various writings, that he has not fulfilled it. It is impossible to accuse him of having expressed himself insufficiently. But he obviously varies from different points of view. Criticising Hegel, he, as we have seen, finally himself occupies the purely Hegelian point of view. To this tends also his polemic against the independent existence of the material world, and equally the denial of the independent development of logical thought, as a one-sided and therefore insufficient element. In this his idealism goes even further than Hegel's. But while he tends to carry all to the highest ideal, on it hangs the chains of a realistic world-conception and expressly in the spiritual character of its form. And to him behind matter wavers the shadow of the subject, but a subject wanting in independence; of realistic philosophers, in him is reflected more than all traces of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, *i.e.*, of those who sink the subject in the bottomless gulf of unconscious Being; nevertheless, also this unconscious being does not satisfy him. He seeks an exit into faith, but also faith in its turn shows itself incapable of supporting him. In such fashion we see a constant transition from one point of view to another, but we do not see a clear and complete world-conception, which should bind in one all these separate elements of thought. Concerning this, testifies the very admission of irresponsible faith as the service of knowledge. It constitutes usually the refuge of persons who are not given to research in philosophical problems. Even such great spirits as Pascal have sought in them rest from the scepticism that was storming in upon them. It was skilful in the present disturbed condition of philosophical thought, with the complexity and difficulty of the scientific problems set before him, for him to come and profit by this refuge. Alas! if one could give rest to the spirit of man, then it would be in a condition to satisfy the demands of science which before all seeks clearness of thought and exactitude of deduction. We have, nevertheless, full grounds to believe

that the author will remain where he is. His broad knowledge, his love of labour, his lively and serious interest in philosophical thought; his disposition not to rest in the less important researches of psychological phenomena, but to state problems in all their breadth, gives us a guarantee that he will endeavor if not to resolve the problems which do not present themselves as possible for other thinkers, that he will at least strive to come nearer to their resolution, and to illuminate the path which leads to it.—The article following upon this is on ‘Concepts of the Mind and Psychical Energy in Psychology.’ The author, the late editor of the journal, N. A. Grote, is convinced that contemporary Psychology has not yet attained to the dignity of a science, but is only a system of observations and concepts of concrete experiences not as yet bound into an organic whole by general laws and uniform principles. That he believes can only be reached experimentally, and he points to the labours of Wundt in this direction, which have already been rendered into Russian. The author in this article seeks to review what has been done in this direction from Plato and Aristotle through Descartes and his successors, etc. From this our author, after referring to H. Spencer and his doctrine as to psychical evolution and processes of integration and differentiation, goes on to deal with the doctrine of Wilhelm Ostwaldt, the Professor of Chemistry in Leipzig as to energy in all its forms. Further on, Professor Grote takes up a more difficult task, viz., to subject to analysis the conception of psychical energy in connection with the conception of energy in general, and with the doctrine concerning it, of Physical Science. This part of the problem is strictly critical, as also the general physical doctrine concerning energy in its present form cannot fully satisfy the logically thoughtful philosopher, nor satisfy unconditionally the naturalists themselves, as the doctrine of Ostwaldt shows.—The next article in order, by Gilyaroff, resumes an article continued from the last volume on ‘Anticipatory thought of the death of our Age in France.’ As these are detached thoughts of a literary or philosophical character they do not readily lend themselves to representation in a summary.—Finally, in the general division of the journal we have a continuation of the ‘Outlines of the Development of Philosophical Thought in the Epoch of the Renaissance,’ by M. Korelin, which occupies itself mainly with the World-Conception of Francesco Petrarca. The subjects treated of are the Ethical views of Petrarca and his relation to Asceticism. His views of Nature and Life, the character of his pessimism and tendency to solitariness. The relation

Petrarch to the physical and spiritual nature of man, and his views on the family, monarchy, and property. This is continued in relation to many other subjects, and ends with a review of the general character and historical significance of the World-Conception of Francesco Petrarch.—In the special part of the journal there follows a lengthened article on the 'Foundations of Machiavellianism,' succeeded by an article as to what is an 'Introduction to Philosophy.'—Further on we have a lengthened article by Prince Serge Trubetskoi in defence of Idealism, in answer to the attack of M. Tchicherin.—The number concludes the usual reviews and bibliography.

ITALY.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (July 1).—Under the title of 'A Glorious Reign,' K. gives a brief sketch of the chief events of the Victorian period, and describes the joy and pride with which the Britannic nation celebrated Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.—The well-known novelist Gerolamo Rovetta begins a story entitled 'The Idol.'—The present instalment of 'Courts and Princes of the House of Savoy,' describes events from 1814 to 1859.—E. Castelnovo, another of Italy's best-liked romancists, contributes a 'Fantasy' called 'The Fortunate Isle.'—G. Boglietti contributes the second and concluding part of his essay on 'Socialism in France.'—In a long and learned article, G. Mestica traces the political views contained in the works of Vittorio Alfieri.—M. Tortelli gives an account of the successful discovery of the microbe of yellow fever by Doctor Sanarelli. About two years ago Sanarelli was called by the Government of Uruguay to found and direct a cabinet of experimental hygiene at Montevideo. He gladly obeyed the call, and soon had founded a scientific establishment which could bear comparison with the best in Europe. Besides his general work, Dr. Sanarelli had set his mind on discovering the cause of the yellow fever. He devoted eighteen months of study to his subject, and claims to have succeeded in his researches. He procured the material for his experiments from the Isle of Flores and from Rio Janeiro. At the lazaretto on the Isle of Flores, at the entrance to the La Plata river, he erected a small laboratory, and began his experiments during the summer months on the sick persons coming into quarantine from the ports of Brazil, and on the corpses of those who succumbed to the terrible malady. When he returned to his laboratory at Montevideo he carried with him the secret of the yellow fever microbe. Later on he made another laboratory at Rio Janeiro, in the Saint Sebastian Hospital, when he himself

contracted the malady he was studying, but in a mild form. He found the yellow fever microbe in the blood and tissues of the patients, but never, contrary to what had been thought, in the gastric-intestinal cavity of patients or corpses. The yellow fever microbe, according to Dr. Sanarelli, is a *str. bacillus*—a fine and short little stick, with rounded extremities, generally found in couples under culture, and in groups in human tissues. This microscopic little stick is from ten thousand to four thousand of a millimetre long, and half the thickness. It can be cultivated pretty well in the ordinary vehicles used for other microbes, but thrives best on the gelatine called *agar-agar*. Here it grows abundantly, and makes small colonies, even at a low temperature (20°), and assumes a characteristic aspect. By means of this culture, Dr. Sanarelli was able to produce in domestic animals all the symptoms observed in human patients afflicted with yellow fever. Dr. Sanarelli finds that the yellow fever microbe is one of the most poisonous that exists. It still remains to be proved whether inoculation can render the human body proof against its attacks.—The success of Eleonore Duse in Paris forms the subject of remarks by the art critic E. Bontet.—(July 16).—Mossi contributes a chapter from his forthcoming work *Physiology of Man on the Alps*. The portion here printed treats of nervous exhaustion. The author considers all sorts of fatigue, whether physical or mental, as the result of exhaustion of the nervous system.—L. Rava tells the history of 'The famous Pine-forest of Ravenna.'—Dr. Mantegazza relates 'Recent Events in Bulgaria,' and opines that that country will exercise great influence on Eastern events.—E. Mancini describes Marconi's apparatus for telegraphing without wires, and E. G. Boner sends a pleasant paper on 'The Poetry of the Heavens among the Ancients.'—E. Arbib reports the year's doings in the Italian Parliament.—E. Checchi discourses on 'The Popularity of the Theatre in Italy.'—U. Ojetli reviews de la Sizeranne's *Ruskin et la religion de la beauté*.—(August).—This number contains 'Art and Progress,' by Professor Panzacchi, who foresees that the present period of laborious literary indecision will soon be past, and that the movement commenced in the last century, and so desired by Manzoni, will be triumphantly continued and completed.—R. Bouffard contributes a paper, 'From the Baltic to the North Sea.'—Scherillo writes on 'The Troubadour, Bertram del Boario.'—D. Ciampoli sends a most interesting article on 'Nicola Alessandrovich Nekrasov,' the Russian 'poet of the humble,' with many quotations from his works.—E. G. Boner's learned talk on 'The Poetry of the Heavens among the Ancients,' treats

'stars and constellations.'—G. Grandi gives a sketch of Monte Catini; and L. Capocci discourses of 'Italian Politics in Africa.'—(August 16)—G. B. Guarini writes on 'The Meeting of the Two Emperors at St. Petersburg in Relation to the Eastern Question.'—(September 1).—From the veteran romancist, Antonio Foggazzaro, there is here a notable critical article on Rosmini and his work, pointing out that Rosmini's writings contain a wealth of precious things, the treasure being difficult to get at, but yielding to the research of vigorous minds. In order to continue Rosmini's work it is necessary for his disciples to prepare themselves at places where the national life is most intense. Foggazzaro supports the wish of the late Professor Ferrari that a chair of Rosminian philosophy should be instituted at the Padua University.—G. Rovetta continues his serial romance, entitled 'The Idol,' written in a dialogue style novel to Italy.—Professor De Gubernatis sends an interesting paper on 'King Oscar's Jubilee.'—P. Molmenti contributes an essay on 'Various Ancient Friulian Chronicles.'—The paper by M. Scherillo on 'Dante and Bertram del Borneo' is concluded; as is also Jessie White Mario's 'Descriptions of the Italian Penitentiary System.' She concludes: 'Italy will descend from the sad post she now holds, on the scale of delinquency, and re-acquire her rank among civilized nations, as soon as she feels the shame and humiliation of her present position. Then only can she unite her forces, and guide her energies to a fixed aim; then, when she has gained her political redemption, she will also victoriously regain her moral regeneration.'—Valetti contributes a monograph on Donizetto.—(September 16).—G. Gadia sends an important paper on 'Rom-capital' and the 'Sanza-Sella Ministry,' from the still inedited 'Political Records' of 1866-67.—T. Massarani, in the first instalment of a paper on 'The Venice Exhibition of Fine Arts,' has a word to say in praise of the 'sweetness and grace' of English exhibitors.—L. Nocentini describes the situation of Europe in the extreme East after the Franco-Russian alliance.—G. Faldella contributes youthful memories of the two scientific men, Galileo and Adam Ferraris.—A. G. Barrili writes an interesting paper on 'Gabriel Chiabrera, Man and Poet.'

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (July 1st).—G. Cimbali sends a long article on the female schools in Rome and Florence.—G. H. Cavalletti concludes his paper on Shakespeare.—G. Rocchi describes the origin and cause of the present Catholic movement in Italy.—G. Denti writes on 'The Ministry and Sunday Trains' in a sketch form.—(July 16th).—A. Zardo contributes an appreciative article on the German poet Chamisso.—General

Pagano has an important paper on inundations in Italy, damage they cause, the reason of their existence, and remedies to be recommended.—G. C. Carrarese describe newly discovered piece of ancient sculpture which has been deposited in the suburban church of Arcetri.—G. Faloni has a paper entitled 'Love and Hate.'—Signora Fortini-Santapau contributes a translation from the English called 'The Second Marriage' without giving the author's name.—(August 1st) Here is an interesting memoir of Maria Gonzaga-Gonzaga, by G. B. Intra.—'Notes on Luigi Crampolini, by G. B. Prunaj'—'St. Bonaventura at Paris, Student and Doctor,' by Ter Venuti.—'Signs of the Times: A Pastoral Letter,' by the Bishop of Cremona.—'The Autobiography of a Veteran General della Rocca,' by Ugo Pesce.—'Hamlet and I Quixote,' by G. Navoni, apropos of Ferri's book on *Criminology in Art*.—(August 16th).—Senator Faldella contributes a pleasant sketch of intellectual and patriotic work in Tuscany particularly of the last fifty years.—Dr. Astori, of Parma, discusses at length on religious teaching, insisting on the indication of morals from the religious point of view. He opines that no high ideals of progress can do good without religious faith.—L. d'Isengard resuscitates a forgotten Italian poet of the beginning of the century, giving several examples of his verses. The poet is Giuseppe Gando of Genoa.—S. Minocci contributes a learned review of recent Oriental and Biblical study.—(September 1st)—R. Ferrini describes the Marconi system of telegraphy.—The statistician Professor B. Salvemini has a pleasant paper on Tuscan names. He classifies 300 names under the heads of common names; romantic; qualitative (women only); Greek, or of Greek origin; Roman, or of Latin origin; of German origin; and sundry. After the common names, the largest contingents is afforded by Roman and Greek names.—R. Giannelli discusses Sicily and the civil commissariate.—(September 16th).—C. Bassi has here a review of Gotha's 'Life of Baron Ricasole.'—E. Salaris writes on national education and the army.—L. Venturini contributes an historical paper on the death of Germanicus.—G. Grabsinsky reviews various memoirs of General Trochu.—Senator Rossi contributes notes on political economy.

NAPOLI NOBILISSIMA (July).—B. Croce has here an article on the German painter Tischbein, who was director of the Academy of Naples in the last century. There are numerous extracts from the memoirs of the painter, with curious particulars about the art-teaching of the time, the elegant society and the revolution of 1799. The pages concerning the year

princess of Monaco during her sojourn in Naples are specially attractive. As known, she was later one of the victims of the French Terror. There are two other articles on frescos in Naples churches, and a series of sonnets of 1500 and 1600, written on works of art then existing in Naples.—(August).—Contains: 'The epitaph on the Mercato and the fountain of the Sellaria,' by Professor Capasso, with new episodes about Massaniello.—'Astroni,' by N. del Pezzo.—'The Corporation of Sculptors of Naples,' by G. Ceci.

EMPORIUM (July).—Here is an interesting article by B. on the Belgian painter G. Max Stevens, with numerous reproductions of his works.—The next paper, on contemporaneous art, is a 'reminiscence,' by G. Carotti, of the Triennial Exhibition of Fine Arts at the Brera Academy.—Follows an unsigned description of Japanese theatres, well illustrated.—Dr. Orleni contributes a description of the *Lustrumfeesten* of Utrecht.—S. di Giacomo gives an account of the Hermitage of S. Angelo in Formis, half an hour's drive distant from the town of Santamaria di Capua, on the line from Rome to Naples. There are interesting paintings and frescos in the church, and near by the ancient amphitheatre.—Then we have a free translation of J. Broome's 'Lightning in Photography and its Effects,' with excellent illustrations.—Dr. G. A. contributes a description of the monument to William I. by Begas.—A. G. describes the University of Leipzig.

RIVISTA ABRUZZESE (Year 12, No. 1)—contains important historic and artistic notes on the Cathedral of Atri, which was built early in the twelfth century, often restored since, and contains frescoes of two periods, namely, from about 1250 to 1350, when the painters were natives of the place; and after that period, when other artists, the most prominent being Andrea of Lecce, contributed to the decoration of the cathedral.—There is another article by A. de Nino giving a list of notable edifices at the remote town of Campi in the Abruzzi, which, besides an ancient turretted gate of the time of the Aryons, can boast of many interesting old houses, churches, and a cathedral containing fine frescoes, altars, and chiselled crucifixes.

NATURA ED ARTE (July 16).—'Daughters of Artists.'—'On the Shore.'—'The Simplon Railway.'—'At Palermo—Crete.'—'The Vesuvian Drama.'—'Carlo Goldoni in France.'—'Ettore Tito.'—'A Donizetto Preludio.'—'Anecdotal History.'—'Literary Conversation.'—(August 1st).—'Contemporaneous Art.'—'A Contemporaneous Romancist and a Contemporaneous Poet.'

—‘The Second Sicilian Vespers.’—‘The Library in Prison: Danger.’—‘Memini.’—‘Munich.’—‘General della Rocca.’—‘The Orchards of Murano.’

ARCHIVIO STORICO PER LE PROVINCE NAPOLITANE (C. 22, No. 2).—Besides continuations of previous articles, have here one on the census of the population of Naples from 1591 to 1595; and a paper by R. Bevere on ‘Clothes and Jewels in use in the Neapolitan Province from the 12th to 16th Centuries.’

RIVISTA ITALIANA DI FILOSOFIA (July, August)—contains: ‘Christianity and Progress.’—‘The Sacrifice of the Modern Science.’—‘Plotmo’s *Cosmos Noctos* in its Historic Position.’ In the pedagogical bulletin there is a laudatory notice of And Seth’s *Man’s Place in the Cosmos*, saying that the book is a simple and profound, and pointing out as particularly interesting chapter on a new theory of the Absolute.

RASSEGNA PUGLIESE (July)—contains: ‘Puglian Landscapes (poetry), by C. Bertacchi, describing Foggia, Barri and Lucera in so many sonnets.’—‘The Diplomatic Code of Bari,’ by Sylos.—‘Tarentum,’ verses by E. Ursileo.—‘The Sales of Carbonari of Bari in 1820, 1821,’ by G. de Ninno, continue following numbers.—‘Lunacy and Hypnotism,’ by G. Giuliani also to be continued.—‘Always,’ a short story by E. Alfieri. Notes, etc.—(August).—‘Vittorio Böttogo,’ by Lieutenant Turano.—‘Voltaire and Alfieri,’ by G. Burgeda.—‘Shakespeare or Bacon,’ by F. Nitti di Vito.—‘The Pair,’ a story by Prudenzianni.—(September).—‘Dante Judged by a Society,’ by G. Quercia.—‘The Only School,’ by Reino.—‘The Problem of Pain in India,’ founded on studies of Buddhism and other religions, by A. Mareduzzo.—‘Madness and Hypnotism,’ by G. Giuliani.

NAPOLI NOBILISSIMA (August)—contains: ‘The Epitaph of the Mercato and the Fountain of the Sellaria,’ by Professor Capasso.—‘The Elysian Fields and Astroni,’ by Professor Pezzo.—‘The Author of the Frescoes in St. Severino,’ by Professor Croce.—‘The Corporation of Sculptors and Marble Workers,’ by G. Ceci.

FRANCE.

REVUE DE L’HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 3, 1897).—Maspero returns here to a theme which has long occupied attention and often engaged his pen, viz., the funeral rites and ceremonies of the ancient Egyptians. Fresh light has been shed on them by some recent discoveries, and by a be-

appreciation of the texts bearing upon them on the part of Egyptologists. M. Maspero acknowledges the great importance of Professor Dumichen's more recent investigations into this subject, the results of which he has given in his magnificent work, *Der Grabpalast des Patuamenemap*. Owing to this fresh light and these and his own studies it is necessary, he thinks, to now revise the opinions he formerly expressed, and to correct them in accordance with our better knowledge of the whole subject. This he proposes to do in the pages of this *Revue*. The first part appears here. The title under which he writes is 'La table d'offrandes des tombeaux égyptiens.' The text which he makes the basis of his study is that from the tomb of Ti. In all the tombs of Memphis a table appears at which the person entombed there, and in whose honour it was raised, is represented as seated and as partaking of the viands placed on the table before him. Under the table is frequently seen a short inscription stating that the bread, cakes, fowls, etc., are provided in thousands. Over the table is a rectangular tableau containing a list of most of the objects represented on the table, and indicating the rites observed in the funeral ceremonies. It is divided into registers, and these again into cases by means of vertical lines which cut at right angles the others. Each case is divided into two or three compartments, one above another. The upper one contains the name of an object, or designates a rite. The next gives a sign of measurement, stating the quantity of the object named, or the number of times the rite has to be performed; and the next the name of the person to whom the gift is made, or for whom the rite is performed. There is often too a picture, or a pictorial representation, of the priests charged with the performance of the ceremonies, and engaged in them; also of the slaves carrying flagons or vessels with food; and of the musicians who gratify the dead with their melodious strains. These texts form both a *menu* of the feast and a ritual of the service. M. Maspero enters into the details of both very fully, so far as this section of his paper goes.—M. I. Goldziher follows with a paper on the true meaning of the phrase 'Shadow of God,' 'Khalife of God' as applied to the political and spiritual heads or chiefs of the Islam or Moslem faith. The title is given not only to powerful sovereigns but to petty kinglets, and in every language spoken by Mohammedans. It is a very strange title to be given to anyone by a Moslem, so strict a believer in the immateriality of the Supreme Being. How did it originate? and what does it mean? It was first applied to the power that was invested in, and exercised by, the Moslem chiefs. Under the protection of that power

one was as under the shadow or protection of God. The chief was the representative of the justice of God. They who relied on him were as safe as if they had relied on God Himself. A common degeneracy of language the phrase came to be used not only for the judicial function of the chief, but for the chief's person. The history of this usage is traced by Goldziher in a clear and convincing way in the literature of Islam.—The reviews of books and the 'Bibliographie,' the 'Revue des Periodiques,' take up a considerable part of this number. Several English works are dealt with in detail. We may instance, *The Sacred Tree*, by Mrs. Philpot, which is reviewed by no less an authority on folk-lore than M. Marius J. Koptos, by W. M. Flinders Petrie; and *Nagada and Balak*, by Mr. Petrie and J. E. Quibell—are reviewed by M. Amélin. *A Record of the Buddhist Religion as practised in India and the Malay Archipelago*, is also noticed; and Mr. Joseph Jacobs' *Jewish Ideals*.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 4, 1897). M. G. Maspero continues and concludes here his article on 'La table d'offrande des tombeaux égyptiens.' He describes various viands and beverages represented on the table in the presence of the dead, and which are named in the *cartes* or *tables* on the wall, and details the manner in which they were used. They were not presented to the defunct in the order in which they appear on the table, but in the order in which he might himself arrange, and ask the servitors for them. The formulae recited by those officiating, with their accompanying ceremonies, were in reality magical incantations, and supposed to endow the food presented with nutritive and taming qualities. The portrayal of all that was considered to give perpetuity to the funeral feast and ceremonial, and secure the comfort of the deceased even when the time should come when his relatives had all ceased to exist, and his memory had faded from the generations coming after them. These customs date from a very early period, and were continued with but little alteration of detail up to very late times. Etienne Aymonier, under the title, 'Cambodge et ses monuments,' gives a brief account of the present state of the ruins of temples, etc., found in Koh-Ker and Phnom Sandar, especially of the temple Prasat Preah Vihear. Jayavarman IV., of Cambodia, removed his capital in 928 of our era, on his accession to the throne, to Chok Gargyar—corrupted afterwards to Koh-Ker—and adorned his new seat with spacious buildings of various kinds, and of course with temples. He only reigned fourteen years, and his youngest son

ceeded him, two years. The oldest son then ascended the throne, and he immediately went back to the old capital. Koh-Ker consequently speedily fell into neglect and ruin, but the ruins are full of interest, and have been explored and described by several travellers and scholars in recent times. Several inscriptions, sadly impaired by time, have been made the subject of study by more than one of the latter. M. Aymonier here describes the most important of these ruins and the best preserved, and endeavours to bring out, at least, the *gist* of what the inscriptions were intended to commemorate or set forth. Only those, of course, having any religious interest are dealt with here.—An elaborate examination follows from the pen of Dr. L. Knappert, of Professor Wolfgang Golther's recent work, *Handbuch der germanischen Mythologie*. The translation of Dr. Knappert's paper has been made by M. Jean Reville, for the pages of this *Revue*. Dr. Knappert describes the purpose he has in view in this article as an effort to show the place which Professor Golther's work occupies in the history of the study of German mythology, and to note its salient characteristics. It is not intended to be a review, much less a critical review, of the book as a whole. Dr. Knappert speaks, however, of the work in terms of high praise as one of the most noteworthy of modern contributions to the subject with which it deals. It furnishes, he thinks, the richest collection of data bearing on the subject yet published, and is a work whose critical results must profoundly modify the future course of all investigations made into it. Professor Golther, it seems, analysis very minutely the myths, and legends, and customs, etc., which have been commonly regarded as native to the Germanic race, and has shown that very little of these is truly of native origin, but has been due rather to the infiltration of ancient Christian, Scandinavian, Finnish, and other conceptions.—The shorter book reviews are numerous, and the summaries of periodicals, dealing with matters germane to the discipline to which this *Revue* is devoted, are also of a somewhat cosmopolitan order.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (July, August, September).—The first of the numbers before us opens with the initial instalment of an historical and political study by M. Albert Sorel. The general title is 'L'Europe et le Directoire.' The Congress of Rastadt and the cession of the left bank of the Rhine; the tributary Republics: Sieyès's mission to Berlin; the second coalition; and the Neapolitan Republic, are the subjects successively dealt with, and bring the narrative down to the declaration of war to Austria in 1799.—Another political article

is contributed by M. Charles Benoist, who, in 'La Révol Philippines et les Mœurs Politiques de l'Espagne,' endeavours to decide whether, in dealing with her refractory colonies, it would be best for Spain to abide by the *statu quo*, to adopt a progressive policy, or to inaugurate one of reaction. The second he looks upon as impracticable, as proved by the rebellion which he rejects as chimerical. There consequently remains but the third, which consists in leaving to a race in its infancy, institutions suited to it, and in not attempting to impose upon it the forms of modern western civilisation. Continuing the 'Essais de Littérature Pathologique,' A. Barine passes from opium to alcohol, from De Quincey to Edgar Poe. The study is not yet concluded, but it may be seen from the first instalment that the writer intends to deal very severely with Poe's countrymen for their treatment of him.—'Les Ruines de Palmyre et leur Récent Explorateur' which is by M. Eugène Guillaume, is less concerned with Bertone, who is the recent explorer referred to, than with Palmyra. The results of his investigations are, it is indicated, but the main object is rather to relate once more the romantic story of Zenobia.—A very interesting contribution to the number, dated August 1, is M. Bonet-Maury's 'Universités d'Ecosse.' It opens with a sketch of the intimate academical connection between Scotland and France. Then that it goes on to indicate the difference between the organisation of the universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen on the one hand, and that of Edinburgh on the other. The academical organisation is gone into with some details; and, in conclusion, the benefits to be derived from a closer connection between the universities of modern Scotland and modern France are pointed out.—In the same number, M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu treats of the social transformations that have taken place in contemporary Russia; M. Victor Du Bled gives a sketch of Berry's career, based on the works of his recent biographers; and Valbert considers Prince Bismarck in his enforced retirement.—The matter contained in the first of the two September numbers is exceptionally solid, not to use a harsher term. There is scarcely a light element in it, apart from the serials, one of which is a very weird production by M. Gill Augustin-Thierry, entitled 'Le Stignate;' the other a story of the Franco-German war by MM. Paul and Victor Marguerite. Of the other articles, that which M. Eugene Ritter devotes to Jean-Jacques Rousseau is the lightest.—Protestant Germany is studied by M. George Goyan, who indicates the antagonism between the official Churches and the Dissenters.—M. Charles Benoist writes sympathetically of Senor Canovas del Casti

and M. Geffroy traces the transformation of Rome into a modern capital.—‘Qui exploitera la Chine,’ by M. René Pinon, is a political article. The tone in which it is written may be understood from a few words taken from the writer’s concluding paragraph: ‘In the Far-East, as all over the world, the interest of England is to foster quarrels and to provoke conflicts; ours is to prevent and appease them. To magnify Russian progress in the eyes of the Japanese, to excite their jealousy, to drive them into a quarrel which would inevitably throw them into the arms of England, such is the aim of British policy.’—A very readable article by M. Emile Michel shows Rubens under a new light as a diplomatist, and gives an account of the missions in which he was engaged at the same time that he was finishing, in the Luxembourg palace, the portraits devoted to the history of Mary de Medici.

REVUE SÉMITIQUE D’ÉPIGRAPHIE ET D’HISTOIRE ANCIENNE (No. 3, 1897).—Under the familiar rubric, ‘Recherches Bibliques,’ M. J. Halévy resumes his examination of the recently discovered fragment of the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus. The introduction to this study was given in last number, and the story of the discovery of the MSS. was briefly told. The Hebrew text itself was also given, and to that was added a series of critical notes, and some emendations of the text were suggested. We have here now the translation of the text as there corrected. Next we have a series of critical and historical notes, and here M. Halévy, as all competent critics seem to do, expresses his belief that this fragment furnishes conclusive proof that Ecclesiasticus was written in Hebrew, and that the Septuagint version is a translation, and a somewhat late translation from it. M. Halévy seeks also to determine the date when it was written. Was, he asks, the translator really the grandson of Ben-Sirach? The word *pappos* means not only grandfather, but ancestor in general. Now Ben-Sirach speaks in terms of highest praise of the high priest, Simon, son of Onias. He speaks of him too as a contemporary whose life and character were well known to him. But there were two high priests named Simon, and each was the son of an Onias. Simon II. lived about the beginning of the second century. Of him, however, history records nothing to justify the high praise bestowed by Ben-Sirach on his contemporary of that name. Simon I., on the other hand, lives for ever in Jewish annals because of his high character, and memorable deeds. He was called the Just, so highly was he esteemed by all who knew him. He lived a hundred years earlier than Simon II. May not he be the Simon spoken of

by the author of this book? To determine this M. Halévy proceeds to examine the Greek version in order to discover what indications that give of the distance of time which elapsed between the author and his translator. He demonstrates that the distance of time must have been very considerable. The corruptions that had already, prior to translation being taken in hand, crept into the original text were numerous, and must have required some considerable time to have done so. It must have been frequently copied and this copyist and that must have blundered. Many of the mistakes appearing in the Greek version can only be accounted for if this had taken place. The translator's errors in translation are also most naturally accounted for if he was removed by considerable space of time from that when the work itself was composed. The examination of the Septuagint version is carried out here in a most minute and convincing way. M. Halévy continues then his revision of his translation of the Tel-el-Amarna Correspondence. His translation of that correspondence appeared in the pages of this *Revue*, but a more minute study it has led him to alter some of the renderings he then gave and to change, of course, the views he had then come to on some points as to the correspondence itself. He is revising his translation and giving the necessary explanations before publishing the revised work by itself.—M. F. Thureau-Danville gives the text and translation, accompanied with explanatory notes, of an inscription lately found at Niffer, by the American Expedition, and which has been published by Professor Hilprecht, of Philadelphia. The inscription is that of a king of Uruk, Lougalzaggisi. It was originally inscribed on a hundred vases, the fragments of some of them only having been as yet unearthed. It consisted of three parts. In the first the king narrated his elevation to the throne; in the second he enumerated his sacerdotal offices, and the buildings which he had erected, in various parts of his dominions; in the third was the prayer of the king to the god, Enlil, and to which was the inscription dedicated. It has been wonderfully well recovered, and is transcribed and translated here.—M. Pouchon continues his 'Notes pour l'histoire d'Ethiopia.'—Halévy furnishes the whole of the quarterly 'Bibliographie.

REVUE DES ÉTUDES JUIVES (No. 2, 1897).—M. S. Poznanski has the first place here with an article on Meswi Al-Okbari, the chief of a Jewish sect in the province of Bagdad, in the ninth century. Not much is known of the man himself, but the period when he flourished was one of exceptional vitality in Judaism, and was rich in teachers and sects.

in fact, that there were then no fewer than seventy different sects in existence. This is most likely an exaggeration, and may be explained from the assumption on the part of the Arabs, to whom we owe it, that every Rabbi, who had any special following of disciples, was the founder of a new sect. Meswi was, from all we can learn of him, anything but an orthodox Jew. He seems to have made light of not a few ritual prescriptions, and to have taught several unauthorised ideas as to the obligations of observing some of the principal festivals of the year. He was far, therefore, from being a *persona grata* with the leaders of the faithful; and his reputation may have suffered in consequence at their hands. The moral purity of his life has even been tarnished, but, rightly or wrongly, who now can say? The best exposition and refutation of Meswi's views is found in a writing of one, Tobias ben Eli. M. Poznanski prints here the text of it, and gives a summary of both the exposition and refutation, that his readers may judge for themselves as to the heterodoxy of the accused.—M. Leopold Goldschmid deals with the imposts and custom-dues levied in Judæa under the Romans. An extremely able and interesting sketch is given at the beginning of the article of the fiscal relations of Rome with its conquered province, and we are placed thereby in a better position to understand the wide-spread and acute hatred of all strict Jews towards the Roman government, and their special scorn of those of Jewish blood who served as tax-gatherers. From Vespasian onwards, emperor after emperor, Nerva excepted, laid heavy toll on all Jewish industries and commerce. The Christian *regime* brought the Jews no relaxing of these heavy burdens, and the forms the taxes took were often of the most vexatious kinds. After this historical sketch, the various taxes and custom-dues are detailed, and commented on, and a vivid picture is given us of the sad condition of Jewry from Vespasian's time.—M. S. Krauss has an elaborate paper on the term 'Apiphior,' a name given frequently by the Jews in the Middle Ages to the Roman Pontiff. Its etymology has baffled linguistic experts up to the present. M. Krauss thinks that that is due to the fact that in the Talmud the term appears without any reference to the Pope, and due attention has not been paid to this. Its use there is here brought out, and an etymology is sought applicable to both cases.—M. T. Reinach follows with a two page note, criticising the etymology offered, and casting not a little doubt on its value.—M. Isaac Halévy continues and concludes his article on the 'Close of the Talmud and the Saboraim.'—M. Jules Bauer writes on 'Le peste chez les Juifs d'Avignon.' His first lines arouse attention, and

kindle expectancy. 'The terrible plague,' he writes, 'which is raging in India has more than once ravaged Europe. Central France especially has several times experienced it. In the Middle Ages, and even in more recent times, that, and similar epidemics have had a kind of permanent home in the sea of the Mediterranean, owing to the constant intercourse between them and the East.' M. Bauer does not set himself however, to prove the identity of the Bombay plague with any one of these, but goes on rather to describe the ravages of the plagues that did so much to destroy life in the Middle Ages, and of which the Jews were often thought to be originators. Avignon was a special sufferer, owing to its proximity and relations with Marseilles.—M. Kaufmann continues his 'Contributions a l'histoire des Juifs de Corinthe.'—M. N. Roubin writes on 'La vie commerciale des Juifs en Languedoc au XVIII. siecle?'—M. I. Levi corrects some slight errors he has made in his paper in the last number 'La Sagesse de Jesus fils de Sirach.'—The other short papers are 'Encore un mot sur le papyrus de Claude,' by Reinach; 'Le siege de Moise,' by M. W. Bacher; 'Les institutions hebraïques de la France,' by M. Schwab; 'Une diplomatie sur Sabbatai Cevi,' and 'Eliezer et Hanan de Volterra,' by M. Kaufmann.

LE MUSÉON ET LA REVUE DES RELIGIONS (Nos. 2, 3, 4, 1897).—Dr. E. Tachella continues here in the first two of the numbers his sketch of the history of 'Les anciens Pauliciens modernes Bulgares catholiques de la Philippopolitaine.' In the previous number he told the story of their origin, and gave a brief *resumé* of their history when they were in their own home, Armenia. They were a sect of Manicheans, and their name from their founder, one Paul, the son of a Cyprian monk, Callicine. He lived about the middle of the seventh century. They were, as were all the Armenian Christians, terribly persecuted by their Byzantine rulers; they fought bravely for their liberty to serve Christ as they thought best. At last they were expatriated by Justinian (Zimisces) in the year 970, and were settled in Philippopolis. Their history for a considerable period after that is somewhat obscure. What can be recovered of it is told here, but Tachella hurries on to the story of their conversion to Catholic faith. It seems to have been long before any serious effort was made to bring them within the pale of the Church, but when the work was undertaken in real earnest, it took a great time to accomplish it. The work was finished in fifty years. The history of the Paulicians since the

been of a somewhat chequered character, and it is narrated here in a brief but interesting way. Dr. Tachella sheds, in the course of his narrative, some light on hitherto obscure points, and corrects a misapprehension respecting them of which Gibbon was guilty, but into which he was led by trusting one of his authorities too hastily.—M. E. Beauvois gives us, in No. 2, a short article on ‘Animaux domestiques chez d’anciens peuples de l’Amerique du nord.’ It is based on representations of their domesticated animals, or parts of them, rudely drawn on stones, bones, rocks, etc., by the Aborigines; and also on the descriptions of their life by those who first visited them in the wake of Columbus. Clearly the horse, the ox, the dog, the deer, and many more of our most useful animals, had been brought under control, and used for draught purposes, or were reared for their produce, their milk, or their hides, or their flesh. The bee was a special favourite for its honey.—M. H. Grant continues, in Nos. 2 and 3, his ‘Superstition in the Highlands of Scotland.’ The superstitions, however, as we have had occasion to remark already, belong to the province of folk-lore rather than to the life of to-day.—M. P. Ladeuze has an article on the different recensions of the life of Pachomus, and their dependence on some common source. He has in view here the controversy between M. Amelineau and Herr Gutmacher. The former has devoted much attention to that Coptic saint, and has published not a little as to him. The latter has recently issued a monograph on *Pachomus and the Cloister Life in Egypt*. Both writers regard the ‘Lives’ of this celebrated monk, of which there are seven known, as coming substantially from one common tradition or from one written source. But they differ as to the original, and as to the relations in which they stand to one another. Which is the original, and what is the relation in which each stands to the rest? The question is discussed with much critical acumen here, and text is compared with text, and they are placed in parallel columns so as to enable readers to estimate for themselves the conclusions which M. Ladeuze draws as to them. The examination is not finished in these numbers.—M. le comte de Charancey continues, in all these numbers, his summary of Bernardino de Sahaguin’s *History of the Mexicans and their Migrations, up to the Conquest*. It is, however, much more than a summary, for our author makes use of several other authorities to correct the Spanish priest’s assertions and inferences, and so presents a truer historical picture of the course of events than is given by Sahaguin.—M. Minas Tcheraz, Professor of Armenian in King’s College, London, gives in Nos. 3 and 4 a very interest-

ing account of 'The Armenian Church,' of its history and doctrines. He traces the introduction of Christianity back to the apostolic labours of Thaddeus and Bartholomew. The letter of Jesus to Abgarus he accepts as genuine. The successors of Abgarus apostatized, and it was not until the year 301 that Christianity was fully and finally accepted as the national religion. M. Tcheraz tells the story of the persecutions which the Church has endured since from the hands of the Persians, the Moslems, the Saracens, the Turks. These almost constant persecutions have, however, only deepened the strength of their faith, and intensified their loyalty to Christ. This unflinching faith and ardent loyalty remain as the fruit of their sufferings, and these are as strong to-day as ever, and distinguish their life and conduct in all their public and private affairs. The spirit of their Christianity is manifest in the institutions of piety and benevolence that abound in all parts of the country, and in the ready and unfeigned help rendered to the sick and to the poor. The hospitals for lepers, asylums for the aged, for orphans, and the destitute, which these are of the same blood and faith as the Armenians or indisputably attest the reality and the quality of their religion.—M. A. Marre's translation of the 'Sadjarah Malayou' is continued, and is carried forward to the end of chap. 13.—M. Abbé de Moor gives two instalments of an article titled 'Le geste de Gilgames, confrontée avec la Bible et avec les documents historiques indigènes.'—Monsgr. C. de Harlez, in No. 1, describes, under the title 'Les chasses guerrières en Chine,' an ancient institution of the celestial empire. Military hunts, he says, have always been regarded in times of peace as an excellent substitute for the discipline of war. They develop military qualities as courage, adroitness, skill in managing horses, in the use of the bow, the spear, and javelin, and of other weapons, that it is not wonderful that they should have largely resorted to as a means for inspiring and developing military virtues. In China these hunts were ordered and regulated by imperial decrees. There were three every year, and so arranged as not to injure the growing crops, and ordered as not to imperil the destruction of the 'game.' Several of the important hunts recorded in the ancient annals are here noticed, and lists of the animals killed are given. M. R. Maere discusses the recent controversies regarding the apostolic origin of the Gallican Churches.—Each number contains valuable reviews of books, and notices of current periodicals which deal with religious history or religious matters. The 'Chronique' of the two months between each issue is always full and valuable.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (August, 1897).—Dr. Biervliet discusses the relation of sensory and motor images. Basing his examination on Flechsig's recent theory of the brain, he concludes that every image is at once sensory and motor. No radical distinction can be made between the two classes. Whether an impression appears as more the one than the other depends on the intensity of the stimulus and the development of the brain centres.—'The Soul and Liberty,' by Ch. Dunan, is an essay toward considering soul as immanent in the world. He declares for monadism, and proposes a theory of liberty of contingency by which the monad develops on a certain plan, but in its own way, and with a measure of contingency inasmuch as the elements in its real existence are infinite.—M. G. le Bon's 'Socialism according to Race,' is mainly a contrast between the national character of the Latin and Teutonic races. Collectivism is no new thing in France. The Revolution, so far from destroying, has simply increased the tendency to centralise everything, to multiply place-holders, to discourage private initiative. The burdens imposed on commercial enterprises, the ruinous State management of railways, etc., the dead monotony of the educational system, are not far from the socialist ideal. The writer contrasts the self-reliance of England and America, while prophesying a bitter conflict in the latter country between its better elements and socialist importations.—Reviews and Notes.—(September, 1897).—M. L'Abbe Jules Martin treats of 'Philosophical Demonstration,' and endeavours to show that it is formally a circle, not making a way to new discoveries, but a tracing of the outlines of a structure which already exists. The unpardonable fault in a philosopher is not to be sought in his method, but in his view of the universe.—M. de la Grasserie discusses the evidence for and against final causes to be found in certain linguistic and social facts. He shows that the same 'cause' may in turn be mechanical, instinctive, and intentional or teleological. He concludes by saying that similar investigations in biological and other provinces would yield further support for his views.—Among the notices is a long and appreciative review of Prof. W. L. Sheldon's recent work, *An Ethical Movement*.—(October).—M. Tarde details his most recent views of Graphology in which there has lately been a revival of interest in French circles.—M. Milhaud writes on 'Geometrical reasoning on the Syllogism.'—M. Dugas 'Analyse psychologique de l'idée de devoir.'—B. Bourdon 'Muscular sensibility of the Eyes.'—Notes and Documents, Reviews, etc.

REVUE CELTIQUE (July, 1879).—The first place in this number is given to an article by M. S. Reinach with the title 'Tarvos

Trigaranus.' The subject of it is the significance of the figures upon the four faces of an altar discovered at Paris in 1710. The first is that of Jupiter, standing, holding in his raised left hand the sceptre, clothed in a long tunic but leaving the right shoulder uncovered, and at his right on the ground an eagle, with the inscription IOVIS underneath. The second is the figure of Vulcan. The third is that of a woodman holding in his right hand an axe with which he is in the act of striking a tree. The inscription underneath is ESVS. The fourth figure is that of a bull bearing on its back a long coil of rope and standing beneath a tree, the foliage of which is identical with that of the tree which the woodman is in the act of striking. The inscriptions here are TARVOS TRIGARANUS. Various attempts have been made, especially by M. Mowat, to interpret the meaning of these figures, but without success. M. Reinach here compares them with the figures found on an altar discovered in the last month of the year 1895, on the left bank of the Moselle, in the neighbourhood of Treves, on the road between Luxemburg and Metz by Igel; and points out the apparently intimate relation between the bull and the tree, and endeavours to connect the symbolism with the popular mythology of trees and animals.—Dr. Whitley Stokes continues 'The Annals of Tigernach,' the annals here beginning with A.D. 1088, and ending with A.D. 1178.—In a brief but interesting article under the title 'Bretons insulaires et les Isles,' M. Loth treats of the intimate relations, peaceful as well as warlike, which existed between the Brythons of Great Britain, and more especially of the kingdom of Strath-Clyde and the Celts of Ireland.—M. Ernault discusses the Breton particles *en, ent, ez*.—Under the title 'La patrie de Tristan,' M. Loth raises the question, what was the country of Tristan; but after citing a number of passages, all of which are suggestive, he, for the present at least, leaves the question unanswered.—The concluding article is by the Editor, and has for its title 'Sur inscriptions en Caractères Grecs de la Gaule Narbonnaise,' and refers to a paper read last May at the meeting of the Société de Linguistique.—The 'Chronique' and 'Periodiques' are as usual full and interesting.

SPAIN.

LA ESPAÑA MODERNA (August, September, October). Among continuations in these numbers we have 'Teresa,' a novel by Neera, which is concluded in the September part, and the Marquess de Valmar's study on 'Cleopatra,' which ends in the first number, and the article with the title 'Propagan

regional en España,' which runs through all the three.—In the part for August we have an interesting article contributed by Dr. Joaquin Olmedilla y Puig on 'Curiosities connected with the invention of gunpowder,' in which the learned author gives many particulars respecting early attempts to invent an explosive, as also respecting the comparatively early use of gunpowder.—The article in the 'International Press' for this month is a translation of a descriptive account of a 'Journey through England' from the French of H. Taine. M. Taine's journey was for the most part through Scotland, many parts of which he visited, and then proceeded straight to London, stopping only at York. He praises the scenery of the Clyde and the beauty of Edinburgh, and concludes with a number of remarks on the social, political, and religious life of the country.—The 'Cronica Literaria' is taken up with reviews of poetry.—In the 'Cronica Internacional' Emilio Castelar takes for his text the recent Jubilee celebrations in London, and writes chiefly on the settled character of monarchical government in the United Kingdom, on the character of the Queen as a constitutional sovereign, on the influence of the late Prince Consort, on the English democracy, and on the federation of the colonies. He writes also on the Emperor of Germany's influence on European politics, on the rectification of the Thessalian frontier, and on the festivities at Lisbon in honour of Vasco de Gama.—In the September part, in addition to continued articles already mentioned, Sr. Jose Ramon Mélida writes on 'Epigraphs and Epigraphists in Spain,' and Ceferind Aranjó y Sánchez on 'Palmaroli and his Times.'—The latter article is followed by a translation from M. H. Taine with the title 'Spain in 1679 according to Madame d'Aulnoy.'—The section entitled 'International Press' is occupied with a translation of M. G. Art's paper entitled 'Women Clubs in London.'—In the 'Cronica Internacional' Sr. Emilio Castelar is naturally occupied with the loss Spain has suffered by the assassination of the late Prime Minister, a loss which Sr. Castelar describes as irreparable.—In the August number Eduardo Rod begins a new story under the title, 'El Silencio.'—The articles on the 'Propaganda regional en España,' 'Palmaroli,' and 'España en 1679,' are continued.—The 'Cronica literaria' is occupied with reviews of a couple of novels, and 'La Prensa internacional' a couple of translations.—Emilio Castelar again occupies the 'Cronic internacional,' and discusses, among other things, Socialism, the Democracy in Germany, the Eastern question, and the relations between Radical and Conservative Republicans.

HOLLAND.

DE GIDS (August).—This number opens with 'My Confession,' a charmingly written analysis of a child's emotion.—'Guido Gezelle,' by Pol de Mont, is an endeavour to re-awaken public interest in this poet who published his poems forty years ago, and at the time was over-estimated and later forgotten. His work is very unequal, but contains lyrical pieces that are extremely fine and tender.—'Objections to Co-operative Settlements in the Netherlands,' by Frederick van Eerde, is a further exposition of his scheme propounded in the February *Gids*, with the addition of counter arguments to the many objections raised against it.—'Dark Days,' by H. Doeff, is a powerful sketch of Indian life at a remote station, the principal incident being the death of the Dutch settler's only child.—'International Arbitration,' by O. ten Have, is an interesting discussion of the subject.—(September).—The death of Emile Seipgens has deprived the *Gids* of a frequent contributor of novelettes, and there is given here part of a novel, 'Daniel,' left unfinished.—'South Africa as it is at Present,' by J. W. C. van Oordt, takes as its standpoint a hostility to English rule, which is unfortunately in too many respects justified by recent events.—There follows a long review of George Brandes, the Danish writer, continued in the October number and still unfinished there, by Dr. R. C. Boer.—'The Religious State of Italy,' by J. de Vries Robbé, gives an intensely interesting picture of the attitude of various classes to their religion, showing at the same time great insight into and sympathy with the southern type of religious feeling.—(October).—'Decentralisation in the Dutch Indies,' by a former Governor of the west coast of Sumatra, De Munnick, contains interesting data, and advocates further steps in the direction indicated by the title of the article, such as were taken long ago in British India.—'At Sea,' by M. J. Cellus Emants, a psychological romance, of which the first part is here given, presents us with a young man of morbidly analytic character, who has made experiments in literature, love, and marriage with equal want of satisfaction in all, and now finds himself in every sense 'at sea.'—'The Queen and the Marriage Law' is a discussion of the impending question of the probable position of a Prince Consort, and whether the queen must have a marriage law passed expressly for her, as the writer, Van Duiveland, thinks would be best, she should be subject to the ordinary marriage laws.

THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT.—The July and September numbers give the conclusion of a short sketch of a system of Ethics found among the papers of the late Prof. W. B. van Bell

Groningen. Morality is treated as being the development of the disposition placed in the individual, as the result of many factors in his antecedents and surroundings. The sketch breaks off in the middle of the section on religion, with the statement that morality is the outcome of religion, not religion of morality. It is certainly a notable piece of work.—In the July number Prof. van Manen deals with the question 'James not a Christian?' prompted by an essay by L. Massebieau, 'L'Épître de Jacques est-elle l'œuvre d'un chrétien?' in the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, 1895, and also by an essay on the Epistle of James in F. Spitta's 'Zur Geschichte und Literatur des Urchristenthums.' Both these writers declare the Epistle to be a Jewish work, pointing to its well-known poverty in Christian ideas and references, and seeking to prove it independent of and anterior to, the Pauline epistles and the Gospels. Van Manen considers the dependence of James on the Pauline writings to be so evident that we may confidently hold the Epistle to be later in date and to be a Christian writing.—Dr. Oort speaks with high praise of Mr. Buchanan Gray's *Studies in Hebrew Proper Names*; and in terms of strong disapproval of Prof. Sayce's *Palestine: The Land of the Patriarchs*, now translated into Dutch, who is found to sacrifice too much to the object of establishing the truth of statements in Genesis. Prof. Robertson's *Religion of Israel* has also had the honour of translation into Dutch, and is here dealt with by Dr. Oort, who has not been favourably impressed with this example of Scottish scholarship, and concludes by remarking that no impartial investigation can be expected from a scholar in whose eyes the results of historical criticism are hostile to faith.

SWITZERLAND.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE UNIVERSELLE ET REVUE SUISSE (August, 1897).—M. A. Veuglaire continues his military studies with an account, by no means favourable, of the Italian army. According to him every branch of the service is badly trained and equipped, and wanting in *esprit de corps* in all grades. The only redeeming feature is the mountain corps.—'Donna Beatrice,' a novel, is concluded.—M. Glardon gives the third part of an interesting study on ants.—(September).—'Mysticism and Philosophy,' by M. E. Naville, describes the various forms of Oriental and Western Mysticism, and considers its relations to philosophy. There are two kinds, one good, which never loses sight of man's nature and his relation to the universe, the other bad, the enemy of all accepted religious teach-

ing, as well as of human activity and intellectual research. An important paper on 'Queen Victoria and the Empress Nicholas I,' by M. Michel Delines, is based on recent research in Russian archives on the occasion of the centenary of late Tzar's birth.—M. Henry-A. Junod gives specimen negro tales from Lorenzo Marques.—'Un Projet de Raccordement des Chemins de Fer Suisses.'—Conclusion of an adaptation of W. D. Howell's *Dr. Breen*.—(October).—'Russian policy and the Eastern Question,' by M. Reader, sketches the relations between Russia and Turkey since the Turkish settlement in Europe. The present instalment reaches to 1729.—'The Fugitive with the Mirrors,' a fairy tale, is concluded.—M. Monod concludes a full and interesting account of the Danish music of Edv. Grieg.—'An Ambassador at the Congress of Vienna' recounts the career of the Comtesse Elise de Bernstorff.—Fifth part of M. Tallichet's paper on 'Swiss Railways.'—'Ursula,' a Zurich story.—The various 'chroniques' are as usual full and interesting.

GREECE.

ATHENA (Vol. IX, Part 1 and 2)—The contents of this issue are mainly philological, viz., 'Critical Observations on Xenophon of Ephesus,' by D. K. Zangogianni.—A further instalment of S. Basès' 'Roman Questions,' and critical notes on various passages from Greek and Latin writers, by the same.—Emendations of some passages in Isæus' oration on the estate of Cleonimus.—A long series of lexicographical notes by K. S. Kontos—and a discussion between the k. Hatzidakis and the k. Pappademetrakopoulos, provoked by an article of the former which appeared in the previous issue.—'The Verse,' by D. Aiginêtês, a *resumé* of modern physical theory.—A mathematical paper by J. N. Hatzidaki.—Notes on Plato by A. Stratos.

DELTAION OF THE HISTORICAL AND ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREECE (Vol. V., Pt. 18, July, 1897).—Maximilian T. describes several writings which he has discovered of Eumios Malakês, metropolitan of Neai Patrai, and the friend Niketas Akominatos.—A Venetian report of the capture of Athens in 1687, and a description of the city and of Corinth are printed by Sp. Lampros, who also gives the report on the Peloponnesos by the Proveditor Tadio Gradenigo on his return in 1692.—A. Diamantara publishes an inscription of the charter of the Monastery of S. George in Megistê.—A letter of Kons. Metaxas describing the death of Markos Botsaris.—Some correspondence of Koraës.—A collection of Tales of

Tenos, with introduction and parallels, by A. J. Adamantios.—‘Cypriote Songs,’ edited by S. Menardos.—D. M. Sarros describes the survival of the lament for Linos and Adonis in Epeiros.—Anthimos, Metropolitan of Amaseia, gives a catalogue of the MSS. in the Monastery of Kastron in Berat.—Notes on the Greek Colony of Trieste.

A M E R I C A .

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW (July, 1897).—This number begins with the continuation of Mr. J. Sullivan’s excellent study on ‘Marsiglio of Padua and William of Ockam.’ He concludes with the following sentences:—‘Marsiglio may have borrowed his theories of the State from Aristotle, but his theories of the relations between Church and State are original with himself. He did not borrow them from Ockam; the evidence against this is too strong, and the only statement for it too weak. It is Marsiglio’s originality and the history of his famous work which have served in our own day to make him an international celebrity possessing an interest not only “for the Germans, the Italians, and the French,” as Riezler says, but also for the English.’—Mr. Lea’s article on ‘Lucero the Inquisitor,’ is of more than ordinary interest, and gives a lively and vivid sketch of the career of that notorious individual.—Mr. Rockhill’s article on ‘Diplomatic Missions to the Court of China’ is continued. The special subject of the continuation is the Kotow Question. Both this and the preceding part are well worth reading. They deal with a state of things which is now passed away, and narrate the difficulties which diplomatists had once to deal with when doing business at the Court of China.—Mr. Osgood writes on ‘The Proprietary Province as a form of Colonial Government,’ and Mr. J. Schouler treats of the ‘Evolution of the American Voter,’ while Messrs. Paul, L. Ford and E. J. Bourne deal with the vexed question of the authorship of *The Federalist*.—Among the inedited documents that which will have the chief attraction for readers on this side of the Atlantic is ‘The First Charter to St. Edmund’s Bury.’—The books reviewed are numerous, and for the most part American.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age. By ARTHUR CUSHMAN M'GIFFERT, Ph.D., D.D. (International Theological Library). Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1897.

Although the main facts of the history of Christianity during the time of the Apostles are well known, and it is not likely that anything remarkable will be discovered which will materially affect our views of its general character, criticism and research, which are probably showing themselves more and more in the present than they have in any other period of the Church's history, are continually bringing to light new and interesting particulars which, from time to time, render it necessary to revise the narrative, and to re-write it so as to incorporate the new information, and show its bearing upon the general course of events. In a series, therefore, like that of the 'International Theological Library,' a new history of the period is naturally to be expected, and by some, or at least by those who are acquainted with what has recently been done by Weizsäcker, Harnack, Ramsay, and others, in this department, was probably eagerly looked for. The subject is one which recent controversy has made particularly timely, and requires to be handled in the most delicate way. The Editors of the 'Library,' however, may be congratulated on having placed it in the hands of one so capable as Dr. M'Giffert. That his views will be universally accepted or escape criticism is scarcely possible, still, to the majority of readers and students, his work will commend itself as at least luminous and scholarly. Dr. M'Giffert is evidently well acquainted with the recent theories and discoveries; and while to the latter he gives due prominence, with respect to the former he exercises a wise conservatism. His work is at once fresh and independent. A follower of Weizsäcker cannot be called, since between his own conclusions and a number of those arrived at by the German professor, there are 'many radical and far-reaching differences,' and though a pupil of Harnack, while agreeing with him on such matters as the chronology of the life of St. Paul, the interpretation of the purpose of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and on the character of the Second Peter as the only pseudonymous work in the New Testament, does not hesitate to differ from him in respect to the North Galatian theory, the second imprisonment of St. Paul, and the Ephesian residence of St. Paul. Dr. M'Giffert evidently means the Christian definition of Christianity given, but he is chiefly occupied with the history of the doctrines and institutions to which, in the age of the Apostles, Christianity gave birth. In the first of these we have sections on Judaism and John the Baptist. In the second we have a brief and vivid description of the religious condition of Palestine at the advent of Our Lord, and in the third a sketch of the Baptist's work. Of the latter this latter is the less satisfactory. In Dr. M'Giffert's opinion the Baptist 'Conceived his connection with the coming kingdom not in any sense official or peculiar, and his work, as a work, belonged to himself alone; but the narrative, both in the fourth and in the third gospel, would suggest the opinion that he was fully conscious that the position he held respect to the coming Messiah was official. From the narrative in the fourth Gospel, it is difficult to avoid the opinion that he believed him-

specially commissioned both to announce the Advent and to baptize Jesus. It may be admitted that 'there is no clear assertion' in the Baptist's 'recorded utterances of a general religious and ethical ideal of such a character as to effect a thorough reconstruction of the prevailing notions of the age,' but it does not follow, as Dr. M'Giffert appears to argue, that the Baptist had no ideal of the kind. It has always to be remembered that the Gospels are not mainly concerned with him, and that his recorded utterances are exceedingly fragmentary or altogether inadequate to convey a full conception of his teaching; as inadequate, indeed, as St. Mark's summary, chap. i. 14, 15, is to convey a full conception of the teaching of Jesus. Besides, if the reformation demanded by the Baptist concerned, as Dr. M'Giffert argues, 'not mere external observance, but the heart as well;' if 'it involved the exercise of mercy, justice, honesty, fidelity, and humility,' and if 'he evidently felt very keenly the artificiality and externality of the religious and ethical ideals of his countrymen,' the inference is that, though we have no record on the subject, he must have been in possession of such an ideal as is here argued he had not, and when the significance of his recorded utterances are fully considered, they would seem to indicate that, instead of not being prepared, as Dr. M'Giffert thinks, 'to enunciate a clean-cut and thorough-going principle which should effectually modify them,' he was not only prepared to enunciate some such principle but also did enunciate one. What principle, for instance, can be more 'thorough-going,' 'clean-cut,' or more capable of 'modifying the religious and ethical ideals of his countrymen' than that which underlay his call to repentance, or his demand for absolute purity of heart and life as a preparation for the advent of the kingdom? The argument from the silence of the record is dangerous and has impaired Dr. M'Giffert's conception both of the position of John and of the ethical and religious value of his teaching. In the section entitled 'Jesus,' Dr. M'Giffert makes no attempt, and that for obvious reasons, to write a Life of Jesus; he is occupied rather with the discussion of a number of points in His teaching. Among these may be mentioned His conception of His Messiah and of the kingdom of heaven, His attitude towards the Jewish law and the importance which, after the incident at Caesarea Philippi, Jesus gave to personal attachment to himself. As for His work, he says that though He had 'failed to secure for His Gospel of the Kingdom the acceptance of the people as a whole, as He had once hoped to do,' . . . 'His life was not a failure, and He knew it was not; for He had succeeded in convincing them' [the disciples], 'if not others, that He was actually the promised Messiah, and that the Messianic kingdom was to find in Him its founder and its head. He had thus given them a bond of union which He knew would serve to keep them His until the consummation, and would nerve and inspire them to carry on till then the work of preparation which He could not live to complete. The secret of His historic significance lies just in this fact.' The idea that Jesus was 'thought of almost from the beginning as the incarnation of deity and as the perfect and ideal man' is combated, and the opinion expressed that 'His disciples founded the Christian Church,' 'not upon His deity, nor yet upon the perfection of His humanity.' 'They thought of Him,' Dr. M'Giffert maintains, 'only as the Messiah, and the fact that He left a Church behind Him, instead of a mere name, and that He is known to history as the founder of a religion and not as a mere sage or prophet, is historically due not so much to any uniqueness in His character or in His nature, as to the conviction which He succeeded in imparting to His followers that He was the One who had been promised by the prophets and long-awaited by the fathers. The power of this wonderful personality is revealed in His success in im-

pressing that belief upon them in spite of the difficulties with which it is beset.' Historically or otherwise, however, it seems to us, and in our opinion it is here admitted by Dr. M'Giffert, that the fact that Jesus had a Church behind Him is due chiefly, if not altogether, to the uniqueness of His character and nature. The fact, too, that He was conceived of by the disciples as the Messiah, or 'the conviction . . . that He was One who had been promised and long-awaited by the fathers, proves in the opinion and faith of the disciples, His character and nature were together unique. Dr. M'Giffert's conception of Primitive Jewish Christianity is, on the whole, good. He brings out clearly the importance which Apostles attached to the resurrection of Jesus and the doctrine they preached; he discusses the question of the formula used in baptism and has much to say on the institution of the Sacrament of the Last Supper, on Communism and the feeling of brotherhood in the Church of Jerusalem. The sections on the Work of St. Paul, as need hardly be said, abound in matters for controversy, as do also the subsequent sections, but on these we are unable here to touch. The work, however, is written throughout in an enlightened spirit, shows ripe scholarship, and exhibits on every page the desire to write an impartial and thoroughly reliable narrative. That Dr. M'Giffert's views on all the points will find acceptance, as we said at the outset, be scarcely expected. In a department where so much controversy exists whose can!

A History of English Poetry. By W. J. COURTHOPE, C.B.,
Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.
II. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 189

Roughly speaking, this volume covers the hundred years in the history of English poetry from the beginning of the sixteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century. With the opening of the sixteenth century English poetry of England as well as the history of England entered upon a new era, and, in accordance with his general plan as well as for the illustration of his fundamental idea that the poetry of a people is the expression of their inner life, and for the purpose of elucidating the history of English poetry during the period under review, Mr. Courthope devotes the first chapter of his present volume to a sketch of the existing political and intellectual condition of Europe—a sketch which, though necessarily brief and somewhat superficial, is nevertheless of sufficient importance to render its perusal absolutely indispensable for the thorough understanding and enjoyment of the chapters which follow. The necessity for this chapter and the character of the period are admirably hit off in the following sentences: ' . . . The sixteenth century is the great age of transition from mediæval to modern times; the chief poets of the period work from the basis of culture provided for them by the Middle Ages, but they are not to all the influences of their own age; and like their ancestor, Chaucer, they avail themselves of ideas and feelings flowing in upon them from foreign sources. Wyatt and Surrey are imitators of Petrarch; Sidney is inspired by Sannazzaro, George de Montemayor, and Castiglione; Spenser develops the manner of Guevara; Spenser emulates Marot and Ariosto; Marlowe embraces the doctrines of Machiavelli.' With the same aim that, in the first volume, selected the Diet of Coblenz as an external illustration of the theory of order underlying the society of mediæval Europe, the Diet of Augsburg, held in 1518, is here selected to illustrate the changing international relations of the Powers who were represented at that meeting are discussed, and Mr. Courthope has no difficulty in showing

notwithstanding the purpose for which the Diet was summoned, there was in reality an entire absence of unity among the Powers represented, that the forces of disruption were everywhere making themselves manifest, and that a vast change was gradually coming over the political, intellectual, and religious condition of the West. What this change was is pointed out with singular clearness in the following sentences: 'Out of the decaying fabric of the Christian Republic emerged, gradually but distinctly, the idea of the modern State. In almost every country in Europe, but more particularly in Italy, Germany, and England, we find philosophic writers in the first quarter of the sixteenth century deliberately busying themselves with speculations as to the manner in which communities of men should be created and organised; and their inquiries are no longer conducted on the basis approved by the Schoolmen, as in the days of Dante and Petrarch, but leave out of account, or rather throw into the background, the old fundamental principles of the Empire and the Papacy. Each thinker, whether More, Luther, or Macchiavelli, fixed his eyes on the well-being of his own country, though his ideas were coloured with associations derived from the old order in which he had been educated. It was as though the great central sun of Catholicism and Feudalism, a fiery mass of inorganic elements, had parted on all sides with huge bodies of matter, each of which had formed into a separate system with an orbit of its own. Every one of these new worlds, while sharing by means of its constituent elements in the life of the original source of its being, soon developed a life and character peculiar to itself, and opposed to the characteristic life of its neighbour's centre. Or, to speak without metaphor, in the sixteenth century the various kingdoms in the West of Europe, Spain, France, and England began to display a clearly marked individuality in all matters relating to religion, art, literature, and manners. The creative impulse in each nation came from a small central region in which the Crown was supreme, but which represented the life of the whole community, and accordingly all national interests, political, spiritual, and intellectual, gravitated to the Court as the seat of the monarchy.' The justice of this admirable passage must be admitted. But it is here impossible to follow Mr. Courthope further in this singularly interesting discussion. We may add, however, that in the course of it he illustrates the operation of the new forces by a reference to Castiglione's *Cortegiano*, the *Discorsi* and *Principe* of Macchiavelli, and the *Colloquies* of Erasmus—works which, to some extent, he analyses for the purpose of indicating the influences which went to form the English imagination, and to determine the character and form of its poetry. The chapters on Wyatt and Surrey leave nothing to be desired. The former is regarded as 'the pioneer of the artistic reforms' of the latter, and the improvements made by Surrey on English versification are distinctly brought out. Justice is done to the originality and vigour of Wyatt, notwithstanding his dependence on Petrarch and Alammani. Surrey, whose 'predominant poetical virtue' is 'style,' and to which 'he owes his great position in the history of English poetry,' is regarded as the type of the chivalry of the sixteenth century, and has one of the best and longest chapters in the volume devoted to him. Mr. Courthope examines the legend of his devotion to the fair Geraldine, and dismisses it, for the most part, as fiction. That Elizabeth Fitz-Gerald was the subject of many if not of all Surrey's love-poems is admitted; so is it that Surrey had professed himself her 'man,' and that she had accepted his service after the manner prescribed by the laws of courtesy, 'but to infer from Surrey's language,' says Mr. Courthope, 'that either party carried their attachment beyond the limits of sport and fancy, would be to misinterpret the genius of the age in which they lived, and the literary motives by which all the

poetical compositions of Surrey seem to have been inspired.' Scottish, it would seem, does not lie within the scope of Mr. Courthope's history in his chapter on 'The Idea of the State in Poetry,' he calls in Sir Lyndaay as having in all probability suggested the composition *Mirror for Magistrates*, a work which, as he says, was only in part that of Sackville. In the chapter, again, on translations, reference is made to works of Gavin Douglas, and the fact is brought out that the Bish moved to the undertaking of his translation of the *Aeneid* by the m Caxton had made. One of the best chapters, if not indeed th chapter in the volume, is that on Lyly, though it is probably equa one which follows it on Spenser. The three concluding chapters volume are devoted to the beginnings of dramatic literature in the six century. From the point of view adopted by Mr. Courthope, the volume is admirable. The scholarship is unquestionable, and fe be disposed to find fault with his literary judgments. Still all th while Mr. Courthope illustrates with singular skill the progress classical element in English poetry, one is always haunted by the qu What then is the distinctively English element? To this the ref are singularly few.

What the Gunpowder Plot Was. By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, D.C.L., LL.D. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1897.

Father Gerard's work, *What was the Gunpowder Plot? The True Story Tested by Original Evidence*, has already called forth one reply here is another. It is from the pen of Mr. Rawson Gardiner, the historian of the period. The impression left upon the minds of the read Father Gerard's book is, says Mr. Gardiner, that 'The celebrated conspiracy was mainly, if not altogether, a fiction devised by the Salisbury for the purpose of maintaining or strengthening his position the government of the country under James I.,' and in confirmation this he proceeds to cite the summary which Father Gerard has placed the conclusion of his argument. That summary is as follows: 'The evidence available to us appears to establish principally two points: the true history of the Gunpowder Plot is now known to no man, and the history commonly received is certainly untrue. It is quite impossible to believe that the Government were not aware of the plot long before it announced its discovery. It is difficult to believe that the proceedings of the conspirators were actually such as they are related to have been. It is unquestionable that the Government consistently falsified the evidence as presented to the world, and that the points upon which they most insisted prove, upon examination, to be the most doctored. There are grave reasons for the conclusion that the whole transaction was dexterously contrived for the purpose which, in fact, it opportunely served those who alone reaped benefit from it, and who showed themselves unscrupulous in the manner of reaping.' With other scholars, Mr. Gardiner holds the belief that the Plot emanated from, or was approved by, English Roman Catholics as a body, to be entirely false. Father Gerard's conclusions, however, he regards as erroneous. At the same time he believes that they at least call for patient enquiry. There are many points in the traditional story which, in spite of the evidence furnished by Gerard's book, still remain to be removed. 'Gives us hard nuts to crack; and, till they are cracked, the Gunpowder Plot cannot be allowed to rest.' The chapter is on 'Historical] i

third chapter on 'The Opinion of Contemporaries and Historians' as entirely worthless, on the ground mainly that the opinions cited are too remote and unsubstantial, being for the most part those of individuals who had no better means of forming a judgment than ourselves. He objects to Father Gerard's criticism also as purely negative, and complains that he has not started any simple hypothesis wherewith to test the evidence on which he relies, and has thereby neglected the most potent instrument of historical investigation.' His own hypothesis is 'That the traditional story is true—cellar, mine, the Monteagle letter, and all.' In the course of his argument Mr. Gardiner is not content with simply negating Father Gerard's inferences, he brings his own hypothesis to the test of established facts. Some ragged ends, some details of a more or less doubtful character, he believes there must be, but this hypothesis, he is of opinion, nowhere meets with obstacles inconsistent with its substantial truth. In the first place, he sets himself to establish the fact that the story of the mine and cellar is borne out by the account given of the plot by Fawkes, and to negative the opinion that Salisbury was previously acquainted with it, and was all through guilty of falsifying the evidence given to the world, and of using the plot for his own advantage. After a careful scrutiny of the documentary evidence, and of the arguments of Father Gerard in regard to it, Mr. Gardiner remarks: 'Father Gerard's charge resolves itself into this, that Salisbury not only deceived the public at large, but his brother-commissioners as well. Has he seriously thought out all that is involved in this theory? Salisbury, according to hypothesis, gets an altered copy of a confession drawn up, or else a confession purely invented by himself. The clerk who makes it is, of course, aware of what is being done, and also the second clerk who wrote out the second copy sent to Edmond. Edmond, at least, received the second copy, and there can be little doubt that other ambassadors received it also. How could Salisbury count on the life-long silence of all these? Salisbury, as the event proved, was not exactly loved by his colleagues, and if his brother-commissioners—every one of them men of no slight influence at Court—had discovered that their names had been taken in vain, it would not have been left to the rumour of the streets to spread the news that Salisbury had been the inventor of the plot. Nay, more than this, Father Gerard sets distinctly down the story of the mine as an impossible one, and therefore one which must have been fabricated by Salisbury for his own purposes. The allegation that there had been a mine was not subsequently kept in the dark. It was proclaimed on the house-tops in every account of the plot published to the world. And all the while, it seems, six out of these seven Commissioners, to say nothing of the Attorney-General, knew that it was all a lie—that Fawkes, when they examined him on the 8th, had really said nothing about it, and yet, neither in public, nor, so far as we know, in private—either in Salisbury's life-time or after his death—did they breathe a word of the wrong that had been done to them as well as to the conspirators.' After a chapter dealing with the other documentary evidence in respect to the plot, in which attention is mainly called to the confession made by Thomas Winter and the untenableness of the theory that it was written to order or dictated by Salisbury or his agents, Mr. Gardiner proceeds to discuss the structural condition which Father Gerard pronounces to be fatal to the 'traditional' story. He accepts the theory of Father Gerard that Whyntard's house, part of which was rented by Percy, lay not to south-west of the House of Lords, as was formerly believed, but near the south-east corner, and while attempting to fix its position still more precisely points out that assuming that Percy's lodging was on the south-east side of the House of Lords any difficulties of a structural nature which

might possibly exist are very materially lessened, and sees in the merits brought forward by Father Gerard to the contrary no insuperable difficulties. In the remaining chapters Mr. Gardiner deals with the discovery of the plot and the treatment which the Catholics and the pope received at the hands of the Government. He pays a high tribute to the bravery and unselfishness of the conspirators, and is far from exonerating the Government from blame in respect of its policy towards the Catholics. It is scarcely possible to read his volume without being sensible of the spirit of perfect impartiality by which it is pervaded. From beginning to end Mr. Gardiner writes as a student whose simple desire is to ascertain the truth and to set it forth.

Hannibal: Soldier, Statesman, Patriot, and the Crisis of the Struggle between Carthage and Rome. By WILSON O'CONNOR MORRIS. 'Heroes of the Nation' Series. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1897.

The materials for a Life of Hannibal are not extensive. Not a single dispatch from his own hand, nor even a line of his correspondence, has survived. For the most part the biographer has to depend upon Livy and Polybius. Livy is brilliant but prejudiced. Polybius is fairer, but unfortunately much of what he narrated respecting the greatest of the Carthaginians has been lost. In the volume before us Mr. O'Connor Morris has relied less upon the Roman and more upon the Greek historian. His estimate of him is on the whole fair, though he is probably a little unkind upon him when he calls him 'a rather dull writer.' Perhaps on the whole he is, yet his passages regarding Hannibal scarcely deserve to come under this condemnation. His narratives of the passage of the Rhone and the Alps and his description of the battle of Cannae are to say the least spirited. He was doubtless a bad geographer, but he was animated with large ideas of what an historian ought to do and was, as he says himself, more concerned in stating events than in writing brilliant descriptions. He is not always so precise as one would like, and now and then a little too credulous, but on the whole he is fairly modern, perhaps more so than the ancient historians the most modern, and not having the narrow prejudices against Hannibal that Livy had, he is more to be trusted. Morris has relied also on several modern biographies, such, for instance, as Colonel Dodge's *Hannibal* and Colonel Hénnebort's *Annibal* and has made good use of a number of remarks made by Napoleon. His own work has been written for popular reading and is at once scholarly and attractive in style. His first two chapters contain a masterly description of the state of affairs in Rome and Carthage before the outbreak of the Punic war and in a volume such as they belong to are indispensable. As need hardly be said, the subsequent pages are crowded with incidents. The story of Hannibal's march from Spain round by the Gulf of Gades and across the Alps, his descent into Italy, and his brilliant career there, is told with singular force and lucidity. Equally admirable is the account given of the Romans both in the field and in the city, their courage and patriotism and the sacrifices they made in order to shake off and overcome the most formidable opponent the Republic ever had. Morris's estimate of Hannibal's abilities is not higher than the facts allow, but he has to narrate warrant. He is thoroughly alive to the magnitude of the issues which were at stake, and though far from undervaluing the abilities of Hannibal either as a soldier or as a statesman, he is always on the watch for the faults of the Romans and contrasts effectively the spirit which prevailed in Rome with that which animated both the rulers and the people.

thage. On the question as to the site of the battle of Cannae Mr. Morris sides with the majority of writers who, following Swinburne, place it on the left bank of the Aufidus, as against Dr. Arnold and Mr. Strachan-Davidson, who place it on the right. The plan of the battle which is here given is by no means so intelligible as Mr. Morris's description, nor by any means so good as those given in Mr. Strachan-Davidson's *Extracts from Polybius*. The illustrations, indeed, ought to have been much better and more on a level with the literary workmanship of the volume.

The Poetry of Robert Burns. Edited by WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY and THOMAS F. HENDERSON. Vol. IV. T. C. & E. C. Jack. Edinburgh. 1897.

The first three volumes of this scholarly and handsome edition of Burns's Poems were reviewed some time ago at considerable length in the pages of this *Review*, and little more needs to be done in respect to this, the concluding volume, than congratulate the Editors upon its appearance and enumerate its contents. These, as need hardly be said, though few in number, are apart from the verses, of the indispensable sort. The verses the volume includes are a number of miscellaneous songs composed or issued during the last years of Burns's life, together with a number of unauthorised pieces which the editors entitle 'Interpolations and Improbables.' As to these last we doubt whether any one will quarrel with the editors' decision. Their claims to be by Burns are few and at best they are not worthy of him. The contents of the volume to which most admirers of Burns will turn with more than ordinary eagerness are the Preface and the Essay on the Life, Achievements and Genius of the Poet. In the Preface the editors restate their aims. First, their intention to produce a 'classic text'; secondly, to give the history and local setting of the various poems; thirdly, to provide the Southron reader with an adequate glossary; and lastly, to define and determine the relation of Burns to the past. As to the degree of success with which they have fulfilled these intentions there has, so far, been a variety of opinions. Anything like unanimity, however, was not to be expected, and the probability is that, with the issue of the present volume, there will be less even than there was. The editors have ways of looking at Burns and his poems of their own which to many Burns enthusiasts will in some and important respects be unacceptable. On their first point most will admit they have succeeded. They have produced a good text and it may fairly claim to be 'classical.' That it is final is more we should imagine than even its warmest approvers will maintain. Like all 'classical texts' it is open to criticism and some time must probably elapse before a final text can be had. Ungrudging praise, however, is due to Messrs. Henley and Henderson for the admirable work they have done in this direction. To those who know how to use them their various readings are a gift not to be lighted. Something in this direction has also been done by Mr. Wallace in his sumptuous edition of Chambers' *Life and Works of Burns*. Indeed, if the centenary had done no more than occasion the production of the improved texts of these two publications, it would have been worth holding. Notwithstanding the much-ado that was made about their characterisation of Burns as a 'local poet,' 'the satirist and singer of a parish,' the editors still stick to it. They show, too, that the grounds for their designation are much more relative than some of their impetuous critics suppose. Here is part of their defence:—'The "serious Burns student" has assured the world, or so much of it as he could reach, that our "gibes against the Poet's parochialism" have covered us with "obloquy." As a matter

of fact, no finer eulogy could be passed on Burns, no nobler tribute his gift, than is contained in the demonstration that, though "the sa and singer of a parish," he appeals to "a world-wide public:" since must of necessity command such an audience by virtue of his intrinsic splendour and innate magnificence and in despite of local and peculiar incidents.' To this Mr. Henley reverts in the 'Essay.' The glossary is no one, even a Scotsman, will complain of its fullness. Where a gloss comes in useful both to Scotsmen and Englishmen is when it deals local words. Most Southrons, to whom spoken Lowland Scotch is all as unintelligible as Gaelic can read Burns with ease. Their only difficulty with local words and words that have dropped entirely out of use. respect to these the glossary prepared for the Centenary Edition prove fairly useful. Some of the definitions, though passable, are scarcely so exact as they might be. A 'bizz' is a bustle rather than a 'flur' 'reekit' is smoked, not 'smoky,' for which the right word is 're Brose is not 'porridge' but brose, except in Clydesdale, where boiled porridge is called 'brose,' but even then brose is not porridge. A 'caup' is a cup, and not necessarily 'wooden;' it is the general name for a drinking vessel. A 'cog' on the other hand is wooden; hence 'an' caups.' 'Fash' is more general than 'annoyance' and is better rendered by 'trouble,' with the verb from which 'to fash' is here in the glossary explained. 'Gab,' which is explained by 'mouth, jaw,' does not in any one of the passages cited signify 'jaw,' but in every one has the meaning of 'mouth.' 'Sparkling' is not a good rendering for 'glinted,' verb it means to shine with a reflected light; hence to flash. 'To sparkled forth' is a poor and quite misleading rendering of 'those glinted forth;' nor will 'ye sparkled by' do for 'ye glinted by.' The word indeed seems rather to have puzzled the compiler of the glossary. To mention, however, but one more. The following occurs: 'Lume, a lume "wark-lume" = a tool.' The inference would be that if 'lume' equals 'loom,' 'wark-lume' would equal not 'tool' but work or working. It is evidently the compiler has gone to Jamieson where he has seen the meaning of 'wark-lume' and then guessed at the meaning of 'lume' knowing that it stands for the old English for 'lome' a tool or instrument and that, as Jamieson says, 'wark-lume,' or as he spells it 'warkloom' 'a tool or instrument for working with in any way.' In the Essay Henley gives a brief but sufficient sketch of Burns's life, dwells at considerable length on the Highland Mary and other episodes, tries to account for the genius of Burns and gives an estimate of Burns's character. The Essay is scarcely so elaborate as Mr. Wallace's and it is doubtful whether it will prove as acceptable to Burns's worshippers. There is in it a cold criticism and much with which the class we have just referred to find fault. Much of the criticism, however, is just, though not the work of it. As for Burns himself Mr. Henley is of opinion that he was a product of the social evolution of his time. But if evolution is sufficient to account for him, or if he was a natural product of his time, why there are not more than one Burns. The Social Evolution theory is perhaps hard worked. It may serve as a general hypothesis, but there are many things it leaves unexplained.

Chaucerian and Other Pieces. Edited from numerous Manuscripts, by the Rev. WALTER W. SKELTON, Litt. D., D.C. etc., etc. Being a supplement to the *Chaucer* (Oxford. 6 vols. 1861-1867). London: Clarendon Press. 1897.

This is a necessary and, so far as the editorial part of the work is concerned, an admirable supplement to Dr. Skeat's monumental edition of Chaucer. It contains most of the pieces which have been appended to Chaucer's works in various editions. The word 'appended' is used advisedly, since in the earliest editions they were not attributed to Chaucer but were simply included in the volumes containing his known works as a sort of appendix. Some of them were even attributed to other authors; 'The Praise of Peace,' for instance, was marked as Gower's; another piece was attributed to Scopan, and Stowe, who has much to answer for in connection with the confusion that has arisen, actually marked 'The Flower of Curtesye' as written by Lydgate. Most of them, of course, first appeared in Thynne's first or 1532 edition of Chaucer, and the way in which they came to be regarded as Chaucer's is curious. In this connection we cannot do better than let Dr. Skeat explain. 'Those,' he says, 'who, through ignorance or negligence, regard Thynne's edition of Chaucer as containing "works attributed to Chaucer" make a great mistake; and even if the mistake be excused on the ground that it has been very generally and very frequently made, this does not lessen its magnitude. The title of Thynne's book is very instructive, and really runs thus:—"The Workes of Geffray Chaucer newly printed, with dyuers workes which were neuer in print before, etc." This is strictly and literally true; for it contains such works of Chaucer's as had previously been printed by Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and Julian Notary, together with "dyuers workes [of various authors] which were neuer in print before." Which is the simple solution of the whole matter as far as this edition is concerned. The same remarks apply to the second edition in 1542, and the third, printed about 1550. But Stowe, in 1561, altered the title so as to give it a new meaning. The title-page of his edition runs thus:—"The Woorkes of Geffrey Chaucer, newly printed with diuers Addicions which were neuer in printe before." Here the authorship of Chaucer was, for the first time, practically claimed for the whole of Thynne's volume.' At the same time, as Dr. Skeat goes on to remark, it is evident that Stowe did not mean what he seems to say, for it was he who first assigned the poem beginning 'Consider wel' as well as 'The Flower of Curtesye' to Lydgate. All the pieces wrongly attributed to Chaucer mainly in consequence of this unfortunate and apparently unintentional mistake of Stowe's, nor even all the additions appended by Thynne, Dr. Skeat has not here printed, but only a selection, though the selection with its requisite introductions, notes and indices fills over six hundred pages. The first and most important piece in the selection is 'The Testament of Love.' In connection with this two notable discoveries have been made, for which we are indebted to Mr. H. Bradley. In the first place he has shown that its author was Thomas Usk, sometime Sub-Sheriff of Middlesex, and executed in 1388 for being concerned in the troubles of the time. In the second he has placed the text which had become dislocated through a number of the sheets getting loose, in its right order, and thus made it intelligible to the great relief of commentators. This is followed by the 'Plowman's Tale,' which does not appear in Thynne's 1532 edition, but appears for the first time in that of 1542, where it is added at the end of the *Canterbury Tales*, after the 'Parson's Tale,' though obviously not by Chaucer, the author of it claiming to have written the well known piece entitled 'Pierce the Ploughman's Creed,' a claim for which there appears to be ample confirmation. Among others, besides those already mentioned, we have 'Jack Upland,' three pieces by Thomas Hoccleve—'The Letter of Cupid' and two ballads—Lydgate's 'Compleynte of a Black Knight,' the 'Ballad of Good Counsel,' etc., 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci,' by Sir Richard Ros, Henryson's 'Testa-

ment of *Cresseid*, Sir Thomas Clanvowe's 'The Cuckoo and the Kingale,' together with 'The Flower and the Leaf' and the 'Court of The total number of pieces is twenty-eight. Each of them is furnished with an introduction in which various matters are discussed. The as it is hardly necessary to say, are full and of that scholarly and interesting character which distinguishes all Dr. Skeat's annotations. indices are added, among which is an ample glossarial index. Altogether the volume is a worthy companion to the six which have preceded it forms a notable and necessary supplement to what is unquestionably the best edition of Chaucer which has ever been issued.

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. Edited by WILLIAM KNIGHT. Vol. VIII. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

With this volume is completed Mr. Knight's Eversley Edition of Wordsworth's poems. The edition, so far as outward appearance is concerned, is all that can be desired. Paper, printing, shape and binding are excellent, as all who know the other volumes in Messrs. Macmillan's 'Eversley Series' are aware. As for the editing, it is a considerable advance upon that of Mr. Knight's previous edition of the same poems. Mr. Knight, though indefatigable and conscientious, is not a model editor. So far as he has here done excellent work and in many respects what he has done is unsurpassed. The notes in the present volume are good; here and there they are perhaps too voluminous. On two or three pages we are referred to a number of extracts from Bædeker, who is not exactly an authority. One sonnet seems to be missing from the volumes. All through the chronological system of arrangement has been adopted, but in this volume the order has been broken. Listening to Mr. Aubrey De Vere Knight has placed the 'Ode, Intimations of Immortality' last, or at the end of the poems of 1846, instead of among those of 1807, in order that it may 'conclude the whole series of Wordsworth's poems, as the greatest and that to which all others lead up.' It is very questionable whether the others do lead up to it; it may safely be said in fact that they do not. The poem is certainly one of the best Wordsworth ever produced, but to ask us to believe that it is in every way that in which all other thought and poetical work are reflected or culminate is a demand which few of Wordsworth's admirers will be disposed to grant. Besides the remainder of Wordsworth's own poems, the volume contains those which were composed by him and his sister Dorothy. Pretty full bibliographies—British, American and French—are given. In the preface, Mr. Knight acknowledges the assistance received from his friends and has a number of remarks to make on the criticisms which the publication of his volumes have called forth.

English Minstrelsie: A National Monument of English Folk-Songs. Collected and Edited, with Notes and Historical Introductions, by S. BARING-GOULD, M.A. The Airs, in the Original Notations, arranged by H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A. and others. Vol. VIII. Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. J.

This is the concluding volume of Mr. Baring-Gould's admirable collection of English folk-songs. We have already had occasion to refer to it more than once; and all that we need to do now is to congratulate the editor on the completion of what in many respects is easily the best modern collection.

tion of English popular songs. The publishers and musical editors as well deserve to be congratulated. The work is handsomely printed, and the harmonies so far as we have tested them are bold and melodious. It may be remarked, however, that in the present volume there are several songs which have not been in print before. The notes to the whole of the songs are full of information, much of which is of a somewhat out of the way character, and all of it interesting to the professional, and as well to the non-professional, reader. The editor and his musical colleagues have evidently spared no pains, and the work well deserves to be called *A National Monument of English Song*.

Modern Mythology. By ANDREW LANG, M.A., LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co.: London, New York, and Bombay. 1897.

This volume owes its origin to certain strictures made by Mr. Max Müller in his recent *Contributions to the Science of Mythology* on a number of statements made by Mr. Andrew Lang and other members of the New School of Mythologists. It is essentially controversial and to a large extent personal, Mr. Lang being chiefly concerned with explaining his own words, and with defending the opinions they convey, though here and there he touches upon those larger questions which his controversy with the Oxford Professor necessarily involves. The controversy is carried on throughout in the best of tempers, and whether Mr. Lang manages to convince his opponent or not, he has certainly set himself right with the public, and placed the points at issue in the clearest light. Something of this sort was necessary, for there can be no question that on most of the points here referred to Mr. Lang has been misunderstood by his learned critic. In these cases the author has no difficulty in setting himself right. As might be expected, however, there is nothing in the volume which can be said to be new. Mr. Lang states with clearness the theories as to the origin of myths which are held by the school of which Mr. Max Müller is unquestionably the chief, and those of the newer school of writers, and when not controverting the statements of his opponent or correcting his unintentional misrepresentations is employed not in the developing any new theory, but simply in the elucidation of the theory with which he is now identified. As in all his books there is in the present volume a certain grace and charm of style, and in spite of its controversial character the world would be less rich without it. It has the merit of correcting what is wrong, and of elucidating a doctrine which in the study of mythology promises to hold the field.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by JAMES A. H. MURRAY. Vol. III. Doom-Dziggetai. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1897.

The letter D and with it the third volume of this magnificent work is here completed. As the work advances one's admiration of it increases. For fulness and accuracy it is simply unequalled. Suspected omissions always turn out to be myths; patient search always finds the word wanted with an abundance of information regarding it. As we have before remarked it is as much a Dictionary of Scottish as of English, as based upon the principles it is it can scarcely help being. The number of Scottish words in the present section is considerable, and not a few of them are of more than ordinary interest. Take for instance the word *Dusane*, the old name for a Town Council. In a few sentences its whole history is clearly

told. Or take *dowf* or *dowie* or *dovekie*, *dram* (*sad*), *drappie*, *dree dree*, *drink-siller*, *drouthy*, *droot*, the treatment of these and of many *c* in the same dialect is all that can be desired, and much fuller than meet with in many dictionaries. Many of the words in this section from an historical point of view extremely interesting, as *e.g.*, *dr dragoon*, *duke*, *ducat*, *dunce*, *Dutch*, and the words derived from *t*. As showing the elaborate treatment given here it may be mentioned *druc* has no fewer than eighteen columns devoted to it, while *doubi* derivatives and compounds, has thirteen. In respect to fulness, in no other dictionary can show anything like what is here. While in corresponding portion of the *Century Dictionary* 2,302 words are recorded here we have 4,535, and while Richardson's gives 1,517 illustrative quotations and the *Century* 2,688, we have here no fewer than 17,460. work is of national importance and deserves national support.

Kingcraft in Scotland and other Essays and Sketches. By P. R. ROSS, LL.D. Paisley : Alex. Gardner.

Of the fourteen Essays contained in this volume the majority are a Scotland or Scotsmen. The first, which furnishes the title to the book not so much about Kingcraft as about the various Kings who have upon the throne of Scotland. For the most part it consists of a description of their characters. The two which follow have for their respective titles 'The Progress of Popular Liberty in Scotland,' and 'Scotland under Cromwell.' Neither of them can be said to add to our knowledge, the second of them deals with Scotland under Charles I. and Charles quite as much as of Scotland under Cromwell. The shorter Essays treating of Scottish topics are of more value than the others since they treat the by-ways of Scottish history and deal with subjects known to but few. The most singular of the essays has for its title 'St. Andrew and the Scottish Saints.' One scarcely knows whether it is written in earnest or in jest. At any rate we have Dr. Ross's word for the fact that 'in no notable respect St. Andrew stands out in bold relief in the very external calendar of saints, and that is his thorough respectability.' Dr. Ross is not prepared to certify the same of many other Saints, nor even of the rest of the Seven Champions of Christendom, with the exception of Patrick, of whom he says, 'not a word can truthfully be said that is to his credit.' The last of the essays is on Kello, the minister of Spottiswood, a preacher approved by Knox and Spottiswood and 'the good Lord James but who had actually murdered his wife. The story of the crime which Kello was afterwards hanged, is told with great circumstance and with no small skill. Dr. Ross has a light pen and sets out his opinions with considerable vigour. To say the least the volume is extremely readable and in many parts instructive.

SHORT NOTICES.

Daniel and the Minor Prophets (Macmillan) is a further volume of Moulton's 'Modern Reader's Bible.' Here he has compressed the Book of the Prophet Daniel and the writings of the Minor Prophets into one of the small volumes. The arrangement is in some respects an advantage; in order to carry it out Dr. Moulton has been obliged to curtail his introductions and notes. These are always of service to the reader, and would perhaps have been better and more acceptable if the alternative had been adopted of increasing the volume in thickness.

Lord Bolingbroke (Roxburghe Press), by the Hon. Stuart Erskine, contains besides a brief sketch of Bolingbroke's life a number of extracts from his political writings. The extracts are made with skill, and the sketch of their author's life, though brief, illustrates his position in English politics.

Mr. Davey's *Victoria (Queen and Empress)* (Roxburghe Press), is evidently a Jubilee book; but whether or not, it contains an exceedingly well written account of the Queen's life and reign, and is admirably adapted for popular reading.

An addition to Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier's 'Famous Scots Series' is a brief *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, by George Saintsbury. As a condensed narrative of the great novelist's life the little volume may be commended. One does not expect to find anything new in it, and with the exception of Mr. Saintsbury's opinions about Sir Walter and his writings one does not find anything, unless it be the story of how Sir Walter came to use the word *whomled*. The word is so commonly used both in the North of England and in Scotland that the story is more likely fictitious than true—much more we should say.

The Fourth Annual Report on Changes in Wages and Hours of Labour in the United Kingdom, 1896, has appeared some months earlier than was expected, and at the present moment may prove of more interest than such publications usually do. It contains a vast mass of figures and information both respecting the changes which have taken place in the hours of labour among almost all classes of work-people and respecting the changes in their earnings. From the figures collected it would appear that in 1896 the net result of all the changes recorded was a rise of wages which amounted in the aggregate to £27,000 a week. The increase, though shared in more or less by all the important groups of trades except mining, is accounted for chiefly by a general rise of wages in the engineering and shipbuilding trades. Owing to a very slight increase in the hours of labour of building operations, the number of persons whose hours of labour were increased was in 1896 more than doubled; still the net effect of all the changes in this respect was a reduction of hours amounting on the aggregate to 78,533 per week, compared with 44,106 in 1895, and 311,545 in 1894 (when the eight hours day was adopted in Government establishments), and 68,937 in 1893.

The Making of England (Macmillan), by J. R. Green. This is a new edition of the late J. R. Green's well known work. It appears in Messrs. Macmillan's now famous 'Eversly' Series. Having said that, it is not necessary to say more, except that it occupies two volumes, and is a reprint of the original edition of 1881.

Bibliography of Gilbert White (London, Roxburgh Press).—Mr. Edward A. Martin here gives much more than his title promises. The actual bibliography of the *Natural History of Selborne* occupies only about a third of the volume. The first two chapters contain such particulars as are known of White's life, and the composition of his book, together with various selections from it. In the course of these chapters Mr. Martin discusses many points raised by the letters, and indicates how White anticipated many of the most important investigations of modern naturalists. His remarks on earth-worms, for instance, might serve as a motto to Darwin's book. After the bibliographical chapters comes one on Gilbert White as a Poet, and others on the Village of Selborne, White's house, and The Wakes, in the last of which there is much interesting informa-

tion about the relics of White. The book should interest all who are acquainted in any degree with the *Natural History of Selborne*.

The Scot in America (Raeburn Book Company, New York), by Ross, L.L.D., is a book that will appeal to many Scotsmen. Dr. Ross collected his material from a very great variety of sources, and attempted to say something about every Scotsman who has in any way risen above the crowd in America, and distinguished himself in literature, trade, commerce, politics, or the pulpit.

In *American Humourists: Recent and Living* (Alex. Gardner) Mr. Gardner has sketched the lives of nineteen of the best known American Humourists and given samples of their work. In its way, as need hardly be said, Ford's work is intensely amusing. He seems to be thoroughly acquainted with this species of American literature, and has selected for quotation best examples. The biographical sketches are slight, but any want of direction is counterbalanced by the skill with which he has selected illustrations.

Wild Flower Lyrics (Alex. Gardner), by James Rigg, is a rather curious collection of verses in which the author gives expression to the thoughts and sentiments awakened in his mind for the most part by the flowers and fruits of the fields. Nothing, indeed, that grows in the field or garden beneath his notice. We have even a number of verses addressed to the Potato, the *Solanum tuberosum*, as Mr. Rigg informs us. They begin

'Hail—thou that ne'er wast preed by Plato—
My muse wad woo thee, plump Potato.'

Here and there, too, we have a song. There can be no doubt, however, that Mr. Rigg has considerable skill and facility in writing verses of lively fancy. Now and then he repeats himself, and sometimes he indulges in tautology. 'Flora' occurs a little too frequently in his pages, but may perhaps be accounted for by the prevailing topic of the lines.

From the Hills of Dream (Geddes & Colleagues), by Fiona Macleod, is a collection of mountain songs and runes. They breathe the spirit of the Western Highlands, and are probably the best expression of the Celtic renaissance which has yet appeared. There is a certain dimness of outline in the thoughts, and here and there one has considerable difficulty in making out what is meant; but everywhere the expression is exalted and impassioned.

FICTION.

The Secretar (Alex. Gardner), by D. Beatty. This story is founded on that of the famous Casket Letters, and the 'Secretar' is Maitland of Skilton. The title of the book, however, gives no idea of the hurly-burly there is in its pages. From beginning to end it is one string of adventures, fightings and hairbreadth escapes following each other with the utmost rapidity. There is enough incident in the volume to furnish half a dozen novels. Mr. Beatty has evidently no lack of inventive power. There is so contrived that the reader is unable to tell how it is to end until he reaches the last page. There is just a touch of improbability about the story; still, in the times to which it belongs, it was no uncommon thing for youths with some clerical faculty, like the hero of the story, to be mixed up with State matters and to play an important part in them. One who knows the period will not be at all surprised that John Kilgus, a Cupar lad, brought up at the feet of Father Clement, and exercising the arts as well as in arms, though from force of circumstances com-

to be a 'Drawer of Tuppenny,' should have many and intimate dealings with Maitland and play a not unimportant part in the politics of the time. The story is written in the first person and in braid Scots, somewhat after the manner of Mr. Crockett, but with improvements. One or two passages, though true enough historically, might be omitted. With these omissions the volume might take its place beside the works of Galt and Miss Ferrier, as a romance of the period to which it belongs in which scenes and characters are drawn with a bold and powerful hand.

While the Billy Boils (Simpkin Marshall & Co.), by Henry Lawson, is a collection of Australian stories by an Australian writer. Most of them are tantalisingly short; all of them are attractive; some of them are pathetic. As showing what life in the bush is they are probably of more value than some more pretentious narratives. Mr. Lawson has the art of telling a story, and here uses it with success.

The Plagiariſt (Oliphant Anderson), by William Myrtle, is a story of Edinburgh student life. The moral of the story is good but the incidents are of the improbable kind. The ending is saddening. Why should the Professor's daughter be made to spend her life in misery because her husband was a villain and met with his death when meddling with matters he had no business to meddle with, when, indeed, he was showing himself unworthy of her and an enemy to her peace? Besides, one would have imagined that from the opportunities she had of observing him and his works she would have seen enough to have refused to marry him. Short as the story is it might with advantage have been shorter.

For Stark Love and Kindness (Oliphant Anderson) by N. Allan Macdonald, carries us back to the times of Flodden Field, and is full of stirring incidents. The scene is cast for the most part near Linlithgow; King James IV. and his son figure in the story, and an almost still more important personage, so far as the plot is concerned, is Armstrong, the Border King. Mr. Macdonald has given to his story a thoroughly mediæval air. There is the usual dungeon—this time with a secret egress—and the faithful retainer and faithful hound. The story turns upon the question whether May, the supposed niece of the Raider, but the real daughter of Rob Gib, who serves the king for 'stark love and kindness,' shall become the wife of Henry Armstrong or Alan Douglas, a disguised member of the exiled house. May prefers the latter, but the difficulties in the way are enormous. They are skilfully handled, and, as the somewhat complicated plot develops, the reader's attention is cleverly held.

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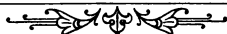
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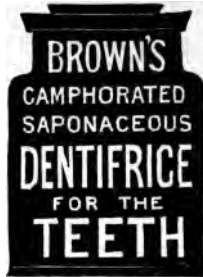
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