

THE  
SCOTTISH REVIEW.

102467

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JULY AND OCTOBER,  
1899.

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VOL. XXXIV.

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ALEXANDER GARDNER,  
Publisher to Her Majesty the Queen,  
PAISLEY; AND 26 PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON

MDCXCXCIX.

## INDEX TO VOLUME XXXIV.

A.	
Aarbøger for nordisk Oldkyndighed og Historie, ... ..	388
Alexander Hume: an Early Poet-Pastor of Logie, and his Intimates, by R. M. Fergusson, M.A., ... ..	406
Allen, H. J.. A Notable Failure, American Historical Review, The, ... ..	194, 392
Anderson, Rev. John, Calendar of the Laing Charters, A.D. 854-1837, ... ..	203
Art of Man-Fishing, A Soliloquy on the, ... ..	211
Archæology and the Bible, Recent, by the Rev. Thomas Nicol, D.D.,	197
Archivio Storico Per le Provincie Napoletane, ... ..	376
Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought, by R. H. Hut- ton. Selected from the <i>Spectator</i> , and edited by Elizabeth M. Roscoe, ... ..	198
Askwith, E. H. M.A., The Epistle to the Galatians: an Essay on its Destination and Date, ... ..	197
Asia, Discoveries in Western, by C. R. Conder, ... ..	236
Athena, ... ..	392
Atene e Roma, ... ..	178
Auld Lang Syne. Second Series. My Indian Friends, by the Right Hon. Prof. Max Müller, Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, The, Arranged and edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill, ... ..	405 124
B.	
Bateson, Mary, Records of the Burgh of Leicester, ... ..	205
Besant, Walter, The Orange Girl,	409
Beresford, Lord Charles, The Break-up of China, with an Account of its present Com- merce, Currency, Waterways, Armies, Railways, Politics, and Future Prospects, ...	208
Bible for Home Reading, The, edited by C. G. Montifiore,	395
Bibliothèque Universelle et Re- vue Suisse, ... ..	191, 390
Bismarck, The Life of Prince, by William Jacks, ... ..	201
Bladzijden uit de Beschavings- geschiedenis der Langobarden, by Dr. L. Knappert, ... ..	206
Bolderwood, Rolf, War to the Knife, or Sangata Maori, ... ..	409
British India, A History of, by Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., etc., ... ..	1
Brown, Henry H., The Evolu- tion of the Procurator Fiscal,	101
C.	
Cameron, Archd. Cowie, LL.D., History of Fettercairn, a Parish of the County of Kin- cardine, ... ..	401
Calendar of the Laing Charters, A.D. 854-1837, belonging to the University of Edinburgh, edited by the Rev. John An- derson, ... ..	203
Christian Missions and Social Progress: a Sociological Study of Foreign Missions, by the Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D.,	397
China, The Break-up of, with an Account of its present Commerce, Currency, Water- ways, Armies, Railways, Poli- tics, and Future Prospects, by Lord Charles Beresford,	208
Costumes of the Clans of Scot- land, ... ..	411
Cosimo de' Medici, by K. Doro- thea Ewart, ... ..	202

Coles, F. R., Some Remarkable Coincidences in Customs and Beliefs, ... ..	153		
Coghill, Mrs. Henry, The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, ...	124		
Conder, C. R., Discoveries in Western Asia, ... ..	236		
Craigie, W. A., The Ossianic Ballads, ... ..	260		
Cumock, Old, The History of, by Rev. John Warwick, ...	204		
Customs and Beliefs, Some remarkable Coincidences in, by F. R. Coles, ... ..	153		
D.			
ΔΑΦΝΙΟΤ Η ΜΟΝΗ (The Monastery of Daphn after Restoration), by Georgios Lampakós, ... ..	390		
De Gids, ... ..	190, 385		
Dennis, Rev. James S., Christian Missions and Social Progress, A Sociological Study of Foreign Missions, ...	397		
Deutsche Rundschau, ... ..	169, 365		
E.			
Early Struggles for the Indian Trade, ... ..	1		
East Lothian, Deeds relating to, transcribed and translated by J. G. Wallace-James, M. B., ... ..	408		
Elijah, and other Poems, ... ..	212		
Emporium, ... ..	374		
English Dictionary, A New Historical, edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray, ...	209, 408		
Evolution of the Procurator Fiscal, The, ... ..	101		
Ewart, K. Dorothea, Cosimo de' Medici, ... ..	202		
F.			
Famous Sultanas, by Lucy M. J. Garnett, ... ..	110		
Failure, a Notable, H. J. Allen, ... ..	330		
Fergusson, R. M., Alexander Hume: an Early Poet-Pastor of Logie, and his Intimates, ... ..	406		
Fermartine, ... ..	342		
Fermartyn, The Thanage of, by Rev. William Semple, M. A., ... ..	342		
Ferrier, James Frederick, ... ..	211		
Ferrier's Novels, Miss, ... ..	70		
Fettercairn: the History of: a Parish of the County of Kincardine, by Archd. Cowie Cameron, LL.D., ... ..	401		
G.			
Galatians, The Epistle to the, An Essay on its Destination and Date, by E. H. Askwith, M. A., ... ..	197		
Garnett, Lucy M. J., Famous Sultanas, ... ..	110		
Gautier, F., The Story of Tusculum, ... ..	138		
Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana, ... ..	179		
Golf Links, British, edited by Horace G. Hutchinson, ...	22		
Golf and its Literature, by William Wallace, ... ..	22		
Golf-Book of East Lothian, The, edited by John Kerr, M. A., ... ..	22		
Golf, by Horace G. Hutchinson, ... ..	22		
H.			
Heavenly Bridegroom, The, ... ..	411		
Higher Life for Working People, Its Hindrances discussed: an attempt to solve some pressing Social Problems without injustice to Capital or Labour, by W. Walker Stevens, ...	407		
Historical Principles, A New English Dictionary on, edited by James A. H. Murray, ...	408		
Home, James A., Lady Louisa Stuart, Selections from her Manuscripts, ... ..	403		
Hope, Ascott, R., Ready Made Romance, Reminiscences of Youthful Adventure, ... ..	410		
Hunter, Sir William Wilson, A History of British India, ... ..	1		
Hutchinson, Horace G., Golf, ... ..	22		
----- British Golf Links, ... ..	22		
I.			
Indian Philosophy, The Six Systems of, by the Right Hon. F. Max Muller, K. M., ... ..	396		
Indian Trade, Early Struggles for the, ... ..	1		
Interludes, by Horace Smith, ... ..	208		
J.			
Jacks, William, The Life of Prince Bismarck, ... ..	201		
James Hogg, ... ..	411		
Jephthah and other Mysteries—Lyrical and Dramatic, ... ..	411		
John Hopkins University Studies, The, ... ..	195		

K.	
Kerr, John, <i>The Golf-Book of East Lothian</i> , ... ..	22
King Robert the Bruce, ... ..	411
Knappert, Dr. L., <i>Bladzijden uit de Beschavingsgeschiedenis der Langabarden</i> , ... ..	206
L.	
Laing Charters, <i>Calendar of the, A.D. 854-1837</i> , edited by the Rev. John Anderson, ... ..	203
Lampakés, Georgios, <i>H MONH ΔΑΦΝΙΟΤ (The Monastery of Daphni after Restoration)</i> , ... ..	399
Lawlessness in the National Church, ... ..	212
La Cultura, ... ..	179
La Reforma Sociale, ... ..	178
La Nuova Antologia, ... ..	173, 368
Leicester, <i>Records of the Burgh of: being a Series of Extracts from the Archives of the Corporation of Leicester, 1103-1327</i> , edited by Mary Bateson, ... ..	205
Le Muséon et la Revue des Religions, ... ..	382
Library, <i>The Royal</i> , by J. M. Stone, ... ..	213
M.	
Max Müller, <i>The Right Hon. Professor, Auld Lang Syne. Second Series. My Indian Friends</i> , ... ..	405
— <i>The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy</i> , ... ..	396
M'Carthy, M.P., <i>Justin, Reminiscences</i> , ... ..	200
Melville, Lewis, <i>The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray</i> , ... ..	402
Melville, Andrew, ... ..	211
Millar, A. H., <i>The Wedderburn Book</i> , ... ..	310
Montefiore, C. G., <i>The Bible for Home Reading</i> , ... ..	395
Morris, William O'Connor, ... ..	69
Murray, Dr. James A. H., <i>A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles</i> , ... ..	209, 408
Münsterberg, Hugo, <i>Psychology and Life</i> , ... ..	200
N.	
Neilson, George, <i>Annals of the Solway until A.D. 1307</i> , ... ..	206

Nicol, Rev. Thomas, <i>Recent Archæology and the Bible</i> , ... ..	197
<i>Nuova Antologia</i> , La, ... ..	173, 368
O.	
Oliphant's <i>Autobiography</i> , Mrs., ... ..	124
Old Cumnock, <i>The History of</i> , Rev. John Warwick, M.A., ... ..	204
Orange Girl, <i>The</i> , by Walter Besant, ... ..	409
Ossianic Ballads, <i>The</i> , by W. A. Craigie, ... ..	260
Our Lady of the Green: a Book of Ladies' Golf, edited by L. Mackern and M. Boys, ... ..	22
P.	
Parsons, F. M., <i>Avent the Whitefoords</i> , ... ..	90
Persephone in Hades, and other Poems, ... ..	412
Philadelphia: the Place and People, by Agnes Repplier, ... ..	399
Poems, by William G. Hendrie, ... ..	412
Poems of Love and Honour, ... ..	212
Procurator Fiscal, <i>The Evolution of</i> , by Henry H. Brown, ... ..	101
Psychology and Life, by Hugo Münsterberg, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University, ... ..	200
Q.	
Quest of Faith, <i>The: being Notes on the current Philosophy of Religion</i> , by Thomas Bailey Saunders, ... ..	199
R.	
Rassegna Nazionale, La, ... ..	180, 372
Rassegna Pugliese, ... ..	376
Ready-Made Romance, <i>Reminiscences of Youthful Adventure</i> , by Ascot R. Hope, ... ..	410
Reichel, Charles Parsons, <i>Sermons</i> , ... ..	209
Reminiscences, by Justin M'Carthy, M.P., ... ..	200
Repplier, Agnes, <i>Philadelphia: The Place and People</i> , ... ..	399
Revue Sémitique d'Épigraphie et d'Histoire Ancienne, ... ..	185, 383
Revue Celtique, ... ..	184, 384
Revue de l'Histoire des Religions, ... ..	181, 377
Revue Philosophique, ... ..	186, 381
Revue des Etudes Juives, ... ..	183, 379
Richard Holt Hutton of the <i>Spectator</i> , ... ..	212

- Roscoe, Elizabeth M., *Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought*, ... 198
- Roundell, Earl of Selborne, ... 39
- Rudyard Kipling's, Mr., *Prose Writings*, ... 291
- Russian Philosophical Review, *The*, ... 171, 367
- S.
- Saunders, Thomas Bailey, *The Quest of Faith: being Notes on the Current Philosophy of Religion*, ... 199
- Sermons, by Charles Parsons Reichel, D.D., ... 209
- Selborne, Roundell Earl of, ... 39
- Smith, Horace, *Interludes*, ... 208
- Smith, Garden G., *The World of Golf*, ... 22
- Solway, *Annals of the, until A.D. 1307*, by George Neilson, ... 206
- Spirit and the Incarnation in the Light of Scripture, Science, and Practical Need, *The*, by the Rev. W. L. Walker, ... 394
- Stevens, W. Walker, *Higher Life for Working People*, ... 407
- Stevens, George Barker, *The Theology of the New Testament*, ... 196
- Stone, J. M., *The Royal Library*, ... 213
- Stuart, Lady Louisa: *Selections from her Manuscripts*, edited by Hon. James A. Home, ... 403
- Sultanas, *Famous*, by Lucy M. J. Garnett, ... 110
- T.
- Temple, Rev. William, *The Thanage of Fernartyn*, ... 342
- Temptation of Edith Watson, *The*, ... 212
- Thackeray, *The Life of William Makepeace*, by Lewis Melville, ... 402
- The Arkiv för Nordisk Filologi*, 192, ... 391
- Theologisch Tijdschrift*, ... 187, 386
- Theologische Studien und Kritiken*, ... 168, 364
- Theology of the New Testament, The*, by George Barker Stevens, ... 196
- Thoughts on the Present Position of Protestantism*, ... 211
- Tille, Alexander, Ph.D., *Yule and Christmas, Their Place in the Germanic Year*, ... 207
- Trial of Jesus Christ, The*, ... 217
- Tusculum, The Story of*, by F. Gautier, ... 138
- W.
- Wallace, William, *Golf and its Literature*, ... 22
- Wallace-James, J. G., *Deeds relating to East Lothian*, ... 408
- Walker, Rev. W. L., *The Spirit and the Incarnation in the Light of Scripture, Science, and Practical Need*, ... 394
- War to the Knife, or Tangata Maori*, by Rolf Boldrewood, ... 409
- Warwick, Rev. John, *The History of Old Cumnock*, ... 204
- Wedderburn Book, The*, by A. H. Millar, ... 310
- Whitefoords, Ancient the*, by F. M. Parsons, ... 90
- World of Golf, The*, by Garden G. Smith, ... 22
- Y.
- Yule and Christmas: *Their Place in the Germanic Year*, by Alexander Tille, Ph.D., ... 207

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JULY, 1899.

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ART. I.—EARLY STRUGGLES FOR THE INDIAN  
TRADE.

*A History of British India.* By Sir WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER,  
K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D., etc. London, New York, and  
Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1899.

THE struggle for the Indian trade seems to be almost as old as what the late Mr. Freeman called 'the eternal Eastern Question.' Its origin, though to some extent connected with it, was not the same; but the influence which it has had in shaping the destinies of some of the nations and republics of Europe has scarcely been less. When history opens its pages, the first scenes it presents are upon the routes the trade of India anciently followed, and the most important battlefields of the ancient world are among them.

This is one of the points brought out in the volume before us—a volume replete with rare and valuable information gathered from a great variety of sources, and the first of a series which promises to be the *opus magnum* of its accomplished and indefatigable author, and the standard authority for the history of British India. The point selected, though by no means the only one emphasised in the volume, is of peculiar and general interest, more especially in a country

where India is regarded as the 'brightest jewel' in its imperial crown, and in which so many of its best and noblest sons have found a career or a grave. For the civilised peoples of Europe, India has always had a singular fascination, and to secure the exclusive or partial possession of its wealth most of them have put forth their utmost strength.

Before the Ottoman Empire arose, and, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, threw itself across the path of mediæval commerce between Europe and the East, the merchandise of India and of the Eastern Archipelago reached the Mediterranean by three routes. The oldest and for long the most important of them is described by Sir William Hunter as follows:—

'Ships from India crept along the Asiatic shore to the Persian Gulf, and sold their costly freights in the marts of Chaldaea or the lower Euphrates. The main caravan passed thence northwards through Mesopotamia, edged round the wastes of Arabia Petraea, and struck west through the lesser desert to the oasis, where, amid the Solitudo Palmyrena, the city of Tadmor eventually arose. Plunging again into the sands, the train of camels emerged at Damascus. There the Syrian trade-route parted into two main lines. The northern branched west to the ancient Tyre and Sidon and the mediæval Acre and Ascalon. The other diverged southwards by Rabbah [the Rabbath Ammon of the Old Testament], and skirting the eastern frontier of Palestine, passed through the land of Edom towards Egypt and the shores of the Red Sea. Its halting-places can still be traced. Thousands of Mussalmans travel yearly down the Darb-el-Hajj, or pilgrim way, by almost, though not exactly, the same route as that followed by the Indo-Syrian trade thirty centuries ago—no made road, but a track beaten hollow at places by the camel's tread.'

To readers of the Old Testament most of the places here mentioned will be quite familiar, and no difficulty will be experienced in realising the important position occupied by Palestine and the nations around it upon this ancient route. The entire trade of the land routes was in the hands of Semitic peoples. The Chaldaean or Babylonian merchants who bought up the cargoes at the head of the Persian Gulf, the half-nomad tribes who led the caravans from oasis to oasis along the margin of the central desert to Tyre or to Egypt, and the Phœnicians who distributed their precious burdens along the shores of the Mediterranean—were all of the Semitic type of mankind. The geography of these routes is the geography

of the book of Genesis. It was upon the branch which ran down from Damascus through the centre of northern Palestine that Abraham, starting from Ur of the Chaldees, made his memorable journey, and then went on 'still toward the south' to Egypt. By the line running down the eastern frontier of Palestine, the four Mesopotamian Kings invaded the vale of Siddim, and by the same route they were pursued by Abraham and overtaken and defeated at Hobah to the north of Damascus. Along one of these routes Jacob fled north to Padan-Aram to avoid the vengeance of Esau, and, when in years after his son Joseph was sold by his brethren it was to 'a company of Ishmaelites' who 'came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.'

Sir William Hunter is of opinion that 'The civilisation of ancient Egypt created the first great demand for the embalming spices, dyes, and fine products of the East.' But if by 'the East' we are to understand India, the accuracy of the opinion may be doubted. Recent opinion is in favour of Arabia as the country from whence from time immemorial the spices required by Egypt were obtained. It is probable, too, that but a comparatively small portion of the produce which left India and was landed at the head of the Persian Gulf reached the Egyptian markets. Great part of it would be absorbed by the towns along the Euphrates and Tigris, and still more would find an outlet through Tyre and Sidon. Still there can be no doubt that to Egypt the trade by the Syrian land routes, whether Indian, Syrian, or Phœnician, and the second of these seems to have been very considerable, was of great importance, and that its importance explains, though not entirely, the anxiety of the Pharaohs to retain their hold on Canaan and if possible to push their conquests further north.

The promise recorded as made to Abraham, it may be remarked in passing, covers the whole of the Syrian trade-routes, and the achievement of David's reign was to obtain possession of them. When he captured Damascus and extended his rule to the Euphrates, he secured control over the whole of the Indian trade, and it is easy to understand why the Phœnicians



were anxious to be on good terms with him and his successor. To Israel the control of this trade, though always a source of danger to those who possessed it, meant prosperity, and its loss was among the bitterest of its national memories. As Sir William Hunter remarks:—

'The recollection of the Aegypto-Syrian trade, its spices, pigments and precious stones, survived in the Hebrew memory long after the possession of the route had passed from the nation. "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah?" wrote Isaiah in a dark period of his race. If the theocratic thesis of Jewish history sometimes obscures its political aspects, the national hatred against the cities which regained the Eastern trade after Jerusalem lost it, stands clearly out. Tyre is to be engulfed, "a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." "The riches of Damascus" "shall be taken away;" "it shall be a ruinous heap." Rabbah, the ancient halting-place, half-way down the southern caravan route, shall be "a stable for camels," "a desolate heap, and her daughters shall be burned with fire." "Bozrah shall become a desolation," a fire shall devour her palaces, and the heart of her mighty men shall be "as the heart of a woman in her pangs." The old rival Edom, towards the Egyptian terminus, forms the subject of a whole literature of denunciation.'

To the east and north of this Syrian route was the Northern. Starting from the Indus valley, it crossed the western offshoots of the Himalayas and Afghan ranges to the Oxus. Here it was joined by the great road from the western provinces of China, and the united traffic of India and of the Celestial Empire rolled westward. One branch of the route struck northwards, and skirting the southern shores of the Sea of Aral, passed round by the northern shores of the Caspian to the Volga, where the camels were unloaded and their burdens were thence transported by water and land to Novgorod. Another line ran due west to Astarabad. Here part of the goods were shipped across the Caspian and then sent overland by Tiflis to Phasis on the eastern shores of the Euxine; while the rest of the caravan pressed slowly on through Erzeroum to Trebizond, or striking south-west to Baghdad, reached the Levant by way of Smyrna, or following the old Syrian route, passed through Tadmor to Damascus and Tyre and Egypt. On reaching Phasis and Trebizond part of the traffic was shipped to the Crimea, where, in mediæval times, were the

famous ports of Kaffa and Soldaia, from whence it was sent on by the Don or Dneiper to Novgorod, and there distributed over northern and western Europe. The main portion, however, went to Constantinople, where, under the Greek Empire, it was eagerly competed for by the merchants of Genoa, Venice, Pisa and Amalfi, who had each their recognised quarter in the Byzantine capital.

Though not so old as the Central, this route was of very considerable antiquity; but its enormous length, and the deadly camel journey through alternate snowy and torrid wastes, made it of less importance, and rendered it available only for merchandise of the smallest bulk. Still the traffic along it was considerable. During the Mongol ascendancy and before the Tartars were converted to Mahomedanism, it was the highway between the East and West, and was frequented not only by embassies, but also by merchants and missionaries and that miscellaneous crowd which always follows in the wake of an army. Among the royal princes who made their way into the heart of Asia to press their interests there, and may naturally be supposed to have taken this route, are mentioned Sempad, the Orphelian, Haithon, King of Armenia, the two Davids, Kings of Georgia, and Yaroslaf, Grand Duke of Russia. Englishmen, Italians, Flemings, Frenchmen, and others followed the same route, while distinguished Mongols found their way along it to Rome, Barcelona, Valencia, Lyons, London, and Northampton. Along this route, too, Marco Polo made his famous journey to the Far East, in 1260, and by the same way came Yabhalaha and Rabban Sauma, two Nestorian Christians of Pekin, to Arghon, the Mongolian king. In 1287-88, Rabban Sauma undertook a mission to Europe, in the prosecution of which he visited Constantinople and Gascony, where he had an interview with Edward I. of England.\*

The remaining route was for the most part maritime. Though of later date than the others, it has survived them, and is now the highway of Eastern commerce. According to

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\* See the *English Historical Review*, No. 54, and the Article by Mr. Norman M'Lean.

Herodotus it was discovered or first used by Sesostris, an Egyptian monarch of the fourteenth century B.C., who has recently been identified with Ramses II. of the nineteenth dynasty. Its starting point in India was Calicut on the Malabar coast. From thence it crossed to the nearest point of Arabia. Here the fleets turned westward and, creeping along the coast, passed Aden into the Red Sea, and then sailed for the Gulfs of Suez and Akaba, where their cargoes were landed and sent on by land either to Cairo or along the route for the most part followed by the modern Pilgrim Way to Tyre. From a very early date, however, the Arab navigators were in the habit of landing their freights near the modern Kosair, and at other points along the Egyptian coast, in order to avoid the winds by which it is swept. Thence they were sent forward by caravan to Thebes, the capital of the Nile valley, and the central emporium, the fame of whose wealth and hundred gates had reached the ears of Homer. In the sixth century B.C., the trade by this route found an outlet into the Mediterranean through the Carian and Ionian settlements at the mouth of the Nile. After its foundation in 332 B.C., Alexandria became the natural *entrepôt* for the East and West. 'It grew,' as Sir William Hunter remarks, 'into the emporium of the Eastern traffic for the Greek and Roman world, eclipsed the ancient glories of Tyre, and, on its modern side, again became one of the strategic positions of the globe as the half-way house of Indo-European commerce.' After the fall of Constantinople in 1453, Egypt enjoyed almost a monopoly of the Indian trade. By this time her sailors had learned the value of the monsoons, and when the Central and Northern routes were closed by the convulsions caused by the Turks and Mongols, this Southern route remained open, and was not closed till 1517, when Egypt was conquered by the all devouring Turk.

There can be no doubt that at first this maritime route was intended as a competing route with the Central Asian or Syrian route. At the time of its inauguration, the discovery of a new way to India had become a necessity to Egypt. The fourteenth century B.C. formed the turning-point

in her history. She was no longer able to retain her supremacy over Canaan or to maintain control over the Syrian routes. The Hittites had appeared in the North, the Philistines had taken possession of the seaboard of Palestine, and, notwithstanding repeated attempts to assert her old supremacy, the whole of the lines by which the products of India had hitherto reached her from Damascus, were from time to time either in the hands of her enemies or more or less blocked.

The conception of opening up a route oversea was, for the time, a daring one, and proved, as we have seen, of immense value to Egyptian commerce. Alexandria became the commercial metropolis of the Roman world, and Pliny complained that gold and silver to the value of not less than fifty-five millions of sesterces was shipped every year to India, where it was exchanged for wares that were sold at a hundred times their prime cost.

It was not upon this route, however, that the main struggle for the Indian trade was fought out in either ancient or mediæval times. On this route there was absolutely no competition, except during the few years that Solomon sailed his fleets from Ezion-geber, or that Uzziah probably re-established the navigation at Elath, which Jehoshaphat had attempted some ninety years before, but without success. Nor was it upon the Northern route. The traffic it sustained was keenly enough competed for in the Crimea, at Constantinople, and in the Levant, by the merchants of the Italian republics, and not always honourably, but its lines were for the most part too far inland, and too remote, except during a period of brief duration, from the centres of ancient and mediæval civilisation.

It was upon the lines of the Central or Syrian route that the struggle was in ancient times fought out. For a time, as we have seen, the lines were in the hands of Israel; but Israel was too weak to hold them long. Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Macedonia, and Rome, all in their turn fought for them, and in their turn controlled them. In the seventh century A.D. they were seized by the Saracen Arabs. A trading no less than a fighting race, they soon realized their value, and under the Caliphs, Bussorah and Baghdad became 'the

opulent headquarters of the Indian trade.' In the beginning of the tenth century A.D. the ambassadors of the Byzantine Emperor, Constantine Porphyrogenitos, were received with the same splendid profusion by the Caliph as the Queen of Sheba had been received twenty centuries before by Solomon. 'The products and art-work of India were alike conspicuous at the Arab as at the Hebrew court. The Caliph's curtains were of brocade, with elephants and lions embroidered in gold. Four elephants, caparisoned in peacock-silk, stood at the palace-gate, "and on the back of each were eight men of Sind."' For a time the Syrian land routes were blocked by the Crusades, but under the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem (1099-1291), they were re-opened, and the furs of Siberia and Russia, along with the products of the tropical East, were exposed for sale in the markets of the ancient City of David, where they were eagerly purchased by the Crusaders from the West. When Baghdad went down before the Mongol hordes in 1258, the routes were practically closed. When Timur overran Asia Minor, and in 1403 drove the Knights Hospitalers from Smyrna, their last possession on the Asiatic continent, to their island stronghold in Rhodes, the whole of the Syrian land-routes were in his hands. Fifty years later, with the capture of Constantinople, the Turks obtained control over the whole of the southern outlets of the northern route. Later still, the conquest of Trebizond, in 1461, and the capture of Kaffa in 1475, placed the whole of the Black Sea trade in their hands, and the lines of the northern route which found an outlet at its ports were closed.

The Egyptian or Southern route still remained open—

'But,' to use the words of Sir William Hunter, 'the same Turkish avalanche that had thrown itself across the Syrian and Black Sea Routes was also to descend on Egypt. The Venetians, on their expulsion from Constantinople in 1261, transferred their eastern commerce to Alexandria, and after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, Egypt for a time enjoyed almost a monopoly of the Indian trade. The Monsoon passage was in fact the one channel that remained always open from India amid the Mongol-Turkish convulsions along the caravan routes. The growth of the Ottoman navy from 1470 onwards began, however, to imperil the Mediterranean outlets of the Indo-Egyptian trade. It was in

vain that Venice in 1254 made an un-Christian peace with the Moslem conquerors of Constantinople, and sought to secure the passage from the Adriatic to Alexandria by fortified stations and island strongholds along the route. Venice had ruined the naval power of Genoa, and the gallant defence of the Knights Hospitallers at Rhodes in 1480 could only delay, not avert, the Ottoman seizure of the Mediterranean highway.'

The delay was not long. In 1499 the naval power of Venice was finally crushed by the Turks at Zonchio and Lepanto, and the Rhodian Knights alone remained to contest their supremacy as a sea-power in the Mediterranean. Rhodes did not fall till towards the close of 1522, but by the conquest of Egypt in 1517, the 'finishing stroke' was put to 'the conquests by which, in the preceding century, the command of the old Indo-European highways had passed to the Turkish hordes.'

The final closure of these ancient highways, though fraught with disaster to the mercantile republics of the Mediterranean, and not less to the towns of the Hanseatic League in central and northern Europe, formed one of the turning-points in the history of commerce, and, under the circumstances, was probably the best thing that could have happened. It caused much blood to be shed, though probably not more than would otherwise have been shed. At the same time, it gave a decisive impetus to maritime discovery, and has been followed by developments in the arts of civilisation greater than any previously known. An impetus to maritime discovery had already been given by the blocking of the Northern and Syrian routes, and America had been discovered nearly twenty years prior to the seizure of Egypt by the Ottomans. But that event, while putting the finishing stroke to the Turkish conquests of the preceding century, made the discovery of a new route to India almost, if not absolutely, imperative.

In the struggle which followed, or rather in the endeavours made to find out a new easterly route to India, the little kingdom of Portugal played the most conspicuous part. Five of her best kings gave themselves to it heart and soul, while one of the noblest of her princes devoted himself to it with an enthusiasm which has won for him undying fame.

Africa is said to have been circumnavigated by a fleet sent out under Phœnician pilots, in the sixth century B.C., by Pharaoh Necho, whose attempt to regain control of the Syrian routes proved so fatal to the pious, but imprudent Josiah, King of Judah, and in the fourteenth century A.D. a tradition was still alive in Europe of a passage to India round Africa. But from the voyage of Hanno, in 570 B.C., to the fifteenth century A.D., only one example of passing the promontory of Bojador, on the West African coast, and that a chance flotsam of shipwrecked Arabs, is admitted.

Prince Henry, though he did not discover the eastern route to India, showed the way to it, and by his improvements in the arts of navigation did much to make the discovery possible. The persistence with which he sent out his ships, and the discoveries they made, have won for him his title, 'Originator of continuous modern discovery.' On his death, his work was taken up and carried on by three successive monarchs of his house, and in 1486 Bartholomew Dias, acting under the instructions of John II., succeeded in rounding the Cape of Storms, which his master re-christened the Cape of Good Hope, and reached up the eastern coast of Africa as far as Algoa Bay. Here, owing to the fears of his crew, he was obliged to return, and reached Lisbon in the following year (1487).

Shortly after, the existence of a south-east passage to India was theoretically demonstrated by Covilham. In May, 1487, he had travelled by Naples, Rhodes, and Cairo to the Red Sea. At Aden he had sailed east in an Arab ship, and having reached the Malabar coast, had remained there for some time. On his return journey he had touched at Sofala, a spot on the eastern coast of Africa, already known to the Portuguese. Thence he had gone on to Cairo, and from Cairo to Abyssinia, the country of Prester John, where he spent the remainder of his life. But before leaving Cairo, he sent home in 1490 a report of his discoveries, in which he said 'That the ships which sailed down the coast of Guinea might be sure of reaching the termination of the continent by persisting in a course to the south, and that when they should arrive in the

Eastern ocean, their best direction must be to inquire for Sofala and the Island of the Moon' (*i.e.*, Madagascar). He thus supplemented the news which had been brought to Lisbon three years before by Dias, and proved once for all the possibility of reaching India by rounding the Cape of Good Hope.

King John II., was now uneasy lest the prize so nearly within his grasp should be delivered into the hands of another power by the alternative route proposed by Columbus, and wrote immediately to him. But he was too late. Columbus was already pledged to Spain, and when in 1492 the news of his great discovery was brought, the Court at Lisbon was filled with consternation. On his arrival at St. Mary's Isle on February 18, 1493, the great navigator was seized by the Portuguese governor as a prisoner. The Pope was appealed to, treaties were made, and revised. Negotiations followed, and the celebrated Papal award was given. But into all this we need not enter. Sir William Hunter, who in regard to the appeal to the Pope, takes the obviously correct view, recently published by the Catholic Church Historian, Dr. Ludwig Pastor, has given a remarkably able and lucid account of the matter, and shown the far-reaching effect which the Pope's decision had upon subsequent maritime enterprise.

Seven years had to elapse before Covilham's instructions were acted upon. In 1490 John II. was struck down by a lingering malady, which overshadowed the rest of his life. On his partial recovery in 1491, he was overwhelmed with sorrow by the death of his only son, and the almost fatal illness of his Queen. Famine devastated his kingdom in 1494, and in the following year he died. But his successor, Emmanuel the Fortunate, took up the long suspended plan, and in June, 1497, almost exactly a month after Cabot had discovered North America for England, Vasco da Gama set out from the Tagus with a fleet of four vessels, one of which was commanded by his brother, on his famous voyage. He reached Calicut, the Indian end of the ancient Egyptian route, on May 20, 1498, and returned to the Tagus in August or September of the



following year, having lost his brother, half his ships, and more than half his crew, but bringing a freight that repaid the cost of the expedition sixtyfold. His arrival, as Sir William Hunter remarks, called forth an outburst of mercantile enthusiasm such as had never before thrilled a European nation. King Emmanuel loaded him with honours, and immediately assumed the title, 'Lord of the Conquest, Navigation, and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India,' and was afterwards confirmed in the dignity by a Papal Bull. He lost no time in trying to convert his claims to the 'Conquest of India' into a reality; and in 1500 a fleet of thirteen vessels was sent out under Pedro Alvarez Cabral, who, on his way out, discovered Brazil. In 1502 Da Gama was sent a second time, not as before on a voyage of discovery, but for the purpose of securing a permanent foothold on the Indian coast for armed commerce.

Sir William Hunter speaks of Calicut or the Malabar coast as affording the best place in all India for the Portuguese to have landed at, and from the evidence he adduces there can be no doubt that it was. The political condition of India at the time was also propitious. The Malabar coast was split up into small principalities, while in the interior the great Hindu overlordship of Vijayanagar was wrestling in mortal combat with the newer Mussalman kingdoms, before which it finally went down on the field of Talikot in 1564. Commercially, too, the aspect of affairs was equally auspicious. The fact that the trade of the country was in the hands of the followers of the Prophet served to enlist the zeal of religion into the service of commerce. The Portuguese monarchs were guided in their policy of discovery quite as much by hatred for the Moslems and the desire to propagate the true faith as they were by the spirit of mercantile enterprise. All their fleets carried a full supply of ecclesiastics, and all on board were animated by the spirit of the crusaders. The consequence was that the great conflict which had closed the old land routes of Eastern commerce, which had found their outlets in the Black Sea and along the Syrian and Egyptian coasts, was transferred to India and the Indian seas. Religion fought for trade under the banner

of the Cross as well as under the banner of the crescent. The Mameluk Sultan of Egypt threatened to slay all the Christians in his dominions, and to demolish the Holy Sepulchre, if the Pope did not stop Portuguese aggression in the East. The Venetians, who found their trade by way of Egypt imperilled, aided and abetted him. But the only reply King Emmanuel vouchsafed to the representations of the Papal Court was that his Indian policy tended to the propagation of the Faith, and to the extension of the Holy See. 'He knew,' observes Sir William Hunter, 'that he had turned the flank of Islam, and that he had the sympathy of Catholic Europe in his final and greatest crusade.' Finding his threats and the intrigues of the Venetians useless, the Mameluk Sultan in 1508 despatched a great expedition under Admiral Emir Husain with instructions to effect a junction with the Moslem Indian sea powers, and then to proceed to chastise the Portuguese. Almeida, the Portuguese Viceroy, met the combined Moslem fleet off Diu in the spring of the following year. The Moslems were defeated with the loss of 3000 of their men, and the Turkish seizure of Egypt in 1517 secured to Christendom the naval supremacy in Asia.

Almeida's victory off Diu, however, did not leave the Portuguese undisputed masters of the Eastern trade. They had still the Turks and Moors or Arabs to reckon with. Albuquerque, one of the ablest of the Portuguese Governors (1509-1515), did all that with the comparatively limited means at his disposal it was possible to do. Some strange ideas were afloat as to what ought to be done, as, for instance, the proposals to turn the waters of the Nile into the Red Sea, and to carry away the bones of Mahomet from Mecca; but the policy followed by Albuquerque, notwithstanding his repeated request for miners to tunnel a passage for the Nile through the Abyssinian mountains to the Red Sea, was extremely practical. He occupied the mouths of the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea with the design of intercepting the Moslem trade along the ancient trade routes of the Euphrates and Nile valleys. He took possession of Goa, and brought under control not only the calling places of the old African and Asiatic trade route on the Malabar littoral,

but the whole of the western coast of India from the Gulf of Cambay to Cape Comorin. And lastly, he made himself master of Malacca, built a fortress, and established a strong Portuguese Government which, for the next hundred years, amid varying fortunes, dominated the Malay Peninsula. His aim was to establish the Portuguese supremacy in the East on a firm basis, but upwards of fifty years had to elapse before his plans were completed. In 1571, fifty-six years after his death, the Court of Lisbon divided the Asiatic seas into three independent commands, with a Governor at Mozambique for the settlements on the African coast; a Viceroy at Goa for the Indian and Persian possessions, and a Governor at Malacca for the islands of the Far East.

The Moslems, however, were everywhere, and many were the fierce and bloody encounters between them and their Christian foes. Each side believed that it was fighting the battles of its God. The Christians had beaten back the fleets of the Mameluk Sultan of Cairo, but after them came the Turks, and the struggle with these was without cessation. Some idea of its character may be gathered from the following paragraph—

“The cry the Rumes are coming,” which had afflicted Albuquerque, for ever resounded in the ears of his successors. When the Portuguese closed the Malabar shore route to the Moslem world, the Arab ships struck boldly across the Indian Ocean from Aden to south of Ceylon, passing through the Maldivé Islands or far out at sea. When the Portuguese secured the strong position of Diu at the north entrance to the Indian waters, the Turks constantly harassed that station, and tried to outflank it by menacing the Portuguese factories westward on the Persian Gulf. When the Portuguese sought the enemy in the Red Sea, they were often repulsed, and their momentary successes at Aden ended in lasting failure. In vain the Lisbon Court tried to make a few years’ arrangement with the Turks, offering in 1541 to supply pepper in exchange for wheat, and passes for Moslem ships in Arabian waters in return for free entrance to Aden and the Arabian ports of the Red Sea.’

Four years later, in 1545, the Turks attacked Diu. In 1547, their janissaries appeared before the Portuguese fortress at Malacca. In 1551, and again in 1581, Portuguese Muscat was sacked by their galleys. At last a rough line of demarcation

was agreed upon as to their spheres of influence on the Persian coast, but the line was continually shifting with the fortunes of the ceaseless strife.

But in spite of Turks and Arabs and the frequent resistance of the native rulers, the Portuguese, partly by treaties and partly by war, got what they were after—control over the Indo-European trade. Their profits, as the figures adduced by Sir William Hunter show, were enormous.

‘I have mentioned,’ he says, ‘that the first cargo brought home by Vasco da Gama was reckoned to have repaid the whole cost of the expedition sixty fold. Cabral [who followed him] returned to Lisbon in 1501 with a freight of precious spices, perfumes, porcelain, pearls, rubies and diamonds. In 1504 Albuquerque followed with “forty pound of pearls, and four hundred of the small, a diamond of wonderful bigness,” and other costly articles. The gains of trade were augmented by piracy—for every Moslem or heathen ship was a fair prize. A single Calicut vessel in 1501 yielded, among other treasure, 1,500 costly pearls. In 1503 another capture contained “an idol of gold weighing thirty pounds,” with emeralds for eyes, a huge ruby on its breast, and “part of him covered with a cloak of gold set with jewels.” In return for gems, and for the pepper, ginger, cinnamon, mace, nutmegs, cloves, drugs, dyes, porcelains, perfumes, carved work, art products, and textile marvels of the East, the main commodity sent from Portugal, as from the old Roman Empire, was silver. But she also exported woollen fabrics, to a large extent woven from English fleeces on Flanders looms, linens, red cloth of State, Genoa velvets, cutlery, metal work, hardware, corals, glass, mirrors and chemicals.’

And again :

‘As regards the home-trade, one Portuguese ship brought back a freight worth, at a moderate computation, 150,000*l.*, besides jewels not reckoned in the account. As regards the port-to-port trade in Asiatic waters, the voyage from Goa to China or Japan yielded to the captain for freight alone 22,500*l.*, and from Goa to Mozambique 5,400*l.*, besides the gains from his private trade, which were equally great. As regards the profits of piracy, or the seizure of non-Christian ships, a single captain sold prizes during the space of two years aggregating about 110,000*l.* The tributes from Goa, Diu and Malacca alone were estimated at about 120,000*l.* The King’s share in the tributes, customs and prizes taken by his own ships, was reckoned at 1,000,000 crowns a year, say 225,000*l.*, and would have been double that amount, but for the frauds of the officials. His actual *clear* revenue from India was given at 154,913*l.*’

Theoretically, and indeed practically, the chief trader was the King. An attempt was made by Prince Henry to form a

company for trading to his discoveries on the African coast, but in vain. The African and Canaries trade had to become a monopoly of the royal family. Similarly when the route to India was discovered. King Emmanuel offered to share the trade with his subjects on condition that one-fourth of the returns should be paid to him, but private enterprise was unequal to the task, and for the next eighty-seven years the trade to India was carried on at the risk and on behalf of the Sovereign. But though the chief trader, he was not in receipt of all the profits. In order to interest his subjects in the enterprise, the King allowed each mariner and officer of the Indian fleets to bring home for himself a certain quantity of spices, paying as freight one-twentieth of their value. A similar policy permitted the crews engaged in the coasting trade 'to load some small things in their cabins,' and a modest per centage on the profits of the voyage. The abuses which rapidly grew up out of these permissions was enormous. The Portuguese officials were soon turned into unscrupulous adventurers, careless of their master's interest, and anxious only to grow rich. Besides, the system led to a perpetual conflict of interest between the royal trade and the officials as private traders. Commanders of the King's ships, Sir William Hunter remarks, sold their private cargo first and secured a return freight for themselves, before disturbing the market by transactions on His Majesty's account, and he gives an instance of a voyage from Bengal to Malabar yielding the captain the handsome sum of 2,450*l.*, while the King's profit was only 78*l.* That was not all. The officials, and the Portuguese were all of that class, soon ceased to interest themselves in the extension of the King's dominions, or even in their country's fame. Patriotism and every other noble sentiment went down before their greed for private gain.

But to return. Thanks to the Papal Bulls, Portugal retained the custom of the Indo-European trade absolutely undisturbed by any of the European nations for upwards of three-quarters of a century. All were desirous of sharing it, but the Pope's award was a sufficient protection to the Portuguese kings. England was vainly seeking a passage

to the Indies by the North Atlantic, and in 1497, Cabot, as we have seen, while seeking this passage for her, had discovered North America. In 1551, what was really the first English East India Company, was formed, with Sebastian Cabot as governor for life, for the purpose of discovering a route to Asia by the north-east. But it was not till 1578 that an English ship emerged in the Indian seas. In that year Drake broke into the Pacific by the south-western route, and visited the Moluccas. Elizabeth did not follow up this voyage to its mercantile uses, but later she found it necessary to challenge the Papal settlement of 1493, and spoke of the Pope's award as the 'donation of the Bishop of Rome.' The two together, Drake's voyage and Elizabeth's challenge, had a wonderful effect. Visions of new possibilities were opened up in the minds of the English merchants in connection with the Indian trade, and in 1582 an expedition was sent out, with instructions to reach the Moluccas either by the Cape of Good Hope or by the Straits of Magellan. The command, after it had been declined by Frobisher, was entrusted to Fenton, who returned after an absence of eleven months, only to report his unnecessary failure. Elizabeth still vacillated. 'She was willing,' as Sir William Hunter remarks, 'to see her subjects do what she feared to undertake,' but the encouragement she gave them was extremely dubious. At last, when the Armada had come and perished, she adopted a decided policy. Hitherto England's share in the Indian trade had been carried on through Antwerp and Venice, but when these were closed by the action of Philip II., Elizabeth no longer hesitated, and in 1591 the first English squadron sailed round the Cape of Good Hope for India. It consisted of three vessels. One of them had to return from the Cape laden with victims of scurvy, and another went down in a storm. But Captain James Lancaster succeeded in reaching the Malay Peninsula, and, after being terribly tossed about on the Atlantic, brought back in 1594 a precious cargo of pepper and rich booty.

Meanwhile the Dutch were stirring. In 1593 Barents attempted to reach Asia by the North-east passage. The following year he was at Staten Island. In 1596 he reached

Spitzbergen, and was forced 'in great cold, poverty, misery, and grief, to stay all that winter' at the Haven of Nova Zembla. He died on the return voyage in the following spring, and the Dutch, like the English, giving up all attempts to find a passage by the North, resolved to reach their goal by the South. John Huyghen van Linschoten of Haarlem, who had lived at Goa from 1583 to 1589, in the train of the Portuguese Archbishop, had already placed the stores of knowledge, which he had gained in Indo-Portuguese employ, at the service of his country; and in 1595, the year after the return of the English expedition, a squadron of four ships was sent out under Cornelius Houtman 'to the countries lying on the other side of the Cape of Good Hope.' He returned in 1597, having lost two-thirds of his crews. Of actual trade he did little, but he brought back with him a treaty with the King of Bantam, which opened up to Holland the Indian Archipelago.

That was the beginning. In 1591 Ralph Fitch had returned from his adventures in Burma, Malacca, the Golden Chersonesus, Bengal, Cochin, and Goa, and 'thrilled London with the magnificent possibilities of Eastern commerce.' One effect of his representations was the expansion of the English Turkey Company, which had been incorporated in 1581, into the East India Company, with a charter to trade through the Grand Seignior's 'countries overland to the East Indies.' A more important effect was the rivalry which sprang up between the Dutch and the English.

'It now became a race,' to use Sir William Hunter's words, 'between England and Holland for the capture of the Indian trade. Houtman's expedition of 1595-97, under the impulse of Linschoten, was quickly succeeded by others. In 1598 five Dutch squadrons sailed, including the one under the famous Van Neck, whose return with more treaties and a rich freight intoxicated the nation. Houtman himself went forth on a second expedition, in which he and many others were treacherously slain. The survivors returned in 1600. Between 1595 and 1601 no fewer than fifteen Dutch expeditions started for India by the Cape of Good Hope or the Straits of Magellan. By that time associations for Eastern trade had been formed throughout the United Provinces, and in 1602 they were amalgamated by the States-General into the Dutch East India Company.

'England pressed hard after Holland, although with less certain steps. It seemed, indeed, that Captain Lancaster's heroic voyage of 1591-1594

had given the lead to our nation, and if followed up, it would certainly have placed us first in the race. But Elizabeth still cherished some flickering fancies about Spain; the States-General indulged in no illusions regarding Philip II., and had got beyond hopes or fears. Moreover, England had rival interests—the Muscovy Company, with its old route through Russia, and the Turkey Company with its new charter to trade to India by the Levant; for Holland the question was the Cape route or none. During Lancaster's absence in the Asiatic seas, Elizabeth heard from Seville that, rather than let the English trade with the Indies, the Spaniards "will sell their wives and children."

The English East India Company was founded in 1600. Unlike the royal system of Portugal and the semi-State Company of the Dutch, it was an association of private individuals acting under a royal charter which, while it conferred certain privileges, laid down certain restrictions. Its first Governor was Thomas Smythe, who is also named as the founder of the Levant Company in its charter of 1581. The two companies were at first so closely connected that their proceedings were both entered in the same book. Of the constitution and workings of the new company Sir William Hunter gives an elaborate account, the materials for which he has drawn from contemporary records. It exhibits a detailed history of the constitution and methods of the Company, and makes up one of the most interesting chapters of the volume. Our business here, however, is with the struggle in the East.

The Company's first expedition started from Torbay, April 22, 1601, and was under the command of Lancaster, the hero of the Cape voyage of 1591-94. A second was sent out in 1604, a third in 1607, a fourth in 1608, and others in 1609, 1610, and 1611. In 1612 two were dispatched. With the exception of the expedition of 1608, all were successful, the profits on the voyages ranging from 95 to 234 per cent. They had to contend with 'The Interlopers,' that is, with individuals like Sir Edward Michelborne, who obtained royal licences of discovery on their own account, and seriously compromised the position of the Company by their piratical proceedings. But the Company's chief opponents were the Portuguese, with whom they were soon in conflict, and by whom they were regarded as pirates. In 1612 a serious engagement was fought by



Captain Thomas Best at the mouth of the Surat river with a Portuguese fleet consisting of four ships, mounting over 120 guns, attended by twenty-six or thirty rowed galleys. Best had only his own ship, the *Red Dragon*, and a smaller vessel, the *Hosiander*; but though greatly overmatched, taking advantage of the tides and shallows, he kept up the fight from November 29 to December 24, when the Portuguese were decisively put to flight. Three days after, Best triumphantly re-opened communication with the English factory on shore. The main combat of the fight was fought before the eyes of the Mogul camp, which had been pitched near the factory. The consequence was that to the Portuguese their defeat had another and more serious result. It broke the reputation they had won in India by their achievements at sea during a hundred years. They never regained it. Three years after Best's fight, another fight took place at the mouth of the same river, and, as before, in sight of the Mogul camp. The odds were still greater. Downton, the English captain, had but four vessels, with 400 men and eighty guns, while the Portuguese fleet was composed of six huge galleons, three smaller ships, two galleys, and sixty rowed barges, manned by 2,600 Europeans, whose duty was to work 234 guns, besides native crews to the number of 6,000. But after various engagements lasting from January 19, to February 13, 1615, outwitted in strategy and beaten in fighting, the armada sailed away. In 1622 Ormuz, 'the pearl of Portuguese Asia,' fell to the English, and with it the command of the Persian Gulf. Twenty years later Portugal partially, and twelve years later still, in 1654, fully accepted the situation which had arisen, and agreed that the English should have the right to reside and trade in all her eastern possessions.

The rivalry of the Dutch was much more serious. Their United East India Company had the enormous capital of 540,000*l.* It was closely connected with the State, and was strongly supported by the Government. Down to 1612 the English Company was working its inadequate system of 'separate voyages,' and for many years to come was much less rich both in ships and in capital. Besides, under Elizabeth and

her two successors, it received little or no support from Government. At times, indeed, the action of the Government tended to weaken rather than to strengthen its position. At first the two Companies united their forces to crush the Portuguese, by whom they were both regarded as illegal intruders, but their differing aims soon threw them apart, and finally into collision. The aim of the English Company was trade; that of the Dutch was likewise trade, but it was also vengeance upon the Spanish and conquest. One fixed aim in their policy was the exclusive possession of the Spice Island, and, well led and well supported at home, partly by treaty and partly by force, they gradually asserted their supremacy in the Eastern Seas. With a number of the islands and princes, treaty rights had also been acquired by the English. They also laid claim to an equal right with the Dutch to make treaties with the native princes of the Moluccas or Spice Islands, on the ground that Drake had arrived there in 1579, and denied that the few coast castles erected by the Dutch amounted to effective occupation. The situation, indeed, was incompatible with peace, and though in Europe the two Governments were at peace, and were regarded as the joint-defenders of a great cause, in the East their subjects were at war. In 1619 an arrangement was come to, which was to last for twenty years. The claims of the London Company for compensation, reckoned at 100,000*l.* for a single year, were simply ignored in the arrangement, and the provisions of the treaty, which had been practically dictated by the Dutch, proved from the first to be unworkable by the English. After a momentary pause, the war broke out afresh. The English were everywhere out-manceuvred or overmatched, till at last, in 1623, when the tragedy of Amboyna was enacted by the Dutch, the English, despairing of assistance from the government at home, and exhausted by the unequal strife, withdrew from the Archipelago, and left their victorious rivals in undisputed possession. Representations were, of course, made at the Hague by the London government, and requests were repeatedly made for compensation, but the States-General knew, as Sir William Hunter puts it, 'that James would not fight, and that Charles could not,' and paid little or

no attention to them, and it was not till the year 1654, thirty-one years after the tragedy had been enacted, and when England was under the iron rule of Cromwell, that damages to the amount of 85,000*l.* were agreed to be paid to the London Company by their Dutch rivals, with 3,165*l.* to the heirs of the men who were done to death at Amboyna, and that Pularoon was restored to English rule. With the payment of these long deferred claims, the ancient and mediæval struggles for the Eastern trade may be said to have closed.

It is with the Amboyna incident that Sir William Hunter closes the first portion of his narrative—a narrative which, so far, is distinguished by a remarkable erudition, and is the beginning of a work which promises to form a new and fruitful beginning in the historical literature of the Indian possessions of the British Crown.

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#### ART. II.—GOLF AND ITS LITERATURE.

1. *Golf.* By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. London: Longmans & Co. The Badminton Library. New Edition. 1898.
2. *The World of Golf.* By GARDEN G. SMITH. London: A. D. Innes & Co. The Isthmian Library. 1898.
3. *Our Lady of the Green: a Book of Ladies' Golf.* Edited by L. MACKERN and M. BOYS. London. Lawrence & Bullen. 1898.
4. *The Golf-Book of East Lothian.* Edited by JOHN KERR, M.A., Minister of Dirleton. Edinburgh: T. & A. Constable. 1896.
5. *British Golf Links.* Edited by HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. London: J. S. Virtue & Co. 1897.

IT has been said—and by an eminent tactician, too—that the proper moment for a nation to seek to ‘organise victory’ is the moment of defeat. History has certainly justified this view.

The military ascendancy of Germany, so amply demonstrated on the fields of Sadowa and Sedan, really dates from the day after the rout of Jena, when a then unknown officer of artillery in the Prussian army, acting, however, under very eminent political inspiration, set himself to the task of discovering the weak points in what up to that disastrous time had been regarded as the most perfect military machine in Europe. It has yet to be seen if what holds true of tactics in warfare also holds good of tactics in the pacific fields of sport. This at least may be said, however, that if defeat be the best of all incentives to recovering the art of victory, Scotland has it—on the links—at the present moment. Golf is, beyond all question, her national as well as her royal and ancient game; yet in 1898 she has to confess at once to her Falkirk and her Flodden. In May, on her own chosen ground of Prestwick, her favourite champion, Mr. F. G. Tait, succumbed in the final round of the Amateur Championship to the eminent English golfer, Mr. John Ball. It is true that Mr. Tait was only beaten by a putt, and at the thirty-seventh hole, after perhaps the most exciting day that this competition has ever seen. But beaten he was; according to the rigour of the game—and the rigour is one of its greatest charms—the miss of an inch is quite as disastrous as the miss of a mile. It meant that while Mr. Tait might—and, according to the vast majority of critics, ought—to have become champion for the third time, Mr. Ball, as a matter of fact, did become champion for the fifth.

The Flodden of Sandwich in June was even more disastrous than the Falkirk of Prestwick in May. In the Amateur Championship no professional is of course allowed to compete. The Open Championship, which this year was contested on an English course that is allowed to be one of the best in the Kingdom, is, as the name implies, at the mercy of the best golfer for the time, or at least for two days, whether he be amateur or professional. It was won by Harry Vardon, of Scarborough, for two years in succession, and for the third time altogether. A Scotchman, it is true, occupied the second place in the Open, as in the Amateur Championship. But the triumph of Vardon was much more complete and, to appearance, easier than was the

victory of Mr. Ball over Mr. Tait. There is, indeed, but one consolation for the third victory of Vardon, at all events from the Scottish point of view. After an almost unbroken series of victories in tournaments, lasting over two years, the third championship at Sandwich places him in a class by himself. He is the Napoleon of golf; even the great Tom Morris, whose image, graven by a cunning hand, in the Cathedral Cemetery in St. Andrews, is one of the sights of that old but rejuvenated town—is but its Marlborough. And thereby may hang a tale which Scottish patriotism should have unearthed—or invented—long ago. When the world was at Napoleon's feet, an exiled Royalist discovered that the conquest had been effected, not by a Frenchman, but by 'a little Corsican,' and that, in fact, France had been humbled and the Continent reduced to the level of a province of Rome in the days of the great Republic's ascendancy, in order that a Bonaparte might avenge the wrongs of a Paoli. Similarly may Scotland not explain away and find consolation for her defeat in the Open Championship by making the most of the fact that she has succumbed, not to an Englishman in the ordinary and proper sense of the word, but to a lithe athlete from Jersey, which is a part of England in the same way that Corsica is a part of France? As it may also be maintained that Vardon must, so far as blood is concerned, be a Frenchman—though what of the stout and delightful John Bullish locksmith, and his daughter Dolly in *Barnaby Rudge*?—one can readily believe that an attempt might be made to show that the triumphs of the invincible champion are associated with the revival of that Anglo-Scottish alliance which in the past neutralized the superiority of the southern Kingdom to the northern in point of size and population.

Such may be vain imaginings, however, and in any case Scotland will not recover her lost ascendancy by putting faith in 'refuges of lies' or half-truths. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that anything whatever can be done except to attempt to add to the Scottish physical strength and fervidity which have won victories in the past, that English coolness and steadiness of purpose which have stood our neighbours in such good stead in the past and equally in the fields of work and of play. It is more

than whispered that, in point of sobriety, Scottish professionals do not as a class compare quite favourably with their English brethren, the majority of whom are total abstainers. There are, of course, notable—and, considering the peculiar ‘temptations’ to which they are subjected, even noble—exceptions. All the world—at least all the golfing world—knows that Tom Morris, who is now within two years of fourscore, and who plays as steady, if not quite as powerful, a game as ever he did, is not only the Nestor of golf but its Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*, and that Willie Park, who is perhaps the one Scottish player that the Open Champion has any reason to fear, and who is known not only as a great golfer but as a modest gentleman and a prosperous man of business, owes his success in some measure to the fact that, without advertising his virtue, he has followed Arnold’s golden rule in minor ethics, and made conduct three-fourths of life. Owing to the keen competition which extends through all departments of human activity, the prizes of pastime as of labour are for those who obey that golden rule, and the wisest patriotism in Scotland will be that which has no fellowship whatever with what is still stigmatised as the national vice.

Beyond a word of caution and remonstrance which comes not only in effect but almost literally to the Scriptural ‘Add to your knowledge temperance, and to your temperance patience,’ it is impossible to indicate how Scotland is to recover the sceptre that has been taken from her. No royal road to success in golf has been, or is likely, to be discovered, even in ingenious America, where the game has ‘caught on’ like Methodism and Ian Maclaren. No doubt our transatlantic cousins have, as their manner is, discovered many devices for saving trouble and, above all, physical exertion in connection with the game. Bicycle paths have, it seems, been laid out on several courses, and the enterprising golfer and his caddie now mount their wheels and ‘scorch’ after the ball. The Oakland Club, in Long Island, have, it is averred, now gone a step further, and taken means to construct a private tramway completely round their course. The cars will be furnished with easy chairs, and iced drinks served during the progress from hole to hole. It is not easy, of course, to say how much of racial humour, or of what, in the meantime,

seems to be racial indolence, there may be in such stories. But in this country, at all events, where the game is most engaged in at those seasons of the year when iced drinks and even bicycle spins are not calculated to promote good play, such innovations are not at all likely to be copied, much less bettered. It is hardly possible, indeed, to conceive of the game being so greatly altered without its being ruined, at least in the eyes of genuine devotees. No doubt guttapercha balls of endless variety have been substituted for the feather-balls with which the heroes of an older generation of professional golfers, like Allan Robertson, won their hundreds of victories. Nearly every club-maker of any ability or ambition, produces at least one improved putter, cleek, or mashie, in his life time; some produce such once a year. Certain changes in the face of wooden clubs, for example, the now well known 'bulger,' have obviously 'come to stay.' Club talk of an afternoon or evening not infrequently takes the form of an amicable discussion of rival 'patents.' At the same time no radical changes but at the best quite conservative modifications in the apparatus of the game may be anticipated. Its etiquette, and the general character of the clubs and balls used in it, are no more likely to undergo a change deserving of that designation than is the practice of laying out a course of eighteen holes on a strip of sea-shore. No doubt competition tends to greater perfection in play. The great success of English players like Vardon and Taylor among professionals, and of Mr. John Ball and of Mr. Harold Hilton among amateurs, is commonly attributed to what critics are in the habit of terming the 'machine-like precision' of their play. But the 'machine-like precision' of play, like the machine-like precision of modern warfare, simply means more perfect discipline of powers already in existence, not the creation of new powers. If a man is to be a supreme golfer, he must act in precisely the same way as he would do if he wished to be a supreme artist, or a supreme soldier, or indeed to be supreme in any sphere of human activity. He must bend all his powers not only to the attainment of the ambition itself, but to the preparation of the means—chiefly in the shape of absolutely cool nerves—for that attainment. He must, in that Biblical language which always expresses 'fundamental' emotion better than any other,

not only press forward toward the mark, but must cast off every weight and—this is emphatically true of every golfer—the sin that doth so easily beset him.

It may be said that in spite of the undoubted boom in golf, it is not so popular even yet as certain others which figure in that athletic revival which is undoubtedly one of the great features of our day, and which will probably have very far-reaching consequences as regards the national future, even although that amiable enthusiast may have overshot the mark who maintained that it will 'kill out hard drinking.' Football is the game of the masses; it is the ecstasy of democratic pastime. Cricket commands the devotion of all the classes from top to bottom; it stands towards other sports in the relation in which the Anglican Church stands—in English ground—to other bodies. Cycling threatens all games, though it is also calculated to supplement them and facilitate their being played. Yet golf more than any other game suggests permanence, a local habitation, the employment of labour, the alternation—which always commends itself to a great and understanding people like the British or the American—between the highest and most intense seriousness and the purest and most absolutely unrestrained merriment. According to statistics which appear in more than one of the volumes whose names appear at the beginning of this article, golf at the present moment means an annual expenditure of £2,000,000. Probably this is an underestimate. There must be somewhere about 2000 golf clubs and club houses in the world. Each of these requires a staff of servants almost comparable to that of an average hotel. Almost every one has at least one 'professional' or club-maker, who has to attend to the actual wants of the members in such matters as clubs and balls, who has men in his employ, and who may see that the links of his club are kept in order, although a special official or green-keeper is often retained for this duty, and of course is paid a special salary. In addition, each club has partly at least under its control a large and often ragged regiment of 'caddies' of almost all ages, who carry clubs for players at a fixed rate. The future of these too often Bedouin hangers-on or camp-followers of the game is one of the



problems which will have to be faced by serious players ere very long.

As things stand, therefore, golf is already a great industry. Further, its permanence seems to be assured, because, among other reasons, it is the game *par excellence* of middle age. No doubt the leading prizes in connection with it are carried off by young men; it is they who 'break records,' and decorate their rooms with medals. But as the nature of youth is, they are volatile, and were another fashion in games to be set, they would seek excellence or supremacy in that. Golf is always on the other hand assured of a fairly large constituency in men of forty and upwards. The reasons for this are obvious. They have been so admirably stated by Mr. Arthur Balfour in the Badminton manual of golf that it would be superfluous to labour this point or to do other than quote his words :

'Long before middle age is reached, rowing, rackets, fielding at cricket are a weariness to those who once excelled at them. At thirty-five, when strength and endurance may be at their maximum, the particular elasticity required for these exercises is seriously diminished. The man who has gloried in them as the most precious acquirements begins so far as they are concerned, to grow old; and growing old is not commonly supposed to be so agreeable an operation in itself as to make it advisable to indulge in it more often in a single life than is absolutely necessary. The golfer, on the other hand, is never old until he is decrepit. So long as Providence allows him the use of two legs active enough to carry him round the green and of two arms supple enough to take a "half swing," there is no reason why his enjoyment in the game need be seriously diminished. Decay no doubt there is; long driving has gone for ever; and something less of firmness and accuracy may be noted even in the strong game. But the decay has come by such slow gradations, it has delayed so long and spared so much that it is robbed of half its bitterness.'

The chapter from which these observations are taken is entitled 'The Humours of Golf,' and doubtless when Mr. Balfour wrote them he was not animated by the 'high seriousness' which dominates him when he is defending Lord Salisbury's policy in the Soudan or advocating the establishment of two denominational Universities in Ireland. But, being immersed in public affairs and anxieties, he knows the enormous advantage it is to a man to obtain relief from these even say for a Saturday afternoon. It stands to reason that such a change has its physi-

ological value. By relieving the pressure of blood on the head and so to speak—this at least is the layman's idea, though the chances are that it is quite a mistaken one—bringing it down to the legs and arms which are used in walking and swinging, it may help to delay the onslaught of paralysis or apoplexy, or some other special physical evils to which flesh is heir.

But, after all, staving off death—a speculative and questionable enterprise at the best—is a secondary consideration compared with the introduction of innocent ecstasy into life. This it is which induces men who devote to their business and ambition twelve hours a day for five days a week—and for whom the compulsory eight hours' day would mean the deprivation of that zest which makes life worth living—to give up Saturday to an innocent debauch of golf. One of the numerous poets of the links to whom the Rev. Mr. Kerr of Dirleton introduces us in *The Golf-Book of East Lothian*—a volume which is not only the manual of golf history, but a monument of golf enthusiasm—sings, with something more than a suspicion of a lame foot—

‘ One only thought can enter every head—  
The thought of golf, to wit—and that engages  
Men of all sizes, tempers, ranks and ages ;  
The root—the *primum mobile* of all,  
The epidemic of the club and ball ;  
The work by day, the source of dreams by night,  
The never-failing fountain of delight.’

There is truth in this, no doubt, but it is laboured like a Scotch sermon of the old school. Byron went straight to the root of the matter, so far as all hot-blooded energetic races are concerned, when he declared in his daring, if perhaps too theatrically defiant fashion—

‘ Man, being reasonable, must get drunk,  
The best of life is but intoxication.’

It is quite possible that in Byron's day, owing to the want of facilities for ‘getting drunk’ in a ‘reasonable’ fashion, most men, including Byron himself—although his alcoholic excesses are now known to have been grossly exaggerated—took the way which, not being guided by reason, led to physical and moral destruction. But as Burns would have put it with an audacity

at least equal to Byron's, 'The light that led astray was light from Heaven.' In other words, Byron's principle was absolutely sound; it is the application of it that is absolutely and mischievously unsound. Intoxication regarded as ecstasy, as getting into what Carlyle termed 'an automatic condition,' as an attempt to escape from the burdens of existence for a short time with a view solely to bearing them more resolutely afterwards, is one of the goals which all sensible men aim at, which indeed the conditions of a hurried existence and their own constitutions compel them to aim at. And it is because this goal is arrived at, without the incurring of any thing in the shape of social disrepute, personal humiliation, remorse, or injury to health, that this game, which is fascinating in its supreme absorption, has become the favourite form of intoxication with middle-aged men of action on both sides of the Border, if not also on both sides of the Atlantic. Some patriots, who agree with Lord Rosebery that patriotism is self-respect of race, but who also maintain that self-respect of race must be based on self-respect in the individual, look forward to the time when the passion for athletics will conquer the national craving for drink by routing it out. That may or may not be; the dream at all events is not unworthy of encouragement. Meanwhile, it is tolerably safe to say that the just and middle-aged Scotsman made perfect, if ever, by the mysterious processes of evolution, he is made perfect on earth—which is doubtful, and might conceivably be undesirable—will be found to have attained this commanding position in the scale of being, by substituting golf for alcohol, nicotine, and every other form of escape from the over-pressure of a too busy life.

It has already been said that golf has come to be the game of graver folk on both sides of the Border, and on both sides of the Atlantic. But is it also to be the game of both sexes, and the game which the two will delight most to play together? This is a question which all earnest lovers of the game—and no other persons are deserving of much consideration in this connection—will admit to be both delicate and difficult. At first it would seem as if there could be but one answer to the question. That ladies play golf is abundantly clear to any one who pays a visit to any seaside or inland course which is of the slightest im-

portance. He sees a ladies' course of by no means insignificant size, and a ladies' club-house which does not differ materially from that which shelters and refreshes their male friends. He hears much of ladies' competitions, ladies' medal days, and so forth. He may even see the thin end of the wedge of female equality with men in respect of golf in what are known in lamentably unromantic phraseology of the links as 'mixed foursomes'—games, that is to say, in which the sexes are partnered against each other. There is now a ladies' golf championship, as there are an amateur championship, an open championship, and an Irish championship. The names of some female players, such as Miss Edith Orr, Miss Lena Thomson, Miss Amy Pascoe, and above all, Lady Margaret Hamilton Russell, who, in her maiden days, as Lady Margaret Scott, won the ladies' championship three times, are now almost as much talked of as that of Mr. Tait or Mr. Ball, Harry Vardon or Willie Park. 'Ladies' golf' now occupies a prominent place in every manual of the game, and as the list of books at the head of this article shows, at least one volume published in this country, *Our Lady of the Green*—there may be ever so many more in America—is devoted exclusively to this subject. It would seem that the preponderating weight of medical evidence is distinctly in favour of golf as a healthy exercise for girls. It would also seem that the no less preponderating weight of lay male evidence is in favour of it on the necessarily very important ground of grace. Thus a girl lightly swinging a golf club is universally allowed to be a much more attractive object than a girl riding a bicycle. That female golf has, like male golf, come, and that a certain amount of it at all events will stay, may be considered quite certain.

Meanwhile, however, it should be borne in mind that as regards golf the Tennysonian view of the sexes has been accepted. Woman is the lesser man, and therefore plays on the lesser links. 'Mixed foursomes,' by way of concession to what, though with less emphasis than before, is still styled the 'weaker sex,' are generally played on the courses laid out for that sex. But golf, like every other preserve of man, is threatened with an invasion from what John Knox would now-a-days require all even of his marvellous courage to style 'the monstrous regiment of women.' Their

advance has been alarmingly steady. At first with a large putting-green divided into the 18 holes. This proving insufficient, short courses most all characteristics to those laid out for the same art in play and skill, and almost all clubs, were laid out. Nearly every one of the now to be found in the United Kingdom has kind extending to 12 holes. Even this demands of feminine ambition. We find Miss was champion in 1896, writing in *The Woman* increases her range of sport, the sportsmen will increase, while the championship will importance. Women will go to these competitions amuse themselves and others! The spirit of love of a thing for its own sake, unconditioned fatigue or pleasure, will gradually effect an improvement connected with the game. The older holed out, the younger, possessed of better sportsmanlike education, will develop to the capabilities for a pastime where strength and chief essentials. The play of golfers like the increasing prevalence of all conditions favorable athletic development, seems to justify the idea of the future will have no short links, and among themselves for championship honours, course with man as they share with him the and hunting field.

To the average male who likes to keep to himself at least to his sex, the prospect Pascoe holds out may seem somewhat alarming. Women of exceptional physique or of excellence to the game may demand to be admitted to men as regards all facilities for play. Of course demand is made it will be conceded. But it is the average woman will rush in where her excellence does not fear to tread; even if, in obedience to her she does rush in now, she may be relied on to glide out with as much grace and as little noise

golf is, with all respect to Miss Pascoe, not quite in the same position as lawn tennis and hunting, or even as croquet and cycling. These do not make large demands upon the physique of the average girl; golf—if it were only for the amount of walking that is involved in covering an ordinary eighteen-hole course—unquestionably does make such demands. Besides, golf when it is played in accordance with the rigour of the game—and the charm of it is gone if the rigour is departed from—does not promote the friendly and open and above-board relations between the sexes which are very properly intended to lead to that making of marriages which, next to what Ruskin terms ‘the manufacture of souls,’ is the greatest of social industries. It is nothing if not absorbing, intense, selfish. The pleasure of it lies in competition, not in co-operation. The virtues it encourages are Pagan, not Christian. It promotes silence, not chatter. One of the limping but fervid poetasters of the game represents how—

‘In solemn silence all  
Pursue the good red-gutta ball!’

The spectacle of a crowd following a great professional golf-match at St. Andrews, speechless and reverent, in an age when, according to Carlyle, the Anglo-Saxon people are all ‘gone to wind and tongue,’ is most inspiring and hopeful. It is an initiation in Pythagorean silence. It reveals the bed-rock of British seriousness. But the links are not the field of love; the cleek and the mashie, the brassey and the driver, the niblick and the baffle—the very names are abhorrent to Arcadian sentiment—are not the arms of Venus, or of Mars wooing Venus. A little tepid flirtation may be permissible—though even there it is bad form—in a ‘foursome,’ with its gentle suggestions of what the man in the street terms altruism. But in a ‘single,’ the life of which is unrelenting competition, it is hopeless. When Beatrice says—or looks—‘Benedick, if you love me as you profess to do, you will miss that two-foot putt; if you don’t, consider our engagement at an end,’ and Benedick yields to the temptation, then the game is up. Perhaps it would also be well that the match should be off.

Whether marriages are made in Heaven is a moot point; it is quite certain that very few are, will be, or ought to be, made on the golf-course.

The 'boom' in ladies' golf has therefore, in all probability, reached its height. Not improbably, however, it will have one good effect. So long as men alone played the game it was regarded as essentially selfish. How often does one hear the complaint that some place is chosen for the annual family holiday exclusively for the sake of the head of the family and his sons, who wish to spend the whole day in playing, and the whole evening in talking, golf; and that in consequence the interests and pleasures of mother and daughters are absolutely sacrificed. But if mother and daughters take sufficient delight in the game to play it themselves—and, let it be added, by themselves—then there may be a reconciliation of interests, and, as a consequence, what the late Laureate termed 'a union as before but vaster.'

It is not impossible too, that an accession of feminine interest may not be without its effect in helping to solve that special labour problem in golf which so many regard as the one blot upon the game. The question, what to do with its camp-followers, the great host of loafers, young and old, who as 'caddies' carry clubs for players, and who seem to be indispensable, urgently calls for answer. Will some captain of industry, some pacific Kitchener or Macdonald, be able to discipline these irregular levies without the help of Arabic or even Scottish imprecations? Or will it be found that after all club-bearing will prove to be the model, if not the exclusive occupation of that section of our population—as of every population—which is incurably nomadic? If the latter rather helpless solution of the problem be accepted, then the gently humanising influences of female players may become of genuine advantage.

But the 'caddie' and other questions associated with golf will naturally fall to be considered when it is finally consolidated as the game for middle-aged men of action in all grades of society. That time cannot be far distant. The amount of turf in the United Kingdom that is available for the game is limited, and has been well nigh all utilised already. Besides it is but reasonable to anticipate that the 'boom' in the game will not

—simply as a ‘boom’—last very much longer even in the case of men. A ‘falling off’ in the youth of both sexes may be anticipated. Besides, although golf is not one of the most expensive of games, it cannot be played on nothing. What with train-fares from the large cities to the sea-coast, caddies, balls, the renewal of clubs, and other ‘incidental expenses,’ it probably means to the player of average enthusiasm, who benefits physically by the game, and therefore desires to play it under essentially comfortable circumstances, an outlay of between £40 and £50 a year. Even this is ‘prohibitive’ in the case of many, who would, under other circumstances, be devotees of the links.

Then it should never be forgotten that golf is to all intents and purposes its sole—though also its exceedingly great—reward. It has, no doubt, produced, an enormous mass of literature. But the books overlap each other, give the same information about the length of the different courses in the world, fight the old historic battles between giants such as the Morrisies and the Parks, reproduce the same ‘records,’ such as Mr. F. G. Tait’s 72 at St. Andrews, and tell the same ‘good stories,’ such as that of the Divinity Professor who was found ‘foozlin’ his ba’s and damnin’ maist awfu.’ Even in the history of golf nothing new has been discovered. Mr. Andrew Lang separates the wheat of truth from the chaff of historical legend with considerable success when he says :—

‘ Whether golf was developed in Scotland only out of one of its foreign sisters or cousins, or whether it was carried hither from Holland (where a picture by Cuyp shows us a little girl armed with regular clubs, on links by the sea) or whether, again, Holland borrowed from Scotland, are difficult points. It is certain that in the reign of James II. the Scotch bought their balls from Holland, so that James put on a prohibitive tariff, as it was not then the crazy fashion to encourage foreign at the expense of home manufactures. This looks as if golf had its native seat in Holland. However this may be, to write the history of golf as it should be done demands a thorough study of all Scottish Acts of Parliament, kirk session records, memoirs, and, in fact, of Scottish literature, legislation, and history from the beginning of time.’

As for its introduction into Scotland, Mr. Kerr puts the truth into a nutshell when he says :—



'When we leave the immediate present and look away up the vista of the past, we find that the evolution of the game may be more distinctly traced in East Lothian than in any other part of Scotland. There is reason to believe that the common people in this district were among those who were forbidden to play by Acts of Parliament, and ordered to practise archery as a more useful art. We have evidence that James V. came to the district to golf; while the unfortunate Queen Mary, at one of the eventful times in her eventful life, is said to have had a game on Seton green. From glimpses here and there in old records we shall find that our nobility set the example, which their successors nearly all have followed, of having matches at golf, with a half-crown or more to be entered in their account books, either on the credit or debit side. While gentle and simple were united in their devotion to golf, we shall find that in East Lothian questions have arisen as to popular rights on the greens and commons, which in their solution are interesting, for such questions are sure to arise in many other places as the game develops. In this country, while we have the old story about certain delinquents having to "thole the Session" for playing on Sunday "during sermons," we shall find that the clergy have all along been supporters of the game, and accustomed *in loco* to doff "the sad raiment of the Church," that they might don the lively toggery of the golf-links. They have evidently esteemed golf as old Bishop Latimer esteemed archery, of which, in a sermon before King Edward II., he said: "It is a godly art, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physie."

Golf has its humours, rather than its humour in the literary sense. Every club-house rings with 'good stories,' but when they appear in print, they are rather suggestive of Colonel Newcome and his cold negus. Humour takes the form of grotesque exaggeration, as when Mr. D. L. Watson, one of the most promising of the younger writers on sport discourses thus:

'Marvellous it is to think what golf has become. Who would have thought that for so many centuries there lay embedded in the Old Red Sandstone of the Scots imagination a game with the possibilities which golf has been shown to possess? Just think of it; think of this golf lingering on these wind-swept sandy reaches by the northern seas, like a maid of wondrous beauty unappreciated in her old accustomed home, till the heaven-sent man came by, saw her, took her with him, and spread her fame about the universal world. Who can resist being rhapsodical; or wondering who was the first Southron man who was persuaded to handle a golf-club, tried a drive, tasted its delights, and saw in them a power which would enchant the whole English-speaking races! Think where it has spread; or rather, name if you can a place where it does not prevail. They play it in India even, as witness the description of a course

there given us at a late period of the evening by a gentleman who had lived in that mystic land. Space will not permit us to repeat it in detail, but we may mention the hole where the tee-shot has to be played over a stretch of jungle inhabited by a man-eating tiger and his family. By a local rule, any player who goes in after a topped drive is allowed five minutes to return; if then he does not reappear he—well, he loses the hole. The putting-green is by the edge of a swamp, guarded by alligators. Cobras are a hazard, and on the putting-green must not be moved; you have to “loft” over or play round them. Nearly every village, our friend says in closing, has its own lynx.’

Sometimes, too, the blundering or comic foreigner comes to the aid of the native ‘wut’ of the Scotsman, as in this delicious passage which Mr. Garden Smith places in the front of his excellent and compact and statistical—but not too statistical—handbook:—

‘Saint Andrews est situé à l’Est de l’Ecosse, dans le voisinage de la puissante cité de Glasgow. C’est un siège de science et d’érudition. La beauté du paysage, la vigueur d’air y attirent aussi force touristes pendant la belle saison. Et cependant à l’ouïe du plus grand nombre, ce nom de Saint Andrews n’évoque ni une ville, ni une Université, ni une site ravissant couronné par la crête du Lochnagar, mais une étendue idéalement belle de Links verdoyants.’

How indeed are the mighty fallen when the sometime ecclesiastical capital of Scotland—which is still ‘the Mecca of Golf’—is reduced to be ‘in the neighbourhood of the powerful city of Glasgow!’

It has already been seen that romance—at all events the romance of love—ought not to be associated with the game. Certainly it is expressed in a terminology which is prosaic in the last degree. It follows, therefore, that while the game has produced an enormous amount of verse—some of it ingenious, and all fervid—it has produced almost no poetry. The best verses are probably those included in Mr. Robert Clark’s well-known volume, which was reprinted a few years ago. Those of Mr. Robert Chambers and Mr. Patrick Alexander on the various and famous holes on the old St. Andrews course are clever and graphic. But then they are altogether and indeed intensely local. The average of golf verse comes up to this level:—

' Was't Paradise where gowff began,  
 When Eve, sweet lassie, smilin' cam' ;  
 An' rousin' Adam from a dwaum  
 By Eden's ingle  
 Said, " Here's your match, my ain guidman,  
 We'll hae a single ! "'

' Was Greece the mither o' the airt,  
 Or Ancient Rome, as some assert,  
 Whase sojers in some foreign pairt  
 Wad clyte their howff,  
 Then rax their aims an' warm their heart  
 At playin' gowff.'

Or this,

' It's up the hill, it's doun the hill,  
 And roun' the hill, an' a' man ;  
 To Gullane Hull, wi' richt guid will,  
 If ye can gowff ava, man.  
 The turf is soft as maiden's cheek,  
 Wi' youth and beauty bloomin' ;  
 And bonnie thyme, an' odour sweet,  
 The caller air's perfumin'.  
 There's heights and howes, and bosky knowes,  
 As far as eye can cover ;  
 By sea and land, a picture grand  
 Dame Nature shows her lover.'

Or this,

' We putt, we drive, we laugh, we chat,  
 Our strokes and jokes aye clinking,  
 We banish all extraneous fat,  
 And all extraneous thinking.  
 ' We'll cure you of a summer cold  
 Or of a winter cough, boys ;  
 We'll make you young, even when you're old,  
 So come and play at golf, boys.'

We have here fervour, heartiness, good humour, good feeling, healthy objectivity without stint. But the soul of poetry is awanting.

No—golf is a game for realists, and its realism constitutes its self-sufficingness. It is indeed the ecstasy of middle-aged realism. Returning to town after a Saturday on a seaside course,

the busy citizen of London or Edinburgh or Glasgow ought to feel like the Libyan giant refreshed, not by wine, but by (vicarious) contact with Mother Earth. Only, should he come into too violent contact, let him, as he values his reputation, or even his life, bid his caddie replace the turf he has clumsily removed. Otherwise, he may sleep the sleep of the just and the gloriously exhausted, pillowed on faith in the golden laws of practical life and fourth-rate golf—'Insure your life, fix your eye on the ball, keep your right foot steady, and blaze away.'

WILLIAM WALLACE.

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ART. III.—ROUNDELL EARL OF SELBORNE.

*Memorials.* Part I, *Family and Personal*; Part II., *Personal and Political.* By ROUNDELL PALMER, EARL OF SELBORNE. 4 Vols. Macmillan & Co. 1896-1898.

THESE volumes are a record, from his own hand, of the life, the experiences, and the career of one of the most illustrious of the legal worthies of England, from the days of Henry VI. to those of Victoria. There have been more brilliant advocates than Roundell Palmer, and judges of more conspicuous genius; he never stood in the first rank of the speakers who have commanded the ear and the heart of Parliament; he would probably have filled a larger place in the State, had he been one of the great mediæval churchmen who held the Great Seal in the times of the later Plantagenets. But taken altogether, there has scarcely been a public man, who, in his generation, now almost extinct, so admirably adorned all that he touched, in the many walks of his distinguished life, and attained, in different degrees, to so many kinds of eminence. The intellect of Palmer, if perhaps over subtle, was powerful and penetrating in the extreme; his capacity for work and for mastering the details of every subject to

which he turned his mind, was perhaps unequalled at the Bar and in both Houses ; his skill in argument, in exposition, in supporting a cause political or forensic, has been seldom surpassed. The most distinctive, however, of his great qualities was a conscientiousness unerring and profound, but a conscientiousness, not emotional or easily led astray, directed by a thoroughly sound judgment and usually guiding him in the true course of conduct. It was this that made him the most painstaking of advocates, the one, who, beyond all his fellows, most completely grasped every fact of a case, and was most successful in dealing with adverse arguments ; it was this that constituted his supreme excellence as a judge ; it was this that won the esteem and the reverence of both Houses, though his speeches were often above the heads of his audience, and they never rose to the topmost heights of eloquence, if sometimes marked by extraordinary power in debate. Roundell Palmer was one of the noblest specimens of intellectual and moral excellence combined, which England has produced in this century ; and his achievements in his profession and in the Councils of the State were admirable and worthy of enduring renown. Passing by his triumphs at the Bar and on the Bench, he was also a Law Reformer of the very greatest merit, and a legislator who accomplished much ; and it was his special good fortune that his sagacious wisdom, and his essentially moderate and impartial mind, corrected much in legislation that required amendment and had a marked influence on public opinion, even when it was not wholly in accord with him. If on some of the political questions of his time, he may have been somewhat reactionary, and even in error, his views were invariably worthy of grave attention, and even those who differed from them, learned much, owing to their depth, their impartiality, their many sided insight. Of his private and domestic life it is unnecessary to speak ; it was a model of piety and many virtues ; of few can it be said, as it can be said of him with perfect confidence, ' well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

The ancestors of Lord Selborne may be traced up to a family of gentle blood, of the name of Palmer, settled in

Staffordshire in the reign of Elizabeth. Scions of the race became owners of land in Leicestershire; one of these represented Leicester after the Revolution of 1688. A son of his became a merchant of repute, married a lady connected with the landed gentry, and was a well known member of that noblesse of commerce, which became a power in the State in the eighteenth century. His second son followed his father's calling, and seems to have acquired considerable wealth; he was the husband of a sister of the well known Bishop Horsley, a Tory of the Tories on the Episcopal Bench, and proved himself to be a loyal supporter of the second Pitt, like nearly all the leading merchants of the day, identifying himself with the minister's policy, especially in the French Revolutionary war. Two of his sons were distinguished in subsequent years, one becoming an able Member of the House of Commons, the other a Governor of the Bank of England; a third son was also a Judge of the High Court at Calcutta. One of the younger sons, William Jocelyn Palmer, took orders in the first years of this century, and became the father of Lord Selborne and of a family of sons and daughters, some of notable parts, all remarkable for their lives of excellence. The lot of this admirable man was cast in the 'cool sequestered vale'; but his abilities were of no mean order; and his quiet career deserves notice, for his most distinguished offspring owed much to him. He was a learned divine, rather of the Caroline type, in sympathy with Keble and his first disciples, but a devoted son of the Church of England, with extreme aversion to Rome and its works, and decidedly opposed to the later Tractarian movement. We trace these influences distinctly in the future Chancellor; and, in fact, the High Church tendencies of Mr. Palmer, and the Toryism which was his faith in politics, were more or less tempered by his pursuits as a country parson, by his experiences as an active and useful magistrate, and by the natural soundness and strength of his character. As a clergyman, he was a second Man of Ross, zealous of good works, a friend and mentor of the poor; and he justly won the affection and esteem of those of all classes, whether high or low, with whom

it was his fortune to come in contact. He was a model father, in every sense of the word, strict in discipline, but kindly and never harsh; he brought up his children with remarkable care and success; he admirably fitted them for their conduct in life. His letters to his sons and daughters abound in wisdom, in sound sense, and in the best Christian spirit; it is curious how, even when in mature manhood, Lord Selborne deferred in almost everything to his advice; though this was not the case in the instance of his eldest son, a very brilliant but erratic man of genius, it was the case in the instance of all his other children. He married an excellent woman of a good county family, a fitting helpmeet, and a fond and judicious parent.

Roundell, the second son of William Jocelyn Palmer, was born in 1812. He was well trained from his cradle by both his father and mother, and showed, even in childhood, an aptitude for intellectual work. He was sent to Rugby in 1823, when in his eleventh year, with his elder brother William, already a lad of promise; but his associations with Rugby were not happy; the school, in fact, was not, at this time, fitted for a sensitive and somewhat retiring nature; he was transferred to Winchester in 1825. Lord Selborne gives a careful account of the place to which he was attached through life. It was then emphatically known as 'the school of scholars;' its classical training, in fact, was extremely good; its distinguished alumnus, even in his old age, still believed that this was of more real value than the more showy but less thorough learning which has superseded it, to a considerable extent, in these days. Roundell became a brilliant and ripe scholar; but he had a tendency to self-accusation in youth. It is strange to read that the mature man of well-balanced faculties had habits of levity and weakness in his teens, and was wanting in self-reliance and self-control, the very things the iron Moltke has written of himself. Lord Selborne went up to Oxford in 1830; his career as an undergraduate was one of the highest distinction; indeed, honours fell so thick on him, that one of his friends said the 'very enumeration of them was a bore.' Like most youths, however, of ambition

and promise, he entered other fields of intellectual exercise, apart from the regular studies of the place. He became a prominent member of the Oxford 'Union,' then in the full prime of its brilliant existence. The great Tractarian movement had not yet begun; but even Oxford was shaken by the Reform tempest; at no time, certainly, did the Union possess so many speakers of real talents and merit. Of these, Gladstone, then fresh from his Etonian triumphs, was acknowledged to be easily the head. Impassioned and unrestrained as he was through life, he was then one of the fiercest of Tories; but Lord Selborne, like other good observers, perceived that there were elements of sudden changes in him, though he looked up to him as his young chief in politics. Palmer was naturally on the Tory side in the 'Union;' he successfully held his own in debates in which Manning, Frederick Rogers, Maurice, Cardwell, and Lowe, were conspicuous as speakers of no ordinary power. He made also a number of friendships, the value of which he felt through life, sometimes the happiest incident of a career at Oxford. He had the double advantage of two sets of friends, those of his elder brother, William, and his own. Charles Wordsworth, Claughton, Faber, and Wickens, were his peculiar intimates. Afterwards he became attached to several Oxford men of a younger generation, among whom Tait, Temple, Jowett, and Arthur Stanley were the most conspicuous. He took a first class in classics in 1834, and soon became an Eldon Law Scholar and a Fellow of Magdalen. Yet there had been the 'amari aliquid' in the 'fonte leporum;' Roundell Palmer was plucked for his 'little go' because he would not stoop to Euclid.

Lord Selborne, when his undergraduate life had ended, was certainly one of the most promising young men at Oxford. It is remarkable that, when a member of a reading party, he and Tait were singled out by an observant stranger as destined to wear the ermine robe and the mitre—to become, the one a judge, the other a bishop. The intellectual powers of Palmer, however, were sustained and strengthened by rare moral excellence; the lessons of his father had borne fruit; he had passed through the University without a stain of vice; he was



a God-fearing, high principled, truly Christian man. He began reading for the Bar in 1835, was entered a student at Lincoln's Inn; and, during this apprenticeship, had the advantage of associations of permanent value to him. He became well acquainted with Archbishop Howley and Bishop Blomfield, with Sir Benjamin Brodie, with Richardson, a retired judge, and with other distinguished men; these intimacies placed him in a circle of admirable friends, and gave him opportunities in the career before him. After the usual training under a conveyancer and an equity pleader, he was called to the Bar of England in June, 1837; the day was an auspicious date in the legal calendar. He took at once to conveyancing and equity work, but for some years his progress was not rapid. His uncle, indeed, owing to his position in the Bank of England, was able to get some business for him, and the young lawyer markedly distinguished himself in arguing an isolated case, which gained for him the high approbation of Baron Alderson, then the leading light of the Court of Exchequer in Equity. But Roundell Palmer, with his refined Oxford tastes, had no liking for the tautology and half-barbarous phrases of the conveyancing and equity pleading of those days; he did not, with Duval, break out in ecstasy at 'a brilliant deed,' or, with Preston, think our Real Property Law 'perfection;' and, besides, his characteristic conscientiousness was such, that he completed every paper that left his chambers himself, leaving nothing to be filled in by clerks and pupils; and this drudgery reduced his fees and lessened his practice. He had still leisure for other than legal work in those days, and he carefully kept up his classical studies, and became a tolerably frequent contributor to *The Times*, then beginning to rise to its supremacy in the Press, under the direction of the 'King of Editors,' Delane. Lord Selborne wrote a good many articles, but he has given us no indication where they are to be found; we should not think they were brilliant, rapid, or striking. His intellect, in fact, was in no sense that of a newspaper writer's; it was too subtle, many-sided, and profound, and his style was always somewhat heavy and involved, though solid and weighty in

the highest degree. It deserves notice that he gave up writing for *The Times* under the advice of his sagacious father.

Palmer, during these early years at the Bar, studied theology with some young Oxford clergymen; he made himself, indeed, a well-read divine. It deserves notice, too, that even at this time he had no liking for the many 'Societies' which, excellent and Christian as several were, conducted their proceedings outside the Church, and were not under episcopal control. He thought them *imperia* in the *imperio* of the Ecclesiastical State. Many years afterwards he pronounced the same opinion with respect to the 'English Church Union,' with which he was by no means out of sympathy. Even at this busy period of his life he felt the compunctious visitings and the mysterious questionings of a self-accusing and too sensitive conscience, as he had felt them while still in his teens; he was like Christian, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, bearing a burden of sin; but these imaginations were gradually dispelled under the influence of prayer and Christian advice; we may rest assured they had no real basis. Palmer was a great deal at Oxford in those days. The University bestowed fresh honours on him, and he took an active part in university work. The Tractarian movement was now at its height; the brilliant scholar and churchman felt its impulse, but he was never for a moment carried away by it. He had, indeed, many friends among Newman's followers, and he joined in the protest against Hampden, which he acknowledged afterwards was a mistake; he condemned the set made against his school-fellow, Ward; he supported Isaac Williams in the contest for the Chair of Poetry. But, save perhaps that his subtle intellect did not sufficiently resent the sophistry of Tract Ninety, he was never of the extreme Tractarian school; he, in fact, held to the path of his father and Keble; he was a High Churchman, but disliked the pretensions of Rome. Like most lawyers, he had a strong conviction of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown—a supremacy possibly open to question in the sense in which he entertained it at least. In short, he followed the *Via Media Anglicana*, on which Pusey and Newman at first set forth; he never wandered from that path into the ways of

Rome, which, evangelical as some of his leanings are, he always regarded as false and dangerous. In these years, like his father, he was much troubled by the eccentricities of his gifted brother, William, who, with an intelligence equal perhaps to his own, was utterly wanting in his common sense and judgment.

Lord Selborne's progress at the Bar, in the fine words of Horace, was like 'the silent growth of a tree;' it was slow, but year after year increased. In 1847 he was a leading junior in Equity, and entered the House of Commons at this time, as member for the borough of Plymouth, and retained the seat, save for a few months, until 1857. He professed himself to be an adherent of Peel, though not a fervent admirer of that great statesman, whose Erastianism in Church matters he did not much like, yet he steadily clung to the Peelite party, the wreck of an army around a fallen commander, giving thus proof of the independence and the absence of self-seeking, not a common virtue in Parliamentary lawyers. When elected for Plymouth he made two stipulations—he would join in no movement against the Church, and he would support 'religious liberty' in the sense that he would vote against civil disabilities imposed on the ground of religious faith. Like his leader, he usually upheld Lord John Russell's government, and especially seconded his Free Trade measures, the corollary, in fact, of those of Peel; but, with characteristic independence, he voted against the Repeal of the Navigation Laws, on the principles asserted by Adam Smith, and earnestly resisted the Ecclesiastical Tithes Bill of 1851, an abortive attempt at persecution, illegal and mean. He also advocated the admission of Jews into Parliament; protested against the Bills for the marriage of the Deceased Wife's Sister, and opposed the openings of museums and such places on Sundays, on grounds which, in our time, will be hardly deemed tenable. His speeches in these years, as a rule, were not very successful; they were too refined and erudite for the House of Commons, but his speech on the Ecclesiastical Tithes Bill was a noble exception; it is a model of learning and of cogent logic, and was decidedly the best in an excellent

debate. When Peel passed away, Palmer, in some measure, fell under Gladstone's attractive influence; he was on his committee at the Election of 1847, but though he sympathised with Gladstone's High Church views, he did not even then always follow his lead in politics. After the fall of the ministry of Lord John Russell, Palmer was desirous for a time that a fusion should take place of the Peelites and the best of the Conservative party; but Disraeli, still detested by the Peelite leaders, and especially by Gladstone, stood in the way; other causes, indeed, made such a result impossible. Palmer held no office under the coalition of Lord Aberdeen and the Whigs, but he was strongly opposed to the Crimean War; a remarkable letter of Newman in these volumes, insisting that the cause of Turkey was an unrighteous cause, and that it was monstrous for a Christian State to defend it, is in accordance with Palmer's views. Palmer gave a general support to Lord Palmerston when that statesman was borne into office in 1855; but he protested against the notion that peace was not to be thought of, until the fall of Sebastopol had given the Allies a triumph; and he broke with Lord Palmerston in 1857 on the question of the Chinese War, his adverse vote costing him the loss of his seat at Plymouth.

In these years, however, Roundell Palmer's energies were not mainly engaged in politics. After a happy marriage in 1848—his wife was a daughter of the House of Waldegrave, a charming woman, exemplary in every walk of life—he became a Queen's Counsel in 1849. The seclusion and obscure work of chambers were over; he quickly rose to the first rank of the Equity Bar, and became in some respects the ablest advocate of his time. He had several competitors of the greatest parts—Bethell, injured by a bad manner, but a powerful reasoner; Rolt, admirable in the art of stating a case; Cairns, perhaps unequalled in clearness and force of argument; but he held his own with complete success among his rivals. His practice lay chiefly in the Rolls Court, then under the presidency of Sir John Romilly; in this he was the acknowledged leader for years, but he appeared also before other tribunals, especially the House of Lords and the Judicial

Committee of the Privy Council. In two respects he surpassed even his best fellows; as an excellent contemporary observer has remarked: 'Beyond compare he was the most industrious and exhaustive leader I ever met with in mastering the facts of the cases before the Court. On the other hand, when once a case was launched, he was the quickest and most astute to draw distinctions, or to shift the ground of argument, as the facts proved different from those in his instructions. His mode of dealing with a case was more subtle and more exhaustive than that of any counsel within my recollection.' These great excellences may be partly ascribed to the extreme conscientiousness of Lord Selborne's nature, and partly to the peculiarities of his fine intellect, but the labour required to develop them was immense; there was never, perhaps, so hard-working a lawyer; in term-time he often did not go to bed; some may doubt if the great professional income he made was a compensation for this incessant toil. Yet, regular as was his attendance at the House of Commons, and absorbed as he was in the work of the Bar, he found time for other pursuits, and he did not forget Oxford and University questions. He had little sympathy with the legislation which, in 1854, threw Oxford open to Dissenters from the Church of England; not that he wished them to be excluded, but that he feared their admission might injure the religious discipline of the place. He was alive, too, to all that was bad and obsolete in the system of close Scholarships and Fellowships in most of the colleges, which practically denied its due reward to merit; but, as a Fellow of Magdalen, he felt bound by the statutes to which he had sworn, and took no part, apparently, in a most salutary reform. He bestowed much thought also on the controversies agitating the Church; he evidently believed that the proceedings, in Dr. Hampden's case, when that prelate was almost forced into the See of Hereford, were open to the gravest legal doubt; and in the celebrated case of Mr. Gorham, he declared that the judgment of the Privy Council was wrong. With reference to this case he has made able comments on the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown; no one denies that the Crown is 'supreme in

all causes,' but he seems to us rather to avoid the question whether a secular court ought to possess a right to decide, however indirectly, matters of purely theological doctrine.

In 1861, Bethell having received the Great Seal on the death of Lord Campbell, Palmer became Solicitor-General in Lord Palmerston's second ministry. The hope that the Conservatives and the Peelites might coalesce had proved impossible long before this time. Gladstone, after coquetting with Lord Derby—a strange passage in that erratic career—had been made Lord Palmerston's Chancellor of the Exchequer; several of the leading Peelites had taken office under the same chief. In this there was no dereliction of political duty, for Lord Palmerston was as Conservative as Peel, at least in politics at home, and had absolutely nothing in common with latter-day Radicals; but Lord Selborne has alleged that, in consenting to serve under Lord Palmerston, Gladstone had an eye to the lead of the Liberal party, and that in this, as in other parts of his public conduct, he was actuated, in a great measure, by ambitious motives. Nor could there be much sympathy between Gladstone and his aged superior, repeatedly denounced by him in bitter language; in fact, Lord Selborne distinctly says: 'My belief is that to the last they disliked and distrusted each other, and that their union in 1859 was only one of convenience on both sides, to Lord Palmerston who wanted Gladstone, and to Gladstone who was looking to the future.' It may be remarked that though Palmer still felt for Gladstone something of the reverence of his youth, he had ceased to place implicit trust in him as a safe or prudent leader in the field of politics. 'Conscientious and ambitious, subtle and vehement, impulsive and discriminating, he is a comet, the elements of whose orbit are as yet but imperfectly known, and it is a great question with me personally whether or not to commit myself to him for better or for worse.' The Solicitor-Generalship of Palmer—he became soon Attorney-General—was in the time of the great war between the North and the South; it fell to his lot to advise the Government on the delicate questions of international law, which necessarily arose in the course of the contest. He

acquitted himself most admirably in a task congenial to his well-informed and profound intellect. His opinions on the case of the detention of Mason and Slidell, which nearly caused a rupture with the United States; on the further question whether these envoys of the Southern States could be regarded as 'contraband of war,' and on the difficult and novel question whether the mail-bags of a captured neutral vessel, which had lawfully been condemned, could be seized and opened, were remarkable for their learning and judgment. He returned to the House of Commons in 1861, and was member for the borough of Richmond during many following years; but he was more than once thought of for the representation of the university he adorned. In truth, the best men in Oxford were all in his favour, and he lost the coveted prize by mere accident. His Parliamentary reputation greatly increased in this period; he became one of the ablest debaters of the day, and was always listened to with profound attention. Here, again, the questions of international law arising out of the war beyond the Atlantic gave him opportunities that brought out his fine mental gifts. His speech on the subject whether the blockade of the southern ports of the North was sufficient, is an admirable specimen of his powers at their best, and of the high moral tone which runs through his speeches. From first to last it is an appeal to Englishmen to do to others as they would be done by; to respect, when neutrals, the belligerent rights which they had strictly enforced in the great war with France; to be true to themselves, even if against their apparent present interests.

The gravest, however, of these international questions was caused by the construction and the despatch from our ports of ships which became cruisers for the Southern States, and preyed, with terrible success, on the commerce of the North. By far the most important of these cases was that of the far-famed *Alabama*—the only one, indeed, for which history can call the British Government to account. The other cases were not of much significance, and though as to these a tribunal pronounced against England, the decision in this respect has been generally condemned. Palmer was the adviser of the

Ministry on this subject; he has dealt with it at length in these volumes; most competent jurists have confirmed his opinions. By the Common Law of England, always favouring commerce, no prohibition was imposed on a shipbuilder to prevent the making, the arming, and the sailing from England of vessels for a belligerent State; he had the same right to do this as a manufacturer has to export guns and other munitions of war. The Foreign Enlistment Act, however, of 1819, restricted this liberty to some extent, but the Act had been interpreted in different ways; it was held by some lawyers of high repute that a shipbuilder might still lawfully send a ship designed for war from a British harbour, provided she was not fitted for actual fighting on the spot; other equally eminent lawyers held that the prohibitions of the statute applied if the ship, even though not furnished with arms, was intended to be used for a warlike purpose to the knowledge of the constructor by whom she was made. Palmer took the second and more comprehensive view. He believed that a ship, built for the navy of the Southern States, ought to be stopped and detained before she left England, whether in a condition or not to meet an enemy, if her builders were aware what her destination was; but as the Act of 1819 was strictly municipal law, he insisted, and rightly insisted, that proof sufficient to satisfy a British Court of Justice should be forthcoming of the facts before a vessel of this kind could be seized. This being his view and that of the Government, the *Alabama* was built by Messrs. Laird of Birkenhead in 1862. She was unquestionably a ship of a warlike type, but she was absolutely without any warlike equipment, and for a long time there was no kind of evidence that she was intended for the marine of the Southern States. At last, in July, 1862, Mr. Adams, the ambassador of the United States in England, sent a number of depositions, the effect of which was to show what the destination of the *Alabama* was, to the Commissioners of Customs at Liverpool; but these officials, acting on excellent legal advice, took the narrow view of the Act of 1819, and refused to stop the ship because there was no sign that she was being furnished with arms in a British port. The papers were then sent to the law



officers of the Crown; owing to an unfortunate delay, due to a mere accident, their opinion was not obtained for some days. Palmer and his colleagues unequivocally advised that the *Alabama* should be arrested and detained. Meantime, however, the ship had escaped from Liverpool, but without a musket or a gun on board; she received her armament at Terceira, and then, and only then, began her predatory career, undoubtedly ruinous to the merchant trade of the North. But Palmer contended that, as the facts stood, the British Government was not responsible, unfortunate as the occurrence was. Lord John Russell, the Foreign Secretary, maintained this position to the last.

The death of Lord Palmerston in 1865 was the beginning of a new era in British politics. The prescient ambition of Gladstone had its reward; though the veteran Lord Russell remained its nominal head, Gladstone became the real chief of the Liberal party, soon to be made Radical under his guidance. His aspirations, however, were disappointed for a time. His Reform Bill of 1866 failed. Lord Derby became Prime Minister, but for some months only. Disraeli was the master spirit of the Conservative party, soon to be 'educated' submissively at his will. Palmer went into opposition with the retiring Government, and distinguished himself highly in the debates on Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1867. He voted for household franchise in towns, thinking that the change would rest on a definite principle. It may be remarked that Gladstone, with characteristic vehemence, was bent on insisting on his own proposals, which would have made the franchise much more restricted. Palmer acquired such a position after these debates that many Liberals wished to see him at the head of the party, in the place of an imperious leader; but he declined to abandon his profession for a precarious post, nor was he willing to be a rival of Gladstone. He rejected soon afterwards the office of Lord Justice of Appeal, offered to him honourably by Lord Derby without regard to politics; and continued to act with the Liberals until 1868. In the meantime he had done the State service by presiding on a Commission charged to enquire into the Marriage Laws of the

three kingdoms; the masterly report is wholly from his hand; but unfortunately his suggestions have borne no fruit. He also addressed himself to two subjects he had much at heart; the concentration within a single area, of the separated and scattered London Courts of Justice; and the improvement of the system of education for the Bar, which had had a beginning in 1852. The first of these objects has been accomplished, but after a long delay; the second still awaits the efforts of future law reformers. At the General Election of 1868, Palmer was again near winning the seat at Oxford which, he has said, was the great ambition of his life; but the fates were once more unpropitious to his hopes. When Gladstone came into power, in his first Ministry, he naturally offered the Great Seal to Lord Selborne; but it was known that his policy was to disestablish and disendow the Established Church of Ireland, and his great lieutenant, with a self-abnegation no lawyer had yet shown, refused the splendid prize because he could not agree with the measure to be proposed by the minister. Palmer had long meditated on the question of the Irish Church; his views will be found in letters, in these volumes, addressed to his friend Arthur Gordon, a son of Lord Aberdeen, and in a memorandum submitted to Gladstone. Most Liberals would not be convinced by them; but in some respects they were certainly true, and they deserved an attention Gladstone did not bestow on them. Palmer insisted that it could not be just to deprive the Church of property, which had a prescription of three centuries on its side; he rightly argued that a mere measure of destruction could do Ireland little good; he contended that, in the existing state of British opinion, it would be impossible to make a provision for the Irish Catholic clergy, the policy of every great minister from Pitt to Lord Russell. He voted against the Bill in the House of Commons; his speech was far the ablest on the Conservative side, very superior to that of Disraeli, who had not the cause of the Irish Church at heart. Time has shown that Lord Selborne correctly judged that the simple annihilation of the Established Irish Church would not be attended with many happy results; but it is more than doubtful, whether, at this conjuncture, the Irish

Catholic priesthood might not have been endowed, had Gladstone boldly declared for this policy. Lord Grey, the son of the Minister of the great Reform Act, has insisted that this object might have been attained had not Gladstone yielded to the 'Nonconformist Conscience,' as he yielded upon another occasion.

Though not one of its official members, Lord Selborne, from 1869 to 1872 was a confidential adviser of the Government, on many occasions. He attempted to defend it in the notorious Collier case, a bad instance of Gladstone's disregard of law, when it came in conflict with his domineering will—Lord Westbury properly called his conduct 'a fraud on a Parliamentary power.' He also justified, with some misgivings, the abolition, by Royal warrant, of Purchase in the Army, against the House of Lords, a questionable stretch of ministerial power; and he made important changes in the University Tests Act, which Gladstone had made a ministerial measure. He gave his powerful support to the Education Act of 1870; his remarks on the secular education, which the Radical party appears to think the only proper training for the young, and which is fast producing atheism in France, were characteristic, and should be read. He also protested against the notion that a teacher was to be deprived of the right of teaching distinctively religious doctrine. The most important service, however, he performed at this time, though it was ill recognised and even resented, was the part he took in the passing through the House of Commons, of the well known Irish Land Act of 1870. These volumes show that he had thoroughly mastered the subject, and contain an excellent abridgment of it.\* It is hardly too much to say that had Palmer thrown the weight of his immense authority against the Bill, it would probably have been rejected in the House of Lords; indeed, even in the Lower House it was doubtfully received. But he

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\* In 1869 I investigated and reported on the question of land tenure in Ireland, as Special Commissioner of 'The Times.' I had the honour of much conversation on the subject with Lord Selborne, and of some correspondence. I was much struck with the depth of the wisdom of his views. See Vol. I., Part 11, pp. 138-140.

was Liberal on the Irish Land Question, the bearings of which he perfectly understood; indeed, had he lived in the age when judicial decisions practically accomplished great social reforms, he probably would have solved the difficulty, by converting the Irish tenant, as in the case of the villein of England, into a copyholder, in the great mass of instances, the tenure which he naturally ought to possess. He tried, however, and very properly, to modify the Bill on some points, where it really trenched on the just rights of property, especially as to the 'contracting out clauses,' and as to the claims of tenants in respect of improvements; his amendments being, to a great extent, successful. Gladstone's treatment of the great lawyer, whose knowledge of the subject was by many degrees superior to his own, was characteristic, and must be described in Lord Selborne's words. 'Gladstone was offended. It was always one of his defects to have no sense of the proportion of things. This made him irritable under the most friendly criticism. . . . Cardwell told me that he said I must be prepared, if I insisted upon amendments, which he was unwilling to make, to take the responsibility of carrying on the Government.'

In 1871 the Government selected Palmer to represent England at the famous arbitration held at Geneva, under the Treaty of Washington, with reference to the claims of the United States as to the losses caused by the *Alabama* and similar vessels. The war between the North and the South had long come to an end, but an uneasy feeling prevailed in England, that, in permitting the escape of the *Alabama* at least, wrong, however unwittingly, had been done. Palmer did not think the American claims well founded, and Lord Russell fully concurred; but Gladstone, with his tendencies to peace at any price, and seldom jealous of national honour, consented that an arbitration should take place. Palmer succeeded, at the eleventh hour, in expunging from the Treaty one Rule which would have placed England at immense disadvantage; but, as it was, the Rules, or, as we should say, the Terms of Reference, were unfavourable to England in the highest degree. For the question whether the British Government had properly carried

out its Foreign Enlistment Act, was substituted the vague and much wider question whether England 'had been made a base of operations' by Southern cruisers; and it was left to the arbitrators to determine whether the British Executive had exercised 'due diligence' in giving effect to a municipal law of its own, a condition Lord Russell justly deemed an affront. The veteran statesman described the terms as 'loaded dice;' and indignantly asked, referring to Napoleon's demands, that we should interpret a British statute in his own sense, 'Are we to yield to Mr. Fish that which we would not yield to Larissæus Achilles?' The spirit in which American statesmen went into the controversy was sufficiently shown in the monstrous demand as regards the 'indirect claims;' and though this was summarily dismissed, it probably was not without influence on a tribunal really not of a judicial character. Palmer's argument on behalf of England was one of the most masterly ever addressed to a Court; and except possibly in the case of the *Alabama*, it was fully sustained by the highest authority. But the arbitrators were given far too much latitude, under the loose and ill-defined terms submitted to them. Almost all were men of little legal training, and gave signs of weakness and of a desire to make a compromise, with little regard to the exact issue before them. England was ultimately adjudged to pay about £3,000,000—the claims being at first many hundred millions—in respect of the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, and the *Shenandoah*; but as to the two last ships the decision has not been approved by competent judges of international law. It was well that an angry dispute was closed; but the Geneva arbitration is not a good precedent; and though England suffered little loss, and the national honour was not touched, proceedings of this kind will be hardly repeated.\* The speech of the English arbitrator, the late Chief Justice Cockburn, is a model of fine judicial eloquence, and nobly upheld the fair fame of his country.

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\* Arbitration is, no doubt, an excellent way to decide some international questions; but not questions arising out of wars.

By this time Palmer had become the recognised head of the Equity Bar of England, his only rival, but his junior, having been for years Lord Cairns, an advocate of extraordinary merit and success—he had received the Great Seal in 1868—but less learned and with a less subtle intellect. Like many great lawyers Palmer had had a wish to identify himself and his family with the land, and had bought an estate in East Hampshire, not far from the ancient village of Selborne, which afterwards gave its name to his well deserved peerage. Here he built a country house, laid out a park and pleasure grounds, and spent vacations among troops of friends. Characteristically he built and endowed a church, the centre of a parish formed for the purpose, the name of ‘a parishioner’ only indicating his work. He was now about to enter his sixtieth year, though still in the plenitude of his great powers; his excellent parents had long passed away, with ‘all who had nursed his infancy upon their knee;’ his brother William had found a haven of rest in Rome, after a troubled career of mental struggles; several of the best associates of his youth had disappeared. But he was singularly blessed in his wife and children, some of these being already of promise. His brother Edwin was a most accomplished and a very rising man; and, as was to be expected—besides his surviving contemporary friends—he had become intimate with a number of good and eminent men, with whom he had come in contact in later life. In 1872 the great prize, which he had refused to accept, wholly on conscientious grounds, fell to him on the resignation of Lord Hatherley; probably no Lord Chancellor has ever been welcomed with such general acclaim by his own profession, and by the country which had appreciated his noble conduct. No less than five late Chancellors, from the veteran Lord St. Leonards to Lord Cairns, sent the congratulations they sincerely felt. Lord Russell remarked in happy language: ‘I think it almost impossible for any one to fulfil the expectations which your past exertions have created, and the wonders you are seen to perform.’ *The Times*, speaking for the general public, echoed the sentiment. Lord Selborne’s first Chancellorship lasted sixteen months only; but from the moment he ascended the

Bench he proved himself to be a consummate judge, distinguished for the many great qualities in which he had shone at the Bar, and for the true, and by no means common, judicial spirit. His principal achievement at this time, however, was the celebrated Judicature Act of 1873, every line of which, he informs us, was from his own hand. This great legislative reform brought together and combined most of the numerous and sometimes conflicting English Courts of Justice; and it operated, to a very considerable extent, to fuse into an harmonious whole the different and sometimes clashing systems of English Law and Equity, thus removing a blot from our jurisprudence, and getting rid of enormous delays and expense. Lord Selborne's scheme of a reform of the Appellate Courts was long making its way through Parliament, and, indeed, became law in a very altered shape; but there was not much departure from its main principles; and it is due to him that the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords is so superior to what it was thirty years ago.

Lord Selborne informs us that he had little to do—though as a member of the Cabinet he was of course responsible—with the Irish University Bill of 1873. A more ill-conceived measure has been seldom produced. Pretentious and grandiose, but shallow and unjust, it would have been most injurious to Trinity College. It would have redressed no grievance of Catholic Ireland, and would have been fatal to education in the highest sense. By the Irish members, it was rejected almost unanimously, and failed to pass through the Liberal House of Commons. It was the prelude to the fall of Gladstone's first Ministry. Lord Selborne has thrown fresh light, for the first time, on the real cause that led Gladstone to dissolve Parliament unexpectedly, in the early spring of 1874. Always prone to believe what suited his purpose, and with the '*nimia subtilitas*' of an extraordinary mind, Gladstone had persuaded himself that when he had combined the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer in his own person, he had not vacated the office he had originally held, and disregarded the warnings of his best colleagues; but when he discovered that, by this rash conduct, he had made himself

liable to enormous penalties, he suddenly brought the Parliament to an end, in order to escape from this untoward result, offering the electorate the abolition of the Income Tax, a bribe justly denounced by Mr. Lecky, and which Gladstone vainly attempted to justify. After the Liberal disaster of 1874, Lord Selborne followed the fortunes of his chief, and was in opposition until the first of 1880. He joined the Liberal party in condemning the assumption of the Imperial title by the Crown, in virtue of a Bill for that purpose; and was strongly opposed to Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy, especially to his support of the cause of the Turk in the war of 1877, to the antipathy and distrust he showed to Russia, and to his subsequent conduct before the Treaty of Berlin. All this was in accord with Lord Selborne's views, on the occasion of the Crimean War; but it is worth remarking that he did not approve of Gladstone's 'Bulgarian atrocity' crusade, and of his passionate denunciations of his rival at public gatherings. He thought, and rightly thought, this was playing the part of a demagogue, and subjecting politics to the influence of mobs. Lord Selborne also protested against the Afghanistan War, and against other belicose ventures of the Tory chief; but his mind, in these years, was, for the most part, engaged in the dangerous controversies agitating the Church of England. He did not exactly oppose the Public Worship Regulation Act, an Erastian piece of legislation which incensed Gladstone, and drew him out of the retreat he had said would be final; but he endeavoured to mitigate the measure by amendments, which would have given the Episcopate powers to admonish and control clergymen, who were isolating established ordinances in the performance of the services of the Church—the very kind of reform which is now thought of, with reference to the extreme Ritualists of this day. He decided, too, several important questions of ecclesiastical law; and, as we have said, found fault with the English Church Union, though certainly he was a sincere High Churchman. In these years he regularly performed his judicial duties in the House of Lords, and had the gratification of



commanding universal esteem, and of seeing his own reforms attended with complete success.

On the fall of Lord Beaconsfield in 1880, Lord Selborne became Lord Chancellor again in Gladstone's second and ill-starred Ministry. It is easy to perceive as we study these *Memoirs*, that he had ceased to possess the perfect confidence which his chief had extended to him from 1873 to 1874; the rift was already being made in the lute. The affairs of Ireland, menacing in the highest degree, ought to have engaged the attention of the Government from the first moment. Lord Beaconsfield had sounded a grave note of warning. He had declared, in an address just before the Election, that Ireland was being beset by calamities as evil as those of 'famine and pestilence;' but, probably for that very reason, his rival when he had triumphed, turned a deaf ear to it. Yet Ireland had been for months in a most critical state, as every well-informed observer knew. A foreign conspiracy, hatched in America, and aiming at the suppression of British rule in Ireland, and of its chief mainstay, the landed gentry, had assumed large and increasing proportions; and, seconded by the distress caused by two bad seasons, had aroused a lawless agrarian movement in several counties, and was combining an excitable peasantry against the rights of property. Parnell, the master-spirit of the 'active'—that is, of the rebel party—the significant words of John Bright are well known—and Davitt, then lately released from Dartmoor, and the envoy of the Fenians of the 'New Departure,' had joined hands and founded the Land League; and several counties were already in a state of anarchy, which spread far and wide with portentous speed. Nevertheless, Gladstone, though the Head of the State, indulged for several weeks in the optimistic fancies which had fed his delusions with respect to Ireland, and had recently announced that 'she was contented and happy!' In fact, he had persuaded himself that his Irish reforms had transformed the country with marvellous results; that his Land Act of 1870, the errors of which had been foreseen, and had become manifest, had completely solved the Irish Land Question, and that the country was in an essentially prosperous

state. Strangely enough, in the case of such a personage, but for reasons sufficiently plain, he acknowledged afterwards that these views were mistaken, but for a considerable time he simply did nothing; his attention, indeed, was chiefly directed towards foreign affairs, his Bulgarian agitation having engrossed a mind which, it was truly said, was of 'one idea at a time,' that seemed to take an absolute possession of it. He refused even to renew an Irish 'Coercion' Act about to expire. The apology of Lord Selborne, we are constrained to say, for this dereliction of duty, seems to us quite inadequate.

Gladstone, awakening, as it were, from a deceptive dream, appointed the Bessborough Commission to report on the existing conditions of Irish land-tenure. It is remarkable, having regard to subsequent events, that while the Commission recommended changes in the Irish land laws, it declared that Ireland, as a rule, was not an over-rented land. The Cabinet became manifestly divided into two parties during the agrarian war in Ireland, from 1881 to 1885; one, represented by Forster and Lord Cowper, while ready to consent to large reforms in Irish land-tenure, was resolved to vindicate law and order at any cost; the other—Gladstone was certainly the head of this—was willing to make almost any concessions respecting the land, iniquitous and socialistic though these might be, and even to parley with Parnell and the Land and National League leaders. It is scarcely necessary to say that Lord Selborne was a leader of the first party. That law-abiding and deeply conscientious statesman was horrified at the Reign of Terror which prevailed in Ireland for a time; at the detestable crimes to which it gave birth; at the frightful lawlessness and at the demoralisation it caused. He has told us that long before the Phoenix Park murders he would have resigned office had he had not known that a stringent measure to repress disorder was being prepared. He was, nevertheless, uneasy at the position he held in the Cabinet, and he had nothing to do with the notorious 'Kilmainham Treaty,' almost as fatal to Gladstone's Government as the 'Glamorgan Treaty' was to the cause of Charles I. He supported, however, the 'Compensation for Disturbance Bill,' a measure for which there was much

to be said as affairs stood in Ireland in 1880-1, but unfortunately rejected by the House of Lords ; but he has informed us, what is unquestionably true, that this vote was no cause of the outbreak of crime that followed ; it only gave a pretence to Parnell and his band to proceed more actively in the war against Irish landlords, and to preach more absolutely the evangel of 'No Rent.' Lord Selborne, though with obvious reluctance, was a party to the celebrated Land Act of 1881, and even conducted it through the House of Lords ; but, most unfortunately, he was suffering from ill-health at the time, and unlike what had happened in the case of the Land Act of 1870, he appears not to have thoroughly perceived—as the Duke of Argyll and Lord Lansdowne did—on what false principles this measure was founded, and how pernicious might be its far-reaching results. Like most of the politicians, however, of the time, he did not think that it would cause the wholesale spoliation it has caused ; but it may be observed—and this is very important—he declared that could it be proved that wrong was done to Irish landlords, their claim to compensation would be a matter of course—a weighty utterance which must be borne in mind if Parliament, as is inevitable, is to do justice ; for the question will soon have to be entertained. Nor could Lord Selborne anticipate that this agrarian law, mischievous as it was in principle and scope, would be administered as it has been in Ireland, and made an instrument of confiscation by a bad tribunal ; indeed, the opinions he expressed on many parts of the measure not only give no countenance to, but distinctly reject, the interpretations of which the iniquities appear in the damning report of the Fry Commission. And the high-principled and right-minded statesman has emphatically said that he never would have given his sanction to the Land Act of 1881 could he have known what was coming a few years afterwards.

At the close of 1882, one of the reforms connected with our laws, which Lord Selborne had long wished to effect, was accomplished ; the Royal Courts of Justice were constructed and opened ; the concentration of the Courts of Justice in London was almost perfected. The ceremony was one of

impressive grandeur, as befitted a great law-abiding people. It was graced by the presence of the Sovereign and high Ministers of State, and an Earldom was properly conferred on Lord Selborne, a dignity not more worthily borne even by Hardwicke, Mansfield, Cottenham, and Cairns. The Chancellor did not take much part in foreign affairs during these years; but he approved of Gladstone's policy as regards the Transvaal, more than questionable as recent events have shown, and as regards the occupation of Egypt, which, as was universally thought at the time, would be of no long duration. But he evidently differed from his chief with respect to Gordon; 'to find whose like we must turn to the chivalry of the Crusades, or the heroes of romance; an enthusiastic Christian, a knight errant ever ready for enterprise and adventure, a soldier of wise will, nobly despising the common objects of human device and ambition.' He did not share Gladstone's optimistic faith, that 'Gordon at Khartoum was as safe as in London;' he was prominent in urging upon the Cabinet that an expedition should be sent out to our great envoy's relief. When the tragedy—since happily avenged—had become known in England, Lord Selborne insisted that the Mahdi and his fanatics should be made to feel our power: 'It is duty,' he wrote, as became a statesman—'and not cringing or selfishness, which requires a great nation to maintain its power, even if necessary at a great sacrifice. It may be right for individual men sometimes to endure without resentment or resistance checks and defeats, and even insults and injuries. But the rulers of a nation to which are entrusted the guardianship of the welfare and the protection of the rights, both of its own people and of a vast empire beyond, with the responsibilities which attend public engagements with other States, cannot do so without being unfaithful to their trust.' But Gladstone, wrapped up in a kind of self-delusion, and certainly with no liking for Gordon, disregarded the counsels of a much wiser man; few acts of his so injured his Government as his cynical neglect of a ruler's first duty. Lord Selborne gives us a long account of the Reform Act of 1884-5, and explains the reasons why he gave his assent to

the extension of the Household franchise to the English counties. These reasons had real weight for Great Britain; but they were absolutely without justification as respects Ireland; and Lord Selborne has not told us why he concurred in legislation, which has been in the highest degree disastrous, in Parliamentary Elections ever since, and, as we now see, in Elections under the new Local Government Act of 1898. This so-called reform has wrought a consummation which Mr. Lecky has thus described: \* 'No one who knew Ireland doubted that it would throw a still larger amount of power into the hands of a poor, ignorant, and disaffected peasantry, completely under the influence of priests and agitators; that it would weaken, and in many districts virtually disfranchise loyalty, property, and intelligence; that it would deepen the division of classes; that it would enormously increase the difficulties of establishing any form of moderate and honest self-government.'

Gladstone's Government fell in 1885. Lord Selborne has described his lengthy election address as ambiguous, 'misty and facing both ways,' on nearly all the great questions of the time. Spite of all that mere apologists have said, it did not indicate a policy of Home Rule, though, with characteristic casuistry, it dropped words and made hints that made double dealing plausible. When Gladstone, seeing how parties stood in the new Parliament, suddenly and without consulting one of his colleagues, surrendered to Parnell, declaring for an Irish Parliament, and came into office through these means, Lord Selborne refused to accept the Great Seal from the Minister; and, with all the best men of the old Liberal party, went into opposition to the Home Rule Government. He took a prominent part in exposing the evils of the Bill of 1886; wrote able letters in *The Times* on the subject, especially on the impossibility, under the proposed measure, of protecting property, order, and law in Ireland, and of maintaining the supremacy of Imperial rule; and he rejoiced with the Liberal Unionists at the defeat of a project which England repudiated in no

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\* *Democracy and Liberty*, I., 27, 28.

doubtful sense. As subsequent events ran their unhappy course, he became almost completely estranged from Gladstone, like nearly all the old Liberal chiefs. It could hardly be otherwise when a statesman of extraordinary gifts, who had been head of the Empire, allied himself with the undisguised foes of England; made associates and friends of men whom he had recently denounced as 'marching through rapine to dismemberment;' stooped to be the apologist of vile lawlessness, which under his auspices had been visited with severe penalties; threw his whole strength into the cause of disorder; and gave proof of a tergiversation and a contradiction to his former self, to which history can scarcely show a parallel. Lord Selborne has well pointed out that the coalition between Gladstone and Parnell was infinitely worse than the coalition between Fox and North; he might have added that no public man made use of such language against his own countrymen, and against the institutions and the Government under which they live as Gladstone did from 1885 to 1892; he even surpassed the extravagance of Fox when he became a champion of Jacobin France against England. Lord Selborne, greatly against his will, and though now long past his seventieth year, appeared at several public meetings to make a protest against Home Rule, and to uphold the cause of the Union, and his weighty utterances may still be read with profit. When Gladstone obtained a precarious majority in the House of Commons in 1894, and brought in his second Home Rule Bill, Lord Selborne was one of its ablest opponents. The measure, dragged through the House of Commons by 'log rolling' and force, was many degrees worse than that of 1886; Lord Selborne exposed its anomalies and absurdities with conspicuous skill. He had, in fact, as early as 1886, seen all that was involved in the policy of giving Ireland a Parliament of her own, and yet retaining a body of Irish members in the House of Commons, that is, of enabling Irish 'Nationalists' to rule Ireland, and to hold the balance between British parties at Westminster; and when this policy was embodied in a Bill, he clearly pointed out the numerous resulting evils, and that it could only lead to converting the undivided British

monarchy into a Federation of the worst type. His speech, when the House of Lords threw out the ill-starred measure, was one of the best he ever made; its most striking feature, perhaps, was the severe, but sorrowful and dignified rebuke he gave to Gladstone for his conduct in recent years.

Lord Selborne has drawn a very striking likeness of the extraordinary man, who, for many years, stood out as the most brilliant of English statesmen, and has left a conspicuous mark on the history of his time. The portrait nearly corresponds with that of Mr. Lecky, but the lines are harder and less finely traced; the difference is that between a Holbein and a Vandyke. Lord Selborne, though a confidential friend, was not one of Gladstone's closest intimates; but scarcely any one had such opportunities to form a correct estimate of Gladstone's public career. He was an ardent admirer of Gladstone from his youth to his later manhood; had a strong sympathy with his High Church views, and with his Liberal policy on many subjects. He fell under Gladstone's most attractive influence, and has done full justice to that statesman's splendid mental gifts, to the lofty moral tone which marked

- his speeches, to his love of peace and good will among nations, to the zeal for humanity of which he often gave proof. But though long, very long, under the magician's spell, Lord Selborne began to feel, even at an early period, that the nature of Gladstone was not stable, was prone to sudden changes without much reflection, was carried away by fancies, and easily swayed by passion. He perceived that, intellectually, Gladstone, in Macaulay language, saw things 'through a false medium of passion and prejudice'; and that, morally, he could be led astray by feelings, emotions, likes and dislikes, very dangerous in the case of a statesman. He became alive to Gladstone's singular credulity and want of knowledge of men, and to his strange inexperience in many spheres of politics, especially to his ignorance of foreign affairs; and he regarded with ever increasing distrust his impulsiveness, his vehemence, his tendency to degrade the politician into the mere demagogue, his deficiency in judgment when he adopted a given course of conduct, repeatedly carried out by him to



extreme ends, with little regard to the probable results. Yet despite the inconsistencies and self-contradictions of a public life, from youth often extravagant and ill-balanced, and despite the numerous glaring faults he repeatedly committed in politics abroad and at home, Gladstone continued to command Lord Selborne's esteem, and even his reverence, if not without misgivings, until as a Minister he declared for Home Rule, springing on the country a policy, without notice, which every English statesman, himself included, had previously condemned; and until he had associated himself with Parnell and his followers, and with a conspiracy against British rule in Ireland. Gladstone's subsequent conduct in leaguering himself with Radicalism of the extreme type, in hounding on the masses against the classes, in swallowing the socialism he really disliked, in endeavouring to subvert the institutions of the State and to further the cause of lawless disorder, in order to effect the fatal result of Home Rule, completed Lord Selborne's disenchantment. He considered such conduct well nigh treason to England, and Gladstone as a self-deluded and most dangerous statesman. Yet if we calmly look back at that most eccentric career, we shall see that even that last and deplorable 'leap in the dark' was really in correspondence with other rash acts of Gladstone, though certainly it was in excess of all; and we cannot entirely agree with Lord Selborne, that Gladstone was usually superior to mere personal motives, and as a rule was conscientious even in his most reprehensible doings. It would be easy to show that, over and over again, a fierce ambition, a passionate desire for fame, and even vindictiveness and sheer dislike, determined his conduct in affairs of State.

Lord Selborne has thus summed up his masterly review of the later passages of Gladstone's career:—

'Resistance to the Crimes Act after it had become law was encouraged; all measures taken to enforce it were condemned; the Government, the magistrates, and even the police, were stigmatised as wrong-doers whenever the use of force became necessary to suppress unlawful assemblies, and on other occasions when any pretext for attacking them could be found. All material facts were seen as they were represented by the partisans and organs of the National League; whatever was stated on the



part of the Government went for nothing. More than this appeared to be necessary to gain for his new Irish policy the requisite amount of British support. There were sections of opinion in Wales, Scotland, and England, which expected demands of their own to be satisfied, and could not be got to care about Irish Home Rule except as a means to an end ; they were encouraged to believe that they might have their own terms. . . . No development of Radicalism was too extravagant for candidates proposing it before Liberal constituencies to gain the benefit of commendatory letters from Mr. Gladstone. All sorts of schemes for Parliamentary interference with the rights of property, and with the freedom of capital and labour, budded and blossomed under the capacious shelter of the new " Liberal umbrella," not without a sanguine hope that, in " the good time coming," they would be entertained by the great leader " with an open mind," and there was " no plain speaking to discourage that hope." What the final issue of these things may be, cannot be foretold ; but if it should be the decay and degradation of British statesmanship, and the triumph of anarchical forces, hostile to the life of freedom, " while they shout her name," Mr. Gladstone will have contributed to it more than any other man. What was said of Alcibiades, " *Cujus nescio utrum bona an vitia patriæ perniciosiora fuerint ; illis enim cives suos decepit, his affixit,*" may possibly be the judgment of posterity on him.'

Lord Selborne had passed his eightieth year before Gladstone retired from public life, after the defeat of the second Home Rule Bill of 1893. Since he had given up the Great Seal in 1885, he had regularly attended the House of Lords ; his great judicial faculties had never been more manifest, especially in some notable mercantile cases, involving questions of equitable fraud, in which his strong conscientiousness made itself apparent. His intellect was not dimmed by old age ; indeed, it was powerful and brilliant to the last ; he wrote learnedly on the Disestablishment of the Church of England, and on her historical right to her property ; as Rector of St. Andrews, he delivered an address to the students of remarkable merit. The comments he made on physical science, and on its relations with mental and moral philosophy, are worthy of all praise for their insight and wisdom ; magnificent as have been the discoveries made by the first, its laws have still a superior law behind, the intelligence of the Divine Maker of the universe, of which, part has been communicated to the intelligence of man. But Lord Selborne paid the penalty of extreme old age ; he lost his excellent wife in 1885,

his brother William had died before; nearly all the friends and companions of his youth were gone. He lived, however, to see his son and his daughters well established and very happily married, with the exception of one daughter, who, with pious filial care, clung to her surviving parent in his declining years, and has completed his autobiography by a simple account of his end. He passed away peacefully, but rather suddenly, in 1895; few deaths were happier and more generally mourned. He was laid in his mother-earth in the burying-ground of the church which the illustrious 'parishioner' had built and adorned; amidst the heartfelt sorrow of those who followed the bier, there was a confident faith that the dust being given to the dust would be re-animated 'in the sure and certain hope that this corruptible would put on incorruption, and that this mortal would put on immortality.' Archbishop Benson—he, too, since called away—has thus traced the great characteristics of his departed friend:—'A finished scholar, a consummate student and master of the laws, a swift, eagle-eyed discerner of the critical fact or thought or argument; a truth-seeker in highest things, never content with language till it was truthful in minutest things; an advocate and judge of majestic honesty; a politician of spotless honour, a Christian on scientific grounds of evidence and on inmost grounds of faith; an English Churchman, of historic, logical, firmest conviction, absolutely satisfied that the position was impregnable; he knew what he believed, and what he knew he lived and looked. The motto over the hall chimney-piece is, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." It exactly expressed him. His reverence for law was magnetic; his religion was communion with Christ.'

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

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ART. IV.—MISS FERRIER'S NOVELS.

1. *Memoir and Correspondence of Susan Ferrier, 1782-1854.*  
Based on her Private Correspondence in the possession of  
and Collected by her Grand-nephew, JOHN FERRIER.  
Edited by JOHN A. DOYLE. Portraits. London: John  
Murray. 1898.
2. *Miss Ferrier's Novels.* 6 vols. London: R. Bentley & Son.  
1882.

THE letters which have been gathered together into the first volume on our list, are, it must be owned, somewhat disappointing. They are lively, full of gossip and chit-chat, sometimes a little gushing, often cynical, and frequently amusing, but they add little to our knowledge of Miss Ferrier or of the society and times in which she lived. Her grand-nephew, Mr. John Ferrier, however, who has had the assistance of Mr. Doyle as Editor, has spared no pains to make the volume as valuable as possible, and has succeeded almost beyond expectation. His notes on Miss Ferrier's friends and family, his memoir, and the additional particulars he has supplied respecting his great-aunt's writings, and the characters portrayed in them, together with the fresh information he has collected illustrative of Miss Ferrier's life, should all help to make his volume a success, and to give it a permanent place in the history of English literature.

Miss Ferrier came of a good family, and moved about in the highly respectable, and, indeed, aristocratic society which she chose to depict in her novels. Her father was a Writer to the Signet, legal adviser of the fifth Duke of Argyll, and, towards the end of his life, Sir Walter Scott's colleague as one of the principal Clerks of the Court of Session. She was born in Edinburgh, 17th September, 1782, and, as she lived till the year 1854, had among her contemporaries Fanny Burney, Maria Edgeworth, and Jane Austen. What the Edinburgh of the early part of her life was need hardly be said. It was then passing through the most brilliant period of its literary history, and was the home of Sir Walter Scott, Professor Wilson, Lord

Jeffrey, and Gibson Lockhart, while among the other literary names of her life-time were Coleridge and Wordsworth, Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, Keats and Shelley, Byron, Sidney Smith, John Galt, and Miss Mitford. Among this brilliant crowd Miss Ferrier is entitled to a not undistinguished place. She wrote but three books, and Nichol does not condescend to mention either her or her books in his literary tables, but professors are not always infallible, and though for her first book she received but £150, for her third she was paid £1,700, and was referred to by the great novelist of the time as his 'shadow.' Her work may not be equal to Maria Edgeworth's, and it certainly is not to Miss Austen's, but what these did for the society of England and Ireland in their day, Miss Ferrier did for that of Scotland in hers.

Like the lives of most literary people, Miss Ferrier's was without incidents, except of the most ordinary kind. During the early part of her life she was an invalid, and spent most of her time in Edinburgh or at her father's house in the country. At Inveraray Castle she was a frequent visitor, and a great favourite, and among her correspondents are various members of the Argyll family. Her chief correspondent, however, and the individual with whom she appears to have been on the most intimate terms, was Miss Clavering, afterwards Mrs. Miles Fletcher. Of that 'singular race of excellent Scotch old ladies' among whom she mixed, Lord Cockburn has given us the following happy description. They were, he tells us, 'Merry even in solitude, very resolute, indifferent about the modes and habits of the modern world, and adhering to their own ways, so as to stand out like primitive rocks above ordinary society. Their prominent qualities of sense, human affection, and spirit, were embodied in curious outsides, for they all dressed and spoke and did exactly as they chose; their language, like their habits, entirely Scotch, but without any other vulgarity than what perfect naturalness is sometimes mistaken for.' The description is worth remembering. At anyrate, it is a sufficient justification for what one of her critics, Mr. Saintsbury, has found fault with in some of her characters.

Of the three novels, *Marriage* was the first to appear. At first it was intended to be a joint production. Many letters passed between Miss Ferrier and Miss Clavering in connection with it, and there can be little doubt that before it was fairly on the stocks there was much discussion about it whenever they met. Miss Ferrier, however, may be fairly credited with the origination of the novel, though it is not unlikely that she was helped to it by her discussions with Miss Clavering. In a letter, to which there appears to be no date, but which was probably written towards the end of 1809, Miss Ferrier wrote to the latter, after saying that 'Where there is much tribulation, 'tis fitter it should be the *consequence* rather than the *cause* of misconduct or frailty,' and that she does not see 'that what is called a *good moral* can be dispensed with in a work of fiction—

'Now as to my own deeds, I shall make no apologies (since they must be banished from our code of laws) for sending you a hasty and imperfect sketch of what I think might be wrought up to a tolerable form. I do not recollect ever to have seen the sudden transition of a high-bred English beauty, who thinks she can sacrifice all for love, to an uncomfortable solitary Highland dwelling among tall, red-haired sisters and grim-faced aunts. Don't you think this would make a good opening of the piece? Suppose each of us try our hands on it; the moral to be deduced from that is to warn all young ladies against runaway matches, and the character and fate of the two sisters would be *unexceptionable*. I expect it will be the first book every wise matron will put into the hand of her daughter, and even the reviewers will relax their severity in favour of the morality of the little work. Enchanting sight! Already do I behold myself arrayed in an old mouldy covering, thumbed and creased, and filled with dog's-ears. I hear the enchanting sound of some sentimental miss, the shrill pipe of some antiquated spinster, or the hoarse grumbling of some incensed dowager, as they severally inquire for me at the circulating library, and are assured by the master that though he has thirteen copies, they are insufficient to answer the calls upon it, but that each may depend upon having the very first that may come in. . . One thing let me entreat of you; if we engage in this undertaking, let it be kept a profound secret from every human being. If I was suspected of being accessory to such foul deeds, my brothers and sisters would murder me, and my father would bury me alive—and I have always observed that if a secret ever goes beyond those immediately concerned in its concealment, it very soon ceases to be a secret.'

The joint-authorship project fell through. Miss Clavering, however, contributed one chapter—the History of Mrs. Douglas, which is scarcely so flat and dull as Mr. Ferrier would make out—and numerous criticisms, from which, as the grand-nephew admits, Miss Ferrier was to some extent indebted. ‘If any reader,’ he says, ‘takes the trouble to go through her [Miss Clavering’s] letter of May 10, 1813, and to compare “Marriage” as we actually have it, with “Marriage” as she criticises it, they will see how much Miss Ferrier owed to her friend’s advice.’

When finished the ‘bantling,’ as Miss Ferrier somewhere calls it, *Marriage* was shown to Blackwood under the strict seal of secrecy as to its authorship. Blackwood wrote of it with enthusiasm, and became its publisher on payment of the magnificent sum of £150. Perhaps the sum was sufficient for an unknown author’s first work, but it was scarcely on a level with the high encomiums he paid it. He soon found out, however, that he had made a good bargain. The bantling proved extremely lively, and he was anxious to publish more of the same kind—but all this has been detailed in Mrs. Oliphant’s *History of Blackwoods*, as well as in Mr. Ferrier’s volume, and in the pages of this *Review*.

In essentials *Marriage* is precisely the same as it first presented itself to Miss Ferrier’s mind. The motive is the same, and the idea is worked out on the lines drawn in the first sketch. What plot there is in it is sufficient to admit of movement and to allow room for a variety of comical and delightful situations. Lady Juliana Lindore is the daughter of a somewhat embarrassed English nobleman, the Earl of Courtland. A spoilt child of fashion, brought up in luxury and gaiety, selfish and capricious, and having no idea beyond her lap-dogs, and caring for nothing beyond the satisfaction of her passing whim, she receives with consternation the Earl’s announcement that she is to marry an old and ugly Duke. For a moment she dissembles, next vacillates, and then, with the visions of coronets, jewels, and equipages floating in her brain, hastens with sparkling eye and elastic step to receive the Duke. The delusion lasts for a few weeks. She is flattered with the

homage paid to her as the future Duchess, and begins to think that after all the Duke is not so very ugly, and that he has at least an exquisite taste in trinkets. Everything is fixed, but before the day arrives, she grants an interview to her lover, Harry Douglas, whose handsome figure prevails over the Duke's trinkets, and the pair elope to Scotland, where 'at the altar of Vulcan, the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Courtland gave her hand to her handsome, but penniless lover; and there vowed to immolate every ambitious desire, every sentiment of vanity and high-born pride.' After a couple of months spent in the lake country, the enamoured husband begins to suspect that 'his angel Julia' can utter very silly things, and the fond bride discovers that though her 'adored Henry's' figure is symmetry itself, he has not altogether the marks of a man of fashion. Time begins to hang heavy. Juliana's letter to her father is returned unopened. Douglas finds himself superseded in his regiment, and the two set out for the Highlands to take refuge with the bridegroom's father at Glenfern Castle.'

'At the first mention of it Lady Juliana was transported with joy, and begged that a letter might be instantly dispatched, containing the offer of a visit. She had heard the Duchess of M. declare nothing could be so delightful as the style of living in Scotland: the people were so frank and gay, and the manners so easy and engaging—oh! it was delightful. And then Lady Jane G. and Lady Mary L., and a thousand other lords and ladies she knew, were all so charmed with the country, and all so sorry to leave it. Then dear Henry's family must be so charming; an old castle, too, was her delight; she would feel quite at home while wandering through its long galleries; and she quite loved old pictures, and armour, and tapestry; and then her thoughts reverted to her father's magnificent mansion in D—shire.'

A stop is made at Edinburgh, and then the real journey begins—with dreary moors, execrable roads, and bad inns; but Lady Juliana is buoyed up with dreams of balls, fishing parties, shooting parties, and all manner of parties, and the certainty of being recompensed for all the hardships of the way by the splendid festivities which are to welcome her to Glenfern Castle. Her husband is not quite so sure about matters. His recollections of the place are dim, having left it

while yet a child to be adopted by a rich relative, but he expatiates on the wild but august scenery that surrounded his father's castle, and Lady Juliana dreams of picnics and dancing. 'Henry,' she exclaims, 'there will surely be a ball to welcome our arrival,' when suddenly their conversation is interrupted, and the pair are introduced to the reality of things.

'For just at that moment they had gained the summit of a very high hill, and the post-boy, stopping to give his horses breath, turned round to the carriage, pointing at the same time, with a significant gesture, to a tall, thin gray house, something resembling a tower, that stood in the vale beneath. A small sullen-looking lake was in front, on whose banks grew neither tree nor shrub. Behind rose a chain of rugged cloud-capped hills, on the declivities of which were some faint attempts at young plantations; and the only level ground consisted of a few dingy turnip fields, enclosed with stone walls, or dykes, as the post-boy called them. It was now November; the day was raw and cold; and a thick drizzling rain was beginning to fall. A dreary stillness reigned all around, broken only at intervals by the screams of the sea-fowl that hovered over the lake, on whose dark and troubled waters was dimly descried a little boat, plied by one solitary being.

"What a scene!" at length Juliana exclaimed, shuddering as she spoke. "Good God, what a scene! How I pity the unhappy wretches who are doomed to dwell in such a place! and yonder hideous grim house—it makes me sick to look at it. For Heaven's sake, bid him drive on." Another significant look from the driver made the colour mount to Douglas's cheek, as he stammered out, "Surely, it can't be; yet somehow I don't know. Pray, my lad," letting down one of the glasses, and addressing the post-boy, "what is the name of that house?"

"Hoose!" repeated the driver; "ca' ye thon a hoose? Thon's gude Glenfern Castle."

Lady Juliana begins to have fears. On arriving at the Castle, Douglas assists her to alight, and leaning on her husband, her squirrel on her other arm, preceded by her dogs, barking with all their might, and attended by the macaw, screaming with all his strength, she is ushered into the drawing-room. Here disenchantment follows disenchantment. Lady Juliana bursts into tears, beseeches her husband to take her away, is led to her rooms, where, 'If you wish my death, Harry,' said she, with a voice almost inarticulate from excess of weeping, 'oh! kill me quickly, and do not leave me to



linger out my days and perish at last with misery here.' At the height of the scene her abigail bursts into the room and, almost choking with passion, demands her discharge, that she may return with the driver who brought her. At last, no longer able 'to suppress the emotions of insulted pride, wounded vanity, and indignant disappointment,' Lady Juliana gives way to a violent fit of hysterics, and her husband calls loudly for assistance.

'In a moment the three aunts and the five sisters all rushed together into the room, full of wonder, exclamation, and inquiry. Many were the remedies that were tried and the experiments that were suggested; and at length the violence exhausted itself, and a faint sob or deep sigh succeeded the hysteric scream.

'Douglas now attempted to account for the behaviour of his noble spouse by ascribing it to the fatigue she had lately undergone, joined to distress of mind at her father's unrelenting severity towards her.

"Oh, the amiable creature!" interrupted the unsuspecting spinsters, almost stifling her with their caresses as they spoke: "Welcome, a thousand times welcome, to Glenfern Castle," said Miss Jacky, who was esteemed by much the most sensible woman, as well as the greatest orator in the whole parish; "nothing shall be wanting, dearest Lady Juliana, to compensate for a parent's rigour, and make you happy and comfortable. Consider this as your future home! My sisters and I myself will be as mothers to you; and see these charming young creatures," dragging forward two tall frightened girls, with sandy hair and great purple arms; "thank Providence for having blest you with such sisters!"

"Don't speak too much, Jacky, to our dear niece at present," said Miss Grizzy; "I think one of Lady Maclaughlan's composing draughts would be the best thing for her."

"Composing draughts at this time of day!" cried Miss Nicky; "I should think a little good broth a much wiser thing. There are some excellent family broth making below, and I'll desire Tibby to bring a few."

"Will you take a little soup, love?" asked Douglas. His lady assented; and Miss Nicky vanished, but quickly re-entered, followed by Tibby, carrying a huge bowl of coarse broth, swimming with leeks, greens, and grease. Lady Juliana attempted to taste it; but her delicate palate revolted at the homely fare; and she gave up the attempt, in spite of Miss Nicky's earnest entreaties to take a few more of these excellent family broth.

"I should think," said Henry, as he vainly attempted to stir it round, "that a little wine would be more to the purpose than this stuff."

'The aunts looked at each other; and, withdrawing to a corner, a whispering consultation took place, in which Lady Maclaughlan's opinion,

“birch, balm, currant, heating, cooling, running risks,” etc., etc., transpired. At length the question was carried; and some tolerable sherry and a piece of substantial *shortbread* was produced.’

By and by Mrs. Douglas is introduced, who, by her tact and character, does a little to soften the asperities of the situation for the child of fashion. But the troubles begin again in the drawing-room after dinner, when the grim old aunts expatiate on the virtues of barley broth and oatmeal porridge.

“Only look at thae lambs,” said Miss Grizzy, pointing to the five girls; “see what pickters of health they are! I’m sure, I hope, my dear niece, your children will be just the same—only boys, for we are sadly in want of boys. It’s melancholy to think we have not a boy among us, and that a fine auntient race like ours should be dying away for want of male heirs.” And the tears streamed down the cheeks of the good spinster as she spoke.’

Lady Juliana gives the tea Miss Nicky offers her to one of her pugs and desires coffee, when the old Highland servitor informs Miss Nicky that ‘it’s been clean forgot,’ and when asked if it cannot still be got, replies—

“‘Deed, Maister Harry, the night’s owre far gane for’t noo; for the fire’s a’ ta’en up, ye see,” reckoning with his fingers, as he proceeded; “there’s parritch makin’ for oor supper; and there’s patatees boiling for the beasts; and—”’

But the climax is not long in coming.

‘The Laird, all this while, had been enjoying his evening nap; but, that now ended, and the tea equipage being dismissed, starting up, he asked what they were about, that the dancing was not begun.

“‘Come, my Leddy, we’ll set the example,” snapping his fingers, and singing in a coarse voice—

“‘The mouse is a merry beastie,  
And the moudiwort wants the een;  
But folk sall ne’er get wit,  
Sae merry as we twa ha’e been.”

“‘But whar’s the girlies?’ cried he. “Ho! Belle, Becky, Betty, Baly, Beeny—to your posts!”

‘The young ladies, eager for the delights of music and dancing, now entered, followed by Coil, the piper, dressed in the native garb, with cheeks seemingly ready blown for the occasion. After a little strutting and puffing, the pipes were fairly set agoing in Coil’s most spirited manner.

But vain would be the attempt to describe Lady Juliana's horror and amazement at the hideous sounds that for the first time assailed her ear. Tearing herself from the grasp of the old gentleman, who was just setting off in the reel, she flew shrieking to her husband, and threw herself trembling into his arms, while he called loudly to the self-delighted Coil to stop.

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" cried the whole family, gathering round.

"Matter!" repeated Douglas furiously; "you have frightened Lady Juliana to death with your infernal music. What did you mean," turning fiercely to the astonished piper, "by blowing that confounded bladder?"

'Poor Coil gaped with astonishment; for never before had his performance on the bagpipe been heard but with admiration and applause.

"A bonny bargain, indeed, that canna stand the pipes," said the old gentleman, as he went puffing up and down the room. "She's no the wife for a Heilandman. Confounded blather, indeed! By my faith, ye're no blate!"

"I declare it's the most distressing thing I ever met with," sighed Miss Grizzy. "I wonder whether it could be the sight or the sound of the bagpipe that frightened our dear niece. I wish to goodness Lady Maclaughlan was here!"

"It's impossible the bagpipe could frighten anybody," said Miss Jacky, in a high key; "nobody with common sense could be frightened at a bagpipe."

'Mrs. Douglas here mildly interposed, and soothed down the offended pride of the Highlanders by attributing Lady Juliana's agitation entirely to *surprise*. The word operated like a charm; all were ready to admit that it was a surprising thing when heard for the first time.'

To Lady Maclaughlan, whose name is spoken with something like awe by the three maiden aunts, we are not long in obtaining an introduction. Her husband, Sir Sampson, is a diminutive, wizzened, lemon-faced individual, and a confirmed invalid. She herself is tall and handsome, but plain and blunt in speech, full of contradictions, dresses strangely, carries everything with a high hand, but beneath her strange manners is generous and unselfish. The occasion of her introduction is an invitation to spend 'a few days' at Glenfern Castle, and the three maiden ladies are expecting her arrival with fearful anxiety. At last

'The heavy rumble of a ponderous vehicle now proclaimed the approach of the expected visitor, which pleasing anticipation was soon changed into blissful certainty by the approach of a high-roofed, square-bottomed, pea-green chariot, drawn by two long-tailed white horses, and followed by a

lackey in the Highland garb. Out of this equipage issued a figure clothed in a light-coloured, large-flowered chintz raiment, carefully drawn through the pocket-holes, either for its own preservation or the more disinterested purpose of displaying a dark, short stuff-petticoat, which, with the same liberality, afforded ample scope for the survey of a pair of worsted stockings and black leather shoes, something resembling buckets. A faded red cloth jacket, which bore evident marks of having been severed from its native skirts, now acted in the capacity of a spencer. On the head rose a stupendous fabric in the form of a cap, on the summit of which was placed a black beaver hat, tied *à la poissarde*. A small black satin muff in one hand, and a gold-headed walking-stick in the other, completed the dress and decoration of this personage.

The lackey, meanwhile, advanced to the carriage, and, putting in both his hands, as if to catch something, he pulled forth a small bundle, enveloped in a military cloak, the contents of which would have baffled conjecture but for the large cocked hat and little booted legs which protruded at opposite extremities.

A loud but slow and well-modulated voice now resounded through the narrow stone passage that conducted to the drawing-room.

“Bring him in—bring him in, Philistine!—I always call my man Philistine, because he has Sampson in his hands—set him down there,” pointing to an easy chair, as the group now entered, headed by Lady Maclaughlan.

“Well, girls!” addressing the venerable spinsters, as they severally exchanged a tender salute; “so you’re all alive, I see—humph!”

“Dear Lady Maclaughlan, allow me to introduce our beloved niece, Lady Juliana Douglas,” said Miss Grizzy, leading her up, and bridling as she spoke with ill-suppressed exultation.

“So’re—you’re very pretty—yes, you are very pretty!” kissing the forehead, cheeks, and chin of the youthful beauty between every pause. Then, holding her at arm’s length, she surveyed her from head to foot with elevated brows and a broad fixed stare.

“Pray sit down, Lady Maclaughlan,” cried her three friends all at once, each tendering a chair.

“Sit down!” repeated she; “why, what should I sit down for? I choose to stand—I don’t like to sit—I never sit at home—do I, Sir Sampson?” turning to the little warrior, who, having been seized with a violent fit of coughing on his entrance, had now sunk back, seemingly quite exhausted, while the *Philistine* was endeavouring to disencumber him of his military accoutrements.

“How very distressing Sir Sampson’s cough is,” said the sympathizing Miss Grizzy.

“Distressing, child! No—it’s not the least distressing. How can a thing be distressing that does no harm! He’s much the better of it—it’s the only exercise he gets.”

The visit is full of amusing situations, but ends almost tragically for the three aunts; for their aristocratic guest suddenly bundles up Sir Sampson and goes off apparently in high dudgeon. However, after a time, they are more than consoled by receiving an invitation for themselves and Lady Juliana from Lochmarlie Castle in the following terms:—

“Dear Child—Sir Sampson’s stomach has been as bad as it could well be, but not so bad as your roads. He was shook to a jelly. My petticoat won’t do. Mrs. M’Hall has had a girl. I wonder what makes people have girls; they never come to good. Boys may go to the mischief, and be good for something—if girls go, they’re good for nothing I know of. I never saw such roads. I suppose Glenfern means to bury you all in the highway; there are holes enough to make you graves, and stones big enough for coffins. You must all come and spend Tuesday here—not all, but some of you—you, dear child, and your brother and a sister, and your pretty niece and handsome nephew—I love handsome people. Miss M’Kraken has bounced away with her father’s footman; I hope he will clean his knives over her. Come early, and come dressed. Your friend  
—ISABELLA MACLAUGHLAN.”

On the appointed Tuesday, punctually to the hour, all arrived at Lochmarlie, but to their utter astonishment neither lights nor servants greet their arrival. No answer is given even to the ringing of the bell. At last they get in, surprise Sir Sampson, and, in answer to the question, ‘Where is my lady?’ receive the answer from a servant, ‘Hurs i’ ta teach tap’ [in the top of the house]. Away they go in search of her, and after following divers windings and turnings, at length reach the door of her *sanctum sanctorum*, and having ‘gently tapped,’ the voice of the priestess is heard in no very encouraging accents demanding ‘Who’s there?’

“It’s only us,” replied her trembling friend.

“Only us! Humph! I wonder what fool is called *only us*! Open the door, Philistine, and see what *only us* wants.”

The door was opened, and the party entered. The day was closing in, but by the faint twilight that mingled with the gleams from a smoky, smouldering fire, Lady Maclaughlan was dimly discernible, as she stood upon the hearth, watching the contents of an enormous kettle that emitted both steam and odour. She regarded the invaders with her usual marble aspect, and without moving either joint or muscle as they drew near.

"I declare—I don't think you know us, Lady Maclaughlan," said Miss Grizzy, in a tone of affected vivacity, with which she strove to conceal her agitation.

"Know you!" repeated her friend—"humph! Who you are, I know very well; but what brings you here I do *not* know. Do you know yourselves?"

"I declare—I can't conceive——" began Miss Grizzy, but her trepidation arrested her speech, and her sister therefore proceeded—

"Your ladyship's declaration is no less astonishing than incomprehensible. We have waited upon you by your own express invitation on the day appointed by yourself; and we have been received in a manner, I must say, we did not expect, considering this is the first visit of our niece, Lady Juliana Douglas."

"I'll tell you what, girls," replied their friend, as she still stood with her back to the fire, and her hands behind her; "I'll tell you what—you are not yourselves—you are all lost—quite mad—that's all—humph!"

"If that's the case, we cannot be fit company for your ladyship," retorted Miss Jacky, warmly; "and therefore the best thing we can do is to return the way we came. Come, Lady Juliana—come, sister."

"I declare, Jacky, the impetuosity of your temper is—I really cannot stand it——" and the gentle Grizzy gave way to a flood of tears.

"You used to be rational, intelligent creatures," resumed her ladyship, "but what has come over you I don't know. You come tumbling in here at the middle of the night—and at the top of the house—nobody knows how—when I never was thinking of you; and because I don't tell a parcel of lies, and pretend I expected you, you are for flying off again—humph! Is this the behaviour of women in their senses? But since you are here, you may as well sit down and say what brought you. Get down, Gil Blas—go along, Tom Jones," addressing two huge cats, who occupied a three-cornered leather chair by the fireside, and who relinquished it with much reluctance. "How do you do, pretty creature?" kissing Lady Juliana, as she seated her in this cats' cradle. "Now, girls, sit down and tell what brought you here to-day—humph!"

"Can your ladyship ask such a question after having formally invited us?" demanded the wrathful Jacky.

"I'll tell you what, girls, you were just as much invited by me to dine here to-day as you were appointed to sup with the Grand Seigneur—humph!"

"What day of the week does your ladyship call this?" asked Miss Grizzy.

"I call it Tuesday; but I suppose the Glenferny calendar calls it Thursday; Thursday was the day I invited you to come."

"I'm sure—I'm thankful we've got to the bottom of it at last," cried Miss Grizzy. "I read it, because I'm sure you wrote it, Tuesday."

"How could you be such a fool, my love, as to read it any such thing?"

Even if it had been written Tuesday, you might have had the sense to know it meant Thursday. When did you know me invite anybody for a Tuesday?"

"I declare it's very true; I certainly ought to have known better. I am quite confounded at my own stupidity; for, as you observe, even though you had said Tuesday, I might have known that you must have meant Thursday."

"Well, well, no more about it. Since you are here, you must stay here, and you must have something to eat, I suppose. Sir Sampson and I have dined two hours ago; but you shall have your dinner for all that. I must shut shop for this day, it seems, and leave my resuscitating tincture all in the dead-thraw—Methusalem pills quite in their infancy. But there's no help for it. Since you are here, you must stay here, and you must be fed and lodged; so get along, girls, get along. Here, Gil Blas—come, Tom Jones." And, preceded by her cats, and followed by her guests, she led the way to the parlour.'

Shortly after this an event occurs which gives the story a new start. Lady Juliana presents her husband with a couple of daughters, with one of whom she readily parts to Mrs. Douglas, and awakened by the event to a stronger sense of his helplessness, the father writes to his former friend and patron, General Cameron, who, after 'execrating his folly in marrying a lady of quality,' swearing at the birth of his twin daughters, and giving him some sound advice as to the future, receives him back into favour, settles upon him seven hundred per annum, and encloses a cheque for four hundred pounds to open the campaign. Lady Juliana is overjoyed, and taking their daughter with them they reappear in London. The old General is disgusted with her ladyship's frivolities, the way in which she squanders his money, her rudeness and heartlessness, gets Harry's commission restored, but he, thoroughly sickened by his wife's extravagance and follies, exchanges and goes abroad, and is not heard of again. Then comes the death of Lord Courtland. He is succeeded by Lord Lindore, whose wife deserts him. Lady Juliana becomes an inmate of his house. In course of time she is obliged, though much against her will, to receive into her family Mary, the daughter whom she had made over to Mrs. Douglas. Her visit is intended to show the difference in their mother's treatment

of them, the different results of their educations, and the difference in their lots. Miss Grizzy and Lady Maclaughlan and some of their friends reappear in London and Bath, and one or two amusing scenes occur, but the story gradually deepens into pathos, and is not without its tragedies.

The moral which Miss Ferrier intended to convey is writ large, though not obtrusively, throughout the volumes, and is thoroughly wholesome. The plot, though slight, is sufficient not only, as we have said, to admit of a great variety of situations, but also to carry on the interest of the reader without flagging to the end. Glenfern Castle, Mr. Ferrier tells us, was taken from Dunderawe Castle on Loch Fyne. He tells us, also, who many of the characters in the story are supposed to have been. Lady Maclaughlan is supposed to have been suggested by Lady Frederick Campbell, the widow of Earl Ferriers, while the originals of Grizzy, Jacky and Nacky are conjectured to have been three daughters of Campbell Edmonstone, Miss Ferrier's next door neighbours in George Street, Edinburgh. Miss Ferrier has been blamed for putting her friends and acquaintances into her books, but she always protested that she did not do so. What she did, we suppose, was what most other novelists do—took whatever suggestions her observations of others brought her, and then worked them up to suit her purpose. She was too well-bred, we suspect, to do more. That she was a keen observer of character is evident; and the very acuteness of her observation enabled her to depict her characters vividly. Take the three aunts, or Lady Maclaughlan, or Lady Juliana, or Mrs. Douglas, or the twin daughters, or Lady Edith, Lindore's daughter—they are all as distinctly and as clearly drawn as possible. Equally successful are the men. Redgill, Lord Lindore's gormandising doctor, is perfect. Some of them are not much worth, but all of them are well drawn. Whether such individuals exist is another question, but most of them are types of a past generation, and whether any of them are living still is of little consequence.

How *Marriage* was received by the reading world need not here be told. But there is a family tradition reported by Mr.



Ferrier which, if true, must have given infinite satisfaction to the author.

'Old Mr. Ferrier,' he writes, 'had a great contempt for female authors, according to the fashion of the day; and on one occasion, when confined to bed through illness, he asked his daughter to bring him a book from the library and read it to him, bidding her be careful not to choose one written by a woman. *Marriage* being then completed, she was desirous to have his opinion of her maiden effort, and read it, seating herself behind the curtains that her father might not see the MS. So delighted was he with the story that he hardly gave her time to take her meals, and on its conclusion she was told to get another by the same author. There is no other, his daughter told him. "I am sorry to hear that," said he, "for it is the best book you have ever brought me." "Then what will you say when I tell you that it was written by a woman?" "Nonsense," was the rejoinder, "no woman could ever write a book like that." My aunt placed the MS. in his hands avowing the authorship, and the old man burst into tears.'

Miss Ferrier was in no haste to appear before the public again. *Marriage* was published in 1818; *The Inheritance* did not make its appearance till 1824, six years later. Blackwood gave her £1000 for the copyright of it, and does not appear to have been a loser by the bargain. 'As a novel,' he said, 'it is a hundred miles above *Marriage*.' It is not every critic or reader who agrees in this estimate. Some rate it lower than *Marriage*. But there can be little doubt, we imagine, that though there is no character in it equal to Dr. Redgill, it shows better workmanship, and from an artistic point of view, is entitled to a higher place than *Marriage*. There is less mirth in it, and fewer comic situations, but from beginning to end it is more closely compacted together, and bears traces of a stronger hand. The plot is decidedly better, and is skilfully handled. The characters are not less varied, and though less attractive on the whole, are powerfully drawn.

The plot is not an everyday one, and may be briefly summarised. The Earl of Rossville, who is neither wise nor genial, but proudly autocratic, and given to long-winded speeches, has no direct heirs, except the only daughter of his brother, who, having married without his permission and beneath his station, he has compelled to live in penury, obscurity, and exile. The brother dies, and the widow,

Mrs. St. Clair, makes known her position to the Earl, who invites her and her child to Rossville Castle. The daughter grows up beautiful and romantic, and becomes entangled with Colonel Delmour, a clever spendthrift and good-for-nothing, who, from the moment he hears of her as the heiress, sets himself to secure both her and her fortune, but especially the latter. Fortunately Miss St. Clair has promised her mother not to marry till she is twenty-one, and in obedience to this refuses the Colonel's entreaties for an immediate marriage. The Colonel has several good reasons for the urgency of his suit. He is afraid that Lord Rossville will marry her to his brother, the member for the county. He is jealous, too, of his cousin, Edward Lyndsay, who he is afraid may denounce him. Lyndsay, however, sees how the land lies and is silent, though watchful. At last Lord Rossville calls Miss St. Clair to his presence, and bids her marry the Colonel's brother. She declines, and the Earl sets about altering his will. In returning to Rossville Castle, Mrs. Sinclair comes back to her own country and people, the Blacks. Visits are paid, and intercourse is resumed. There are three sisters and a brother with a large family of daughters, one of whom gets married to a Major Waddell. There is also an Uncle Adam, sour and cynical, but worth seventy thousand pounds. An air of mystery is thrown into the story by the introduction of an 'American' named Lewiston, who is in possession of a secret, and as often as he appears throws Mrs. St. Clair into a paroxysm of fear, which gives occasion for some highly wrought scenes. In the middle of the story Lord Rossville is found dead in bed, and Gertrude St. Clair becomes Countess of Rossville. Colonel Delmour becomes still more urgent, but the Countess is held by the promise made to her mother. Then there is the migration to London and the return. Delmour awaits impatiently, but with confidence, when during one of his absences from Rossville Castle, Lewiston reappears. His story is that he is Gertrude's father, but under pressure from Lyndsay admits that he is not. At the same time he lets out the secret that Gertrude is not Mrs. St. Clair's daughter, but an adopted child, which Mrs. St. Clair admits. The secret is

hardly divulged when Delmour arrives, and finding that Gertrude is not the heiress, returns and marries the Duchess of St. Ives. Finally Lyndsay becomes Earl of Rossville, and Gertrude his Countess.

The above are but the main incidents in the story. There are many others, all admirably worked out and skilfully interwoven into the plot. Much of the fun and hilarity of *Marriage*, as we have said, is here wanting; the colouring is less bright and more sombre. There is no want of life, however, nor any lack of interest. The characters are as clearly drawn as in *Marriage*, and some of them are new. Little Miss Pratt, and the Major whom Bell Black marries, contribute the fun, the first actively, the other unwittingly. Miss Pratt is the heroine of an incident which, at first sight, seems improbable. Unable to obtain any other form of conveyance, in the middle of a snowstorm, she drives up to Rossville Castle inside a hearse. Lord Rossville is struck dumb by such a violation of propriety, and the scene which follows is indescribably comic. In introducing the hearse, however, Miss Ferrier was only making use of an incident witnessed by one of her brothers between Dumfries and Edinburgh during a severe winter. Passing a hearse on the road, he was horrified by hearing cries issuing from it, and found that it was filled with soldiers' wives and children who were on their way to Edinburgh, and had been glad to get even the vehicle of death as a means of conveyance. Uncle Adam is said to have been suggested to Miss Ferrier by the character of her father. Be that as it may, he is true to the life, and is by no means an uncommon character. With her lovers, Miss Ferrier is scarcely so happy. Colonel De Linn, always, except on one or two occasions when there is a momentary glow of passion. The wonder is that it is not Gertrude, as it will impress most of readers, but real Lyndsay is a good contrast to the Colonel. He does Colonel Lennox in *Marriage*, the Colonel. Miss Ferrier conceived her characters, and she has a true insight. Not less deserving of notice are the characters of Bell Black, Gertrude, the heroine of the *Countess*; and Duguid. Upon the first Miss Ferrier has

vented most of her sarcasm and irony. One can almost fancy that she had a malicious pleasure in depicting her. Her silly vanity and vulgarity are brought out by a series of minute and exquisite touches. In their way nothing can be better than Bell's constant allusion to her impending marriage, and the letters she sends to Gertrude after it, unless it be Miss Pratt's perpetual reference to Anthony Whyte and his sayings, or the letter to Becky Duguid, who was 'Expected to attend all *accouchements*, christenings, deaths, chestings, and burials, but was seldom asked to a marriage, and never to a party of pleasure.' Gertrude and the development of her character are well managed, but Lewison, the villain of the story, is somewhat overdone, while the final scenes in which he takes part, though remarkably vivid, are if anything too prolonged. The cottage scene, where Gertrude, Lyndsay, and Uncle Adam visit one of the tenants who is supposed to be dying, and is attended by his wife, who acts as his mouthpiece, and whom nothing can silence, is gruesome, but not without its amusing side. The passage in which it is described is too long for quotation, and we must content ourselves with an extract from it:—

“Should you not like to be up out of bed?” asked Gertrude, now trying her skill to extract an answer, but before he had time to reply, his mouthpiece again took up the word.

“Up, my Leddy! 'Deed, he just craiks, craiks to be up, and than whan he's up he craik, craiks to be doun; an' it wad be very inconvenient for to ha'e him up the day, for you see,” pointing to the clothes that were spread over the chairs, “the fire's aw tane up wi' his dead-claise that I was gi'en an air to, for they had got unco dampish-wise in the wat wather; an' I'm thinkin' he'll no be lang o' wantin' them noo; and this is siccan a bonny day, I thought that atween the fire and the sun they wad be sure to get a gude toast.”

‘Uncle Adam had hitherto practised a degree of forbearance which had scarcely a parallel in his whole life and conversation, but indeed, from the moment the dame had first opened her lips, he had felt that words would be weak weapons to have recourse to, and that nothing less than smiting could at all satisfy his outraged feelings. Luckily at this moment she was not within the reach of his arm, otherwise it is to be feared his wrath would have vented itself not in thin air but in solid blows. As it was, he at length burst forth like a volcano.

“Airing the honest man’s dead-claise when the breath’s in his body yet! Ye’re bauld to treat a living man as ye wad a sweel’d corpse, and turn his very hoose into a kirkyard! How daur ye set up your face to keep him frae his ain fireside for ony o’ your dead duds!”

“And, snatching up the paraphernalia, so ostentiously displayed, he thrust the whole into the fire. “There, that’ll gie them a gude toast for you!” said he, and, as they broke into a blaze, he quitted the cabin.

“Eh, sirs, the bonny claise that cost sae muckle siller,” sobbed the mistress in an hysterical tone, as she made an ineffectual effort to save them; “the ill-faur’d carle that he is, to tak’ upon him for to set low to ony honest man’s windin’ sheet!”

‘Lady Rossville was confounded; for, as she but imperfectly comprehended the pith of the parley that had taken place, the action appeared to her, as indeed it was, perfectly outrageous, and her purse was instantly open to repair the breach of law and justice. But Lyndsay could scarcely keep from laughing at the tragic-comic scene that had just taken place. From his knowledge of the character and modes of thinking of the Scotch peasantry, he was not at all surprised at the gude wife’s preparations; but while she was engrossed with attempts to redeem some bits of the linen from the flames, he took the opportunity of carrying on his colloquy with the husband.

“So I see your wife does not attempt to conceal from you the danger you are in?” he said.

“Na, na,” said the invalid, perking up, “what fore wad she do that? they wadna be a true freend that wad hide a man’s danger frae him; we’re aw ready enough to hide it frae oursel’s, and forget the care o’ our ain immortal souls.”

“You have seen your minister then, I suppose?”

“Oo, ay, honest man! he ca’s in nows and thans, and muckle edification I get frae him,” and then, calling to his dame, he began to comfort her for the loss she had sustained, as though it had been her own holiday suit.’

Our reference to *Destiny*, the last of the three novels, must be brief. On the advice of Sir Walter Scott, with whose household Miss Ferrier had been on terms of intimacy for a considerable number of years, the MS. was taken to Caddell, who paid £1700 for the copyright, and the work appeared in 1831, seven years after *The Inheritance*. It is the custom to see in *Destiny* signs of failing powers, but it is difficult to detect them. Here and there a tendency to moralise appears, but there is no falling off in interest. As in *The Inheritance* there is less of fun and laughter and comicality than in *Marriage*, but as in *The Inheritance*, too, there is a better plot and superior

workmanship. Here, also, we are introduced to new characters Glenroy, young Malcolm, Sir Reginald, the Rev. Mr. M'Dow, and Molly Macauley. Among the rest are Edith, Glenroy's daughter, Lady Waldegrave and her mother, Lady Elizabeth, Glenroy's second wife, Captain and Mrs. Malcolm, Benbowie and the Laird of Inch Orran and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ribley, Admiral Conway and his wife. The character of Glenroy, a Highland Chief, and owner of immense property, is hit off in a single sentence. 'The fact was, Glenroy was too proud to consider it a matter of much importance whom he married; he could derive no consequence from his wife; his wife must owe all her dignity to him.' M'Dow is the representative of a class of parish ministers—conceited, vulgar, and obtrusive—who one would fain hope are extinct. Molly Macauley is a gentle, simple, patient, devoted soul, who may be taken as the type of what a nurse should be. Miss Ferrier seems to have loved her, and has spent infinite pains upon her. Sir Reginald, who is plighted to Edith, but marries Florinda, Lady Waldegrave, is less polished than Colonel Delmour, and is wanting in force of character. The feeling throughout the story is more intense than in *Marriage*, and, if anything, of a more chastened character than in *The Inheritance*. The plot admits of several striking situations, and lends itself here and there to descriptive writing. The passages of this sort which occur are full of beauty. Part of the scene is laid in London, but the author proves herself as much at home in the fashionable dwellings there as in Edinburgh or in the Highlands.

Miss Ferrier made two or three attempts to write another novel, but, though often solicited to produce more, she always refused. Perhaps she was well advised; for excellent as her work is, she had her limitations, and with *Destiny* seems to have reached them. Several of her characters reappear with differences and modifications in all her books. Some of them run in pairs. Uncle Adam is the counterpart of Mrs. Macshak. Edith and Mary Douglas are lovers of the same type. So also are Colonel Lennox and young Malcolm. Mrs. Malcolm is a matured Mrs. Douglas. But those on which she has spent

most pains stand out with a distinct individuality, as Glenroy, Molly Macauley, Lady Maclaughlan, the three aunts, Grizzly, Jacky and Nacky, Gertrude, Edward Lyndsay, Colonel Delmour, Miss Pratt, Lord Rossville, Bell Black, and Lady Juliana. These are all vivid creations. One gets to know them as well as if they were people we daily meet with, while the distinctness with which they are depicted, or rather, the art with which they are compelled to depict themselves, is sufficient to establish their author's fame, and to give her a permanent place among writers of fiction.

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ART. V.—ANENT THE WHITEFOORDS.

IN these days, Oblivion must have almost lost faith in the merits of her poppy. As far as the great people of the past are concerned, who were laid 'in golden urns, eminently above the earth,' they need never expect to find the quiet of their bones. But in the case of minor monuments, such as Anne Fytton's, let us say, or the Verneys', or 'a Highland Lady's,' over which the soporific petals might reasonably have seemed strewn thickly enough to tranquillise them for ever, some solicitous editor or pious descendant has in our time arisen, keys have been fitted to muniment rooms 'long to quiet vowed,' sleeping records have been awakened, and the blind Scatterer has been foiled.

An agreeable addition to our intimacies among eighteenth century circles comes to us through a book recently published at the Clarendon Press, and edited by Mr. W. A. S. Hewins. *The Whitefoord Papers* are a father and son's virtual memoirs, principally expressed through their correspondence, beginning in 1738, when Charles Whitefoord, the father, was the youngest Captain in the Royal Irish Regiment, and ending in 1809, a few weeks before the death of Caleb Whitefoord, the son, who was wine-merchant, wit, diplomatist, and virtuoso. To the

general reader, the rather uncomfortable name of 'Whitefoord' may at first sound remote, unfriended, and even slow; yet, be he never so general, he has, among his submerged associations, two at least with the name, for it was an action of Charles Whitefoord's which supplied Sir Walter Scott with one of the most dramatic passages of *Waverley*, while Caleb Whitefoord helped to set Goldsmith's *Retaliation* going, and was the subject (and tattle, says the author) of one of the gayest of its 'grave epigrams.'

Over four centuries before the birth of the elder of the men with whom this article is concerned, the Whitefoords were county people in Scotland. They held the lands of Ballochmyle in Ayr, and alleviated the boredom of provincial life, after a tested contemporary receipt, by frequently raiding their neighbours. The names of a Whitefoord husband and wife figure in the ballad of Hughie Graham, where they are represented sitting 'by the Bishop's knee' and offering that spiritual lord pence and cattle for the ransom of the distressed hero. In more modern times the Whitefoords owned a bishop in their own family. He was Bishop of Brechin (Burnet says *Dunblane*), and one of the four bishops insane enough to try to force 'Laud's liturgy' on Scotland. The Whitefoords as a race were constantly on the fringe of history—that typical position of the untitled landed gentry. But Bishop Whitefoord had a son, Colonel Walter Whitefoord, who crossed the border-line and was, one would imagine, just such a gentleman as might afford Mr. Stanley Weyman or Mr. Anthony Hope the basis for a new flirtation with Clio. This 'Whitford,' too, stood for the King, and was an adherent of Montrose. He 'committed many barbarous murders with his own hands, and had a small pension given him after the Restoration'—Burnet's *sequitur* is pathetic. In 1649, being then at the Hague, this desperate cavalier engaged to help to kill the regicide, Dorislaus, the Commonwealth's envoy to the States-General. 'On the evening of May 2, just as Dorislaus was sitting down to supper, Whitefoord and five others burst into his room, and while some of them secured his servants, Whitefoord, "after slashing him over the head, passed a sword



through his body." It must have been a picturesque assassination.

It is time to turn to the soberer eighteenth century Colonel, Charles Whitefoord, who is described in one of the many forewords to *Waverley* as being 'warmly attached to the House of Hanover.' Charles Whitefoord, third son of Sir Adam Whitefoord, Bart., started life in the navy, but left it for the more advantageous prospects of the land service. His letters commence in 1738, contemporaneously with that brandishing by the Opposition of Jenkins's ear which drove Walpole into a grudging and inefficient war with Spain. Charles Whitefoord is trying to help his youngest brother to a commission in his own regiment at Minorca. He writes:—

'My D<sup>r</sup> Hugh— . . . Cap<sup>t</sup> Bissiere has a mind to retire. I have bargain'd for you . . . for 300 with a Captain's half pay on the En— establishment, if you can do it. . . . Though a company is not so good as it was, there are still pickings. I'm sure it is cheap.'

Charles's fraternal exertions fell through, and two months later he writes lugubriously:—'Your letter has struck such a damp upon my spirits that a Tonn of Hartshorn won't raise them. I was so elated with the prospect of haveing you a Captain in this Regimt.' Hugh was no loser in not being gazetted to Minorca, for, apart from the indefensible position the garrison there would hold should Spanish hostilities be suddenly directed against them, life on the island was deadly dull.

'Books here are scarce, and reading our greatest diversion, therefor the Tatlars, Spectators, Swift's works, the independent Whigg, Leonidas, Thomson's Seasons, Shakespear's Plays and Congreve's Comedies, I shall be oblidged for w<sup>t</sup> Dyches Etymological Dictionary, the Beggars Opera and Pasquin, and anything that's to your tast. . . . If they were accompanied w<sup>t</sup> a Hogh<sup>d</sup> of right Dorchester Beer I wou<sup>d</sup> drink your health. . . . Housekeeping is the word. *No steel beds, they are mere bables.*'

Judging from his orthography, Captain Whitefoord's application for 'Dyche's Dictionary' was well advised. There were no horses in the 'Iseland,' and no social distractions more athletic than church and cards. Indeed, when we reflect on what must have been the *ennui* on a small Mediterranean

station before the days of ghymkanas, golf, and polo, we can only wonder that Whitefoord and his brother-officers did not exterminate themselves in duels during their two years of this marooned existence. That it prejudicially affected *physique* and nerves, the following extract attests:—‘I am grown so fat that it is become uneasie to me. Three meals a day and no exercise has put me out of all shape. I sweat most intolerably, my damn’d temper grows worse, neither the folly of the thing nor respect to the Fair can bridle my passion. Oh cou’d we wash our minds —.’ Here ‘etc.’ may be written, for when a last century letter-writer begins to moralise he ceases to be individual.

‘Choleric word’ and all, Charles Whitefoord was every inch a soldier, and always more apt at giving his correspondents ‘the plain dunstable of the matter’ (as uncle Anthony Harlowe gave it to Clarissa) than at expressing himself *viâ* circum-bendibuses. Some people might think that the young man could do with a trifle more romance who concludes a letter, ‘New Regimentals, a mighty bad year this, no help for it, *un bon mariage payera tout.*’ Charles Whitefoord’s references to the sex are few and uncomplimentary. Since we hear not a word of his wife from himself or his editor, let us hope he expiated his misogyny by being henpecked! A peculiar object of his dislike was Mrs. Sabine, the widow who married his maternal uncle and ‘Patrone,’ Lord Cathcart, a year before his death commanding the West India Expedition. To the outraged nephews she is only ‘the Female Agent,’ and she does seem to have played Widow Wadman to Lord Cathcart’s unresisting Uncle Toby. The Female Agent’s next experiment was less fortunate, for her third husband locked her into her room for twenty years in consequence of a disagreement about the sausages at breakfast. But perhaps Sir Kit Rackrent’s *casus belli* was only founded on Colonel M’Guire’s! At all events, Lady Cathcart’s tantrums were notorious.

Whitefoord gives a plan, but no other record, of the battle of Carthage. His description, had he left one, would have fallen short of that supplied us by a certain surgeon’s mate, also on board one of Vernon’s men-of-war, who, in the intervals

of dressing grape-shot wounds, was absorbing copy for *Roderick Random*. Whitefoord obtained promotion at Carthage, becoming Lieutenant-Colonel of the 5th Marines. Two years later, he urges Sir Patrick Murray's uncle to dissuade his nephew from remaining in that 'terrible sea service,' and writes:—'A Captain of Marines, tho' of the highest quality, may be confin'd by the Cook of the Ship, the lowest of their officers having the command on board, over the highest of ours. He's allowed no other provision than the meanest Sailor, and is often lodg'd less comfortably than a dog. Merit with us goes for nothing; money is the only stair to preferment and interest gently lends her hand.' Stationed at Chatham soon after, Lieutenant-Colonel Whitefoord draws an appalling sketch of lodging-house squalor a hundred and fifty years ago.

The most interesting passage in Charles Whitefoord's story is the one of which we learn least from his own papers. It opens in August, 1745, when he casually mentions 'an invasion . . . in the West Highlands from a French man-of-war . . . which I believe will end in smoke.' The Chevalier's attempt did not thunder in the index. All the same, Whitefoord immediately offered Cope his services without pay. Only parallel columns will do justice to his modesty in narrating the part he played at Prestonpans. The first account is quoted by the editor of *The Whitefoord Papers* in his excellent Introduction, though why, one might inquire, has Mr. Hewin kept out of the *Papers* themselves the context of this and one or two other citations described as *from Whitefoord MSS.* The second account comes from the detailed defence of 'Johnnie Cope' which Whitefoord composed in the form of an open letter to be read at the Enquiry. It is impossible not to suppose that this document contributed handsomely to Sir John's acquittal. Now for the parallel columns. (This is not a charge of plagiarism against 'a bonny fighter'!)

'At the unhappy affair of Prestonpans he : ed (tho' unqualified) as E , fired all the guns were ( h: d, stayed, after he was de-

'As to your personal behaviour that day I must be silent only on account of not haveing had the honor of being with you, haveing continued

serted by the whole people till he expended all the powder he had, killed the Ensign and knocked down what they call their Royal Standard, was wounded, taken prisoner, and lost his horses and baggage.'

all night with the cannon, the post you was pleased to assign me, where alas the sudden flight of the whole people I had to assist me who carried with them the powder horns, left me only the power of firing the guns that were loaded and prim'd, so depriv'd me of being of the use I wish'd to be.'

There is little Alan Breck-ish vanity about the Lowland Colonel. At the end of a defiant resistance, Whitefoord was saved from death and taken captive by Stewart of Invernahyle. The Chevalier's gentlemanly treatment of his prisoners is outlined in the *Papers*, whence, however, we do not learn what Scott understood, viz., that it was Invernahyle who obtained Whitefoord's parole. At all events the two became such friends that political differences were sunk between them. Is not the magnanimous story written at large in the introductions to *Chronicles of the Canongate* and *Waverley*? It is poor work to 'burke Sir Walter,' briefly, however,—Culloden found the Highlander fighting on his side, the Whigamore on his. The issue reversed their positions, and it became Whitefoord's turn to intercede for the Jacobite and his family. He wearied the authorities with solicitations, and finally went to 'the Butcher' himself. No words but Scott's serve here:—

'Being still repulsed, Colonel Whitefoord, taking his commission from his bosom, laid it on the table before his Royal Highness with much emotion, and asked permission to retire from the service of his sovereign, since he could not be permitted to show his gratitude to the person to whom he owed his life. The Duke, struck with his earnestness, desired him to take up his commission, and granted the protection required.'

Whitefoord's generous hazard was worthy of that other Colonel who broke his sword at Castlewood before Charles Edward's father. Of such stuff are the fortunate moments made in which predestined men form their best impulses into a cone and strike with the point.

After the '45 and its sequel the interest of Charles Whitefoord declines. Garrison gossip and annoyances, difficulties in

obtaining arrears of pay, and much hope deferred as regarded promotion occupy his later letters. Not till the end of 1752 did he obtain his full colonelcy (of the 5th Regiment of foot, on the staff in Ireland). Two days previously he composed a will and some 'last wishes,' wherein he 'desires to be buried out of Consecrated Ground, without any Stone and without Military Honours.' But begs that 'Cap<sup>t</sup> Dering will inform y<sup>e</sup> Garrison, that such as pleases will meet where he appoints and drink a hearty Glass to his Journey.' Six weeks later, Colonel Whitefoord embarked on the 'Journey' referred to in this queer testament.

Charles Whitefoord chiefly preserved his own letters, his only son, Caleb, chiefly preserved his friends'. In most matters of temperament and tastes the two differed as widely, we might roughly say, as Horace Walpole differed from Sir Robert. When Whitefoord *père* alleges that he has a 'Relish' for society, we are constrained to take his somewhat stockish word for it that he has, whereas no explicit assertion is required to convince us that Caleb (he execrates his 'Jewish' name somewhere!) positively revelled in the give-and-take of such company as raised the talking of good nonsense into an art. Altogether, Caleb is so curiously modern compared with Charles that one might imagine him his father's grandson.

Caleb Whitefoord was educated at Mundell's school in Edinburgh, and matriculated (at fourteen) at Edinburgh University. Being a good Grecian, it was his father's wish to 'breed him up' for the Church. But Caleb disliked the idea, and he was placed instead in the counting-house of a London wine-merchant and M.P.—a brither Scot, it goes without saying. Here he proved an Industrious Apprentice, and in a very few years began to sell his sherries on his own account, or rather in partnership with one Thomas Brown. Resident for a time in Portugal as a member of the Oporto factory, he sends home his impressions of Lisbon shortly after the earthquake. He reports vividly enough the horrors he witnessed, but of the sinister inference which reinforced Voltaire and troubled the child Goethe no shadow fell on Caleb Whitefoord.

Several portraits of Caleb are extant. In the Cosway like-

ness facing *The European Magazine's* obituary notice he appears as a young man, thin and idealistic-looking. The face has a quick, sensitive, wistful expression, which, with prominent cheek-bones and a low brow, gives it a certain resemblance to Lord Nelson's. Wilkie's portrait of Whitefoord and himself in his *Letter of Introduction*, makes Whitefoord less handsome, but then it represents him at the night-capped patron stage of life. In Wilkie's picture Whitefoord sits holding the letter (its text appears among the *Papers*) and looking quite the *cognoscente*. A China jar stands on the floor, and on the wall hangs the sword that marks the man of family. There is character in Cunningham's well-known anecdote; Caleb Whitefoord, 'struck with his [Wilkie's] very youthful look, inquired how old he was. "Really now," said the artist, with the hesitation he bestowed on most questions. "Ha!" exclaimed Caleb; "introduce a man to me who knows not how old he is!" and regarded him with that dubious look which is the chief charm of the picture.'

It certainly was not 'shop each day and all day long' with our wine-merchant. In his own set—that elegantly bohemian circle that met periodically at the St. James's Coffee House—Caleb Whitefoord was regarded as something of a genius *manqué*, or at any rate as one who gave up to a dinner-party talents meant for mankind. It is the case with every *discur* that not even his best recorded *mot* seems to warrant the handed-down tradition of his wit, so that when we learn that Whitefoord prodigiously diverted the town by advertising for a new Grievance we are reminded of Uncle Remus's remark to the effect that 'what dey called fun in dem days we don't call fun now.' Besides the cross-readings, 'ship news,' etc., with which his name is associated, Whitefoord did a little serious political journalism, enough to bring him ministerial notice and consideration. But he was not made of the wood from which partizans are carved, though always ready to turn the events of the passing day into jest and pleasantry—on which account, indeed, he may be regarded as, in his way, a power that made for the modern tolerant spirit in politics. Somewhat resembling the late Sir Frank Lockwood in this

particular, Whiteford was not a man who left behind any particular monument of his own raising, but a man justly cherished in life and memory by his friends. He was a personality rather than a doer.

Not much attention need be paid to the spiteful remarks levelled at Whiteford by that extraordinarily ill-humoured person, the biographer of Nollekens. Whiteford was doubtless guilty of sending 'Nolly' a fleecy shirt and an anti-rheumatic breast-plate, but what of that? The instinct to pet a lion, even when, as at 9 Mortimer Street, it was a very great beast, is tolerably innocent and certainly very widely diffused, for the idea that Whiteford was a mere fortune-hunting parasite with 'sharp little eyes' fixed on the Nollekens £200,000 (the idea which Mr. Walter Armstrong, writing on Nollekens in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, rather rashly expands from Smith's snarls), is really untenable. As for the offensive 'sparkling black button' Whiteford wore in the loop of his hat, that hardly strikes the modern mind as indicating the obliquity Nollekens' biographer wished to attach to it.

Whether as an amiable trait or a delinquency Whiteford loved *people*, and his friendships included men of many ranks and varying shades of opinion. It is this that makes his correspondence so interesting, while, whether it be Benjamin Franklin who is writing, or one of the Woodfalls, a noble lord, or, in the earlier years, a fellow-clerk in the office, the fact that he is addressing Caleb Whiteford, Esq., seems to communicate to the writer more than a touch of the friendly urbanity and polished homeliness that are the essence of the best Georgian letters. Whiteford's earliest and latest intimate was Thomas Coutts, the bank founder, whose three sons-in-law were Lord Bute (not, of course, the minister), Sir Francis Burdett, and Lord North's eldest son, the 3rd Earl of Guilford. Through his acquaintance with the antiquary of York, John Croft of port wine fame, Whiteford became the recipient of a sheaf of anecdotes of Sterne, communicated by Croft, who had known the Sternes intimately. The portion of *The Whiteford Papers* that contains these anecdotes was

lent by Mr. Hewins to Mr. Sidney Lee for his *Dictionary* article on Sterne, where the best of them are utilised. Here, however, is an ungarnered *conte* which proves Sterne's daughter to have been quite in keeping with her parentage.

'At the Boarding School when the Misses used to plague and taunt her with the names of Miss *Tristram* and Miss *Shandy*, she bethought herself of this contrivance. She wrote Love Letters, as if from each of the Players of the York Company to the respective young Ladies, and when most of the Letters were interrupted, by their Parents or Guardians, severall of them were flogg'd, others shutt up in dark closetts, and severely treated, and it brought such a Slurr upon the Play House that the Theatre was a good deal deserted.'

A generation later and 'Lidia' should have found a kindred spirit at Miss Pinkerton's Academy. On the whole, however, Miss Sterne is too unsubstantial and shadowy for juxtaposition with Miss Sharp.

It was owing to his friendliness with Benjamin Franklin—the two had been next-door neighbours in Craven Street—that in 1782 Whitefoord was deputed to accompany Richard Oswald to Paris in order to treat with the American 'Minister Plenipotentiary' at Versailles concerning terms of peace. Whitefoord stayed more than a year in Paris, meeting statists and *litterati*, working sixteen hours daily, but occasionally snatching leisure to indite epigrammatic quatrains, '*sur la Guerre*,' and what not. He ultimately received £400 and a pension of £200, on account of services rendered during this embassy. Caleb Whitefoord must have possessed a natural diplomatic gift, for we read that he excelled in the all-or-nothing undertaking of mutually reconciling estranged acquaintances. Garrick and he were great allies, and when the former sends his friend a print from his portrait as Richard III. (the one by Dance) Whitefoord replies—

. . . . .  
'But, Garrick, sure thou needs't not send  
A gift of this sort to thy friend,  
As if that friend requir'd to see  
Something to *make* him think of thee.'



At another time he addresses the player sonnet-wise, winding up

' Best Commentator on great Shakespeare's text,  
When Garrick acts no passage seems perplext !'

By these presents we may see that Whitefoord was wisely gracious in paying compliments where compliments were welcome. Yet sometimes effervescent spirits got the better of tact. Witness the famous evening, when the audacity of his impromptu 'epitaphs' on Goldsmith and Cumberland sent each of those doctors off in a huff. Whitefoord absented himself from the club's next meeting, but addressed this dexterous apology to Reynolds—

' Admire not, dear Knight,  
That I keep out of sight,  
Consider what perils await him  
Who with ill-season'd jokes  
Indiscreetly provokes  
The *genus irritabile vatum*.

For those brats of my brain,  
Which have caus'd so much pain,  
Henceforth I renounce and disown 'em ;  
And still keep in sight,  
When I EPITAPHS WRITE,  
*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*'

Sir Joshua was peacemaker, Caleb destroyed the scribbled epitaphs, and Goldy's resentment quickly subsided.

In 1806, the Earl of Buchan addresses Whitefoord as 'the Father of our Dilletanti now in Britain,' and indeed towards the end of his life, Whitefoord develops into a kind of miniature *Man of Letters*. A member of all the learned and antiquarian societies of England and foreign, he corresponds with West and Gifford, 'opens doors' for clever beginners, and shows his liberality in starting subscription lists for needy artists and virtuosos at Christie's for himself or his friends. Not old as to be described as 'continuing to possess his faculties,' he was guilty of the weakness of marriage to Miss Sidney to the altar. The dubious blessing of a young man of a large young family (including

twins) followed, so that at Caleb Whitefoord's death the whole of the splendid contents of his Octagon-room of old and modern pictures came under the hammer for the benefit of the collection he had formed as an after-thought.

In addition to their biographical interest, the Whitefoord Papers are full of sidelights upon last century manners and of contemporary colour generally. One might commend to the attention of those who condemn 'favor' and 'honor' as innovating Americanisms an opening of a letter dated 1757. 'D<sup>r</sup> Sir,' it runs, 'I received the favor (a new way of spelling favour, honour, etc.) of yours of the 10th of November.' Caleb Whitefoord, 'epistolising' from Portugal, repeatedly asseverates 'I shall never agree with this country'—a meritorious reversal, when one comes to consider it, of the egotistic modern phrase. 'Epistolise' is probably intentional *fustian*. Almost needless to remark, the young factor has left a Lottery ticket at home, as to the chances of which he betrays the hopeful anxiety of his time of life.

Colonel Whitefoord had been, even on paper, a liberal swearer, but by his son's period Damns had had their day, nor does Caleb avail himself of the oaths referential which Mr. Acres' major so warmly recommended. Writing in 1794 on the political outlook, Whitefoord certainly describes the Dutch as 'our damm'd allies,' but no Recording Angel needed to prepare his eraser, for, as Caleb says, 'pray observe this is not swearing.'

F. M. PARSONS.

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ART. VI.—THE EVOLUTION OF THE PROCURATOR  
FISCAL.

**T**H**ERE** are two questions which meet the student of Scottish criminal procedure on the threshold of his study. What was the origin of the Procurator-Fiscal, and by what process of evolution has his office developed into its present shape? Neither

question has been satisfactorily answered. Legal antiquarians have neglected the subject, and other persons have lacked either the opportunity or the inclination to make the requisite researches. The title is sufficiently familiar as applied to prosecutors in the public interest before various inferior tribunals both of the past and present—bishop, commissary, baron, sheriff, justice of peace, burgh—each of which has or had an official bearing the name. The type of the whole, and the officer who is invariably denoted in modern practice by the unqualified expression, is the sheriff's procurator-fiscal. The pre-eminent position of this officer, as compared with others of the same class, is due to the readiness with which his powers and duties have proved themselves capable of adaptation to the circumstances of different periods, and to the political and financial necessities of successive governments. It is the result of a curious process of evolution and development, which merits attentive consideration from all who interest themselves in historical and social problems.

In spite of its Latin name, the office did not come to Scotland from Rome. There were two public officials under the Roman Emperors whose titles certainly suggest that of the procurator-fiscal, namely, the *procurator fisci* and *praetor fiscalis*, but these were merely administrators of the imperial finance, the latter occupying a position analogous to a Baron of Exchequer. Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, in his *Discourses*, after mentioning, quotes as if from the Civil Law a passage which would establish a great antiquity for the office if it could be found in the Codex Justiniani—'*si procurator fiscalis calumniose instigat judicem ad inquirendum, tenetur in damna actione injuriarum et concremari debet.*' The reference is to the law in Codex III., 26, 9; but readers who have the original beside them will see that that law dealt with false and malicious accusations made by the *procurator Caesaris*. The *procurator fiscalis* is not named there or elsewhere in the Civil Law.

The title came into use in the Middle Ages. It was then well known to continental jurists with the signification of a public prosecutor. For example, the expression *procurator fiscalis* occurs in a law of James II. of Majorca, describing a functionary

who conducted prosecutions in the public interest. Montesquieu, in his *Spirit of Laws*, expresses an opinion that the custom of judicial combats was opposed to the idea of an officer who should have the care of public prosecution, for, as he naturally remarks, who is it that would choose to make himself every man's champion against all the world? In confirmation of this view, he adduces the fact that the *advocatus de parte publica* under the Laws of the Lombards, who was agent of the public for the management of political and domestic affairs, had the privilege of fighting, when he sought to vindicate the right of the Exchequer in a particular matter, such as the share of succession which a parricide had forfeited by his crime. But although the idea of such an officer charged with the duty of public prosecution was uncongenial to the national spirit of some countries, it was congenial to the judicial system of France, and accordingly we find the term *procureur fiscal* established in the nomenclature of French jurisprudence. It is defined in Cotgrave's Dictionary as 'A Lord High Justicer's ordinarie Attorney, who pleads and prosecutes within his circuit, all causes wherein the publicke, or his Lord's inheritance (*i.e.*, his fisk), or both be interested.' Without being too positive in regard to a matter which is open to considerable doubt, we may fairly conjecture that the title of procurator-fiscal was introduced into Scotland from France, and conferred upon certain officials whose duties were akin to those of their prototype.

The exact date of this introduction is unknown, but it is likely that the ecclesiastical courts were the first to adopt the name. The official title of the prosecuting officer of the Inquisition was *Fiscalis*, and, probably borrowing this designation, the Scottish bishops, when they had need of a prosecutor, nominated a Fiscal. There is preserved in the *Registrum Episcopatus Aberdonensis* a Minute of the Dean and Chapter of Aberdeen, dated 5th January, 1558, in which they give counsel to the Bishop in regard to the purification of the diocese from certain grave scandals. Amongst various suggestions, they advise his lordship to appoint two procurators Fiscal 'in this and in all other causes.' This is the earliest mention of the expression which has chanced to come under our notice; but seeing that it occurs in

the Minute without explanation, as a phrase whose meaning was well understood, it cannot have been at that time a novelty. The Commissaries to whom the Bishops were wont to delegate part of their jurisdiction, nominated officials to conduct causes before them. These were distinguished by the same title. In 1578 Mr. Robert Danielstoun was appointed 'his majesteis procuratour fischall in all actionis and causis concerning his hienes and his interes before the Commissaris of Edinburgh, with all feis, casualiteis, and dewiteis belonging thairto during all the dayis of his lyfe' (*Privy Seal Reg.*, 45, 74). The Burgh Records show that in 1562 the procurator-fiscal of Edinburgh (which was constituted by royal grant a sheriff within itself) appeared as pursuer in a civil action at the instance of the magistrates for removal of the master of the High School. In 1563 Thomas Swentoun is styled 'procuratour fyscall to our soverane laidy wythin the brugh of Perth,' which was also a corporate sheriff. This is an entry of peculiar interest, as it foreshadows the future exaltation of the office through its connection with the Crown. It is to be found in the Acts and Decrets of the Court of Session (26, 387), where also there is an allusion to the 'procuratouris fischallis' of the Sheriff of Fife under date 22nd January, 1574-5. The Fiscal of Linlithgowshire and his depute are incidentally referred to in the Sheriff Court Books of that county during 1595 and 1599, while the Privy Council Register from 1591 onwards mentions the procurators fiscal of certain commissary and burgh courts, and of at least two barony courts (Auchterhouse and Coupar in Angus) both belonging to Lords of Parliament. From these facts we may safely conclude that, from the middle of the 16th century, and it may be still earlier, officials called 'procurators fiscal,' in varied orthography, were being appointed in Scotland by bishops, commissaries, burgh magistrates, barons, and sheriffs. Perhaps it was not the rule in every court to have such an officer, but there is clear evidence that the appointments were made in some cases.

It is unfortunate that, although we are thus apprised of the appointment of procurators fiscal, we are absolutely ignorant of the causes which led to that result. Confining our attention to the type of the class, the *sheriff's fiscal*, it is important in this

connection to observe the original position of the Sheriff. In 1436 the thirteenth parliament of James I. passed an act (No. 140) to the effect that trespassers (that is to say, offenders against the law) were to be apprehended at the Sheriff's bidding, and *prosecuted by him* in the king's name if no other prosecutor should appear. The powers thus vested were not left in desuetude, for the Fifeshire case in 1574, previously noted, was a prosecution for deforcement at the joint instance of the Sheriff and his procurators-fiscal. He was thus authorised to act as prosecutor as well as judge in his own court. He had, moreover, a personal interest in the fines and forfeitures there levied. It may be presumed that he had either perceived the incongruity of a judge acting as prosecutor, or, what is more likely, had found it to his advantage, in a pecuniary sense, to appoint an attorney or agent to recover and account for the fines and forfeitures imposed in his court. Whatever his motive, when he made such an appointment the most convenient name by which his nominee might be designated was that already familiar through the continental jurists and the ecclesiastical courts—*procurator fiscalis*, the agent of the fisk. This word 'fisk' (in Latin *fiscus*) was used to denote both the revenue of the Crown and the official income of inferior judges. In the collector of the sheriffs' fisk we find the embryo of the procurator-fiscal.

The first stage of his development from this embryo appears to have been forced upon him. The sheriff had jurisdiction in many crimes inferring sentence of death, banishment, whipping, or other corporal punishment, for which, therefore, he could impose no pecuniary fine, and few of the malefactors would possess personal goods which could be forfeited. The fisk had no interest in these proceedings. Yet, since we know that such crimes were prosecuted, we may infer that a system of prosecution in the public interest had been evolved as supplementary to prosecution on behalf of the fisk. The duty of conducting these proceedings would naturally devolve upon the procurator-fiscal. We are compelled to infer this, because, as we shall see, the fiscal was appearing in prosecutions of both kinds when we first get a definite account of his duties, and we have no written evidence as to when or why he began to do so.

A search in the *Auld Lawes and Constitutions of Scotland* from Malcolm II. to James I., collected in the volume known as *Regiam Majestatem*, discloses no allusion to the procurator-fiscal. The same may be said of the Scots Acts of Parliament from James I. to James VI., and of the oldest books on Scots Law—Balfour's *Practicks*, written about 1580, and Craig's *Jus Feudale*, about 1603. Sir John Skene of Curriehill wrote, circa 1597, his well-known book, *De Verborum Significatione*, in which he defines and explains many Scottish legal terms, but not the expression 'procurator-fiscal.' He again omits all mention of this officer in his short treatise *Of Crimes and Judges in Criminal Causes*, appended to the *Regiam Majestatem*, and published about 1609. The only explanation of these omissions, in the face of undoubted evidence of the existence of procurators-fiscal, is the assumption that, although such officials were being appointed, they were not then deemed of much moment, and were passed over by Skene because they were not named in the old laws and acts upon which his treatises were founded.

If we except Skene's short essay, the first book which treats exclusively of Scottish criminal law is *A Discourse upon the Laws and Customs of Scotland in Matters Criminal*, by Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh. It was published in 1674, and passed through several editions. For our present purpose its chief value rests in the circumstance that it furnishes the direct testimony of one who had the best opportunity of obtaining accurate information regarding the status of the procurator-fiscal in the seventeenth century. Sir George fell upon evil days, and in the course of his public career made many enemies and had many detractors, but his reputation as a lawyer and a scholar has never been called in question. His statements, so far as they are pertinent to our subject, are absolutely trustworthy. They may be briefly summarised. Of old, the judges appointed *denunciatores* or *delators*, whose duty it was to inform them regarding crimes; but prior to Sir George's time this duty had become attached to the fisk and its representatives, that is to say, His Majesty's advocate in the Justice Court, and the fiscal in the inferior courts. These officers might pursue or inform in inquisitions, without liability to punishment for false accusations,

because suspicion of malicious accusation of crime ceased in their case as regards what they denounced *ex officio*. Procedure before the sheriff court was by way of an assize or jury, and the Procurator Fiscal was pursuer in place of his Majesty's Advocate. This duty he shared with particular accusers, such as the injured person or his friends, but he had the right to prosecute although no private party should concur. Throughout these passages Sir George does not deem it necessary to explain what official he means, and takes it for granted that his readers are as familiar with the title of the Procurator Fiscal as they are with those of the Sheriff or the King's Advocate.

It also appears from Sir John Connell's *Treatise on Tithes*, that a similar standing had been accorded to the Procurators Fiscal chosen by the Sub-Commissioners for the valuation of tithes, who, it was held, represented the King's Advocate in all valuations led before the Sub-Commissioners.

No material change in this position of affairs took place until the middle of the eighteenth century. The Fiscal had indeed been promoted from the position of the Sheriff's agent to that of an independent prosecutor in the public interest, with powers and privileges akin to those of the Lord Advocate; but he still held office from the Sheriff alone, was dismissed at his pleasure, received as remuneration a share of the fines recovered for the fiak, engaged freely in private business, and was in no sense a servant of the Crown. It is not likely that he would have been permitted to occupy a position so anomalous had the Sheriff dealt with a large proportion of the crime of the country; but as the latter shared this with several inferior tribunals—in particular, the proprietors of heritable jurisdictions—his Fiscal had been less in evidence than might have been expected. The rebellion of 1745 sealed the fate of those heritable jurisdictions. An Act of the following session of Parliament abrogated and extinguished them, transferred the cases formerly tried before them to the King's courts, and directed that all fines, forfeitures, and penalties, which previously went to the judge, should be paid into the Exchequer of Edinburgh. The immediate effect of this statute was to confer upon the Sheriff's Procurator Fiscal a more extensive jurisdiction, and to constitute him an official of the Crown,



in so far as he had to collect and to account for the fines payable to the Exchequer. At the same time the gathering importance of the sheriff court tended to draw to it from the burgh and justice of peace courts the trial of all criminal offences save those which might be adequately met by an arbitrary punishment. This did not happen all at once, but gradually as it became recognised that the sheriff court was the proper *forum* for all criminal proceedings of a serious character, which were not so grave as to require the intervention of the Court of Justiciary. Even as regards these last, the Sheriff dealt with their initial stages.

There are many sources from which corroborative evidence can be obtained touching the position of the Sheriff's Fiscal in the eighteenth century. The *Institutes* of Mr. Andrew M'Douall, published in 1752, in dealing with criminal practice in the inferior courts, make it clear that according to their author's experience the Procurator Fiscal for the interest of the public supplied in these courts the place of the King's Advocate. The same information may be gathered from the pages of Hume; but that great lawyer seems to have passed hastily over this point, and there is a vagueness in his language when treating of prosecutors, which makes his work less useful for our purpose than that of his predecessor. Lastly there may be mentioned the Regulations framed in 1752 by the Sheriffs and Stewards for the conduct of criminal cases in their courts.

As has been indicated, it was originally the practice for the Sheriff to conduct personally the precognition or preliminary inquiry respecting those charges of crime which were to be tried before the Court of Justiciary. This practice is not now followed, except in grave cases; but in those days the Sheriff or Sheriff-Substitute in person examined the witnesses, collected evidence, and submitted to the Lord Justice Clerk the facts ascertained. A set of Rules were, in 1765, issued from the Crown Office for the guidance of the Sheriffs and other officials in discharging these duties. No direct mention of the Procurator Fiscal is made in that document, but annexed to it is a form of Information and Presentment, in virtue of which the papers were transmitted to Edinburgh, and which runs in name of, and is directed to be

signed by, the Procurator Fiscal. This is his earliest recognition by the Crown Office. In the following year (1766) the Barons of Exchequer made an order to the effect that sheriffs were not to receive from the Treasury expenses incurred by them in precognitions, which had not been transmitted to His Majesty's Advocate. The sheriffs, to lighten the burden which this order would have thrown upon the county funds, directed the transmission to the Lord Advocate of the papers in every case which they thought should be prosecuted at the cost of the Crown. The duty of transmission was intrusted to the Procurator Fiscal as the sheriff's agent, and in this manner he became an intermediary between the sheriff and the Crown Office, just as he had already become between the sheriff and the Exchequer. As the sheriffs and sheriffs-substitute in course of time withdrew from personal attendance at investigations and precognitions, the conduct of these fell more and more into the hands of the fiscals, who ultimately attained the position of being local representatives in criminal business of the Lord Advocate as well as of the sheriff.

The objectionable system of remunerating the Procurator Fiscal with a share of the fines was next abolished. The Treasury undertook the payment of his work by fees determined according to a regular scale. This method continued until 1850, when overtures were made to the fiscals to accept fixed salaries, calculated on an average of those fees. With a few exceptions, the proposals were accepted, and the fiscals were in this way made salaried servants of the Crown, and in recent appointments have been debarred from private practice in most cases where the official salary is fairly adequate. Following as a natural complement to this arrangement, a statute was passed in 1877 which conferred upon them fixity of tenure, by requiring the approval of a Secretary of State on the occasion of their appointment or removal. The effect of these modifications has been peculiar. They have placed the Procurator Fiscal in the odd situation of being an official appointed by the sheriff, approved by the Secretary for Scotland, and remunerated at the pleasure of the Treasury, yet holding no direct commission from the sovereign.

Thus far has the evolution of the office proceeded. If our

inferences are correct, we have shown that by a circuitous process, without design, and moved simply by expediency or political and financial considerations, the collector of the sheriff's fisk has become the modern Procurator Fiscal. As such, he is within his district the chief executive officer in matters criminal of the Lord Advocate and Sheriff, discharging a large part of the functions performed in England by coroners and examining magistrates, prosecuting offenders both summarily and on indictment, and collecting for exchequer the fines imposed in proceedings instituted by him. In opening this discussion two questions were propounded, to both of which partial answers have been given. Looking to the many points still lost in obscurity, it is not prudent to assert that those answers are accurate and final; but they represent the measure of our present knowledge respecting the subject, and set forth an instructive lesson as well as a curious history.

HENRY H. BROWN.


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ART. VII.—FAMOUS SULTANAS.

**F**EW people have any idea of how important a part the women of the Imperial household have played in the history of the Ottoman Empire, and especially during the last four centuries. The earlier rulers of Turkey frequently sought alliances with the families of neighbouring princes, both Christian and Moslem. And one of the most romantic love stories to be found in Turkish annals is connected with the founder of the Ottoman Empire, the Emir Osman, who wooed unsuccessfully for two years, but finally won, the fair Malkhatun—'Treasure of a Woman,' daughter of the pious Dervish Sheikh Edebali. The marriage of Osman's son and successor, Orkhan, with the daughter of the Byzantine Emperor Cantacuzene, and that of Bayazid I. with the daughter of the Servian King, Stephen Lazarwitch, had important



results for these conquering Sultans. For the last four hundred years, however, the wives of the Sultans have almost without exception entered the gates of the Serai either as purchased or presented slaves, captives taken in war or stolen in the marauding expeditions of Turkish Corsairs. The mother of Sultan Bayazid II. and his gifted but tragically unfortunate brother, Prince Djem, is said to have been the grand-daughter of a King of France who had been sent from that country as a bride for one of the Palæologoi, but fell into the hands of the Turks who were then besieging Constantinople. The folk-songs of the subject Christians, and especially of the Greeks, contain many allusions to the carrying into slavery by the Turks of women and children, some of these being exceedingly pathetic. The following lines are from a Cretan ballad :—

‘ The Saracens have sallied forth, and all the Isles they pillage,  
They’ve Crete’s fair island fall’n upon, when made they their first foray.  
They’ve captive made, and led away, the Primate’s eldest daughter.  
And five Pashas are guarding her, six company still bear her,  
And eighteen Janissaries who will lead her to the Sultan,  
“ Accept, O noble Padishah, the gift that Crete doth send thee ! ” ’

And a later Greek ballad thus describes the provenance of two inmates of the harem of Mahmoud II., ‘ The Reforming Sultan ’ :—

‘ Dark trees, are ye not weeping ? you, trailing branches low ?—  
The deed of Hadji Christos should cause your tears to flow !  
His soldiers in the township he bade their quarters make,  
And they from us two maidens of Portariá did take,  
To Yiánnina they’ve led them, and to Mahmoud Pasha,  
Who’s sent them to Stamboli, and to the Padishah,  
And when the Sultan saw them, he pleased was at the sight ;  
And, to Mahmoud Pasha, he a letter bade them write :  
“ Of Yiánnina and Lar’ssa, I thee Pasha have made ;  
So do what good thee seemeth. I want no sequins paid ;  
But I desire thou send me more of those maidens rare,  
As lovely as Helénè, as Kostantáina fair. ” ’

The Imperial harem has also been very largely supplied with slaves of Circassian origin, and at the present day its inmates are almost exclusively drawn from that source. But

it has been chiefly the women brought as prisoners of war, or pirate spoil, into the Imperial palace, who, either by the influence they were able to exercise over husband or son, or by their active participation in the Government as regents, have helped to mould the history of their adopted country. On the accession of a Sultan, his mother is at once elevated to the rank of Validé Sultana, and invested with almost imperial power. The new Padishah requires all the persons composing his harem, from the Bash Kadin Effendi down to the lowest slave, to take an oath of obedience to his mother. Thenceforward she is invariably addressed as 'The Crown of Veiled Heads,' a title with which every petition addressed to her must begin. And not only within the walls of the Serai is such deference paid to her. In her walks and drives abroad she is attended by a princely train, the Imperial Guards present arms as she passes them, and the poor who line her path prostrate themselves before her. If she has occasion to communicate her wishes to the Grand Vizier, that functionary receives the royal messenger at the door of his apartment, takes the missive from him with the most profound expressions of respect, raises it to his forehead and kisses it, as in duty bound.

Such being the position assigned to the mothers of Sultans, it may well be imagined that the part played by them in Ottoman history has been by no means an unimportant one; and the influence in the State of a Sultan's favourite wife has often equalled that of her august mother-in-law. The most able as well as the most worthless of Ottoman sovereigns have alike been ruled by the women of their household. Even Sulieman I. (1520-1566), who is termed by Europeans 'The Great' and 'The Magnificent,' and by his own countrymen 'The Lawgiver' and 'Lord of his Age'—an age remarkably fertile in men of high attainments, allowed a favourite Sultana to gain unbounded influence over him. This was Khourrem—'The Joyous One'—called also Roushenek, and frequently referred to by European contemporaries as 'La Rossa,' in allusion to her Russian origin—a soubriquet which was subsequently euphemised into Roxelana, under which name she is erroneously claimed as a compatriot by both

French and Italian writers. And, as Roxelane, she has been immortalised by Racine in his *Bajazet*. Before Sulieman's accession to the throne, this slave had, by her beauty and vivacity, quite monopolised his affection. And so fascinating were her manners, so full of grace and charm was her conversation, and so subtle her skill in divining the humour of her lord, and in selecting the most favourable moments for the exercise of her power, that, contrary to all precedent, she induced her royal master to enfranchise and make her his legal wife according to the Moslem rite.

A Circassian slave, however, who had been the Sultan's favourite before the advent of Khourrem, was the Sultana Khaséki, or mother of the heir-apparent, and La Rossa, notwithstanding her exceptional position, could not, while this prince lived, hope to attain the dignity of Validé Sultana. Khourrem had also borne children to the Sultan, and as they grew up, she bent all her energies towards securing for her eldest son, Selim, the succession to the throne. As a necessary step towards that object, she sought the destruction of Prince Mustapha, a youth as distinguished for personal grace and beauty as for high spirit and intelligence. As he grew to manhood this prince had been appointed by his father to successive important posts, both civil and military, which he ably filled, and he was looked upon as likely to surpass even his father in glory and renown. Khourrem found an able accomplice in her ambitious schemes in her son-in-law, Rustem Pasha, who had, through her influence, been raised from one important post to another, and finally to the highest station in the empire below the throne, that of Grand Vizier. The combined craft of these two conspirators awakened in the Sultan's mind first jealousy, and then distrust and fear of his too popular and much bepraised eldest son. As Sulieman advanced in years, the poisonous whisperings of his Sultana produced the desired effect. She constantly reminded him of how his own father, Selim I., had dethroned the second Bayazid, and endeavoured to keep continually present to his imagination the picture of a young and vigorous prince, idolised by the soldiery and the nation, forcibly seizing the throne of an aged father and send-

ing him into banishment, if not to death. When preparing for the second war with Persia, Sulieman became fully persuaded that his son, who was then in command of the troops in Asia Minor, was encouraging a military revolution, and he set out, accompanied by Khourrem's son, Selim, to nip this supposed plot in the bud.

When the Sultan's army reached Eregli, Prince Mustapha, all unconscious of his father's changed feelings towards him, arrived at headquarters, and his tents were pitched with great pomp in the vicinity of those of the Sultan. Sulieman's Viziers paid him the customary visits of ceremony, which the prince acknowledged with the gift of sumptuous robes of honour; and on the following morning Prince Mustapha, mounted on a richly caparisoned charger, was conducted by the Viziers and Janissaries, amid the acclamations of the soldiery, to the royal tent, where he dismounted in the expectation of being received by his royal father. On entering the tent, however, he found, not his father, but the terrible Seven Mutes, the well-known grim executors of Sulieman's death sentences, who sprang upon the prince, and, after a frightful struggle—for he fought bravely for life—overpowered and strangled him. While the prince thus perished within by the fatal bowstring, his Master of the Horse and a favourite Agha, who had accompanied him, were cut down at the door of the royal tent. The tidings of this frightful event soon spread throughout the camp, and the Janissaries and other troops gathered in tumultuous indignation, demanding the punishment of the Grand Vizier, to whose machinations they rightly imputed the death of their hero. To appease the fury of his army, Rustem Pasha was deprived of his office. After the lapse of a year or two, however, the Sultan's son-in-law was, through the influence of the all-powerful Khourrem, again re-installed, his rival, Ahmed Pasha, being put to death on some frivolous charges.

A contemporary, Dr. Wotton, the British Envoy at Paris, thus wrote of the assassination of this prince in a letter dated 23rd December, 1553:—'Men that have seen the said son say that of all the Ottoman's posterity, there was never none so

like to attempt great enterprises and to achieve them with honour as he was. The cause hereof is taken to be the favour and love which the Turk beareth to the children he hath by another woman, not mother to him that is slain. But his other sons are nothing of that towardness and activity that this man was of.'

Khourrem, indeed, preserved her ascendancy over the Sultan until the day of her death, and the honours paid by him to her memory attest the constancy and fervour of his affection. Her domed mausoleum stands close to the magnificent mosque, the Sulimaniyé, in the vicinity of which her husband lies buried under the same *turbé* as his descendants, Sulieman II. and Achmet II. And the Tomb of Roxelana, as this mausoleum is termed by Europeans, still attests the fatal infatuation of the greatest of Sultans for his Russian wife, an infatuation which transferred the succession of the throne of Osman from a martial and accomplished hero to a ferocious and imbecile drunkard.

The favourite wife of the effeminate Murad III. (1574-1595), the Sultana Safiyé, was also of foreign birth. She was a Venetian lady of the noble house of Baffo, who had, when quite young, been captured by a Turkish corsair and sold, or presented, to the Imperial Serai. This fair daughter of Venice so enchanted Murad that he was long strictly constant to her, slighting the other varied attractions of his harem, and disregarding the polygamous privileges allowed by his creed; and she would probably have permanently retained this individual sway over the Sultan's affections had it not been for the jealousy of Nour Banou, the Validé Sultana. This lady, alarmed by the ascendancy the Sultana Safiyé, or Baffa, as she was also called, was acquiring over her imperial son, finally succeeded in placing such temptation in his way as induced him to make his Venetian love no longer his only love; and such was the demand created by the Validé's quest of beauties for her son's harem that it was said to have raised the price of fair slaves in the Constantinople market. One of this multitude of favoured women, a Hungarian by birth, also gained considerable influence over the Padishah. But his



first love, Safiyé, though no longer able to monopolise his affections, never lost her hold on them. And it was her will that chiefly directed the Ottoman fleets and armies during Murad's reign, fortunately for her native country, which she prevented Turkey from attacking, even under circumstances of great provocation caused by the outrages and insolences of some of the cruisers belonging to the Republic of St. Mark.

The multitudinous harem of Murad III. (1574-1595) had produced to him a hundred and three children, of whom—so great is infant mortality in Turkey—only twenty sons and twenty-seven daughters survived him. The eldest son, Prince Mohammed, whom his mother, the Venetian Princess Safiyé above mentioned, summoned in all haste from his governorship in Asia Minor, immediately put to death his nineteen brothers, the largest sacrifice to his namesake the Conqueror's fratricidal law recorded in Ottoman history. The new Validé had kept the death of Murad secret until the arrival of her son in the capital had made his succession secure; and this daughter of Venice now ruled generally in the Court and Councils of the young Sultan with even more predominant sway than she had exercised in the time of his father.

Mohammed was a weak-minded prince, but capable of occasional outbursts of energy, or rather of violence. The disasters which the Ottoman arms were at this time experiencing in Wallachia and Hungary made the Sultan's ministers anxious that the sovereign should, after the manner of his most illustrious ancestors, head the troops in person, and endeavour to give an auspicious change to the fortune of the war. This project was, however, opposed by the Queen-Mother, who feared that her son, when absent from the capital, would be less submissive to her influence; and she for long contrived to detain the Sultan among the pleasures of his harem while fortresses and provinces fell into the hands of Turkey's enemies. The Ottoman reverses at length became so serious, and an earthquake which shook Constantinople and destroyed many towns and villages in the Empire so excited the popular mind, that all classes called on their Padishah to go forth to the Holy War against the Infidel.

The formidable Janissaries refused to march to the frontier unless led by their Sultan, and the historian Seadeddin, Mohammed's *Khodja*, or Tutor, the Mufti, and the Grand Vizier urged on their sovereign that the only hope of retrieving the prosperity, or even of assuring the safety of the Empire lay in his appearing at the head of his armies. Their exhortations, aided by pressure from without, prevailed against the influence of the Validé Sultana. In her anger and irritation at this decision, and in the hope perhaps of causing a tumult during which the current of popular opinion might be changed, or the ministers who opposed her killed, the Queen-Mother proposed a massacre of all the Giaours in the capital. The more fanatical members of the Divan were in favour of adopting this atrocious and senseless proposal; but the authority of wise statemen prevailed, and Moslem irritation against invading Christians was appeased by the banishment from the capital of all unmarried Greeks.

The Sultana's fears for the maintenance of her influence were her son removed from her proved to be not without foundation. For when Mohammed finally marched into Hungary at the head of the troops, the famous renegade, Scipio Cicala, who had married the grand-daughter of Sultan Suliman, and was greatly disliked by the Validé, was high in favour with her son, and performed his most brilliant exploits during this campaign.

The mother of Sultan Mustapha I. (1622-23) also played an important part in the events which resulted in the deposition and murder of Osman II. and the accession of her imbecile son, in whose name she exercised supreme authority. The high offices of State were intrigued or fought for by competitors who relied on the bought swords of the Janissaries and Spahis as the best means of promotion; and so fearful became the anarchy and misery at Constantinople that even the soldiery were touched by it, and, at the urgent entreaty of the chief ministers, they agreed to forego the usual donatives on condition of a capable Sultan being placed on the throne.

Ibrahim was accordingly deposed in favour of his nephew

Murad IV., a child of eleven, who, even at this early age, gave indications of a resolute and vengeful character. During the first years of his reign the regency was confided to his mother, the Sultana Mahpeiker ('The Moon-faced Beauty'), who had also played a not inconsiderable rôle during the lifetime of Achmet I., whose favourite Sultana she had been. This lady was a slave of Greek origin, and was possessed of great beauty. Happily for the Ottoman Empire at that critical period, she was also a woman of remarkable talent and energy; and both were taxed to the utmost to meet and successfully combat the dangers and disasters of her son's sovereignty. A Venetian ambassador, who had an interview with this princess when she was about forty-five years of age, described her as 'virtuous, wise, prudent, and liberal, loving pious works, and charitable to the poor without respect of persons.'

Though her son, Murad IV., inherited his mother's firmness of character, his other qualities were rather characteristic of his paternal ancestors. He died at the age of twenty-eight of a fever aggravated by his intemperate habits, and one of his last acts was to command the execution of his sole remaining brother, Ibrahim, the last surviving heir of the House of Osman, for Murad was childless. The Sultana frustrated the carrying out of this unnatural sentence, and committed the pious fraud of sending a false message to her dying elder son to the effect that his command had been obeyed.

But ill did Ibrahim requite his mother's active watchfulness on his behalf. When his crimes and follies had become so gross and scandalous that the very inmates of his harem murmured, the Validé remonstrated with him in vain against the corruption and frivolity of his conduct, and the only effect of the Queen Mother's remonstrances was to draw upon herself the hatred of Ibrahim, who treated her and the princesses, his sisters, with gross indignity, and was not unjustly suspected of meditating their destruction.

Yet, notwithstanding this unfilial conduct on the part of the Sultan, when his career of insane profligacy not long afterwards roused to rebellion both the army and the nation, the

aged Sultana strove hard to protect her unworthy son from the just wrath of his subjects.

His obsequious and obnoxious Grand Vizier had been seized and slain, and the united chiefs of the Ulema and the Janissaries sent a message to the Serai requesting the Sultan to come forth to his troops. As Ibrahim complied not with this desire, the two chief Ulema were commissioned to wait upon the Queen Mother and to inform her that it had been resolved to depose the Sultan and enthrone her grandson Mohammed in his stead. The Validé Sultana consented to receive a deputation consisting of the highest legal functionaries and three colonels of the Janissaries. They found her appalled in the deepest mourning, with only a single negro eunuch in attendance to fan her, and stood before her in respectful silence until she thus addressed them :—

‘Is it a just thing thus to raise revolts? Are ye not all slaves whom the bounty of this House has fed?’

The veteran soldier, Moussliheddin, moved to tears by these words, replied :—

‘Gracious lady, thou art right. We have all known the benefactions of this House, no one more than myself for these eighty years past. But it is because we are not thankless men that we can no longer stand idly by and witness the ruin of this illustrious House, and of the realm. Oh! would that I had not lived to see these days! What is there that I can further desire for myself?—neither gold nor rank could profit me. But oh, most gracious lady, the foolishness and the wickedness of the Padishah are bringing irreparable ruin upon the land. The Unbelievers have captured forty strongholds on the Bosnian frontier, and eighty of their ships cruise before the Dardanelles, while the Padishah thinks but of his lusts and his sports, of squandering and of corruption. Your wise men, learned in the law, have taken counsel together, and have issued a *Fetva* for a change in the occupation of the throne. Until this is accomplished ruin cannot be averted. Be gracious, oh Lady! oppose this not, or you strive not against us but against the Holy Law.’

The Sultana pleaded eloquently for her son’s retention in

the sovereignty under the guardianship of the Ulema and Grand Vizier, and some of the deputies seemed inclined to agree to this, when the aged Kadi Asker, or Grand Judge of Anatolia, interposed, saying :—

‘Oh, royal Lady! we have come hither fully relying on your grace and on your compassionate solicitude for the servants of Allah. You are not only the mother of our Padishah, but the mother also of all True Believers. Put an end to this state of trouble, we pray you, The enemy has the upper hand in battle. At home the traffic in places and ranks has no bounds. The Padishah, absorbed in his pleasures, removes himself farther and farther from the path of the laws. The call to prayer from the minarets of Ayia Sofia is drowned in the noise of fifes, of flutes, and of cymbals from the Serai. No one can speak counsel without peril to himself—you yourself, noble Lady, have proved it. The innocent are put to death, and favourite slaves govern the world.’

The Validé made one more effort, and said, ‘All this is the doing of corrupt and worthless ministers. They shall be removed and wise men appointed in their stead.’

‘What will that avail?’ replied the legist. ‘Has not the Sultan put to death good and gallant men who served him and the state truly, such as were Kara Mustafa Pasha and Youssouf Pasha!’

‘But how,’ urged the Sultana, ‘is it possible for a child of seven to reign?’

‘In the opinion of the wise,’ replied Hanefizadé, ‘a madman ought not to reign, whatever his age. Rather let a child gifted with reason be placed on the throne. If the sovereign be young, a wise Vizier may restore order to the realm; but an adult Sultan who is without reason ruins all things by murder and abomination, by corruption and prodigality.’

‘So be it then,’ said the Queen Mother. ‘I will bring my grandson to you, and will myself place the turban on his infant head.’

During the first years of the minority of Mohammed IV., the internal history of Turkey was marked by military insubordination and violence, judicial venality, local oppression and


provincial revolt; and the strife of factions was aggravated by the deadly rivalry that sprang up between Mahpeiker, the mother of the late Sultan above mentioned, and the new Validé Sultana, Tarkhan, a lady of Russian extraction, a rivalry which was terminated by the murder in her own palace of the elder Princess. Tarkhan was a woman of considerable ability, which she exerted to the utmost while acting as regent during the minority of her son. Among the monuments bequeathed to posterity by this lady is the magnificent mosque on the southern shore of the Golden Horn known as 'the Mosque of the Validé,' in which she and nine Sultans descended from her lie buried.

As no more powerful foe than Venice attacked the Empire, it struggled on through weakness and misery for eight years, when the appointment of Mahommed Kiupruli to the Grand Vizierate raised Turkey once more to comparative power, prosperity, and glory. The nation owed the choice of this illustrious statesman to the Sultana Tarkhan, and it does not appear that he made use of any unfair intrigue to obtain the Validé's favour, though his promotion entailed the deposition from that office of his patron, 'Mohammed of the Wry Neck.' For some Osmanli patriots, aware of the veteran's firmness of character, his activity, and his keen commonsense, recommended him to the young Sultan's mother as a man who might possibly restore some degree of order to the distraught Empire; and this highest post in the State was offered to Kiupruli, then in his seventieth year. But it was only on condition that he should be the absolute and unquestioned master of the Empire that Kiupruli consented to undertake the responsibilities of the Vizierate; and the Validé Sultana, on behalf of her son, swore solemnly that all his conditions should be fulfilled.

It is said that this first of the Kiupruli line of Viziers, when on his deathbed, gave the young Sultan four wise precepts, one of which was, *never to listen to the counsel of women*. Yet, as we have seen, he himself owed his advancement to the Queen Mother. And his son and successor in the Vizierate, Ahmed Kiupruli, owed much to the favour with which he was

regarded by the favourite Sultana of Mahommed IV., a Cretan slave-girl who tyrannised with capricious violence over her fond and constant Padishah. This lady, Rebia Gulnoush, was zealously devoted to the interests of the younger Kiupruli, who was thereby rendered so secure in his authority that he ventured to remain in the island of Candia from the time of his landing there in 1666 until the surrender in 1669 of that long-besieged capital.

This reign, in common with the preceding one and many others, witnessed the rivalry of two Sultanas, the Validé Tarkhan, now struggling hard to retain her influence over her son and in the Empire, and the Sultana Khaséki, doing her best to supplant her mother-in-law. The unnatural practice of putting to death, as possible rivals, the younger brothers of a Sultan—a custom which was not entirely abolished until early in the present century—must have disturbed the peace of many a Validé Sultana. And Tarkhan, who, after the birth of heirs to Mohammed, found it necessary to watch carefully over the lives of her two younger sons, finally took the precaution of placing them in an inner room of the palace which could only be reached by passing through her own apartments. Even there the Sultan himself one night entered, dagger in hand, and was gliding through to the chamber where his brothers lay, when one of the two pages who watched while their mistress slept, not daring to speak, touched, and awakened her. The mother sprang from her couch, and clinging round the would-be fratricide, implored him to strike her dead before he raised his hand to shed his brothers' blood. The Sultan, accustomed to yield to the superior spirit of the Validé, renounced for the time his murderous intent, and retired; but on the morrow he put to death the pages whose watchful fidelity had saved the lives of his brothers. Timidly vindictive, and selfishly, rather than constitutionally cruel, Mohammed continued to desire the death of his brothers, though he hesitated to strike. And when he was at last deposed to make room for his brother Sulieman II., he probably regretted that his infirmity of purpose had spared the rival whom an adher-



ence to the old fratricidal canon of the House of Osman would have removed for ever from his path.

To the influence of the Validé Sultana succeeded that of the Sultana Khaseki above mentioned, the Cretan Rebia Gulnoush. Though small of stature, this favourite Sultana of Mohammed IV. is said to have possessed exceptional charms. She was a blonde with a complexion of dazzling fairness, auburn hair, and eyes blue as the blossoms of the trailing periwinkle, graceful as a fawn, and of the most winning manners. Under this soft and pleasing exterior, however, there glowed the fiery nature of a daughter of the South, capable, as shown by the following incident, of passionate attachment and implacable jealousy. The Sultan was at one time in the habit of diverting himself by witnessing the graceful dancing of a young Circassian slave; and in order to remove this possible rival from her path the Sultana gained over to her purpose a eunuch skilled in the performance of the Moorish dance, and with him plotted the girl's destruction. A favourable opportunity soon presented itself. Mohammed was residing at Kandilli, on the shores of the Bosphorus, where a terrace of the palace almost overhung the stream. One evening the fair slave was performing on this terrace before the Sultan one of the pantomimic dances in which Orientals delight, in company with this eunuch. During the course of the performance, the latter drew his companion towards the unprotected edge of the terrace, and coming, as if by accident, into contact with her, caused her to lose her balance. The unhappy girl fell headlong into the rushing current and was seen no more.

Such episodes as these may serve to illustrate the struggles perpetually succeeding each other within the walls of the Serai. The introduction among the more apathetic Oriental inmates of the Imperial palace of scheming Russians, like Khourrem and Tarkhan, or of a vivacious and passionate Greek like Rebia Gulnoush, exposed the household of the Padishah to unwonted agitation, their natural activity of mind finding no outlet save in intrigue for the acquisition or retention of influence and power. It would, indeed, almost seem as if these originally Christian recruits to the Imperial harem



availed themselves of the only means within their reach of avenging the wrongs they and theirs had suffered at the hands of the Moslem invaders and conquerors of their respective Fatherlands.

LUCY M. J. GARNETT.

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ART. VIII.—MRS. OLIPHANT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

*The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant.*  
Arranged and edited by Mrs. HARRY COGHILL. Edinburgh  
and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1899.

IN a recent number of this *Review* attention was called to the character of Mrs. Oliphant's work as a writer of fiction. In the following pages the intention is not to return to that topic, but to speak of Mrs. Oliphant as she has delineated herself in her *Autobiography* and in the *Letters* Mrs. Coghill, her editor, has added to it.

The *Autobiography* is fragmentary, or rather it is a collection of autobiographical fragments written at various and distant dates. The earliest dated portion here given is under the date 'Rome 1864,' but from a statement made in the Preface it would appear that the *autobiography* was begun in 1860. After 1864 there is a gap of twenty-one years. The other portions were for the most part written in 1888, 1891, and 1894. The fragment written in 1885 gives an account of Mrs. Oliphant's early life, and though written later than the 1864 fragment, has for obvious reasons been placed by the editor first. The letters are not particularly numerous, and in some respects are not representative, many of the letters Mrs. Oliphant wrote, like many written by others, are of too intimate and too sacred a character for publication. Still those which are here printed, show that they have been selected by skilful hands, and serve to illustrate and supplement the *Autobiography* as well as to cover

the twenty years of their author's life which are not touched upon in it. They are full of interest, literary and otherwise, and are often brightly written. At the end of the volume are two lists—one of Mrs. Oliphant's books, and the other of her contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*—the total of which shows an amazing amount of work. The editorial part of the volume has been done by Mrs. Coghill with great judgment and good sense. There is but one complaint to make in connection with it, and that is, as to the absence of an Index—a defect, which, it is perhaps not too much to hope, may be remedied in future editions. There is a fairly full table of contents for the autobiographical portion of the volume, but there is none for the letters, and one has some difficulty in the absence of an index in finding what one wants.

The prevailing tone of the *Autobiography* is deep sadness. Here and there Mrs. Oliphant dwells upon her sorrows with an insistence which, though perfectly natural and excusable, is apt to prove depressing to the reader. But the wonder is not that Mrs. Oliphant should so dwell upon her sorrows, but that she was able to bear up against them, and in a measure to overcome them. Many a woman, and for that matter many of the so-called stronger sex, would have been utterly crushed beneath them. First came the loss of her mother, to whom she was intensely attached, and of whom, writing in 1888, she says, 'I miss my mother till this moment, when I am nearly as old as she was (sixty); I think instinctively still of asking her something, referring to her for information, and dream constantly of being a girl with her at home.' Next came the loss of two of her children. One of them was but a day old, but coming after the death of her mother and of her 'little Marjorie,' its loss affected her deeply. 'My spirit,' she writes, 'sank completely under it. I used to go about saying to myself, "A little while and ye shall not see me," with a longing to get to the end and have all safe—for my one remaining, my eldest, my Maggie seemed as if she too must be taken out of my arms. People will say it was an animal instinct perhaps. Neither of these little ones could speak to me or exchange an idea or show love, and yet their withdrawal was like the sun going out of the sky—life

remained, the daylight continued, but all was different.' Then came the breakdown of her husband, their journey to Italy, the terrible strain and anxiety, the hopelessness, the terror, the end. When all was over, and she had to begin the world anew with three children, one of them an infant, 'I had for all my fortune,' she writes, 'about £1000 of debt, a small insurance of, I think, £200 on Frank's life, our furniture laid up in a warehouse, and my own faculties, such as they were, to make our living and pay off our burdens by.' The prospect could scarcely be darker, and none but a brave heart could have faced it with the cheerfulness and confidence with which Mrs. Oliphant did. How on one occasion at this period of her life her heart almost failed, and with what success, aided by the sympathy of John Blackwood, she 'turned the corner,' to use one of her own expressions, she has told us in her *History of the Blackwoods*.

After the first of the Carlingford Series was published, and brought her an almost unexpected reputation, what with the pleasure she had in her work and her devotion to her children, she in a measure overcame the sorrowful memories, and regained something of her former elasticity of spirit.

All, in fact, was going happily, and her prospects were bright when, without a note of warning, the Angel of Death once more swept into her fold. This time it was her eldest surviving child, a daughter who had twined her affections around her mother's and become inseparable from her thoughts and almost from her life. They had gone to Rome, where she was suddenly seized with fever, and in four days was laid beside her father. 'I did not know,' Mrs. Oliphant writes in the Rome fragment,

'I did not know when I wrote the last words that I was coming to lay my sweetest hope, my brightest anticipations for the future, with my darling, in her father's grave. Oh this terrible, fatal, miserable Rome. I came here rich and happy, with my flowing daughter, my dear bright child, whose smiles and brightness everybody noticed, and who was sweet as a little mother to her brothers. There was not an omen of evil in any way. Our leaving home, our journey, our life here, have all been among the brightest passages of my life; and my Maggie looked the brightest and happiest of all the children, and ailed nothing, and feared nothing—nor I for her.

'Four short days made all the difference, and now here I am with my boys thrown back again out of the light into the darkness, into the valley of the shadow of death. My dearest love never knew nor imagined that she was dying; no shadow of dread ever came upon her sweet spirit. She got into heaven without knowing it, and God have pity upon me, who have thus parted with the sweetest companion, on whom unconsciously, more than upon any other hope of life, I have been calculating. I feared from the first moment her illness began, and yet I had a kind of underlying conviction that God would not take my ewe-lamb, my woman-child from me.'

And then later—

'The hardest moment in my present sad life is the morning, when I must wake up and begin the dreary world again. I can sleep during the night, and I sleep as long as I can; but when it is no longer possible, when the light can no longer be gainsaid, and life is going on everywhere, then I, too, rise up to bear my burden. How different it used to be! When I was a girl I remember the feeling I had when the fresh morning light came round. Whatever grief there had been the night before, the new day triumphed over it. Things must be better than one thought, must be well, in a world which woke up to that new light, to the sweet dews and sweet air which renewed one's soul. Now I am thankful for the night and the darkness, and shudder to see the light and the day returning.'

Before long another trouble came. This time it was not death, but an increase to her already heavy burdens. Her favourite brother Frank, who had married at the same time as herself, broke down in health, and his affairs got into a hopeless muddle. She was obliged to add two of his children to her family. Soon after he sent a telegram saying that his wife was dead and that he himself was in despair, and in a very short time the brother and his two other children became inmates of the Windsor house. Here were five additional mouths to feed. Her brother was broken in health as well as in fortune. He was unable to do anything, and the whole burden of maintaining a household of eight and of educating six children, four of whom were not her own, depended upon the activity and endurance of a woman. The burden was heavy, but was cheerfully borne; and all was happy till death again made havoc in her house. First the brother died, and then his son, who had become to his aunt as one of her own. He was just beginning life in India

when he was suddenly carried off by fever at Peshawur. Then her elder son, after a brief promise of usefulness, succumbed, and last, her youngest and only surviving child died also. The wrench was terrible, and when the first pangs of her grief were over, she wrote to Mrs. Coghill:—

‘I am writing what letters I can myself simply to keep me from distraction—I must do something, whatever it is. My Cecco died last night. He is gone from me, my last, my dearest, and I am left here a desolate woman with the strength of a giant in me, and may live for years. Pity me—it seems as if God did not, and yet no doubt He had a higher reason than pity for me. The dreadful thing is that I can’t go too: I am forced to live, though everything in life is gone. . . . He lies now on his own bed, a perfect image of repose, his face rounded out as if he had never known illness, his look so peaceful and so sweet. And here am I, his desolate, broken-hearted mother, childless, and yet as strong as iron, as if I should live for ever. . . . My Cecco, always my baby; never parted from me, always mine; and now I shall never hear his constant call upon me again; never till we all meet, when all will be so different. I write to try and deaden myself a little, and in the hope of getting tired and done like other people, but that is what I never seem to be.’

Mrs. Oliphant was as strong mentally as physically, and beneath her sensitive and emotional nature there was another which never gave way, but was as strong and enduring in its truth as steel. Once, if not twice, in the *Autobiography* she compares herself with George Eliot and George Sand, and says how far below them she felt herself in literary abilities. There is another aspect in which the comparison or contrast is the other way. Neither of the two fought so brave a battle, nor did either of them show anything like the heroism of the widowed and childless mother, whose house, notwithstanding her sleepless devotion and activity, was left unto her desolate.

Sadness, however, is not the only feeling of the *Autobiography*. Mrs. Oliphant was too much of a literary artist to make any such blunder. And besides, though her tears were never far off, her resource and elasticity of spirit were remarkable. ‘I have lived a laborious life,’ she says, ‘incessant work, incessant anxiety—and yet so strange, so capricious, is this human being, that I could not say that I have had an unhappy life.’ And in the same strain she adds: ‘Sometimes I am miserable—always there is in me the sense that I may have

active cause to be so at any moment—always the gnawing pangs of anxiety, and deep, deep dissatisfaction beyond words, and the sense of helplessness, which of itself is despair. And yet, there are times when my heart jumps up in the old unreasonable way, and I am—yes, happy—though the word seems so inappropriate—without any cause for it, with so many causes the other way. I wonder whether this is want of feeling or mere temperament and elasticity of spirit, or if it is a special compensation—“Werena my heart licht, I wad dee”—Grizzel Hume must have had the same.’ It was just this ‘old unreasonable way’ which her heart had, we suspect, that sustained her and kept her incessantly active. It may make against the lugubrious theory that ‘man was made to mourn,’ but it makes decidedly in favour of the idea that he was made for joy. That, however, is a matter for theologians and philosophers. Though most of the autobiographical fragments were written in times of great sorrow, this ‘old unreasonable way’ of her heart is continually asserting itself in their pages, and making them both attractive and informing.

Here and there we have a picture of almost more than photographic minuteness, or more vivid and real than photography can reproduce it, as in the following description of a room into which Mrs. Oliphant and her husband were shown when on their way to Rome :—

‘So far as I can recollect, we stopped only once—at Allassio—between Nice and Genoa. I shall never forget that night; the hotel was an old palace, and in those days comfort had scarcely invaded even those coasts of the Riviera. We were taken into a huge room, with a shining marble floor, one or two rugs in front of the fireplace and by the side of the bed, and no fire. The sight of the place was enough to freeze the tired traveller, so ill and languid to begin with. I feel still the chill that went into my heart at the sight of this room, so unfit for him, but we soon got up a blazing fire. I remember kneeling by it, lighting it with great fir cones, and all the reflections, as if in water, in the dark polished marble of the floor.’

Here is another incident of the same journey :—

‘I think that in some things I was younger than my years. I was thirty, but with very little experience of the world, and always shy and apt to keep behind backs. I forget if the luggage came that night, but I

think it did, and then arose another difficulty. We were but very sparingly supplied with money, and had brought just enough for the journey to Marseilles, and one night's rest at Lyons. Circular notes, I think, were scarcely used then—at all events, what we had was a letter of credit. And next morning I found that we had not enough to pay our bill and journey, and that it was a *fête*, and the banks all closed. This sort of thing has never been a bugbear to me as to many people, and I went to the landlord of the hotel and told him exactly how things were, though with no small trembling. No one, however, could be more kind than he was. He would not even take from me what I could have paid, but gave me the address of a hotel at Marseilles where he directed me to go and pay his bill there. We went away, therefore, in much better spirits, having our boxes, and with that elated consciousness of having been kindly treated, which, I suppose, gives one a feeling somehow of having deserved it, of having been appreciated, for it certainly warms the heart and improves the aspect of everything.'

The following occurred on her return journey, after she had buried her husband, and was coming home to face the world with £1000 of debt, an insurance of £200, her pen, and four children:—

'I did not know where to go to in Paris, as I could not go back to the same hotel where we had been when my husband was with me, and in our innocence we went to the Bristol!—my sister-in-law having been advised to go there, at second or third hand, through Mr. Pentland. The rooms were delightful, but so were the prices, which I inquired, as we had been taught to do in Italy, before taking possession. I faltered, and said we had been sent there by Mr. Pentland—but—. The name acted like magic. Mr. Pentland? Ah! that was another thing—rooms were just half the price to a friend of Mr. Pentland. He was the editor of Murray's Handbooks—but of that important fact I was not aware.'

But what one is most interested in in the *Autobiography* is Mrs. Oliphant's reminiscences of her own literary life and of the literary people she met. Of these there is an abundance in its one hundred and fifty pages. She herself had a natural turn for story-telling and authorship, and this is how she fell into what she used to call her 'trade.' It was during a time of depression caused by the desertion of her first lover:—

'My mother had a bad illness, and I was her nurse, or at least attendant. I had to sit for hours by her bedside, and keep quiet. I had no liking then for needlework, a taste which developed afterwards, so I took to writing. There was no particular purpose in my beginning except this,

to secure some amusement and occupation for myself while I sat by my mother's bedside. I wrote a little book in which the chief character was an angelic elder sister, unmarried, who had the charge of a family of motherless brothers and sisters, and who had a shrine of sorrow in her life in the shape of the portrait and memory of her lover who died young. It was all very innocent and guileless, and my audience—to wit, my mother and my brother Frank—were highly pleased with it. (It was published long after by W. [her other brother] on his own account, and very silly I think it is, poor little thing). I think I was then about sixteen. Afterwards I wrote another very much concerned with the Church business, in which the heroine, I recollect, was a girl, who in the beginning of the story was a sort of half-witted, undeveloped creature, but who ended by being one of those lofty poetical beings whom girls love. She was called, I recollect, Ibbey, but why, I cannot explain. I had the satisfaction afterwards, when I came to my full growth, of burning the manuscript, which was a three-volume business. I don't think any effort was ever made to get a publisher for it.'

Here is her account of her first delights of authorship, and of the way in which she took reviews and applause. The reference is to *Margaret Maitland*, her first publication:—

'Mr. Colburn kindly—I thought most kindly, and thanked him *avec effusion*—gave me £150 for "Margaret Maitland." I remember walking along the street with delightful elation, thinking that, after all, I was worth something—and not to be hustled about. I remember, too, getting the first review of my book in the twilight of a wintry, dark afternoon, and reading it by the firelight—always half-amused at the thought that it was *me* who was being thus discussed in the newspapers. It was the "Athenaeum," and it was on the whole favourable. Of course this event preceded by a couple of months the transaction with Mr. Colburn. I think the book was in its third edition before he offered me that £150. I remember no reviews except that one of the "Athenaeum," nor any particular effect which my success produced in me, except that sense of elation. I cannot think why the book succeeded so well. When I read it over some years after, I felt nothing but shame at its foolish little polemics and opinions. I suppose there must have been some breath of youth and sincerity in it which touched people, and there had been no Scotch stories for a long time. Lord Jeffrey, then an old man, and very near his end, sent me a letter of sweet praise, which filled my mother with rapture, and myself with an abashed gratitude. I was very young. Oddly enough, it has always remained a matter of doubt with me whether the book was published in 1849 or 1850. I thought the former; but Geraldine Macpherson, whom I met in London for the first time a day or two before it was published, declared it to be 1850, from the fact that *that* was the year of her marriage. If a woman remembers any date, it must be the date of her



marriage! So I don't doubt Geddie was right. Anyhow, if it was 1850 [the editor says it was 1849], I was then only twenty-two, and in some things very young for my age, as in others perhaps older than my years. I was wonderfully little moved by the business altogether. I had a great pleasure in writing, but the success and the three editions had no particular effect upon my mind. . . My head was as steady as a rock. I had nobody to praise me except my mother and Frank, and their applause—well, it was delightful, it was everything in the world—it was life—but it did not count. They were part of me, and I of them, and we were all in it. After a while it came to be the custom that I should every night “read what I had written” to them before I went to bed. They were very critical sometimes, and I felt while I was reading whether my little audience was with me or not, which put a great deal of excitement into the performance. But that was all the excitement I had.’

Curious, too, is the account which Mrs. Oliphant gives of the way in which her work was done, and of the circumstances under which she did her writing. After saying that her writing ran through everything, yet was subordinate to everything, being pushed aside for any little necessity, she goes on to say:—

‘I had no table even to myself, much less a room, to work in, but sat at the corner of the family table with my writing-book, with everything going on as if I had been making a shirt instead of writing a book. Our rooms in those days were sadly wanting in artistic arrangement. The table was in the middle of the room, the centre round which everybody sat, with the candles or lamp upon it. My mother sat always at needle-work of some kind, and talked to whoever might be present, and I took my share in the conversation, going on all the same with my story, the little groups of imaginary persons, these other talkers, evolving themselves quite undisturbed. It would put me out now to have someone sitting at the same table talking while I worked—at least I would think it would put me out, with that sort of conventionalism that grows upon one. But up to this date, 1888, I have never been shut up in a separate room, or hedged off with any observances. My study—all the study I have ever attained to—is the little second drawing-room where all the (feminine) life of the house goes on, and I don't think I have ever had two hours undisturbed (except at night when everybody is in bed) during my whole literary life. Miss Austen, I believe, wrote in the same way, and very much for the same reason; but at her period the natural flow of life took another form. The family were half-ashamed to have it known that she was not just a young lady like others, doing her embroidery. Mine were quite pleased to magnify me, and to be proud of my work, but always with a hidden sense that it was an admirable joke, and no idea that any special facilities or retirement was necessary. My mother, I believe, <sup>would</sup> have felt her

pride and rapture much checked, almost humiliated, if she had conceived that I stood in need of any artificial aids of that or any other description. That would at once have made the work unnatural to her eyes, and also to mine.'

At her work Mrs. Oliphant was remarkably quick both in conception and execution. The very night *Margaret Maitland* was finished she sat down to *Caleb Field*, and on more than one occasion appears to have followed up one book with another with a like celerity. Perhaps this was the reason why she took so little interest either in her books or in her characters. Anyhow, when once they were off her hands all her interest in them was gone. 'Anthony Trollope's talk about the characters in his books,' she wrote, 'astonished me beyond measure, and I am totally incapable of talking about anything I have ever done in that way. I am not indifferent, yet I should rather like to forget it all, to wipe out all the books, to silence those compliments about my industry, etc., which I always turn off with a laugh.' 'When people comment upon the number of books I have written, and I say that I am so far from being proud of that fact that I should like at least half of them forgotten, they stare—and yet it is quite true; and even here I could no more go solemnly into them, and tell why I had done this or that, than I could fly. They are my work which I like in the doing, which is my natural way of occupying myself, though they are never so good as I meant them to be.' And again in the same strain she says: 'I have written because it gave me pleasure, because it came natural to me, because it was like talking or breathing,—besides the big fact that it was necessary for me to work for my children.' This facility proved fatal we imagine to several of her works. At any rate, it is sufficient to account for their unevenness. Towards the end of her life there was some talk, if we remember rightly, of failing powers. The fiction which Mrs. Oliphant then wrote may have shown less power; but if it did, the cause we imagine was to be found in her growing dislike for novel writing. Singularly enough her last days were her best, and the days in which her best books were produced. It was then that the books on the great historic towns—Edinburgh, Venice, Florence, Jerusalem, and Rome were written, while her

best book, her *History of the Blackwood House*, was her last. Perhaps it was the book which took the strongest hold on her mind. The Blackwoods had always been kind to her. When her husband died John Blackwood wrote bidding her draw upon him for whatever money she wanted. They had always stood by her in her troubles. She herself was always perfectly loyal to them, and her intimacy with the family was great. When the book was proposed to her she replied: 'I like your proposal or rather suggestion very much indeed. I have often wished you would think of doing something of the kind. It ought to make a very valuable as well as very interesting book, for the history of the Blackwoods would involve a most important piece of the recent history of literature, as well as many extremely interesting figures. . . . I should undertake the work with the greatest pleasure.' And no one can read the two volumes she wrote without feeling that her heart was in them, and that the very writing of them was a pleasure. Whether her other books will be forgotten or not, this one will not. It is too intimately bound up with the history of literature for that.

Mrs. Oliphant was always shy and retiring. Self-assertion was not in her nature. She sometimes felt that it was not, and that the want of it, if we may so say, stood in her way. 'I feel that my carelessness of asserting my claim,' she wrote in 1885, 'is very much against me with everybody. It is so natural to think that if the workman himself is indifferent about his work, there can't be much in it that is worth thinking about.' She had no taste for what is called society, but delighted in the company of her friends. Among the oldest of these were Miss Blackwood and Mrs. Tulloch, the wife of the Principal. Of the former we have the following picture:—

'Miss Blackwood was one of the elders of the Blackwood family, and at this period a comely, black-haired, dark-complexioned person, large and much occupied with her dress, and full of amusing peculiarities, with a genuine drollery and sense of fun, in which all the family were strong. She was sometimes the most intolerable person that could be conceived, and insulted her friends without compunction; but the effect upon me at least was always this—that before the end of one of her tirades she would strike, half consciously, a comical note, and my exasperation would explode into laughter. She was full of recollections of all sorts of people,

and of her own youthful successes, which, though stout and elderly, she never outgrew—still remembering the days when she was called a sylph, and never quite sure that she was not making a triumphant impression even in these changed circumstances. She was very fond of conversation, and truly exceedingly queer in the remarks she would make, sometimes so totally out of all sequence that the absurdity had as good an effect as wit, and often truly droll and amusing, after the fashion of her family. I remember when some people were discussing the respective merits of Rome and Florence, Miss Blackwood gave her vote for Rome. "Ah," she said with an ecstatic look, "when you have read the 'Iliad' in your youth, it all comes back!" Another favourite story of her was, that when one of her brothers asked her, on mischief bent, no doubt, "Isabella, what are filbert nails?" she held out her hand towards him, where he was sitting a little behind her, without a word. She had a beautiful hand, and was proud of it.'

Here is a story which Mrs. Oliphant tells about herself and Miss Blackwood and Aytoun.

'Miss Blackwood had asked him [Aytoun] to dine with us alone, and he came, and we flattered him to the top of his heart, she half sincerely, with that quaint mixture of enthusiasm and ridicule which I used to say was the Blackwood attitude towards that droll, partly absurd, yet more or less effective thing called an author; and I, I fear, backing her up in pure fun, for I was no particular admirer of Aytoun, who was then an ugly man in middle age, with the air of being one of the old lights, but without either warmth or radiancy. We got him between us to the pitch of flattered fatuity which all women recognise, when a man looks like the famous scene painter, "I am so sick, I am so clevare;" his eyes bemused, and his features blunted with a sort of bewildered beatitude, till suddenly he burst forth without any warning with "Come hither, Evan Cameron"—and repeated the poem to us, Miss Blackwood ecstatic, keeping a sort of time with flourishes of her hand, and I, I am afraid, overwhelmed with secret laughter. I am not sure that he did not come to himself with a horrified sense of imbecility before he reached the end.'

Mrs. Oliphant's first introduction to the Blackwood family was through her mother's second cousins, the Wilsons—Sir Daniel Wilson the antiquary, of Toronto fame. The first member of the family she met was Major Blackwood. It was before her marriage. The first of her books the Blackwoods published was *Katie Stewart*. The proof reached her on the morning of her marriage-day; and she was always known in the office as Katie, a fact she was not acquainted with until she came across it when reading the letters for her *History of the House*.

Her 'trade' brought Mrs. Oliphant into contact with many people, and laid the foundation of other friendships besides her life-long intimacy with the Blackwoods. The Irving book was the beginning of her friendship with the Storys and the Carlyles. John Carlyle she found writing a life of Adamnan, the biographer of St. Columba. With Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle she became very intimate. Mrs. Carlyle told her much about Irving, and used to call for her on her way to her drive. In one of her letters Mrs. Oliphant writes: 'I have had a little visit from Mrs. Carlyle, who is looking very feeble and picturesque, and as amusing as ever, and naturally, has been taking away everybody's character, or perhaps I ought to say throwing light upon the domestic relations of the distinguished people of the period. I was remarking upon the eccentricity of the said relations, and could not but say that Mr. Carlyle seemed the only virtuous philosopher we had. Upon which his wife answered: "My dear, if Mr. Carlyle's digestion had been stronger, there is no saying what he might have been!"' Of the relations between the Carlyles and the character of both Mrs. Oliphant entertained opinions very different from those held by some whom she called 'their false friends.'

Just as the Irving book brought Mrs. Oliphant into new acquaintanceships and friendship, so did the *Monks of the West* and her *Life* of its author. An interesting sketch occurs in the *Autobiography* of Montalembert, and of the difficulties she encountered when in search of materials for his life.

The other people Mrs. Oliphant met, notwithstanding her somewhat secluded life, were numerous, and while reading the *Autobiography*, one has no difficulty in seeing the same skilful hand which filled the first two volumes of the *History of the Blackwoods* with so many striking portraits of the literary celebrities of the time. At the Halls' she saw a variety of people. This was in her husband's days. Besides the Halls themselves, there were the Howitts, Gavan Duffy, Rosa Bonheur, then at the height of her reputation, and a Chiuaman, who was made to sing 'What we were informed was a sentimental ballad, exceedingly touching and romantic. It was like nothing so much as the howl of a dog, one of those grave pieces of canine music,'

Mrs. Oliphant continues, 'which my poor old Newfoundland used to give forth when his favourite organ-grinder came into the street. . . Rosa Bonheur, I suppose, was more civil than *nous autres*, and her efforts to restrain the uncontrollable laughter were superhuman. She almost swallowed her handkerchief in the effort to conceal it. I can see her as in a picture, the central figure, with her short, bushy hair, and her handkerchief in her mouth.' A near neighbour to the Oliphants in those days was Miss Muloch, who used to give parties to which the Oliphants were invited. The guests at these assemblies seem to have been odd. 'One looked at them,' Mrs. Oliphant says, 'rather as one looked at the figures in Madame Tussaud's, wondering if they were waxworks or life—wondering, in the other case, whether the commonplace outside might not cover a painter or a poet, or something equally fine—whose ethereal qualities were all invisible to the naked eye.' Twice, later on, however, Mrs. Oliphant met Tennyson. On the first occasion she thought him scarcely civil, but, on the second, charming.

Among her correspondents, besides the editor of her *Autobiography*, and others already named, were Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews Mr. Craik and Mr. Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean war, whose admiration for her writings was great.

Here and there throughout the *Autobiography* Mrs. Oliphant expresses herself concerning some of her contemporaries in fiction writing. George Eliot is referred to several times. Here is one passage:—

'No one even will mention me in the same breath with George Eliot. And that is just. It is a little justification to myself to think how better off she was—no trouble in all her life as far as appears, but the natural one of her father's death—and perhaps coolnesses with her brothers and sisters, though that is not said. And though her marriage is not one that most of us would have ventured on, still it seems to have secured her a worshipper unrivalled. I think she must have been a dull woman with a great genius distinct from herself, something like the gift of the old prophets, which they sometimes exercised with only a dim sort of perception of what it meant. But this is a thing to be said only with bated breath, and perhaps further thought on the subject may change even my mind. She took herself with tremendous seriousness, that is evident, and was always on duty, never relaxing, her letters ponderous beyond

description—and those to the Bray party giving one the idea of a mutual improvement society for the exchange of essays.'

There are many other pictures in the book besides those referred to. But the main picture is that of Mrs. Oliphant—the picture of a brave and beautiful soul, though perhaps not altogether according to Goethe's idea, yet beautiful, burdened with many sorrows and heavy labours, yet always steadfast and always struggling, often amid tears, not for fame nor for herself, but for others. There have been better or greater writers, but none more pure, sincere, or unselfish, and none whose character deserves to be more admired.

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#### ART. IX.—THE STORY OF TUSCULUM.

**F**ROM whatever vantage-point the pilgrim to Rome looks down upon the Eternal City—whether from the ridge of the Janiculum, which once bristled with the spears of Porsena's host, or from St. Domenic's retreat on the Aventine, or from the palace of Septimius Severus on the Palatine, or from the roof of St. John Lateran, his eyes will always be attracted to the chain of hills which encircle the stupendous panorama of city and campagna.

Northwards, he will see Soracte, the distant Apennines, the snowy slopes of Leonessa, gradually subsiding into the range of the Sabine mountains, with Monte Gennaro for their highest summit; their lowest spur, as they fall into the plain, being crowned with the citadel of Palestrina, the ancient Præneste, whose temple of Fortune was once famous throughout the Roman world.

On the opposite side of the valley the ground rises again into the volcanic chain of the Alban Hills, whose rugged summits are crowned with fortress-like little towns, many of them sites of Roman or Latian cities, having become in mediæval times 'Castelli Romani,' and still retaining that

appellation. Rocca Priora, Monte Porzio, Colonna, Rocca di Papa, Marino, Albano, Castel Gandolfo, Genzano—all these are familiar names, but best known of all is Frascati, and it is also the most conspicuous of the Alban towns, with its villas gleaming white, amid the green of its woods, and the windows of its houses glistening like flames in the light of the setting sun.

Of the thousands of tourists who walk or ride from Frascati up to Tusculum, through the wooded glades of the Villa Rufinella, or by the shady lanes of Camaldoli, few probably realise that this green hill, where nothing now remains but a few crumbling walls, and the stone seats of the Roman theatre, was 'the site once of a city great and gay,' which continued to exist till the middle of the twelfth century. There is no doubt but that the foundation of Tusculum reaches back into remote antiquity. Classical authors relate that it was built about 1250 B.C., by Telegonus, son of Ulysses, and the enchantress Circe, and that from his daughter Mamilia, born in Tusculum, descended the noble family of the Mamili, from whom sprang that Mamilius, 'prince of the Latian name,' who led the Latin hosts at the battle of Lake Regillus, 'what time the Thirty Cities came forth to war with Rome.' Ovid in the 3rd and 4th books of the *Fasti* calls the walls of Tusculum 'Telegoni mœnia;' Propertius and Silius mention them in the same terms, and Horace in his 23rd Ode, when he invites Mæcenas to visit him at his Sabine farm, says: 'Tear yourself away from your impediments: do not always survey well-watered Tibur, and Æsula's sloping cornland, and the heights of parricide Telegonus.'

This unenviable title was given to Telegonus, because like Œdipus, he unwittingly slew his father, and according to the legend he also married his father's widow, the much-wooed Penelope, by whom he had a son Italus, and some authors claim that it is from this Italus, that Italy was named.

The people who founded Tusculum, however they were called, or from whatever country they came, were probably of the same race as those who built the wonderful walls still existing at Alatri, Cori, Norba, Anagni, and so many other Latin,



Volscian, and Hernician towns; perhaps they were also the constructors of those mysterious 'platforms' of cyclopean stones which are found on the slopes of both Sabine and Alban hills, and which are still an enigma to archæologists. It is certain that the ancient reservoir of Tusculum resembles in its construction the reservoirs of Norba, and in some degree the celebrated Treasure Chamber of Mycenæ. The water, supplying this cistern, passed through a conduit whose 'specus' is five feet high by two wide; it supplies also the little fountain adjoining the cistern, and, though constructed at a later date, it may still be considered one of the most ancient fountains in the world. Possibly the same source was conveyed by other conduits within the citadel, for it was this rocky summit of the hill which was the original city surrounded by the walls of Telegonus. Eventually it became the *Arx* or Citadel, as by degrees, buildings and habitations sprang up beyond and below the walls, forming the town, or 'oppidum,' which in its turn was surrounded by brick walls of much later date, and of which traces still remain.

From its eyrie Tusculum dominated all the plain of Latium, stretching away to the sea, where lay the towns of Lavinium and Laurentum, Ardea, Tellenæ, and many others, while far away in the blue waters of the Mediterranean rose, and rises still, the rocky outline of the isle of Circe, mother of its founder. Among the mountains its neighbours, sometimes friends, sometimes foes, were the cities of Velitræ, Cora, Norba, the more distant Anagni, Alatri, Segna, Ferentinum, and others now utterly vanished. To the north lay the ancient towns of Gabii and Labicum, to the south was Alba Longa on the shores of the Alban lake, to whose king, it would appear, the Tusculans were at one time subject, and whence, five hundred years after the founding of Tusculum, a little band of emigrants or outlaws descended into the plain, and founded, on a hill by the side of a river, the nucleus of that city which was to become eternal. One can imagine the feelings of surprise and annoyance, with which the ancient cities regarded the upstart Rome. They did not interfere, however, as long as the city was governed by princes like their own, and, indeed,

allied to them, as in the case of Tarquinius Superbus, who gave his daughter in marriage to Octavius Mamilius, Prince of Tusculum. But when the Roman people shook off the regal yoke, and expelled the Tarquins, the princes of Etruria and Latium came to the assistance of the exiled family. At first it was the Etruscans who assembled a large army, under the command of Porsena of Clusium, to replace their fellow-countrymen on the throne of Rome, for the Tarquins originally came from Tarquinia (now Corneto), a town about twenty miles from Rome, in southern Etruria.

As we all know, the famous fight at the Pons Sublicius, and the fall of the bridge itself, prevented the Etruscans from entering the city, and it seems that Porsena, of a nobler disposition than his protégé, possibly disgusted by the vice and cruelty of the Tarquins, and disheartened by the loss of his son in a combat at Aricia (the great Mausoleum still standing there is said to be the tomb of Aruns) withdrew his army from the Roman territory, and his protection from the Tarquins. Then it was that the old king took refuge at Tusculum, and claimed the aid of his son-in-law, Mamilius, who made a league with thirty cities of Latium to take the field for the Tarquins, and sent heralds to Rome to demand the restoration of the king. The Romans stoutly refused: both sides armed apace, and the Romans named Aulus Posthumius their Dictator. The armies met in 'Agro Tuscolano,' on Tusculum territory, and on the shores of Lake Regillus was fought the fight, which decided the fate of the kings, and the existence of the Republic of Rome. The old king Tarquin and his youngest son perished on the field, and Mamilius was also slain in single combat by Titus Herminius, who fell at the same time.

The account of the death struggle is familiar to us all in the stirring Lay of Macaulay :—

'Mamilius spied Herminius  
And dashed across the way :  
"Herminius ! I have sought thee  
"Through many a bloody day.  
"One of us two, Herminius,  
"Shall never more go home.  
"I will lay on for Tusculum,  
"And lay thou on for Rome !"

' All round them paused the battle,  
 While met in mortal fray  
 The Roman and the Tusculum,  
 The horses black and grey.  
 Herminius smote Mamilius,  
 Through breast-plate and through breast,  
 And fast flowed down the purple blood  
 Over the purple vest.  
 Mamilius smote Herminius  
 Through head-piece and through head ;  
 And side by side those chiefs of pride  
 Together fell down dead.'

Livy's account of the battle is somewhat cursory. Dionysius of Halicarnassus enters into much fuller particulars, but it has been remarked by some writers, as an argument against the historical fact of the battle, that the episodes of the single combats, and the miraculous apparition of the ' Great Twin Brethren ' read more like an epic poem of the Homeric character than a serious historical narrative. Another argument advanced, is the extreme uncertainty of the exact site of Lake Regillus. It seems extraordinary that this should be so, considering the importance of the event, and also that the spot was a regular place of pilgrimage for the pious Romans, on account of the miraculous impression of the hoof of Castor's horse on the rock by the side of the lake. It is also impossible to say when the knowledge of the exact site was lost, nor is it possible to settle it by the vague descriptions of Livy and Dionysius, so that modern authors have advanced the claims of no less than five different sites, but the most recent authorities, after weighing the various claims, consider that the most likely spot, judging from the description of the positions of the troops, would be the extinct crater now known as Pantano Secco, which is situated about three miles from Frascati, just where the volcanic ridges die away into the plain.

The apparition of Castor and Pollux in favour of the Romans appears singular, for the cult of the Dioscuri was of Greek origin, and had probably been brought by the Greek colonists to Tusculum, where a temple was dedicated to them, and at Cori can still be seen the fine columns of a temple raised in their honour.

It was, however, the custom of the Romans to propitiate the gods of their adversaries by invoking them, and vowing to build temples in their honour, as for instance, when Furius Camillus invoked the Juno of the Veientes, and when the Emperor Tiberius proposed to raise an altar to the Christ of the Hebrews; and so it happened that the vow of Aulus the Dictator in the critical moment of the battle gained the Dioscuri over to the Roman side, and left to the admiration of posterity those glorious columns standing to this day in the Roman Forum, hard by 'Vesta's Fane,' though it is only from Domitian's restoration of the temple that the fine cancellated Corinthian pillars date.

After the battle of Regillus an alliance was formed between Tusculum and Rome in which both cities aided each other mutually and effectually at critical moments of their existence, and Lucius Mamilius was made a Roman citizen, in consideration of services rendered to that city. Nevertheless, after the invasion of the Gauls, Tusculum, for some reason of which we are ignorant, joined the league of the Latin cities against Rome. It was during this war, according to Livy, that occurred the episode of the single combat between Germinius Metius, one of the Latin leaders, and the son of the Consul Manlius. Every reader of Livy will remember the tragic words he puts into the mouth of the Consul, when his youthful son returned as a conqueror, to lay at his father's feet the spoils of his defeated adversary. After a severe and bitter reprimand for having disobeyed the military order which forbade all combats except on the actual field of battle, for having set a bad example, and transgressed against Law and Discipline, he concludes with the terrible sentence:—'I, lictor, deliga ad palmu'—('away with him, lictor, to the stake'). 'So jealous as to military discipline were the ancients,' says Florus, 'quasi plus in imperio esset, quam in victoria.'

A few years after the conclusion of this war the Tusculans were accused by the Romans of treachery, in aiding the Volscians in their revolt; but they indignantly protested their innocence, and men, women, and even children marched in a

body to Rome, demanding to be cleared of the imputation. And, indeed, when Hannibal and his army attacked Tusculum on his march against Rome, they so stoutly resisted him, that he was forced to change his route, and turn aside from their walls. These same walls were restored and strengthened during the internecine war between Marius and Sulla, and the Tusculans appear to have sided with the former. They seem, indeed, to have been continually involved in the petty and local warfare, which characterises the history of the cities of Central and Southern Italy for many centuries, until at last towards the beginning of the Empire, a period of peace and prosperity appears to have begun for Tusculum, and we begin to hear of the fame of its families, and the splendour of its villas. It became one of the most favourite resorts for the jaded inhabitants of Rome, worn out by the noise and tumult of the vast and over-populated town. It was easily accessible by the beautiful Via Latina, that most ancient of all the Roman roads, conducting as it did to the very district where the Romans had their origin. It never changed its original appellation, or assumed the name, as so many Roman roads did, of the person who had made or mended them, although it was one of the eight great roads repaired by Augustus.

The Porta Latina in the walls of Honorius, restored by Belisarius, though now walled up, is still distinctly visible under the ivy and creeping plants, which at this point are still allowed to clamber over the crumbling, weather-stained bricks. Close by is the little church with a beautiful campanile which marks the spot where St. John is said to have been immersed in the boiling oil, and on the other side of the road is a Columbarium, which in ancient times was separated from the tomb of the Scipios by a narrow lane leading from the Via Latina to her more celebrated sister, the Via Appia, whose lordly sepulchres still lift up their dismantled heads, while those of the Via Latina, once doubtless just as splendid, are now much less numerous. About five miles from Rome, quite a little group of them has survived, and two of these especially, belonging to the Pancrazian and Servilian families, are in a

wonderful state of preservation; the frescoes and delicate reliefs in stucco are the admiration of all visitors to Rome.

A little further on stood the small temple of Fortuna Muliebris, erected in memory of that fateful meeting between Volumnia and Coriolanus, when Shakespeare puts into his mouth the pathetic cry—‘Oh my mother, mother! O you have won a happy victory to Rome!’ and then finally: ‘Ladies, you deserve to have a temple built you: all the swords in Italy, and her confederate arms, could not have made this peace.’

Some way beyond this temple, which was situated quite near the line of the Claudian aqueducts, where they join those of the Aqua Felice, a cross-road connected the Latin and Appian ways; it was called the Via Valeria, from having been constructed by Valerius Messala. Tibullus mentions it in one of his poems. Skirting the Via Latina, and in the Campagna on either side of it, are still to be seen ruins of the numerous and splendid Villas which existed here in Imperial times, and of which the immense remains called *Setti Bassi*, probably from the original owner, Septimius Bassus, the Consul, are conspicuous from their extent, and from the height of the walls. Judging from them we may to some degree imagine what must have been the aspect of the Campagna when covered with these ‘gorgeous palaces’ and cultivated properties. The Via Latina began to ascend the Alban range not far from the present *Grotta-Ferrata*, which with Marino, it left on the right, and skirting the hill of *Tusculum* it led to the forest and mountain of *Algidus* sacred to Diana, and also to the goddess Fortune. Horace, in the 21st Ode of the 1st Book alludes to ‘gelido Algido,’ and again in the 23rd Ode of the 3rd Book, and in the 4th of the 4th Book. A branch road, of which the traces still remain, led up to *Tusculum*, and probably followed the walls of the lower town. A considerable portion of them was brought to light in 1886, on the property of Prince Lancelotti, to the north of the amphitheatre, which is of comparatively late date, and, like so many Roman amphitheatres, was outside the gates. According to Signor Fonteanive there are two portions of this wall of poly-

gonal structure, and formed of 'capallaccio sciliceo,' a local stone. The lower wall is 23 metres in length, the upper one has been uncovered only to the extent of 17 metres, while their height varies from one to three metres. As happens in so many Roman buildings, they have served as foundations for small villas and farm buildings of a later date. From the position of these walls, Professor Tomasetti, the well-known archæologist of the Campagna Romana, argues that the original city of Tusculum covered a much larger extent of territory than was supposed, but other archæologists, and among them Mr. Stillman, believe that the later Romans reproduced this archaic style in architecture, as they did in sculpture. From the western gate a 'long white street' ran straight through the city to the Forum, which apparently was enlarged and embellished during the reign of Augustus. A fine statue of that Emperor was found here in 1825, and sent to the Château d'Agliè in Piedmont, now the property of the Duke of Genoa. At this date the Villa Rufinella belonged to the Dowager Queen of Sardinia, who left it to Victor Emmanuel long before the days when he became King of Italy, and by him, also in those long past days, it was sold to the present owner, Prince Lancellotti. In 1818, however, it belonged to Lucian Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, the only one of Napoleon's brothers who would not wear a crown, and who preferred antiquities to kingdoms. The excavations he caused to be made at Tusculum brought to light two beautiful statues of Tiberius and his sister-in-law Antonia. A fine statue of Apollo was found near the theatre, where also were discovered the statues of two ladies of the Rutilia family, now in the Vatican. The theatre itself is probably of the time of Augustus; its position was most happily chosen, and one can imagine it crowded with spectators, while above it rose the ancient walls of Telegonus, and the height of the acropolis crowned with the temples of Jupiter and the Dioscuri, all canopied by the limpid sky of Italy.

Many of the great families of Rome boasted a Tusculan origin: the Laterani, on whose Roman property now stand the palace and church which still bear their name, came from

Tusculum; in the woods of Camaldoli, in 1666, was discovered the sepulchre of the Furi family to whom belonged the famous General Camillus, and in Frascati have been found inscriptions commemorating the Fabian gens. But the most celebrated citizen of Tusculum was Marcus Porcius Cato, who was born here in the year of Rome 520. His name was originally Priscus, but this was changed to Cato to mark his great wisdom, for Plutarch says, 'the Romans call wise men Catos.' He had red hair and grey eyes, and an epigram written on him ill-naturedly declares that :—

‘ With eyes so grey, and hair so red,  
With tusks so sharp and keen,  
Thou’lt fright the shades when thou art dead,  
And Hell won’t let thee in.’

The memory of the Porcian family is still preserved in the names of the village of Monte Porzio, and the fields of Prati Porci.

As for the proprietors of Villas at Tusculum, the list is long indeed, and includes the well-known names of Lucullus, Cicero, Marcus Brutus, Hortensius, Balbus, Crassus, Metellus, Cæsar, Pliny, and many others. The precise site of some of these villas has been ascertained through the researches of Professors Lanciani and Tomasetti, and other well-known Roman archæologists.

Thus we know that the Villa Rufinella occupies the site of that of Tiberius, and the vast edifice of Mondragone, whose three hundred and odd windows reflect the light of the rising and setting sun, stands on the villa of Emilius Macris. The Villa Torlonia first belonged to Lucullus, and later became the property of the Flavian family, particularly of Domitian. Inscriptions, columns, rare marbles, and other remains of this villa were brought to light when the actual railway station of Frascati was built. Pliny says that Sulla’s ‘Villa Toscolano’ was afterwards purchased by Cicero, becoming known as the ‘Tuliana,’ but archæologists cannot agree as to its exact position. Some would locate it near the Rufinella, while others, amongst whom is the learned Basilian monk, Padre Cozza Luzi, believe that it was situated at Grotta





Ferrata, one of their arguments being the frequent references Cicero makes in his letters to the Aqua Crabia, whose source is close to the Greek monastery of Grotta Ferrata.

The disputes about Cicero's Tusculan villa remind one of those respecting St. Patrick's birthday, of which the result was that 'instead of one birthday St. Patrick got two,' for a further difficulty as to its site lies in the existence, not far from the amphitheatre, of a large mass of ruins known as the 'Scuola di Cicerone.' The valley leading up in this direction has been called from time immemorial the 'Valle di Cicerone,' and a lane in the immediate neighbourhood is known to this day, according to Signor Seghetti, as 'Vicolo Turniano' or 'Turliano,' which certainly might be derived from Tullianum or Tullio, the family name of Cicero.

In the Codex Tuscolano it is said that Cicero, 'after having read aloud to his pupils in the School or Academy which stands on the heights of Tusculum, was in the habit of strolling down to his villa, situated lower down on the hill;' that 'Tuscolana' from which so many of his letters are dated, and to which he fled for refuge from the harassing cares and anxieties of his fatiguing Roman existence. If this description is correct, it might conciliate the difficulties. Meanwhile Professor Lanciani declares that the so-called 'Scuola' is a ruin of a building of the first century, constructed over a more ancient edifice, while Professor Tomasetti would not deny either to Grotta Ferrata or to Tusculum the honour of possessing the 'Tuscolana' of Cicero, and so it is the old story, as in the days of Alexander Pope:—

' A buried marble half reveals a name :  
That name the learned with fierce disputes pursue,  
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.'

The remains of the Villa of Galba may still be seen on the road to Monte Parzio, and the Villas of the Octavian and Attilian families occupied the vast grounds of the actual Villa Aldobrandini. The Barco di Borghese was the villa of the Quintilian family, and was appropriated by the tyrant Commodus, probably at the same time that he seized their vast estates on the Via Appia, where the ruins of their villa still

exist, and are now vulgarly known as Roma Vecchia. An inscription discovered not many years ago on this site is considered by de Rossi to indicate that the Quintilii had become converts to Christianity, and this may have served Commodus as a pretext for their assassination, and the spoliation of their wealth.

The stately terraces and 'shady groves that Sylvan loves' command the same view over the wide Campagna and the distant Rome, that met the eyes of Lucullus when he wandered in this villa, which he loved so well that when he died in Rome, and the people desired that he should be buried in the Campus Martius, his brother Marcus 'prevailed with them to have the obsequies performed on the Tusculum estate.' He was accordingly laid to rest in the lovely spot so dear to him, and it seems not improbable that the dismantled sepulchre still standing in Frascati, and known from time immemorial as the 'Sepolcro di Lucullo,' may really be the tomb of the great general and gastronome. It has long been despoiled of the marble columns and casing which once adorned it, and which were used for the pavement of the cathedral of Frascati, but its circular form is still distinctly traceable, as also its construction in 'opus reticulatum.' Inside is the funereal chamber with three 'loculi.'

If it be true that the country is happy that has no history, Tusculum may be reckoned to have been singularly fortunate up to the fourth century, when the Empire was transferred from Rome to Constantinople; for the town is but rarely referred to before that date, but after that time it reappears in the chronicles of the day as having suffered, like its neighbours, from the ravages inflicted by the hordes of savage barbarians who over-ran Italy from the Alps to Etna. Many buildings having been burnt and destroyed in the lower town, the inhabitants appear to have taken refuge in the Arx, protected by its natural situation, and by the cyclopean walls of Telegonus.

The next mention of Tusculum occurs in the sixth century, during the reign of the Gothic king Theodoric, when a certain Anicius Tertullian made a gift of his vast property at Tus-

culum to the Benedictines of the Abbey of Subiaco. This property seems to have included the Villas of Lucullus and the Flavians; and the settlement of inhabitants in and around it came to be known in the ninth century by its present name of Frascati, for in documents of that period, mention is made of the churches of Sta. Maria and St. Sebastian 'in Frascata.' The latter church was indeed for many centuries the cathedral. About this time also, the celebrated family of the 'Conti di Tuscolo' first appear upon the scene, and the authors Santonetti and Poliziano think they may have held the Tusculan lands in fief from the abbots of Monte Cassini, to whom the property had been transferred.

In any case, from this date Tusculum again occupies a prominent place in Roman history, for from 940 to 1058 A.D. this family of the Counts of Tusculum gave to the Roman See no less than seven Popes: Sergius III., John XI., John XII., and XIX., and the eighth, ninth, and tenth Benedicts. At the same time the civil power of Rome was also in the hands of the Counts and Countesses of Tusculum, who figure as Consuls, Senators, and Senatrix, famous and infamous as Alberics, Theofilatus, Theodoras and Marozias. Their whole history appears an incredible tissue of wickedness and impiety. One of the best of the family was a certain Count Gregory, who, towards the end of the tenth century granted to St. Nilo the ground on which now stands the Basilian convent of Grotta Ferrata.

In 1060, when Robert Guiscard and his Norman adventurers overran the Campagna, they carried fire and sword over all the district of Tusculum. They were encouraged in their ravages by the Pope Nicholas II., whose election had been opposed by the Tusculans, and from this time forward the history of Tusculum and its Counts is a record of perpetual disputes and combats with rival Popes, or rival Barons.

In 1167 the Tusculans, being attacked by the Romans as in the days of old, sent messengers to implore the aid of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who was at that time engaged in besieging Aucona. He despatched a force to their aid,

commanded by Christian di Magonza,\* and the allied troops of Germans and Tusculans defeated the Romans with great slaughter on the 9th of May, 1167, at Prato Porci, one of the places claimed as the site of Lake Regillus. Some of the names existing up to the present day in the immediate neighbourhood, such as 'campo bruno,' 'passo longobardo,' 'valle dei morti,' recall memories of the combat.

This was the last glorious event in the annals of Tusculum. The haughty independent spirit of the town and its Counts seems gradually to have declined before the increasing power of the Papacy, and the great family which had given Popes and Senators to the Eternal City ends ingloriously in the person of Count Raino, who made over the possession of Tusculum to Pope Alexander III. (Ranuccio di Siena), on the 3rd of August, 1170. In October of the same year the Pope made his triumphal entry into the city, where he resided for twenty-six months, till the end of January 1172. It was in Tusculum in 1171 that he received the news of the murder of Thomas à Becket, and here, says Platina, 'were received the ambassadors of Henry, King of England, when they came to clear that King of the accusation of having conspired the death of St. Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury. The Pope, not easily

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\* Christian, Count of Buch, was created Archbishop of Mainz (Magonza) in 1165 by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in place of Conrad of Wittelsbach, and became one of the principal and best of the Imperial generals. He was a typical Prince-Bishop, that curious anomalous creation of the Middle Ages, partly pious, partly profane, commanding alike in Church and camp, saying Mass, and slaying his foes. His Court, which accompanied him on his campaigns, was luxurious, and hardly of the character which we should now consider fitting for an ecclesiastical dignitary, but 'autres temps, autres mœurs.' He was a man of considerable culture, speaking several languages, and is described as 'disertus et facundus, vir largus et illustris.' He was connected with Tusculum for sixteen years after he had gained the battle of Prato Porci. Pope Lucius III., who was then at Segni, summoned him to aid the Tusculans, once more attacked by the pitiless Romans. In obedience to the Pope's orders, Christian advanced with his troops to Tusculum, but hardly had he arrived there, when he was seized with fever, and died in 1183 within the walls which he had come to defend. His grave has been swept away with all the other memorials of the place.

giving credit to the King's ambassadors, sent two Cardinals into England with plenary power to examine the matter.' Platina adds that later on, when Alexander was residing at Segni, he was informed by 'English ambassadors, of miracles wrought by St. Thomas, and he there canonised him,' but according to other authorities this event took place at Anagni, where Alexander lived for some time. In the crypt of the cathedral of that town there are still to be seen very interesting fourteenth century frescoes commemorative of St. Thomas.

After the departure of Alexander III. from Tusculum, the history of the city draws rapidly to a close. The enmity between it and Rome had been for years steadily increasing in intensity; one party was always raiding the territory of the other, and the Romans appear to have been particularly exasperated by the Tusculans' habit of retreating behind their impregnable walls. They seem, therefore, to have made it a condition that if they acknowledged Alexander III. as Pope, and abandoned the cause of the anti-pope of the moment, the walls of Tusculum should be dismantled. The whole transaction is somewhat obscure, for although the Pope appears to have been attached to the city, nevertheless not only his consent, but also that of the Senate of Tusculum was in some way obtained to the demands of the Romans, and in November, 1172, the barbarous work of destruction commenced. Not only were the walls of the 'Oppidum' levelled to the ground, but houses and towers were destroyed wholesale, so that the unfortunate inhabitants were driven either into exile, or within the narrow limits of the citadel, where indeed the Pope himself continued to reside for some months. The final destruction of the Arx itself and the absolute annihilation of Tusculum took place in 1191, when Pope Celestin III., (Alexander being dead) and the Emperor Henry VI. seem to have agreed together to hand over the unfortunate city to its enemies. Aided by darkness and treachery, on an April night seven centuries ago, the Romans stormed the place; the inhabitants taken by surprise but defending themselves desperately, were massacred or mutilated: all that remained of the city, houses, temples, and the venerable walls of Telegonus, was absolutely

razed to the ground, and salt was strewn over the ruins so that they should never again be built up.

How complete and ruthless was the destruction can be judged by the aspect of the place at the present day, and the preservation of the seats of the theatre may be owing to the mass of débris which must have fallen into it from the citadel above.


The guide books relate that Frascati was founded at this time by refugees from Tusculum, but as has been already stated, documentary evidence proves that the place was already called Frascata, two centuries before this time: no doubt, however, some of the Tusculans who escaped, took refuge there; others, we are told by a contemporary author, Saint Antonino, Archbishop of Florence, fled to Rocca di Papa, Tivoli, Velletri, even to Rome itself, and thus Tusculum ceased to exist! Platina says that the very stones of the demolished city were brought to Rome, and many of them were for a long time to be seen in the Campidoglio recalling to all who beheld them the fact that another of the ancient cities of Latium had ceased to exist.

F. GAUTIER.

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ART. X.—SOME REMARKABLE COINCIDENCES IN  
CUSTOMS AND BELIEFS.

**A**MONG the outstanding features characteristic of the methods of scientific research, during recent years, in all departments of knowledge, none is so conspicuous as the tendency towards concentration and specialisation. Examine the catalogues of any library, and the point that first arrests, then astonishes, and finally bewilders the enquirer, is the amazing number of sub-divisions into which every subject, from history to shoemaking, is grouped, on the thousand times attenuated sections in each of which some one indefatigable worker hopes to leave his mark. Order, genus, species—these



were sufficient for our forefathers ; but, nowadays, the first is parcelled out into a host of sub-orders, these into new and ever-increasing genera, and these again into species too numerous to name with their sub-species and varieties. In botany, for instance, we are not content with noting that *Saxi-fraga stellaris* changes its foliage slightly according to its *habitat*, but each of these scarcely varied and probably inconstant forms must be new-christened with an appellation worthy of the lexicographic genius of a Johnson. In zoology, in mineralogy, a mere glance at the modern text-books is enough to convince us that this spirit of differentiation is rampant here also ; and, in fact, there is no department of knowledge, whether ancient or recent, abstract as astronomy and the higher mathematics, or practical and human as architecture, which has not been burrowed into by the gimlet-like intensity of the specialist and the concentrated acumination of a single mind absorbed with its one special, personal, achievement.

Now, of all intellectual pursuits, there is one, comprehending so much and embracing so many collateral sciences as to put forth an unquestionable claim for supremacy. Though the latest-born of the sciences, properly so called, archæology, which, till quite recently, was deemed the fitting hobby of the hunting squire and the suitable occupation of a learned leisure, now demands from her votaries all that the most exacting experimentalist asks, all that the keenest naturalist trains himself to acquire, all that the most courageous pioneer possesses of natural talent and ready aptitude. The archæologist no longer dreams, he delves ; he no longer supposes, he proves ; facts take the place of fancy ; observation, comparison, logic, are as much portions of his equipment as of that of a Newton or a De Candolle. The exactness of the true scientific spirit has done to death antiquaries of the Monkbarus type. Race, area, locality, are the all-important factors in the line of his investigations ; the limits within which a specialised form of burial, *e.g.*, or the use of a particular kind of charm, or the abundantly-varied ceremonies connected with marriage, are yearly becoming more and more compressed and defined. Lessen your area and your fact gains in value ; diversity of

customs follows diversity of races; localise your specimens: these adages, coupled with accuracy in description and a precision in nomenclature that no longer puts up with an 'if,' an 'or,' an 'etc.,' are among the simplest axioms of the modern study of antiquities.

Doubtless, this is all very well; there is vitality in the system; all the grades through which the relics of bygone ages have passed by means of this sieve of specialisation do become separate, and may be eventually grouped with good effect; and, beyond question, the intimate and thorough knowledge of one special and confined area, worked out to its uttermost, is of itself eminently desirable and of intrinsic helpfulness to the student.

But is there not a danger in thus limiting one's study? Is there not a chance that we may grow to over-value the treasures of our one little corner, and fail to even hear of the richer argosies of knowledge in the outer world? Do we not run the risk of interpreting the phenomena of other areas too much by those of our own, and of missing the links that connect certain phenomena, not only with their cognates in our own area, but with others widely and surprisingly scattered, now, over the face of the globe, but traceable to a common source? Is there not, in short, a danger of our making the fatal mistake, that our customs, our laws, our beliefs and our superstitions sprang spontaneously out of the soil, instead of being, as they truly are, the far-descended offspring of the remotest ages? Thus, in favour of a perhaps empiric assertion of the constancy of types, the recognition of the larger law of the modification of types is apt to be lost sight of; while the co-relationship of many strange customs and superstitious throughout widely-distant and apparently disconnected racial groups become entirely ignored. That identity of origin can be proved by the amount of similarity between various customs, none but the illogical antiquary will contend; but, that identity of customs and superstitions, among races as far asunder, *e.g.*, as the Aborigines of New South Wales and those of Central Africa, does point to a corresponding identity of origin can hardly be matter for mere discussion; it is an



argument capable of at least such abundant illustration as to be almost proved. And even if in the following examination of some of the evidence adducible upon so interesting a topic, an absolute identity is not in all cases proved, ample ground at any rate will be covered to show what very close similarities have to be accounted for by the transmission, through ages as yet unnumbered, of highly peculiar ideas and practices.

For convenience sake, our illustrations may be thus arranged:

I. Identity of customs in widely distant areas.

II. Identity of superstitions in widely distant areas.

Premising, always, that there may be examples in which the superstition goes hand in hand with a definite custom. Under the first section we purpose dealing with these customs: (1) Hand-marks, (2) Dolmen-building, (3) Pile-dwellings, (4) Cup-and-ring-marks, (5) The *couvade*, (6) Animal figures carved out on hillsides, (7) The almost universal use of concentric rings in decoration.

I. Identity of customs.

1. *Hand-marks.* Some years ago, there was presented to the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities, by Sir Wyville Thompson, a small block of pale reddish sandstone, which had been hewn out of the roof of a rock-shelter in New South Wales, by Dr. James Cox, on account of its having a hand-mark on it. The locality of this then scarcely noticed and curious relic is in Browera Creek, one of the numerous and deep indentations on the banks of the Hawkesbury river, near its confluence with the Pacific, some thirty miles north of Sydney. According to the account then read before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, hand-marks of this kind were produced by one of the tribe placing a hand flat against the rock, while others, ranking themselves around in a circle, chewed *chunam* and spat all over it, the hand-contour being thus distinctly marked out in the natural colour of the rock, surrounded by a whitish deposit of lime. It is further stated, that the hand-mark, thus strangely made, becomes as it were the crest or cognizance of the tribe, who, we are led to suppose, henceforth claim this particular rock-shelter as their own

habitation. It is not relevant to the present enquiry to ascertain upon what foundation of fact this last supposition is based, nor yet to enquire minutely into the modes by which these hand-marks are produced. Evidently, they are ancient, the present-day Aborigines having no clear tradition concerning them, and different observers giving widely-different theories as to their production.

The first important characteristic relative to them is that they are never found in true caves, those long, deep, somewhat tortuous, subterranean hollows so abundant in Australia, but only in the rock-shelters, the reason being that the black fellow has a very natural horror of the complete darkness of a cave, believing it the abode of 'Malevolent spirits called Ingnas, the souls of departed blacks, who have not received the correct rites of sepulture.'

The rock-shelters, on the other hand, being mere rock roofs formed by large projecting ledges of the sandstone, and therefore open to air and daylight, are really ready-made habitations, and it is in these that the strange hand-marks are so frequently found. Mr. P. T. Hammond describes some in the Hunter River District, near Wollombi, the markings here including those of women and children besides men's. On another at Narrone Creek, walls and roof were profusely decorated not only with hand-marks but foot-marks, and the contours also of a tomahawk, a boomerang, and a shield.

At Forty Baskets Bay, near Port Jackson, during an exploration conducted in 1888 by Messrs. David and Etheridge, on the outer surface of the rock-shelter two very well preserved hand-marks were found. Many other instances might be quoted, and readers are directed to the admirable accounts of research into the antiquities of Australia published in the *Records of the Geological Survey of New South Wales*.

The co-related examples of the hand-mark are found (a) amongst 'the Jeynes' (a sect of Buddhists) 'who,' says a writer in the *Journal of Ethnology*, 'impress the Red Hand upon their Temples;' (b) among certain Hindoos, 'natives of the Mysore country, who dip their hands in lime and impress them on the doors and walls of their houses, believing that

they are then under the protection of their Deity,' and (c) in Yucatan, 'where,' says Mr. Bollaert, 'such an imprint of the Red Hand is used by some of the North American Indians to denote supplication to the Great Spirit; and it appears to stand in the picture-writing of Mexico as the symbol of power and strength. I have noticed the Red Hand,' he continues, 'as far South as Arica, in Peru, at the entrance of the cave in the Morro, the whole of which vicinity was an ancient depository of the dead.'

We are here not so much occupied with the meanings attached to these hand-marks as with the fact of their occurrence; and, as a final suggestion, it may be thought not altogether so wild a notion that our own British very common but very significant phrase, 'Will you put your hand to it?' is traceable to a period when the actual impress of a hand set the seal to a bargain.

2. *Dolmen-building.* This very well marked characteristic custom obtains over so wide an area, and the construction of these 'houses for the dead' holds true to such simple laws, that a mere list of the localities where they are found is sufficient to convince us at once of their identity of purpose and their breadth of distribution. The nomenclature may vary. 'Dolmen' may not, as a name, be of any moment to a North-African; and 'Cromlech' in Wales and Scotland may not, and does not, convey the same meaning as in France. Nevertheless, the structure intended is the same, and is covered also by the Scandinavian word 'Kistvaen,' under all of which various appellations we mean a place of interment composed of stones placed side by side, without cement or mortar, and covered by a large slab, which is poised on the edges or points of the stones beneath. That, in general terms, is a dolmen. Specific features, no doubt, distinguish the Scottish 'cist' from the Cymric 'cromlech,' and both from the 'kistvaen,' properly so called, and minor divergencies from the first simplicity of the type-structure can be found even within the limits of so small an area as a single Scottish county. To take but two examples: (a) in the valley of the Galloway Dee we find an instance of a moderate-sized cover-stone resting upon quite

small granite boulders, between which, alone and without any true 'cist,' the interment had been placed; and (b) in the same district, but several miles westwards, there stands, conspicuous as a landmark for miles of moorland and far out at sea, an enormous block of whinstone, nearly nine feet in diameter, superimposed upon the points of three scarcely less massive stones, below whose bases is the built 'cist.'

Making all due allowance, then, for these and possibly several other variants, we hark back to the type, the distribution of which, according to Bonstettin, is certainly remarkable. In his *Essai sur les Dolmens*, this archæologist has traced these structures of a Megalithic building-race along both shores of the Western Baltic, through Denmark and the Danish Isles, onward to the northern parts of Holland, and into Mecklenburg and Hanover. They went into France and western England, and so into the east and south of Ireland; along the whole northern and western shores of the Spanish Peninsula, and southwards across the Mediterranean to Algiers, Constantine, and other parts of North Africa. The dolmen-builders, Mons. Bonstettin holds there is reason to think, had come by way of the Black Sea and Caucasus, where their remains are traceable, as well as in India, Palestine, Greece, and Etruria. In all the instances where the dolmens have been opened and examined, their contents have proved their sepulchral character, as *e.g.*, the fourteen that were opened at Constantine, and in explorations made by the Polymatic Society of the Morbihan.

If the resemblance between sepulchral structures so far apart as the south-east of Ireland and certain valleys in the Himalayas (See Dr. Hooker's *Himal. Journal*) be so striking, we have further evidence in a matter of detail still more vivid. 'In the Morbihan,' says a writer in the *Proceedings of the Soc. Antiq. Scot.*, 'a Menhir is placed on the summit of a near hill to point out the Dolmen. So also the Buddhist Töpe in India had its Tee.'

3. *Pile-Dwellings.* The peculiar distribution of these structures may be noticed in a very few words. As is well-known, Switzerland is the great centre of the race who erected their

domiciles on piles or posts of wood driven into the bed of lakes; in that land of lakes these dwellings may be counted by the hundred. Identical with these are the Irish and Scotch crannogs, in both countries once very abundant. Not so generally known is it that in the Nicobar Islands the natives 'invariably erect their dwellings on piles according to the custom which prevails from the frontiers of Tibet to the Islands of the South Sea; while,' continues Mr. E. H. Mann, from whom we quote, 'even among those natives of India who inhabit a marshy country, this practice is never adopted.' Further, houses on piles may be seen on the Island of Damut in the Torres Straits, where one is described by Mr. A. C. Haddon in *Journ. Anthr. Inst.*, XIX.: 'Whether this was their temple, their place for depositing the dead, or a chief's house, we could not make out.' The writer says he saw similar but smaller pile-houses in New Guinea. In this country, in Manat, Rev. W. W. Gill says, 'Each domicile here, as at Katan, is of great length, built on lofty piles, and provided at each gable-end with a wide verandah and a ladder. The object in building on piles is security against alligators (crocodiles), serpents, and the annual inundations.' So that in this last instance we have, as it were, the converse of the true lake-dwellings.

4. *Cup and Ring Marks.* In bringing very briefly under review what is known of the distribution of the mysterious incised rock-scribings, well known to the archæologists by the above designation, an epitome of their history will be appropriate. Under the various names of Ecuelles, Schalen, Skalar, these cups or cressets, with their accompanying concentric rings, have now become familiar to Continental as well as British antiquaries, ever since the first notice of a cupped boulder in the Province of Brandenburg in a historical work by J. C. Bekmann, published so long ago as 1751. Their first discovery in England, however, dates only from 1824-25, when Mr. J. C. Langlands found them on Old Bewick Hill, Northumberland. In 1862, Mr. George Tate, of the Berwickshire Natural History Association, exhibited a series of drawings of many Northumberland groups; in 1830 similar cups and grooves had been noticed at Cairnbaan, Lochgilphead, Argyll-

shire, by Mr. Archibald Currie; five years later they were seen for the first time on the tall monolith known as Long Meg, standing outside the Salkeld Stone Circle, and in 1848 the attention of more than one observer in Ireland was directed to their occurrence there. The most important contribution to the literature of the subject was not published till 1865, when the late Sir J. Y. Simpson laid before a Meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland his richly illustrated monograph on *Archaic Sculpturings* found on rocks in Scotland—the result of great research and much labour in collecting materials. While various willing workers were busily recording fresh localities both in Great Britain and abroad, no large record appeared until 1881, when Mr. Charles Rau, in the ‘Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge,’ gathered together all the facts then ascertainable in his *Observations on Cup-shaped and other Lapidarian Sculptures in the Old World and in America*. The sixty-one illustrations to this treatise prove, first of all, how widely distributed are these scribings, and next, what a strong family likeness pervades them all. For instance, there is in Fig. 20 a drawing of the cups upon a rune-inscribed stone at Ravnkilde, Jütland, which bears a resemblance almost startling to the cupped stone in a chambered Tumulus at Clava, Inverness-shire (Fig. 7). The Balder Stone near Falköping, Sweden (Fig. 22); a cupped stone from Summit Co., Ohio (Fig. 37); and that at Laws, Forfarshire (Fig. 10), present the same distinct likeness. In the drawing of a Sculptured Boulder in the Gila Valley, Arizona (Fig. 52), Mr. Rau shows one of the commonest forms—two concentric circles with a groove or duct added to the outer, which is a fac-simile not only of a certain symbol frequently engraved on stone slabs in temples at Chandeshwar, India, but of the ring cuttings on the Ballymenach Menhir in Argyllshire.

Evidence of the strongest, in favour of a likeness so complete as to well merit the term identity, is afforded by an incident noted by Mr. Rau himself. In 1851, the distinguished botanist, Dr. B. Seeman, discovered, near the town of David in Chiriqui, concentric rings and several other characters sculptured on rocks so precisely the counterparts of some of

the Northumberland specimens, that, when he first saw the plates for Mr. Tait's work, he fully believed them to represent Chiriqui rock-inscriptions. Mr. Rau, however, disputes the identity. But there is no possibility of questioning the identity in form (though not perhaps in mere size or associations) between, *e.g.*, the incised designs on the stones of the chambered cairns at Lough Crew and those at Gavr Inis in Brittany. (See *Proc. Soc. Antiq. Scot.*, Vol. XXVII., p. 294). In this last named country, indeed, many varieties of cup-and-ring marks are to be found; at, for example, Mont S. Michel, near Rannoto, near Erdeven, between Quiberon and Port Haliguen (on rocks), and upon several dolmens as at Mein Drein, Pierres Plates, Looperec, and near Plouharnel. Rock-scribings so akin to Scottish specimens as to be readily mistaken for them, are to be found in the Isle of Man, in numerous parts of England, in Saxony, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, in France, Malta, Götland, Switzerland, in India, in North America, in Venezuela, and in Central Africa. Whether inscribed on open rocks, in the darkness of an Eirde house, on the stones forming the lintels, floors and sides of chambered cairns as in certain districts in Ireland, on monoliths, on the stones forming the inner or the outer ring of a stone-circle, one fact is plain; that is, that the same feeling that prompted the Himalayan or the brown-skinned native of Chiriqui to cut these scribings on his rocks inspired the Celt, or Pre-Celtic inhabitant, to do the same in Galloway or the valley of the Nairn.

5. '*The couvade*,' says Mr. H. Ling Roth, 'or male childbed, is the name given to a variable custom which prevails among many peoples, and which generally ordains that upon the birth of a child the father must take to his sleeping-corner, and there behave as though he had suffered the pangs of labour.' In the very critical dissertation which follows this excellent definition, M. H. L. Roth finds the distribution of this strange custom to be somewhat on these lines. It is totally unrepresented in Europe; although, on the authority of the editor of the *British Medical Journal* for 1891 'isolated instances are said to occur even in England.'

(a) Asia. Among the Land Dyaks of Borneo and the

South-West Islands of the Moluccas; it is traceable also in the Philippines and the Amboynas. We note among the variations in detail to which the custom is liable, 'that among the Bahan Dyaks, abstinence customs are limited to the period after confinement. Then, the man must not drink any water for three days, and for five months afterwards use no salt nor chew any *sirih*, nor smoke, while also he is not permitted to eat with any one, nor to have any intercourse with a woman.'

Marco Polo describes the custom in Lardandan, probably between Tibet and Mangi, where the husband keeps his bed for forty days. In Southern India the Rev. J. Cain notices the custom as prevalent among the wandering Erukalandhu; and it has been observed also among natives of the higher castes about Madras, Seringapatam, and on the Malabar coast. 'Couvade,' says Mr. E. H. Mann, 'is practised by all the communities at the Nicobars . . . and is by them regarded as a custom of remote antiquity.'

(b) Africa. The custom, in much modified forms, has been noticed; among, *e.g.*, the Shuli tribes where, according to Dr. Felkin, it really exists, and among the Dinkas also, 'though not an actual lying in, the father remains indoors and nurses the child.'

(c) America. 'In the New World, the custom is met with almost throughout the length and breadth of the Continent' (Roth). It is found in Greenland, and among Californian tribes; in Ecuador among the Jivaros and among the Tapuyos and tribes even more closely approaching the whites. The Caribs have the custom to a very prevalent degree, a statement borne out by the evidence of Thevet, Du Tertre, Labat, Chavallou and other French travellers and scientists. In British Guiana, R. Schomburg has met with it, and his account is confirmed by the observations of Rev. W. H. Brett. Southey, in his *History of Brazil*, writes of it, giving some very curious details; and among the Coimbas of Peru, St. Cricq describes the customs in the *Bulletin of the Geographical Society* of Paris.

To complete this record of the distribution of this very ancient and remarkable practice, we conclude by naming the



three extra-European countries where the *couvade* is not prevalent, viz., China, Australia, and Madagascar.

In some respects akin to this custom is a still more extraordinary one, which prevails among tribes now very remote, and yet is followed out with so surprising an identity of detail as to be perhaps the most striking of all the parallels here brought under review. The initiation ceremonies undergone by youths ambitious of obtaining the full honours of manhood, for example, among the Australian Aborigines, are sufficiently notorious; but those attendant upon the attainment of puberty by girls are even more peculiar. Among the Zulus 'the girl is secluded in a separate hut, and a number of young girls, from 12 to 14 years old, collect and remain as her attendants till the ceremonies are concluded. They occupy the larger or outer portion of the hut, and there they sing day and night, ceasing only when quite overcome by sleep, and then only for a very short interval.' For the rest of the ceremonies readers are referred to the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*. Now, place side by side the above description and the following from the sixteenth volume of *The Smithsonian*, where Mr. Swan describes the manners and customs of the Indians of Cape Flattery. With the Mak-kahs 'a number of little girls are in attendance day and night for a week or ten days, who keep up a constant singing. . . . Afterwards, the little girls form a procession, at the head of which she walks with the face concealed in her blanket, and the children singing as loud as they can scream.'

6. *Animal Figures carved on Hillsides.* No reader of *Tom Brown's School Days* will need to be reminded of the prominence given in the introductory chapters of that story, to the *Vale of the White Horse*. It was for long considered unique in England, possibly in the world, and around it beyond doubt much mystery and many a strange legend revolved. In the thirty-first volume of *Archæologia*, p. 289, Mr. W. J. Thoms examines the white horse as a piece of antiquity, and the result of his labours, briefly put, is this: that, the hill on which the horse is figured bore the name of White Horse Hill fully as early as the year A.D. 1171—a respectable age for the

ascertained date of a place-name. After quoting Wise's opinion that the 'White Horse is a monument of the West Saxons made in memory of a great victory obtained by Aelfred over the Danes in 871,' the author endeavours to show, that, 'in all probability it is commemorative of the ancient religion of the country.' He bases part of his argument on the striking likeness existing between the form of this colossal White Horse of Uffington and the forms of horses on very early British coins—an opinion in which he is well supported by Mr. J. Y. Akerman—and finally he contends 'that there is much probability that the figure on the hill refers to the Sacred Horse, so important an object in the mythological system of our Saxon forefathers and other peoples of the Germanic race.' Mr. Thoms traces, through the evidence of place-names, back to the fact that the vicinity of Uffington was once a forest of ash trees—the Sacred Tree *par excellence* of the Saxon—and he infers that in Pagan times an actual Sacred Horse grazed therein; but that, upon their conversion to Christianity, the Saxons carved out the White Horse as a memorial. Is not the horse, even nowadays, most practically an object of devotion and worship among tens of thousands of the descendants of the early British?

Mr. Thoms further mentions having heard of other animal figures of a similar character, unnoticed, but still existing, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, and Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire.

Whether these are extant or not, it is enough for our present purpose to know that among the Incas of Peru the figuring of animals in a somewhat similar style once largely prevailed. 'South of the silver mines of Santa Rosa, in Las Rayas, and in its vicinity,' says Mr. Bollaert (*Journ. Ethn. Soc.*, III., 163), 'is the representation of a Llama, produced by taking away the loose dark stones from the side of the mountain inside the outline. These representations are called Pintados de los Indios or Indian Pictography, and may be seen from a long distance. South of the Nueva Noria, where the crude native Nitrate of Soda is dug and refined, is a range of hills known as Los Pintados, from the numerous figures of Llamas, squares, circles, and other forms, which are found covering their sides

for the space of a league. . . 'In the Quebrada de Los Pintados, many leagues S.E. of the last mentioned, I examined representations of Indians, male and female; Llamas, dogs, and other curious forms, on the side of the desert ravine, some of the figures being 20 to 30 feet high, cut in the sandy marl, the lines being 12 to 18 inches broad and 6 to 8 deep.' Mr. Bollaert suggests that these curious figures marked the vicinity of their burial places.

7. *The use of Concentric Circles in Decoration.* The ornamentation by drawing, colouring, incising, or modelling a single circle, or any number of circles concentrically, is so very wide-spread as to almost merit the epithet 'universal,' a but slight acquaintance with the contents of any good Museum of Antiquities abundantly proves. As in the previous instances, we must here again absolve ourselves, for the present, from any attempt to form an association between the often minute and very finely-drawn 'Circle and Dot' which decorate small portable objects, and the ruder carvings of similar forms upon rocks and stones. Also, whether these comparatively minute and delicate examples of incised work be mere ornament, must remain undiscussed. We are content to note, rather, the frequency of their occurrence, and the very wide archæological areas through which their distribution extends.

Taking as a starting-point a few of the principal books somewhat recently issued containing illustrations, we notice, first, in Munro's *Lake-Dwellings in Europe*, fully 128 objects bearing this specific decoration of the concentric circle, comprising fibulæ, several pieces of pottery, a jet pendant, many small combs and implements of bone, whorls, and, besides, bronze bracelets and awls, several other objects too varied for enumeration.

In the *Vorgeschichtliche Alterthümer*, Miss Mestorf shows fifty-eight objects ornamented with the concentric circle. Of these, twenty-nine of bronze comprise daggers, fibulæ, and portions of harness-mounting; eleven are pieces of pottery, three are combs, thirteen are coins, and there is one bone-dice and one leather-shoe. Herr Oscar Montelius, in the splendid series of plates illustrating his *Primitive Civilization of Italy*,

has no fewer than 144 objects thus decorated, twelve of which are fibulæ. All the volumes with which Schliemann has enriched our knowledge of pre-historic Greece contain specimens of the same simple device, which can also be observed on Roman altars and other sculptured stones; while the galleries of even one museum, if studied with some care, will bear ample evidence that, as far east as Nineveh and Thebes, clay vessels were coloured in the same fashion; as far west as Mexico certain very-oddly shaped jars display it; as far south as Polynesia, the paddles of canoes are often profusely covered with scores of these same concentric circles, and as far north at any rate as the Orkneys, the identical lines appear on small bone objects of the Bronze Age. Nor is this form of decoration widely distributed only as to area and to the material upon which it is placed, for we could multiply instances of its occurrence upon all the precious metals, upon wood, bone, ivory, and stones of various kinds; it is also widely distributed in Time. Ancient Egypt used it; the more than trebly-buried stones of certain portions of Mycenæ and Thebes show it distinctly to-day; the artist of the early Bronze Age of Scotland was an adept in grouping its rings with taste and effect, while it can be traced down, *e.g.*, in a curiously-wrought box of bronze of mediæval type and in a bronze censer, both in the Scottish National Collection, to its occurrence on purses and sporrans, the handles of ewers and cooking-pots, and on luckenbooth brooches. It even appears on the wooden posts of an old-fashioned bedstead of the period of James VI.

Such are a few of the more conspicuous examples of coincidence in customs prevalent among races between whom at present there is no association, who, for all we know of them historically, were not even centuries ago even distantly connected, but between whose ancestors at some remote period we are constrained to think a vital and hereditary connection must have existed as proved by the transmission of habits and manners so constant and so peculiar.

F. R. COLES.

## SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

## GERMANY.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (No. 3, 1899).—Dr. Carl Steuernagel, Privatdocent at Halle, has the first place here with an article on the Jehovistic Narrative of the Sinai Covenant, 'Der jehovistische Bericht über den Bundesschluss am Sinai.' The sections of Exodus dealt with are chs. xix.-xxiv., and xxxi. 18; xxxiv. 28. Dr. Steuernagel first subjects the text to a minute critical analysis with a view to determining what are the parts, or verses, which must be assigned to the original sources, and what in it is due to the redactor, or redactors, to whom the text owes its present form. Dr. Steuernagel is not always in agreement with the leaders of the critical school in regard to what originally belonged to J or E, but he gives good reasons for the positions he takes up. He regards E as the text on which the redactor, who first united the narratives of J and E, chiefly relied, and thinks that he followed the order of events as given by that writer. Where he borrowed from J he altered J's arrangement to suit that of E. J placed the giving of the Law at Sinai, as did D and P; E placed it at Horeb. Dr. Steuernagel proceeds then to discuss the content of the Covenant made, according to J, at Sinai. He passes under review the opinions of Kuenen, and Kraetzschmar, and then the situation as presented by J's narrative. He thinks that that narrative rests on very ancient tradition, and defends his view against Jülicher and Stade. The details, however, on which our author bases his conclusions, must be examined by all interested in such matters for themselves.—Dr. Hermann Schultz follows with a study of 93 pages on the 'Ordo Salutis' in Dogmatics. It is a study which will be attractive chiefly to professional theologians.—Dr. H. Dechent, of Frankfurt, deals with the interpretation of John xix. 35. 'He that saw it bare record, and his record is true; and he knoweth that he saith true,' etc. Who is the *κελευος*—the 'he'—of the second clause here? Is it the beloved disciple who 'bare record,' or is it Jesus? That it is the latter that is intended is the opinion of Dr. Th. Zahn. Dr. Dechent affirms that he had come to that conclusion ten years before the publication of Zahn's contention. Zahn's view has not attracted much attention, and has not been accepted by

critics. Our author, however, nothing daunted by that, defends it here with several important considerations. In the days of the Tubingen school the doubt was whether the writer of the Gospel indicated by the turn he gave to this expression that he was not himself the beloved disciple, but had received his information from him. According to Dr. Dechent here the meaning of the verse is this: 'The assertion of the eye-witness is true; he was thoroughly convinced of the accuracy of that to which he bore his testimony; but *Jesus* knows also that the beloved disciple had spoken the truth and was not speaking under any delusion.'—Herr Gustav Ecke's recent book on *The School of Ritschl and the Evangelical Church of To-Day*, vol. first, is reviewed at some length by Professor Otto Kirn.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (May).—'Kleefeld,' is the title of the story begun in this number. The hero, Kleefeld, is a rising lawyer, who has a bad habit of falling in love, and leaving the young ladies, just as they are expecting the avowal, and the consequent betrothal. He does this of course with the noblest motives—himself being judge.—'Heinrich and Heinrich's Geschlecht,' is the title of an article which gives a summary of Wildenbruch's drama, which had such a 'run' in Berlin lately. 'König Heinrich' was the title of it, the Heinrich being the Emperor, Henry the Fourth, who gave such trouble to, and came to such grief at the hands of, Pope Gregory VII.—A lecture on 'Christian Socialism' follows. It was originally delivered in the Hall of the University of Rostock, on January 16, last, by Professor Karl Diehl of Königsberg. In it he gives a description of the present condition of the Anamite community in Iowa, and a short sketch of its origin and history. It is only one of many such communistic societies in America, and he infers from this, that as only those which have a religious basis, and are pervaded by the religious spirit live for any length of time, socialism is by no means necessarily atheistic. It may assume occasionally an attitude of hostility to religion, but there is clearly no necessary connection between socialism and atheism. It has been established rather, and Horace Greeley has asserted it as the sure result of a careful study of the history of socialistic communities in the States, that no community can long hold together which is not based on, and inspired by, religious principle. The socialism advocated by Maurice and Kingsley in England; Bishop Ketteler and Herr Todt in Germany; St. Simon, Louis Blanche and Lassall in France, and the systems advocated in our own day are sketched with a sympathetic hand. The article will prove of interest to all, and will be helpful in

the way of allaying needless fears on the part of those who dread all such movements, by enabling them to understand the principles on which the soberest at least of our modern socialists are anxious to base their endeavours.—Herr A. Freu continues his sketch of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's Life.—Herr. F. Blumentritt contributes a short paper under the title 'Völkerpsychologisches in der Philippinenfrage,' in which he shows that the coloured races in the Phillipines have shown great aptitude for adopting the civilisation of the West, and have advanced in several arts and in general knowledge as much as might reasonably have been expected of them.—Herr Erich Marcks continues his paper on 'Bismarck and Bismarck Literature.'—Herr Karl Frenzel gives a careful review of the Drama in Berlin.—'J. R.' writes on Ludwick Bomberger and his writings.—The Political and Literary Rundschauen follow, and short notices of several recent publications are given.—(June).—The love adventures of Kleefeld are continued, in which he comes well out of a duel.—'Ein Jahrhundert bayerisch-wittelsbachischer Geschichte' is a 'Festrede' which was delivered before the Senate of the University of Erlangen by Dr. Richard Fester at the centenary of the present dynasty in Bavaria, the house of Wittelsbach.—Herr M. von Brandt, in an interesting and well informed paper, describes the condition of British India of to-day.—Herr A. Frey continues his article 'Aus Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's Leben.'—Herr Max Lenz furnishes the first of two critical articles on Bismarck's *Gedanken und Erinnerungen*.—Herr Eugen Zabel discourses on the great Russian poet, Alexander Poushkin, taking occasion of his centenary to recall his life, and revive interest in his writings.—The other articles here are, 'Eduard von Simson'—*Ein Erinnerungsblatt*, by Herr Erich Schmidt; 'Aus dem Berliner Musikleben,' by Herr Carl Krebs; 'Karl Storm'—*Ein Gedenkblatt*, by Herr F. Tonnies; 'Deutschland und Frankreich,' *Ein französisches Urtheil*, a review of Gustave Le Bon's *Psychologie du Socialisme*.—(July).—The story of Kleefeld's loves here takes end. He appears here as settling down in late middle age, with his cousin Martha, one of his earliest loves, as friend and companion, but whose hand in marriage he has never made up his mind to ask. She patiently accepts the inevitable, but acts towards him with all the loyalty of a silent devotion.—The other novelette here is titled *Das Vermächtniss der Tante Susanne*. Aunt Susan was distinguished among women for ugliness of person and crossness of temper. Her legacy it would be unfair to the author, Isolde Kurtz, to disclose.—Herr Friedrich Curtius—'Poesie und Politik im Elsass'—describes the revival of poetry—especially in the form of drama—and finds in

it the promise of a closer union of hearts with the German nation on the part of the Alsatians.—An anonymous article follows—‘Aus dem Jugendleben des weil. Unterstaats secretärs, C. A. Busch.’—Herr Max Lenz continues, too, his papers ‘Zur Kritik der Gedanken und Erinnerungen des Fürsten Bismarck.’—Herr Th. Pezold discusses the present troubles in Finland under the title ‘Nationale Gegensätze im heutigen Finnland.’—‘Antiquitäten—ein offener Brief an die Frauen,’ by Julius Lessing, and ‘Die Philosophie des Friedens—ein Wort an die Friedensconferenz im Haag,’ by Herr Ludwig Stern, are the only other special articles in this number. The usual literary and political Rundschauen follow, and several recent works are more fully noticed.

#### R U S S I A .

THE RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW (*Voprosi, Philosophii i Psychologii*).—No. 45 begins with a paper on ‘Mathematics and the Scientific Philosophical World-Intuition.’ The argument, as need hardly be said, is of a highly abstruse character, and scarcely lends itself to the purpose of a popular summary. In the course of his remarks, the author observes that a Scientific-Philosophical World-Intuition depends upon an understanding of the phenomena of Nature—an understanding which aids science as its chief instrument, but, while furnishing deductions and determinations, does not limit itself to one general gift of combination. The result of the process of original generalization involved is a question concerning measure or number.—The author of the paper is M. N. Bugaëff.—This is followed by a paper on the ‘Philosophy of Right’ in its legal bearings. The present paper, which is by the well-known writer, Tchichérin, is an introduction to the subject. Casting a glance backward, he tells us that information on this subject in all its branches was formerly regarded as of the greatest value as a guide to practice, and as one of the most important subjects of instruction in the universities, while the literature to which it has given rise is most extensive. The author holds that, unlike the laws of Nature, the subject as taught is subordinate to the laws of human caprice, and in order to avoid this, its positive teaching on philosophical grounds is necessary. It is closely connected with the human personality, and therefore it is needful in this study to follow the nature of man, its peculiarities and destination. These are peculiarly philosophical questions, which cannot be decided without deep and well-grounded instruction in philosophy. We are led from this to the important place which the philosophy of Right has played in the development of European legislation.



Under the influence of its ideas were those great changes made in France, which altered the whole condition and structure of society in France, brought about the French Revolution, and determined so largely the whole following course of European history. There was also another side to the movement. Carried into abstract questions, philosophical thought gradually turned attention to the real conditions of life. In practical questions it remained purely negative—not seldom it built up fantastical structures which could not find application in the world of realities. Such was the *Contrat Sociale* of Rousseau, and some of the social schemes of our own day. Tendencies of this kind naturally produce reaction. From these abstract views our author passes on to touch upon schemes which have found an utterance in actual publication, e.g., in Germany and in France, as in Fouillée's *L'idée moderne de droit*, which has reached a fourth edition. The author also refers to his own treatment of the views of Auguste Comte under the head of positive philosophy and the unity of science. He also refers to the views of Herbert Spencer in his *First Principles*. Finally our author goes back to the views of Kant and Hegel. But before doing so, he makes an appeal for a common endeavour to reach the highest common life of humanity. He has some very interesting concluding remarks in regard to the great philosophic writers. Kant, in his thorough-going analysis of the faculties of man, has been able, he holds, to unite the individual element of the French thinkers of the eighteenth century with the moral demands of the school of Leibnitz, and the work begun by Kant has been perfected, he says, by Hegel; but that Robert Mohl, less a philosopher than a specialist, in the knowledge of positive law, has done most, he maintains, to realise the work in literature. He also mentions Trendelenburg, an opponent of the views of Hegel.—The next article is a continuation of Mr. P. Kalenoff's paper on 'Beauty and Art,' which has also been dealt with by N. A. Ivantzoff in the character of critic and respondent. There is some disagreement between the two writers, as to the point of view, but Mr. Kalenoff defines beauty as a Cosmical Instinct of an original character, weighted by another instinct to hold fast and live in individual enjoyment. This original cosmical instinct may also move its possessors to seek a knowledge of the world-substance in order to love its intuition, and, as love, stirs up to remain in the right, seeing that love is sympathy with humanity and with the common life of humanity.—This paper is succeeded by one delivered at a public meeting held in Moscow of the neuropathologists and psychiatrists as to the possibility of disorders of the circulation of the blood

being produced under the influence of mental excitement. The author of the paper is M. A. Ya. Koshebnikoff. In the course of the present age, Psychiatry, he remarks, has had enormous successes, beginning mainly from the time when Psychiatry brought home the conviction, that in the majority of cases the cause of psychical diseases belongs to physical disorders, and mostly to changes on the side of the nervous system. In other words, Psychiatry produced the conviction that psychical disorders are nothing else than diseases of the nervous system, only expressed as belonging, especially to the sphere of the soul.—The next paper is one by Professor Grote, a former editor of the *Journal*, designated a 'Critique on the Conception of Progress.' This is a first article stating the general grounds which do not lend themselves readily in the eight parts into which it is divided, to brief expression.—This is followed by the concluding article by M. B. J. Gerye on 'Comte and his Significance in Historical Science.' He advances here to the exposition of his dynamic, that is, his outline of Universal History, and expresses the fear that the best spirits will not be in a position to appropriate for themselves the signification of the great law of the three states or stages, for the constitution of social science.—In the special part, there is a lengthened article by M. V. Wagner on the 'Psychology of Insects,' from which we learn that he holds that the instincts of insects are exercised unconsciously, and that their actions are mainly instinctive.—This is succeeded by a review of a new historico-philosophical work by C. C. Arnoldi, which treats of the problems of the understanding of history, whose aim is the study of the evolution of human thought.—The rest of the number is occupied by the review of books and bibliography.

## ITALY.

LA NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (April 1, 1899).—This number commences with a notable article on 'English and Romans' by Professor Sergi, who combats the opinion expressed by Demonlious in his book, *A-quoit tient la superiorité des Anglo-Saxons*, that the incontestible superiority of the English is due principally to schooling and private education. There must be another cause, he says, less apparent but more efficacious, of which the schools and education are a mode of manifestation; this cause is the physical and psychological nature of the race, and the ethnical elements which compose the nation. Entering into the ethnical elements in the formation of the Britons, Professor Sergi finds that, with few exceptions, the

inhabitants belong to a unique race, so that, with few foreign elements, the anthropological characteristics of the English population are of a marvellous unity. The English are justly termed 'Modern Romans.' English imperialism is exactly similar to that of the Romans, and we cannot gain a clear conception of Roman work in the vast ancient empire, except by comparing it with the work of England in her colonies. There is the same expansion, the same practical sense, the same politic, the same sentiment of personality, and the same respect in all circumstances; there is identical religious liberty, and identical tolerance within and without the colonies; the same grandeur, and also the same conservatism in forms, and also the well-understood egotism, harmoniously united to the development of the real conditions of life, and the same enlightened altruism. Professor Sergi declares that he does not hesitate to assert that England represents in a new and greatly civilized form the ancient Roman Empire. The writer reserves his exposition of the causes which have led to the fact that the descendants of the great Romans cannot now be compared to the English people.—C. Segre reviews at length Mr. Lee's *Life of Shakspeare*.—(April 16)—This number begins with a fine essay on 'Sympathy' by E. de Amicis.—Follows the now well-known speech on Mr. Gladstone, delivered at the Institute of France by Signor Luzzatti.—Fiction is represented by a short dramatic sketch, entitled, 'The Rosary,' by F. de Roberto.—L. dal Verme reviews Prince Oukhtonsky's *Voyage en Orient de S.A.I. C. Cézarevitch*, and G. Negri reviews Anatole France's *L'Anneau d'Améthyste*.—V. discusses 'Italy in China.'—There is also an interesting musical review.—(May 1).—An important article in this number is the 'Manufacture and Printing of Bank-notes,' by G. B. Miliana, crowded with technical details. The writer commences by examining two elements of bank-notes, the paper and the printing, and shows that, as to the last, real progress was made when calcography was applied, a valuable method of preventing forgery, it being very difficult, if not impossible, to imitate. Another most important application was the so-called safety ground, resulting in a thick net of minute designs in different colours, crossing and re-crossing each other in all possible ways; designs refracted by photography, and, by means of clever combinations, reproduced by similar means to those by which they were obtained. Those bank-notes in which occur the largest use of such ground-work are seldom imitated, and never perfectly. As to the paper, any one accustomed to deal much with notes, can easily detect the false by the mere touch. The water-mark is

another valuable factor in the manufacture of bank-notes. The primitive water-marks were simply letters or coats of arms formed by simple metallic threads sewn upon the moulds, and producing mere outlines. Now the figures are reproduced with effects of chiaroscuro, depending on the various thickness of the paper, and very difficult to reproduce, for imitations executed *after* the manufacture of the paper always more or less alter the surface, or that looking at the note horizontally, one sees in place of the water-mark some spots or signs not to be found in real bank-notes. In printing bank-notes, the Americans are first-rate in producing an immense quantity of very intricate designs, while the English produce the best paper. But the Russian imperial manufactories of bank-notes are the most interesting establishments of the kind, and might be taken as models, as they most nearly approach perfection, though the designs are not noticeable for taste, and the printing often spoils the effect of the water-mark. Signor Miliani then describes the Wilcox system, and the new method of water-mark adopted, on his proposal, by the Bank of Sicily in its new notes.—Another interesting paper is ‘An Episode of the Siege of Ancona in 1849,’ by F. Gabrielli. On the evening of the 27th May, 1849, the Austrian frigate, *Bellona*, favoured by a good wind, attacked the fort of the Lanterna, and in a short time dismounted some of its guns, at the same time causing an explosion of bombs, which wounded and killed many of the garrison. The frigate then attacked the fort of the Darsena, which only possessed three guns. The wind having gone down, the frigate could not manœuvre quickly enough to avoid being struck by thirteen mitrailleuse balls, which caused considerable damage, and killed two sailors, wounding the commander and thirty-nine others. The commander lost a leg, and died a few days later at Pola. The paddle-corvette *Volcano* coming to the assistance of the *Bellona*, tugged her round the San Clemente rock, and took refuge under the rock of the Cathedral, where the two ships believed themselves safe. But the men of the Darsena fort climbed up to that of Monte Marano, which possessed a cannon, and a mortar of the time of Napoleon I., with the motto, ‘God gave it me, woe to him who touches it,’ and cannonaded the frigate and the corvette, forcing them to leave their refuge. This defence prevented the Austrian ships from attempting a renewed attack of the forts.—The other articles are—one on ‘Berlin,’ by G. Boglietti, who describes his impression on the day of the return of the Emperor from Palestine, when, with the exception of the formal festive decoration and reception at the Brandenburg Gate, up to the

Royal Palace, the city took no part, as the Berliners saw no reason to glorify the return of the Emperor from his pleasure-trip, with which they had nothing to do. Professor Boglietti notices the characteristic of the Berlin people, a progressive spirit which was most shown in their love of Frederick III., to whom they wished to erect a monument soon after his death, but were prevented by William II. on his return from his journey to Russia, Austria, and Italy. The writer goes on to describe the city, which has a right to its new title of *Weltstadt*. He enumerates its chief buildings, and gives statistics of the population, with details of the wealth, poverty, contradictions, and social contrasts now existing. He closes his paper with the following appreciation of the present Emperor's character: 'William II. is an "erratic block" rolling slowly across the centuries amid a discomposed, disunited, beaten-out society, and representing the phenomena of violent polarisation of forces disunited by nature and spirit. He is the embodied tradition of his country and his House, of which he is illimitably proud. His instinct, education, and ambition tell him that Prussia is the fief of his family. But this sentiment is modified by his true love for his country, which is ever present with him in his work and on his journeys. He loves it like a father. He nourishes his people as the eagle nourishes its young, teaching them each day to whet their beaks for conquest. "I am the country," he once said. He knows very well that the progressive party has no political value. It is sparsely represented in the Reichstag and Landtag, and has no other satisfaction than to chant its *credo* of liberty, appealing for a Parliamentary government, without ever finding an echo in the antagonistic surroundings. It is a curious situation. The Berlin *bourgeoisie*, which is the strongest, wealthiest, and most numerous social class, is dominated politically by an exclusive and less numerous class. It is without traditions and experience of government, and has no self-consciousness, courage, or ambition. Its one sole occupation is to defend its riches. Far from being sorry, it is glad when the more cultured and refined classes assume the mission of defending its interests. This is not the ideal of a really free and great people, but Prussia, which arrived at her present condition by means of the genius of its kings, has no other course, until future times ripen another spirit. After all, it is to this spirit of discipline and obedience that the country owes her present prosperity and greatness.'—A. Serena reviews the *Works of Giuseppe Revere*.—Signora Mancini's excellent novel, 'Signora Tilberti,' is ended.—Signor Bovet writes on the poems of Cesare Pascarella; and there is a portion of the

new 'Convention of September, 1864,' by Marco Minghetti, recently published.—(May 16)—'False Tragedy and True Man' is a learned essay by G. Carducci.—Matilde Serao commences a novel, 'The Ballet-Girl,' which at the very beginning graphically describes low-life at Naples in some of its more pleasing aspects, and shows that much good exists in classes that are generally credited with every crime.—Follow some fine verses by G. A. Cesareo.—D. Comparetti describes the latest excavations in the Roman Forum.—C. Nerazzini describes a recent journey in China on the Yangtse-Kasig, and at the end of his paper asserts that the undertaking of Italy in Chinese waters is not of a merely colonial nature, but an essentially political act. It would be ingenuous to believe, in the probable event of a struggle between the Powers most deeply interested, that Italy could remain inactive in the Bay of San-Mun simply as the custodian of a maritime establishment or squadron that does not fight, or for vessels that never get there.—C. Manfroni writes on 'Naval Industries in Liguria.'—G. Mazzone criticises Gabriel d'Annunzio's two dramas, the *Gioconda* and the *Gloria*, which he confesses are better fitted for perusal than for representation on the stage. He enters into the merits and demerits of the two remarkable works, and calls the *Gloria* an unhappy though noble attempt. Its contrasts are rude and ferocious. D'Annunzio, he says, is one of the elect voices of the human conscience, and therefore worth listening to.—The number concludes with a paper by Crispi on the 'Peace Conference.' The writer alludes to Bismarck's opinion, expressed in 1877, that practical disarmament is impossible, but, on his side, Crispi hopes that by accurate study something may be obtained. If everything cannot be submitted to arbitration, at least arbitration could notably diminish the number of wars, and minimize their terrors. He advises that the convention of Geneva should be applied to naval warfare, and that the declarations of Brussels in 1874 should be revised. The conference at the Hague, he thinks, puts aside the causes of war, but does not eliminate them; it neglects but does not destroy the germs of war and revolution, which will burst out whenever the peoples judge them to be opportune. 'Old Europe,' he concludes, 'has only one way of safety—the substitution of the United States of Europe for the old States. In this way not only would the frontiers erected by geography and diplomacy be knocked down, but old rancours, cherished for centuries, would be cancelled by the brotherly work of civil progress intent on the happiness of the human race, which, till now, has been poisoned by the barbaric lust of conquest.'

**LA RIFORMA SOCIALE** (April, May).—The papers of chief interest are 'The Reality and Utopia of Peace,' by E. Catellani, in which he describes the ideas of peace as seen in history, the vocation of the 19th century for pacific institutions, the story of arbitration, the Utopia of an 'universal State,' the work of the peace societies, the proceedings of inter-Parliamentary and international conferences and tribunals, and the aims and perils of the propaganda for peace. As to this last subject, Signor Catellani believes that inter-Parliamentary conferences are better than any popular agitation in favour of peace, as the latter has certain dangers. He then enters into statistics, shows the causes which led to the Czar's Rescript, and relates the deeds of that monarch's predecessors, both as conquerors and philanthropists. The paper will be continued.

**ATENE E ROMA** (March-April).—In this review Professor Zambaldi gives notice of the first attempts to transmit information rapidly to distant places. These attempts go back to very remote times, but in ancient times were exclusively devoted to the service of war. The most common means were bonfires on elevated places, of which mention is found in the Iliad and other works. This means of signalling was continued till the Alexandrine period, after which the art of war made greater progress. In the first half of 400 B.C., Eneas the Tactician invented a system which, though ingenious, was unpractical. It consisted in placing at each of the two stations which were to communicate with each other a vase of terra-cotta with a hole at the bottom, through which, when the vase was filled with water, the latter poured out in a regular quantity. On the surface of the water floated a disc of cork, holding a stick marked at intervals of about three fingers' length, on each of which were written the phrases in use for notices of war. Naturally, the vase at one station was exactly like that at the other. Torches were lighted to signal that telegraphing would commence, and the hole at the bottom of the vase was opened. As the water flowed out, the stick sank, until the notice to be attended to reached the edge of the vase. The torch was then waved to signal the completion of the message. At the other station, where also the hole in the vase had been opened, it was promptly closed, and the signal on the lowered stick was read. Polybius tells of alphabetic signalling by means of five targets, inscribed with five letters each, and the raising of torches corresponding with the number of the target, and with the place occupied by the letter itself. During the daytime messengers were generally used, but sometimes conventional signals were placed on hills.

LA CULTURA (April 16, May 1).—Here we have a review by G. Rosmini of the translation of Benjamin Kidd's *Social Evolution*. The critic mentions the seventh chapter as being obscure and uncertain in its examination of economics and wages, but praises chapter ten as genial and interesting. 'The whole book,' concludes the reviewer, 'seems to owe the favour with which it was received, and the discussions to which it gave rise, more to its agreeable and acute treatment of some secondary questions than to any valuable exposition of the principal argument.'—A. Chialvo reviews G. P. Glocch's *History of English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century* with great appreciation, and declares that the clever work must be of immense use to statesmen.—(May 15).—Three English books are reviewed in this number. A. Virgili praises in Mr. Thompson's *The Magna Charta of Democracy*, the author's large views and happy fusion of the humanitarian precepts of the Sacred Book with the modifications of such precepts brought about by modern science. The doctrines set forth by Mr. Thompson may, opines the Italian critic, by means of successive evolutions, arrive at a certain degree of practical utility, but a long time will elapse before this is possible.—Mr. Stillmann's *Union of Italy* is noticed by C. Marfroni, who admires the author's great erudition, but thinks he has been too severe in his judgment of Charles Hebert. His great admiration of Signor Crispi does not, however, prevent him from telling some raw truths about the moral decadence of Italy.—The *Story of Perugia*, by Margaret Symonds and Lina Duff Gordon, receives a very favourable notice from E. B., who finds, barring some trifling errors, that the book is extremely lively and sincere.

GIORNALE STORICO DELLA LETTERATURA ITALIANA (No. 2 and Supplement, 1899).—A. Galetti's paper on 'Frá Giordano da Pisa' is here concluded, the present instalment treating of the learned monk's philosophical and theological ideas, describing his eloquence and the customs of the time. In his sermons Frá Giordano frequently inveighed against civil discord, alluding to the quarrels among the Guelphs and the Ghibelines of his town. Usury, commercial fraud, and dissipation are among the constant objects of Frá Giordano's reproof, and usury especially, which then raged in Florence, excites his intense indignation. There are numerous hints in his sermons of the active commerce maintained in the fourteenth century between Tuscany and Paris. The monk must have stayed in the latter city often. He describes the coronation of King Louis, and praises his Majesty's constant attendance at mass. He gives a weird picture of corpses hanging putrified on the



gallows to the number of forty, fifty, and, on some occasions, four hundred at a time, calling it 'the most horrible spectacle in the world!' Frá Giordano's aversion to riches went far beyond the vague repugnance of other Christians. He did not hesitate to declare wealth, whether inherited or acquired, of evil origin. He reproves the rich man who will give large sums to a buffoon, and refuse a coin to some fellow-creature dying of hunger. He calls the rich man, who will give his wife a dress worth a thousand francs, a fool. But his severest reproofs are addressed to women, whose coquetry and vanity, he declares, are the prime cause of men's folly. He speaks strongly against women who degrade the beauty bestowed upon them by their Creator in vain efforts to preserve it by the means of cosmetics. He admonishes them to stay at home, and never issue forth except to church, but he complains that even then they go to be seen and not to pray. Sodomy is the subject of many of Frá Giordano's sermons, and must have been rife in Florence at the time. The monk disapproves of votive offerings and frequent pilgrimages, which, he says, are full of peril and scandal. He inveighs against false priests. He attracted crowds to the churches where he preached, and won the confidence and gratitude of the common people, who looked upon him as a father. He helped to form Italian prose, rendering the language capable of expressing subtle ideas and delicate feeling—that language which, in little more than fifty years, acquired the power which it took the French language more than three centuries to obtain.—In the 'Varieties' there are interesting articles by Marpillero, Savi-Lopez, A. Gavelli, and others.—The Supplement contains notes on 'Francis Brusoni,' poet-laureate of the 16th century.

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (June 16).—Professor Lampertico dedicates a paper to the late Cardinal Bausa.—Father Ghignoni writes on 'Oratorio and Sacred Music,' and relates that, when at Venice for the Eucharistic Congress, he met Lorenzo Perosi, who had written for the Congress the first part, 'The Passion,' of his trilogy. Perosi said, 'You will see how people will persist in defining my work as *sacred* music. But it is not, it is not. Undoubtedly it is *religious* music. I felt it arise in my soul, and it seemed to find an echo in many other souls; but *sacred*, no! It is necessary to 'make a distinction!'

Father Ghignoni goes on to express his views, and declares that religious art is free, while sacred art is subject to the laws of the liturgy it serves. He then describes the origin and development of the oratorio (in general), which, after passing through a primitive stage, and an intermediate one when the

dramatic element began to be introduced, went through a third stage of retrogression, and has now reached its latest form, which may be called *representative oratorio*, written to be produced on the stage.—Professor Grabinski reviews Waliszewski's monograph on *Peter the Great*.—An interesting paper is that of P. Bellezza on 'Manzoni's Opinion of War.'—R. Corniano writes on 'Roumania and the Roumanians,'—Signora Francioni commences a story, 'Abruzzese Hearts,' describing the habits and temperament of the peasants of Abruzzi.—T. Taramelli writes about 'The Seismic Regions of Italy.' He shows what an immense area is incapable of cultivation, and remarks that the damaging error of believing Italy to be a rich country arose partly from the fertility of some of its provinces, while the fact is that actual poverty is the reason that the populations of many parts in Italy are among the most sober and industrious of Europe. The existing poverty is caused by the fact that Italy and some of its islands are the most subject to earthquake of any country in Europe. The Emilian province, almost all Western Liguria, Otranto, the interior and coasts of Sicily, Romagna, the Venetian lowland, Eastern Liguria, and Basilicata, are all regions subject to frequent and violent earthquakes. The statistics of all earthquakes known since early ages are very interesting. From A.D. 365 to 446 repeated earthquakes are mentioned by the ancients, but without particulars. Then come dates. Earthquakes of remarkable violence occurred in various places and regions in 811, 846, 1117, 1169, 1222, 1279, 1293. Then comes a gap, and *one* date in the 15th century, namely, 1471. Then 1542, 1570, 1597, 1618, 1627, 1638, 1639, 1686, 1687, 1694, 1702, 1703, 1730, 1731, 1762, 1769, 1781, 1791, 1798, 1802, 1806, 1807, 1828, 1834, 1846, 1855, 1870, 1873, 1878, 1883, 1887.

## FRANCE.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 2, 1899).—M. V. Bérard has the first place here with the first part of what promises to be a very exhaustive article on 'Les Phéniciens et les poèmes homériques.' He proposes to examine in it all the passages in these poems where the Phoenicians are mentioned, or in which the influence of that people, or oriental influence through them, on the nomenclature of places, etc., in Greece, is traceable. In this section of his paper M. Bérard gives a very minute description of the Aegean Archipelago, its various islands, harbours, anchorages; its prevailing winds at certain seasons of the year, its tidal currents, etc. He then sets himself to examine the names the islands bore and bear, to

see whether or not it is possible to trace these names to Semitic original, and to examine all the passages in the Iliad or Odyssey where any reference is made to them.—‘Les Fravashis’ is the title of the second article in this number, which is by M. N. Söderblom. Its sub-title shows the purpose M. S. has in view in it. He describes it as an ‘Etude sur les traces dans mazdéisme d’une ancienne conception sur la survivance des morts.’ Taking as a kind of text a quotation from a confession of faith, as it might be called, of a Parsee, in which he declares his belief in the resurrection of the dead and the life to come, the final reward of good and punishment of evil, the reality of paradise and of hell, the destruction of Ahriman and of the demons, the victory of the good Spirit, etc., M. Söderblom proceeds to posit these three dogmas of the Iranian faith, viz., retribution immediately after death; the resurrection and final judgment, followed by a new world; and the annihilation of evil and triumph of good—Universalism, in short, in the largest and best sense of the word. Mazdeism, our author says, is the only religion which has taught this dogma unequivocally. But in Mazdeism traces are found, as elsewhere, of a prior animistic faith. Primitive ideas are found surviving in the popular folk-lore and usages, and M. Söderblom sets himself to establish this fact with regard to that faith. His own outline of his article will give the best idea of its compass and nature. He proposes to examine, first, the rites connected with the cult of the dead, and the festivals in their honour, and the funeral usages and customs—the part of his treatise given here embraces this section; then, in what is to follow, he proposes to examine the Avesta to discover the reason for this cult of the dead, and the objects that were in view in it. ‘This study,’ he says, ‘would, however, be incomplete without an analysis of the expression which designates the dead, in so far as they are objects of worship, viz., *fravashayo ashaonam*. We shall conclude,’ he then observes, ‘by speaking of the fate of man after death, according to those rites and beliefs, and add some words as to the *rapport* between the cult and idea of survival, and on the religious value of the idea of the continuation of life after death.’ This, it will be seen, is a large and interesting programme, and is sure to excite the curiosity of many readers. Here M. Söderblom deals with the festivals in honour of the dead and with the funeral usages. These are all minutely described, with the ceremonies observed on these occasions.—M. A. Audollent furnishes the ‘Bulletin archéologique de la Religion romaine’ for last year. He gives a short summary and appreciation of the publications bearing on archæological excavations and researches made in Italy, that appeared during that year.—

This number contains, too, the programme of the International Congress of the History of Religions, to be held in Paris during September of 1900. The book reviews are very numerous, and among the books reviewed are Cheyne's *Jewish Religious Life after the Exile*, and W. Crooke's *The Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India*. The latter is noticed at considerable length, and with not a little appreciation, by that prince of French folk-lorists, M. L. Marillier. He finds fault with it, however, as lacking in orderly arrangement and scientific precision.

REVUE DES ÉTUDES JUIVES (No. 1, 1899).—‘Un conte babylonien dans la littérature juive: le roman d’Ahikar,’ by M. T. Reinach, is an article occasioned by the publication of Messrs. F. C. Conybeare and J. Rendel Harris, and Miss Agnes Smith’s, *The Story of Ahikar*. M. Reinach traces the original of the story to a Babylonian source, where it appears as a solar myth.—M. Friedlander examines the statements in ancient Jewish and Christian literature regarding the Anti-Christ, or Anti-Messiah, his character, the signs and time of his appearance, his origin, and the rôle he was expected to play. The traditions as to these points are very numerous, and wide scattered, but M. Friedlander gathers them up here and deals with them *seriatim*.—M. W. Bacher discusses with considerable minuteness the question whether by the word *Minim* the Talmudic writers designated the Christians, or at least the Jewish Christians, or not. M. Friedlander, in a recent brochure, has stoutly denied that almost universally accepted opinion, and maintained that under that name only the sect of Ophite Gnostics was intended. This sect originated among the Jews prior to the advent of Christianity, and one of its leading features was a strong antagonism to the Law. M. Bacher here reviews M. Friedlander’s arguments, and shews that these do not suffice to prove that Christians were not denoted by the term *minim*. He traces the usage of the term, which originally meant merely class, kind, sect, party, and then gradually came to be used for miscreant, heretic—any Jew who separated himself from the religious community and followed false doctrines.—‘Rabbi Zeira et Rab Zeira’ is the title of a lengthy article from the learned pen of M. L. Bank, in which he discusses the question as to whether these ancient scholars mentioned in *Ketoubot* 43b are different persons or one and the same person. Those likely to be interested in the matter will find the mystery cleared up in these pages.—M. J. Furst continues his series of lexicographical ‘Notes’ on words in the Talmud, etc.—Under the heading ‘Les

cycles d'images du type allemand dans l'illustration ancienne de la Haggada,' M. D. Kaufmann gives a description of a fragment of a MS. which M. J. Rosenbaum of Frankfort on the Main, had sent him, and which is from a copy of the MS. at Nuremberg which is regarded as the typical example of German illustrations of the Haggada. It is but a fragment, blackened by age, and whose margins are frayed, yet contains both letter-press and illustrations in an all but perfect condition. M. Kaufmann here describes the illustrations and the rubrics accompanying them.—'Un recueil de consultations de Rabbins de la France méridionale,' by M. I. Levi, is supplementary to those gathered up by M. Gross in his *Gallia Judaica*.—M. Jules Rauer gives the history of the causes that led to the insurrection in the Jewish quarters of Avignon in the seventeenth century.—M. A. Buchler furnishes some further 'Notes' on the recovered fragments of Ecclesiasticus.—Several short papers follow, chiefly on historical points; and under 'Actes et Conférences' is included a lecture given by M. Maurice Bloch on 'Les Juifs et la prospérité publique à travers l'histoire,' in which he shows that wherever Jews have been honoured and dealt kindly with, the country has been prosperous, thanks largely to their industry, patriotism, and commercial genius.

REVUE CELTIQUE (April).—The extremely interesting article which M. Reinach contributed to the last number of this *Revue* on 'Coral in Celtic Industry,' is here continued. This instalment is quite as attractive as the last. In it M. Reinach gives a number of details both respecting the use of coral and the commerce of antiquity. Coral, he believes, was used for decorating iron and bronze, but not gold, as early as the fourth century B.C. by the Gauls. By the time of Cæsar it had ceased to be used. By a not unskilful argument, he shows that the supply was obtained chiefly from the Stoechades or Isles d'Hières, which are mentioned in connection with coral by Pliny, and belonged to the Massaliots. Coral, M. Reinach believes, is a Celtic word, or if not, a word borrowed by Celts, Greeks, and Romans from the language of the Ligures. Besides using coral for the decoration of iron and bronze, the Celts used it as a medicine when powdered, and for amulets. Its efficacy was believed to be great. As for trade, M. Reinach points out that there was considerable intercourse between Celtic France and Alexandria carried on by the merchants of Marseilles, who exchanged the articles of commerce supplied by Gaul for those of India.—Dr. Whitely Stokes continues the text of the Amra Choluimb Chille, from the Rawlinson MS., which, as before, he translates and

supplies with notes. He mentions that there is a complete copy of the Amra in Laud, 615, belonging to the sixteenth century, which, like the one he is using, is in the Bodleian.—M. P. le Nestour gives the text of a curious fifteenth century Breton *Credo* which was found intercalated between folios 313-314 of the *Mystery of the Resurrection*, recently published in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile* by M. Gustave Macon. The text is faulty, and M. le Nestour corrects it. The article is accompanied by a facsimile of the MS.—Mr. J. Strachan continues his studies on the Felire Oenguso, and treats this time of its final vowels, of which he gives many examples and hints at the use that might be made of them in, among other things, determining the age of this and other poems, and in elucidation of their correct phonology.—M. E. Ernault writes on final -er in Breton, and M. Loth has a series of notes on a number of Welsh words.—In a letter, dated from New York, Mr. Charles de Kay calls in question M. de Jubaiuville's opinion that the form Cúchulain is relatively modern.

REVUE SÉMITIQUE D'ÉPIGRAPHIE ET D'HISTOIRE ANCIENNE (No. 2, 1899).—M. J. Halévy continues his examination of the writings of the Jerusalemite Isaiah in order to bring out the proofs they furnish that that prophet was familiar with the Pentateuch in almost, if not altogether, its present form; that he was familiar certainly with that part of it which is denoted by the critics of the modern school as the sacerdotal part, Wellhausen's P. Here he begins with ch. xvii. 9. The Hebrew text, he willingly admits, is corrupt, but with the help of the LXX. it can, he thinks, be restored. The restoration which M. Halévy proposes, and, of course, justifies, makes it read thus—'In that day thy towns shall be as deserted as the towns of the Heteans and Amorites, which they deserted before the children of Israel, and they shall become a solitude.' The reference is to Lev. xviii. 24-28. The sacerdotal writer alone mentions that the Hittites dwelt in Judæa, Gen. xxiii. 3-20. Duhm admits the verse to be from the pen of Isaiah, and so M. Halévy hopes that the school will not now hesitate to accept the consequence. Ch. xviii. 1-7 is next adduced as containing another proof of Isaiah's having been acquainted with Deuteronomy. M. Halévy subjects v. 2 to a minute critical analysis, and endeavours to show that Duhm's exegesis of it is faulty in more than one particular. The writer's language indicates the influence on him of Deut. xii. 2-18. Many other passages are referred to in Isaiah's prophecies as furnishing proof of a similar character to the above, while our author furnishes some ingenious suggestions to account for the

difficulties in these texts which have led, he thinks, the critics astray. But one must read the whole article to feel the force of M. Halévy's contention.—M. A. Boissier continues and concludes his series of 'Notes d'Assyriologie;' and M. F. Nau concludes, too, his paper on 'La légende inédite des fils de Jonadab, fils de Rechab, et les îles Fortunées.'—M. J. Halevy examines, with his usual minute and scholarly care, a paper by M. le Comte de Landerg, No. 5, of his *Arabica*, and discusses the question as to whether the ancient kingdom of Saba contained, along with Sabeans properly so called, a population of Arabs who spoke the classical Arabic of Islam. In another article, 'La Naissance du Sumerien,' he furnishes for the benefit of younger students of Assyriology several extracts from letters of M. Oppert, written in the fifties, on the script whose character he was then studying. He then gives for the benefit of the same beginners a *resumé* of the conclusions which M. Oppert then came to, and declares that none of them have been verified by later investigations, and that even M. Oppert has had to abandon several of them as untenable. M. Halevy still adheres to his opinions as to the Sumerian and Accadian scripts, and loses no opportunity of lifting up his voice in defence of them.—The other articles in this number are 'Notes pour l'histoire d'Ethiopie,' by M. J. Perruchon; 'Deux lettres de M. Monseur, Professeur a Université de Bruxelles.' They were addressed to M. Halévy, and are followed by Halévy's comments on them. He furnishes also the whole of the 'Bibliographie.'

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (May, June, July).—In an article bearing the title, 'La Théorie Biochimique de l'Hérédité,' M. Le Dantec continues his controversy with Weismann and others on the question of heredity. In the present instalment he concludes a series of two articles begun in the January number of this *Revue*. Like the former, this article is admirably written and argued, and is deserving of careful perusal.—It is followed by an article by M. E. Goblot on 'Function and Finality.—M. J. Philippe contributes an extremely able article on 'Consciousness in Anesthetical Surgery.' As need hardly be said, the subject is treated from the psychological point of view, but the physiological is not neglected.—Under 'Notes and Discussions,' M. Dugas returns to his controversy with M. Bois on the 'Dissolution and Conservatism of the Faith,' and attempts a reply to the various objections M. Bois took to the article he contributed to this *Revue* under the title, 'Dissolution of the Faith,' last September.—In the 'Analyses' various books of importance are summarized and criticised. Attention is first called to *L'Année*

*philosophique* for 1897; afterwards we have notices of Schellien's *Philosophie und Leben*; M. de Roberty's *Les fondements de l'Ethique*, and M. P. Lacombe's *Introduction a l'Histoire Littéraire*. There are notices also of Mr. Royce's *Studies of Good and Evil*, of the first volume of Professor Tiele's Gifford Lectures, and of Ed. Schure's *Sanctuaries of the East*.—The June number opens with an article by M. L. Winiarski on 'Aesthetic Equilibrium.'—M. Marro writes under the title, 'Le Role social de la Puberté,' and M. Goblot concludes his articles on 'Function and Finality.'—In the 'Revue Critique' section we have a lengthy criticism by Dr. G. Dumas of M. Janet's two volumes entitled *Travaux du laboratoire de Psychologie de la Salpêtrière*.—Among the books noticed are M. Ossip-Lourie's *Thoughts of Tolstoi*, and Luigi Cossa's *History of Economic Doctrines*.—The July number begins with the first instalment of an article on 'The Origin of the Gods,' which is chiefly taken up with a criticism of Mr. Grant Allen's recent work. Its author is M. L. Marillier.—M. P. Regnaud follows with a paper on 'Finality from the Point of View of the Origin of Language.'—The section entitled 'Observations and Experimental Researches' contains two interesting papers, one by Dr. Sollier and the other by M. Dugas. Both treat of the action of anæsthetics on the human subject. M. Dugas writing on the loss of consciousness and of memory as a result of their use.—A long review follows of various recent books dealing with Æsthetics.—In the 'Analyses et Comptes Rendus,' we have the usual elaborate notices of recent works in the various departments of philosophy. Among others are notices of Rauh's *Psychologie des Sentiments* and Labriola's *Socialisme et Philosophie*.

#### HOLLAND.

THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT.—The May number opens with a discussion by Dr. A. K. Kuiper, of the question of the unity of Ecclesiastes. The paper is a review of several recent attempts to solve the problem, which is not a new one, the inconsistency between the sceptical epicurean tone of much of the book, and its strict orthodox injunctions to fear God and keep His commandments, having long been remarked. The first of the new studies on the subject is that of Prof. Wildeboer, in Martis' *Hand-Commentar*, who considers the Preacher to be a man who doubts much that his neighbours believe, and yet is unwilling to part with his early faith. Thus his book is inconsistent, he puts in it side by side the old lessons of religion and the new lessons of experience, which he has not himself learned to bring into unity with each other.



Prof. Haupt, in the *Philadelphia Oriental Studies*, 1894, maintains that Ecclesiastes, as we have it, is not the work of one writer. The original writer, he holds, was a man of the world, who was far from the Biblical position in many of his views. The work of this person, however, was afterwards interpolated and confused by an orthodox writer. This theory is carried to much greater lengths by the third of the writers under review, Prof. Siegfried (in Nowack's *Hand-Commentar*). This scholar postulates quite a series of writers for the book: the original one being a Sadducee, who wrote the first three chapters, the second also a Sadducee of a more epicurean and muscular turn of thought, who wrote the exhortations to enjoyment and to work. The third was an adherent of the wisdom movement, who writes the pieces in praise of wisdom; and the fourth a Chazid who put in the orthodox exhortations to fear Jahve and keep his commandments. A proverbial philosopher is also employed, to put in some trite reflections, and an editor who added the title and the close xii. 8, and a few notes. Dr. Kuiper believes in the integrity of the book, and sketches the position of the one writer in whom he believes—a man vexed with doubt, yet clinging in the main to his ancestral faith, and in the end rising out of his scepticism to a simple trust.—The same number contains a very curious paper by a scholar holding the extreme position as to the un-historical nature of the events related in the New Testament, on two recent works, *The Four Gospels as Historical Records*, and Dr. A. Réville's *Jésus de Nazareth*, the new French critical life of Jesus. The Dutch scholar, Dr. J. van Loon, finds the English work too negative, and very deficient in any positive enquiry as to the literary history of the records; the author contents himself with the conclusion that the evidence for such and such an incident, miraculous or otherwise, is not strong enough, without trying to find out how the narrative arose and was developed. But his main fault in his critic's eyes is that he regards Jesus as a historical figure, and does not dedicate a chapter to the question of the historicity of the person of Jesus. The reviewer's attention, however, is mainly devoted to the Frenchman, for whose work he testifies great admiration. Not that it at all satisfies him. Réville believes in an oral tradition which went side by side with the written, and existed till the third century. But the authorities which speak of such a tradition are the prologue of Luke and Papias; and these the Dutchman sweeps away with little ceremony. His main objection to Réville, however, is the same as that he advanced against Brandt's *Evangelical History*, viz., that any historical kernel at all is recognized in the narratives. Réville

allows more historical matter in them than Brandt did: but it is a mistake to allow any, when the right view is to treat the whole Christian history as a mythological formation. Réville indeed discusses the question of the historicity of Jesus; and for this high praise is accorded him. It is the first time, it is said, that this point has been taken up by a great scholar outside of Holland. The Dutchman is not content with Réville's treatment of the question, and while heartily admiring Réville's beautiful picture of Jesus and acknowledging its religious value, holds strongly that no biography of Jesus is possible with the materials we possess. In this those will not agree with him who are not able to believe the Pauline epistles and the synoptic Gospels to be fictions of the second century.—The July number has just reached us. It opens with a paper by Dr. J. C. Matthes, on 'The Notions Clean and Unclean in the Old Testament.' The paper seems to us to be of great importance, and to advance the question somewhat nearer a satisfactory solution. The main point made is that the worst uncleanness in Old Testament thought was due to a man's being connected with some other god than Jahve. One in the power of another deity or engaged in the service of such a deity was not qualified to appear before Jahve or take part in his service. And the reason why death defiled, why mourners or those who had touched a dead body were unclean, was that they were in the service of the spirits of the dead. A good deal of Dr. Matthes' paper is taken up with showing that the belief in the continued existence of departed friends and in the necessity for attending to them, was a part of the earliest Hebrew thought, which, though Jahvism made war against it and almost exterminated it, left many traces on popular views and usages. Thus the High-priest, who had to appear before Jahve daily, was not allowed to mourn for his relatives at all. The patriarchs were thought of as living, not dead. The demoniacs, who are connected with the realm of the dead shrink from contact with Jahve's representative. Similarly lepers were under the power of other gods (though this is not very clearly made out), and several acts which made a man unclean are also made out by Dr. Matthes to have had a connection in popular thought with another god. The uncleanness of certain animals must have been due to the fact that they were sacrificed to other deities, and could not be offered to Jahve.—Dr. Oort, reviewing in this number some books connected with Old Testament studies, speaks with disapproval of Sayce's *Early History of the Hebrews*, and with great sympathy of Cheyne's *Jewish Religious Life*.

DE GIDS (May, June, July).—In these numbers we have the continuation and close of a lengthy review of the lately deceased Professor Fruin of Utrecht, who contributed so many historical and other articles to *De Gids*, and was for a time its editor.—‘The Training of Administrative Officers for East India,’ where it is pointed out that the present state of affairs gives general dissatisfaction. Reforms should be carried out not, as some think, by copying the British system of examinations for the Indian Civil Service, but by instituting a system in which young men shall get a practical training for their work; the knowledge of Malay, Javanese, and other tongues spoken in Dutch possessions, and also acquaintance with Dutch colonial law being, for example, pressingly required.—‘Neglected Brazil,’ by S. Kalf. Holland’s interests in Brazil consist now mostly of sad recollections of lost opportunities and advantages, and the story of mismanagement and neglect, ending in the ceding of Dutch Brazil to Portugal, is told at length here.—‘Suffrage and Education,’ by Mrs. Hubrecht. The great difficulty is caused by religious education, which inevitably divides into sections those who ought to be brought up with a single aim to love and serve their country in unity. An entirely new order of things is wanted.—R. C. Boer gives an interesting study of the old song of Geraert van Velsen, which refers to the murder of Count Floris of Holland by his vassals in 1296.—(June).—‘A Dream—from Tosari,’ by Henri Borel, is a very charming sketch of life at the health resort on Java, so named, and quite transports one to the atmosphere of the tropics, both in its description of life in the plains and among the mountains with their exquisite waving pines. Especially striking is a description of the ascent of the Penandjaän mountain, and the view thence of the sand-desert and craters.—L. Simons of Bromley, Kent, has a most interesting article on ‘The Co-operative Company—Amsterdam.’ He compares the management of English towns like London, Manchester, Birmingham, with that of the Dutch capital, where, although the water, gas, telephone (and shortly also the trams and electric light) are in the hands of the community, yet there is a timidity and hesitation on the part of the town to assume greater responsibilities. They dread the heavy taxation, not grasping the fact that they will quickly be repaid in better services of all kinds for the public. The writer urges a bold policy on the part of the community, to be signalled by the institution of public libraries, baths, good workmen’s houses, etc. He foresees the time when Amsterdam will become an ideal city. At present it has no such horrible slums as the great towns of England contain, though there is

much overcrowding.—‘Dutch Interests in South Africa Supported by the Higher Schools in Holland,’ by Evert Ivan Gorkum. Just as it is recognised to be good policy for England to encourage the subjects of the Transvaal and Orange Free State to seek higher education in England, so the Dutch regard this as a danger to be counteracted by offering the Afrikanders facilities for higher education in Holland. How best to attract young doctors and lawyers thither, and what alterations should be made on existing university regulations, Mr. Goskum endeavours to point out.—This article is followed by ‘The Science of Morals,’ a review of De Bussy’s *Introduction to Ethics*, by G. Heymans.—(July).—The recent appearance of two new translations of the masterpieces of Æschylus and Sophocles, has suggested to Prof. Polak his study, ‘The Three Electras,’ which is not, however, finished, but so far he shows the greatest mastery of the difficult points such a study necessarily implies.—Prof. Bussemaker contributes a historical article referring to the period 1713-21, ‘The Republic of the United Netherlands in its Political Relations during the Years following the Peace of Utrecht,’ and he is not unsuccessful in awakening interest in this period, so often neglected because it is so much less brilliant than that immediately preceding.—‘The Dawn of International Law,’ by Molengraeff. He takes a wide review of all the civilized codes and systems, and traces the evolution of a new system of world-law that is an unseen but yet one of the most important factors in the development of the human race.—In ‘Primary Education in France in respect of its being Gratuitous.’ Free education has there failed, Mr. Visser says, to attain the object specially aimed at, namely, the general mingling of all classes, and in no way is education better than in schools where fees are exacted.

#### SWITZERLAND.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE UNIVERSELLE ET REVUE SUISSE (May, June, and July).—The great Swiss writer who is treated of in these numbers is Gottfried Keller. The author of the article, the first instalment of which occupies the place of honour in the May number, is M. Dumur. He has made use of Baechtold’s recent *Biography of Keller*, from which copious and interesting extracts are given.—In the same number M. Delines’ ‘Franco-Russian Idyll in 1814,’ is finished.—There is also the second and final part of ‘A Village in the High Alps.’—M. Muret discusses the ‘Philosophy of M. Fogazzaro.’—M. Aug. Glardon’s interesting papers on ‘French Police and English Detectives’

run through this and the two following numbers, and, like the 'Canon's Nephew,' is completed in the July number.—'The Reclaimed,' by M. Paul Stapfer, occupies the first place in the June number, which, besides the continuations already mentioned, contains an article on 'The Spectre of the Brocken,' by M. J. des Roches; another on 'Napoleon in Switzerland,' by Eug. de Budé, and a short story, 'The Secret of Mrs. Jessop.'—In the remaining number M. E. Naville writes on 'Eclecticism and Philosophy'; 'The Reclaimed' is continued; M. M. Reader writes on 'Alcoholism and the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors in Russia.'—The 'Chrouiques,' Parisian, Italian, English, Swiss, German, Scientific, and Political, are, as usual, full and attractively written, and touch upon many topics of present-day interest.

#### S W E D E N.

THE ARKIV FOR NORDISK FILOLOGI (Record of Northern Philology, Vol. XI., No. 3).—This number opens with some observations by Mr. Jón Thorkelsson, on some poems of a more remote period. Of these the first is Snorri Sturluson's 'Háttatal.' This poem is expounded by Theod. Möðius as a key to the Skaldic metres. The second poem is named 'Rekstefja.' This poem is given in Wisén's *Carmina Norroena*, also by Gislason, posthumous writings, I., 184-290. Third, 'Vellekla,' a poem as obscure as many of the Skaldic poems, also given in Wisén's *Carmina Norroena*, I., 26-29. We have seen a careful exposition of the poem by Professor Freudenthal of Helsingfors, but we confess that even with the exposition, no small amount of obscurity still remains. Fourth, 'Hrafnsmál.' This poem also appears in *Carmina Norroena*, I., 84-87. The comparison made here is with the poem as given in the *Flateyrbok*, Vol. III., 222-77. Fifth, 'Bjarkamál en fornu,' also in Wisén, *Carmina Norroena*, I., 1. There are some comments further, on the same poem by another author. Sixth, 'Eriksdrápa,' in Wisén, *Carmina Norroena*, I., 51-53. This is a longer poem, and there are comments on some eight strophes. Seventh, 'Jómvisikingadrápa,' in Wisén, *Carmina Norroena*, 68-73. Eighth, 'Geisli,' also in Wisén, *Carmina Norroena*, 53-62. This poem is found in the *Flateyrbok*. There are some ten corrections.—The next article is by G. Hellquist on certain composite words in Old Northern, not believed to be found with short syllabled first members of verbal origin. Falk, an author writing in the *Record*, finds no less than one hundred and twenty-one such composites which are long in their first syllable.—The article following upon this is also by Jón Thorkelsson, on the author of a poem or nursery rhyme, named Skaufhalabálk,

held to be written by a certain Einar Fostri, the skáld or poet of Bjorn, the Jorsala farar, *i.e.*, who had been a crusader on his own account or with others. There is a couplet to this effect: *Hefur bálk thenna ort ófimlegur, og barn gaelur, Einar Fostri.* Mr. Thorkelsson finds the evidence for the authorship to be very conflicting, and he contents himself by giving a variety of names without being able to decide.—On this follows, an article by M. Akerblom on the comparatively late Swedish sound of a, which may be described as resembling the English diphthongal vowels, *e.g.*, a in *sale* or o in *cold*, but which had floated about for some time in a quite uncertain condition. Four native grammarians, Columbus, in 1678; Aurivillius, 1693; Tiällmann, 1696, and Swedberg, probably the Bishop, father of Swedenborg the Mystic, had observed the phenomenon without being able to assign the stranger a place in the national alphabet. Swedberg notes the new vowel very clearly and briefly. 'There is,' he says, 'a sound with us in Swedish between o and a which has received no proper character up to the present day,' of which, moreover, he proceeds to give proof by selected words. See his *Schibboleth*, page 32. This sound, originally short, was also found to appear in a more lengthened form, of which M. Akerblom proceeds to give specimens.—On this follows another brief article, on certain names which occur in *Saxo Grammaticus*, *e.g.*, Book I., page 23, *Liserus*, supposed to be an equivalent to *Lýsir* and *Lyter*. A second series of names, more or less *semi-mythic*, or of mythological character, as *Beaw* or *Beav*=*Beów*=*Bjarr*. These names, mentioned in the *Flateyrbok*, I., 27, also in Snorri's *Eddagk*, are traced up to other relationships, by M. Jón Jónsson writing apparently from Iceland.—These are followed by two papers from the pen of Professor Finnur Jonsson as to points bearing on the literary history of the North, a subject on which he is at present engaged. The first is on an epithet applied to Harold Fairhair, as the foster son of the old man *Dovre*, which the Professor justly remarks is only of interest from the literary and historical point of view.—Dr. Olrik, in his researches on the sources of Saxo, points to the edition of the Chronicle of the Kings of Norway, in the form printed from the MSS. *Fagrskinna*, also to *Agrip*, also a compendium of the Chronicle of the Kings of Norway. This story is not found in any source earlier than 1300 A.D., and the Professor finds that the whole story cannot be placed higher than the fourteenth century.—There is further a brief discussion from the pen of Professor Finnur Jonsson as to the age of *Bjarkemál*, which is held to have been spoken by the skáld Thormod in the battle of Stiklestad.—Finally we have the interpretation of certain stanzas from the

'Haustlong,' 'Háleygjatal,' and other famous old poems.—The number concludes with a critique of the Swedish language as a written speech, as shown in a popular course of lectures lately delivered in the High School, Gottenburg.

#### A M E R I C A .

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW (April).—The American Historical Association met in December last at Newhaven, and as the fortunes of this *Review* have been affected by what was there done, and the *Review* put upon a permanent footing, an account of the meeting is here given. The Association, it appears, is to subscribe for the *Review* for all its members, but with no further pecuniary responsibility, and the Board of Editors is in future, as their terms expire, to be chosen by the Council of the Association. The Association now numbers about twelve hundred members. From the account here given, there appears to be a very considerable and enthusiastic movement in most parts of the United States in respect to historical studies. The papers read before the Association at Newhaven were of great interest. Altogether, the Association is one that might with advantage be imitated in this country.—Mr. Cheyney writes on the 'Recantations of the Early Lollards,' and shows that the whole of the first generation of Lollards recanted. This was due, he maintains, to the 'collective spirit of the age,' 'an instructive tendency to allow the individual to be dominated by society as a whole.'—The next article is written by Mr. Sloane, who takes for his subject 'Napoleon's Plans for a Colonial System.' This formed one of the papers read at the Newhaven meeting, where it was very favourably received. At the present moment it is of great interest.—It is followed by an article with the title, 'Holms vs. Walton: the New-Jersey Precedent.' It is from the pen of Mr. Austin Scott, and is described as 'A chapter in the history of judicial and unconstitutional legislation,' and refers to the time of the Revolution.—Mr. Geo. L. Burr gives an account of 'The Search for the Venezuela-Guiana Boundary.' Mr. Burr does not tell where the boundary is, 'because, as he says, 'I never found it,' but he writes pleasantly and cautiously on the attempts made to find it, and especially of those which, at the request of the American authorities, he made himself.—The 'Documents' is more than ordinarily interesting. It contains a copy of the Diary or Journal kept by Captain Peter Russell, 'a remote scion of the Bedford Russells,' during the siege of Charleston, 1799-1780, at which Russell was present.—Among the books noticed are: Jastrow's *Religion of Babylonia and*

*Assyria*, Cheyne's *Jewish Religious Life after the Exile*, Marion Crawford's *Ave Roma Immortalis*, Harvey Robinson's *Petrarch*, Julian Corbett's *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, Miss Foxcroft's *George Saville*, Lord Ashbourne's *Pitt*, Busch's *Bismarck*, Prince Bismarck's *Reflections and Reminiscences*, and Dana's *Recollections of the Civil War*.—There is also a good supply of notes and news in connection with historical studies.

THE JOHN HOPKINS UNIVERSITY STUDIES.—The issue for this quarter, in Historical and Political Section, is a short monograph by Dr. Bartlett B. James on 'The Labadist Colony in Maryland.' The colony, which has long since died out, practically owed its existence to Jean de Labadie. Labadie was a strange and erratic soul. He was born at Bordeaux in 1610, and, entering the Jesuit College there, became a member of the lower order of the priesthood. He had genius and talents, for which reason he was for long tolerated by the Society, though he finally made himself highly objectionable by his mysticism and eccentricities. He was allowed to leave the Society, and became a secular priest. He professed to be inspired, and held that he had a mission to reform the Church. Richelieu protected him, but Mazarin obtained an order for his arrest, which, owing to the death of the king, was not put in force. In 1645 he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, but the sentence was modified by the Assembly of the Clergy of France, when he was ordered to renounce his opinions, and to refrain from preaching for a period of years. Soon after he joined the Calvinists, and undertook the reformation of the Protestant Church. He collected a Society around him in Amsterdam which grew and prospered until the civil authorities intervened in consequence of certain excesses the community indulged in. The sect wandered about from place to place till they settled at Weiward, in Friesland, where the communal, which was born at Amsterdam, attained its full measure of strength. In 1683 the Labadists, as the members of the sect were called, moved to America, and settled on land formerly belonging to Augustine Hermann, a Bohemian colonist, in Maryland. The settlement was communistic, but gradually dwindled away, and in 1722 ceased to exist. Dr. James gives an account of the peculiar doctrines held by the Labadists, and many interesting particulars respecting their wanderings and manner of life.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

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*The Theology of the New Testament.* By GEORGE BARKER STEVENS, Ph.D., D.D., etc. (International Theological Library). Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1899.

There is one service which the series to which this volume belongs may be said to be rendering to English speaking students of Theology, and for which its Authors, Editors and Publishers alike deserve commendation, and that is, that by presenting them with separate handbooks dealing with the different departments of their science, it is enabling them to obtain a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of the whole field of theology without necessarily having recourse to books written in a foreign tongue. Hitherto this has been impossible and with the completion of the series the English student of theology will be in a better position than it was possible for him to be in a few years ago. The thorough student will still require to go to Germany and France, and to keep up his acquaintance with the older theologians, but beginners will not be so dependent upon the theologians of France or Germany as hitherto. He will have the advantage of beginning his studies in his own tongue. Dr. Stevens' volume is a scholarly and luminous contribution to the series. Treatises on the Theology of the New Testament in English are not numerous. Most of them are of German origin, and German methods to some extent characterise those which are not. Dr. Stevens takes the thoroughly sound view that the Theology of the New Testament is a development and completion of that of the Hebrew Scriptures, and throughout his volume makes an excellent use of Christ's saying, 'I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.' This saying, indeed, may be regarded as furnishing the keynote of all he has written, his endeavour being everywhere to connect the teaching of the Christian Scriptures with that of the Old Testament, and to show how the former completes or fulfils the latter as fruit, to use one of his own illustrations, is the fulfilment or completion of the blossom. In dealing with his subject, he has ventured upon a new departure, to be presently noticed. Of the seven divisions into which he has thrown his volume, five treat as usual of the theology of the Synoptics, of the Primitive Apostolic teaching, of the Pauline, of that of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and of the Apocalypse. As to the theology of the other or Johannean writings, Dr. Stevens has ventured upon a new division. In the first place he treats of the teaching of Jesus in the fourth Gospel apart from what are assumed to be the comments of the author. In other words, he takes the addresses of this Gospel apart and endeavours to develop the teaching they contain, and then in another division he devotes himself to the consideration of the theology of St. John as contained in the epistles and in the passages of the fourth Gospel which do not seem to him to have been uttered by Jesus. Much might be said of this discriminating treatment of the Johannean writings. It is a case of separating in order to understand, and the student will find the plan adopted helpful. In a book dealing with so large a subject and involving so many points of interpretation, it is scarcely

possible that we should agree with the author completely. Much that he has said is admirable. Nothing, for instance, can be finer than his introductory chapter, or than the sections dealing with the theology of St. John, and particularly his treatment of the Logos doctrine. Still we should be disposed to suggest that the idea of fulfilment or completion may be worked out more fully and into richer results. In characterising the theology of St. John it might be as well to drop the term 'mystic.' It has of course a good meaning, but it has also more commonly another. Dr. Stevens' conception of the kingdom of God is certainly an advance upon some conceptions of it which have been published, but it is doubtful whether he has altogether grasped the real significance of the phrase or the reality it is intended to designate or to stand for. As usual Dr. Stevens derives the theology of St. Paul from his anthropology, and seeks for his most fundamental conceptions in the controversial passages of his writings. But while offering points of controversy, there is much in the volume which cannot fail to meet with general approval, while for the students, for whom it is written, it will unquestionably prove one of the most acceptable in the series.

*The Epistle to the Galatians: an Essay on its Destination and Date, with Appendix on the Visit to Jerusalem recorded in Chapter II.* By E. H. ASKWITH, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1899.

In this scholarly little volume Mr. Askwith deals with the two principal questions relating to the Epistle to the Galatians. As is well known, while Dr. Lightfoot maintained that the Epistle was addressed to the Christians in Galatia proper, that is, in the district of Asia Minor occupied by the Gauls in the fourth century B.C., Professor Ramsay has maintained that its real destination was to the churches founded by St. Paul in his first missionary journey at Antioch in Psidia, Iconium, Lystra and Derbe—cities situated in what at the time the Epistle was written was called the Roman Province of Galatia. Dr. Lightfoot, again, maintained that the Epistle was written shortly after the second to the Corinthians; but according to Professor Ramsay it was written in Syrian Antioch. Mr. Askwith keeps the two questions separate and argues cleverly, and, as it seems to us, successfully against the North Galatian theory of the Epistle's destination, and in favour of Professor Ramsay's contention that it was written to the churches planted by St. Paul in the Roman Province of Galatia during his first missionary journey. But while he agrees with him on this point, he joins issue with him as to the date. Here he argues in favour of Dr. Lightfoot's contention that it was written not in Antioch on the Orontes, but shortly after the second Epistle to the Church in Corinth, and maintains that this date is quite consistent with the theory of its being addressed to the churches in the Roman Province of Galatia. The arguments are too numerous and condensed to be considered here; but they are both ingenious and well founded, and to those interested in the questions at issue will abundantly repay an attentive perusal.

*Recent Archaeology and The Bible.* By the Rev. THOMAS NICOL, D.D. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1899.

Archæology has recently had so much to do with the Bible, and has thrown so much light upon its narratives that, although much still remains to be done, and many discoveries it is to be hoped still remain to be made,

one cannot help commending the choice which Dr. Nicol has made when selecting the subject for his Croall Lectures. At the present moment theologians can treat of few topics more interesting. The ascertained facts of archæology are much more valuable than the theories of critics, and are likely to attract more attention. Not that Dr. Nicol and other Biblical archæologists do not now and then indulge in theories. Partial knowledge can scarcely fail to incite to it. But for the most part Dr. Nicol confines himself to a plain statement of the varied and important, and one might almost say the altogether unexpected, discoveries which have been made during the last fifty or sixty years in Bible lands and in connection with Bible history. If we have any fault to find with his treatment of his subject, it is that he has attempted too much in his lectures. But taking them for what they are intended to be, a brief and popular account of the results of Biblical archæology, the lectures are deserving of great commendation. The field Dr. Nicol has tried to cover is immense. First of all he has given an account of the work done by the Palestine Exploration Fund, and a summary of the exploration in Egypt and Babylonia. Next, two lectures are given on the bearing of the discoveries in Babylonia on the narrative of the Book of Genesis, in the course of which we have an account of the Babylonian narratives of Creation and of the Flood, with references to many other points where the literature of Babylon as contained in the cuneiform inscriptions touches that of the Hebrews. Two other lectures deal with the discoveries made in Egypt and with the history of Egypt and of the Exodus. In the second of these Dr. Nicol takes in hand the Tel el Amarna correspondence, and shows its bearing upon Egyptian history and the condition of Palestine. In the same lecture we have copious references to the Hittites, their remains and their relations with Egypt, and the references to them in the annals of Egypt and in the records of Babylonia and Assyria. The sixth lecture deals with the conquest of Canaan as seen by the light of recent discoveries, while the seventh shows the extent to which the later history of Israel is illustrated by the records recovered from the mounds of Mesopotamia. The eighth and last lecture treats of archæology in its bearings upon the New Testament. The path Dr. Nicol has trodden is extremely thorny; but by confining himself to ascertained facts he has been able to avoid most of the difficulties and to present the reader with a really good popular account of the remarkable work archæology has done for the interpretation and corroboration of the Scripture narratives. If it had done no more than discover the Hittites, it would have done much, but it has done incomparably more. From the mounds in which they have been hid for ages, archæology has gathered all manner of records and documents—royal letters and decrees, proclamations and annals, official reports and official instructions, leases, contracts, merchants' accounts, poems and prayers, school books, and even a love letter, besides things innumerable—all throwing a wonderful light upon the political, intellectual and social condition of the East, at a time when, until these literary discoveries were made, it was supposed that the art of writing was unknown. Some of Dr. Nicol's paragraphs read like passages from a romance, and no one can consider himself equipped to understand the narratives of the Scriptures who has not made himself acquainted with the information here so happily presented in a popular form.

*Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought.* By R. H. HUTTON. Selected from the *Spectator* and Edited by ELIZABETH M. ROSCOE. (Eversley Series). London: Macmillan & Co. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1899.

This is undoubtedly the most notable reprint of the quarter, and will be welcomed by a very large number of readers. Among a certain, and indeed a very numerous class, Mr. Holt Hutton was long a great intellectual power, and whatever may be thought of his opinions, there can be no hesitation in saying that he was a strong, clear, and fearless thinker, imbued with a broad and catholic spirit, and always disposed to allow the same freedom to others that he claimed for himself. The selections which have here been made from his papers in the *Spectator* from the pages of which he was wont to address his weekly homily to an audience which was almost as widely spread as the English speaking race, deal entirely as the title indicates with the varying aspects of religious and scientific thought, and they deal with these aspects for the most part, if not indeed always, from the religious or ethical point of view. To the condition of the religious and ethical atmosphere around him, Mr. Hutton was extremely sensitive, and nothing suited him better than to treat of the varying opinions which are continually being projected into it, and to bring them to the test of the eternal truths over which they float and sometimes obscure as clouds the heavens. The 'aspects' are here treated in no narrow or sectarian way, but in a broad and catholic spirit. The papers are short, and the style is sometimes a little involved; but it is often eloquent, and one is never at a loss to make out the aspect which Mr. Hutton contends against, and the one which he believed to be more consonant with the truth and more helpful to men. Some of the papers are exceedingly fine, and will commend themselves to all, while each of them is the utterance of a mind profoundly religious and profoundly intent on setting forth its best and highest thoughts on some of the greatest problems of life.

*The Quest of Faith: being Notes on the Current Philosophy of Religion.* By THOMAS BAILEY SAUNDERS. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1899.

Mr. Saunders is a clear and vigorous thinker, well versed in the philosophies, ancient and modern, and capable of making himself interestingly intelligible on the most abstruse topics. Whether he is in quest of a faith himself, we are unable to say. The impression produced by his volume is that he is not, but is in possession of one which, if simple as a philosophy, is sufficient for the purposes of life. We may, of course, be mistaken. His volume, however, is better described, so far as its contents are concerned, by its sub-title, for in reality it contains a number of 'notes on the current philosophy of religion.' These notes are, to say the least, trenchant and luminous. Among the writers whose philosophy of religion Mr. Saunders criticises are the late Professor Huxley, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Dr. Fraser, Mr. Gladstone, and the Duke of Argyll. Generally speaking, Mr. Saunders' criticisms are destructive. His aim is to show that in most of the attempts which have been recently made to solve the higher problems of the human mind, very little, if any advancement has been made, and that many of the positions advanced are untenable. In this latter respect he has no difficulty in dealing with the Agnostics. Professor Huxley, of whose writings Mr. Saunders is evidently a keen student, fares badly in his hands. He dissects his arguments with considerable skill, and points out a number of inconsistencies into which that redoubtable controversialist fell. With Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Saunders is scarcely so successful. He takes objection to the classifications made by Mr. Balfour, and writes strongly against his doctrine of authority. Some of his remarks are well-founded, but it is questionable whether he has not failed to show that

the position taken up by the author of *The Foundations of Belief* in regard to authority is not, in the main, true. The notes on Mr. Gladstone's *Studies Subsidiary to Butler*, as the chapters on Teleology and Dr. Fraser's 'Gifford Lectures,' are deserving of attention. From an intellectual point of view, indeed, the whole of the Notes are thoroughly bracing. If there is less of a constructive character about them, they have the advantage of proving the untenableness of a number of popular fallacies.

*Psychology and Life.* By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899.

This volume consists of six essays which treat respectively of Psychology in relation to life, physiology, education, art, history, and mysticism. The essays are separate, but they all bear upon one great subject, and the book is intended to be read as a whole. Towards psychology Professor Münsterberg takes up what may be called a Kantian attitude. He subjects its pretensions to a critical examination, and demands that it should confine itself within its own limits. This examination and demand he regards, and regards rightly, as perfectly legitimate. Psychology has no title to lay claim to be more than a science or to pose as an interpreter of the realities of life, nor can it object to a critical examination of its limits. Hence Professor Münsterberg's first and primary aim is to separate between the conceptions of psychology and the conceptions of our real life. Popular ideas about psychology, as he remarks, suggest that the psychological description and explanation of mental facts express the reality of our inner experience, and as a consequence that our ethical and æsthetic, our practical, educational, social and historical views, are subordinate, and should be subordinated to the doctrines of psychology; but against this he argues that psychology is never an expression of reality, but a transformation of it, worked out for special logical purposes in the services of life. The book in short is a strong plea for idealism of the higher and more practical kind as against the more or less veiled materialism in vogue and deserves to be studied with care both by the student of psychology and those who are interested in education. Professor Münsterberg writes for the most part in clear and vigorous English, but one or two of the technical terms he uses are in need of explanation and may cause some of his readers considerable difficulty.

*Reminiscences.* By JUSTIN M'CARTHY, M.P. 2 Vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1899.

The recollections and impressions of these volumes go back to the year 1852, and though all about men and women, are wonderfully varied. Mr. M'Carthy has had the good fortune to have met or to have been on more or less intimate terms with most of the leading or conspicuous men and women of the last forty or fifty years, and having a good memory or a voluminous note-book, appears to have had no difficulty in filling these two bulky volumes with materials of the most entertaining kind. The notes of personal history in which they abound are valuable; the impressions are probably less so. Still, they are the impressions of a man well versed in affairs, and are set forth with great literary skill and ability. Mr. M'Carthy has tried to avoid politics, and politics do not appear much on the surface of the volumes. Still, there is a strong undercurrent of

politics running throughout them, and one can scarcely avoid the impression that the author is, in spite of his evident desire to keep politics in the background, a politician first and a literary workman second. That his own private political opinions have much to do in shaping his estimate of the various politicians who appear on his pages can scarcely be doubted. Probably, too, they account for the absence of some conspicuous names, and the slightness of the references which are made to others. For the rest, however, the book is thoroughly enjoyable. The entertainment which Mr. M'Carthy spreads out for his readers is, we have said, of the most varied description. Almost all the men and women who have made themselves conspicuous by their abilities during the latter half of the present century, figure upon his pages, and are skilfully presented to the reader as they impressed Mr. M'Carthy. Few men, we imagine, have had so many opportunities of meeting the celebrities of the period, and still fewer, we imagine, have known as well how to use their recollections and impressions for literary purposes, or have had the requisite leisure. To give anything like an adequate idea of the contents of the two volumes is here impossible. Men and women of all ranks and professions are the subjects of Mr. M'Carthy's reminiscences. Doctors, lawyers, actors, painters, poets, travellers, war correspondents, members of Parliament, judges, statesmen, novelists, newspaper editors, men of science, critics, and historians, all find their way into his recollections, and are more or less elaborately alluded to in his pages. During his visits to America, whether as a lecturer or as representing the Political Party he for a time led, Mr. M'Carthy came in contact with most of the literary men and politicians there, and has much to tell about Emerson, General Grant, Horace Greeley, Hawthorne, Wendell Holmes, Longfellow, Whitman, George Ripley, Miss Cushman, Charles Sumner, and others. While editor of the *Morning Star*, Mr. M'Carthy, like Mr. Cooper, now of the *Scotsman*, saw much of Mr. Bright, and, besides his own impressions of him as a politician and an orator, publishes a number of letters from him. Mr. M'Carthy's compatriots and fellow-workers in politics bulk largely on his pages. Mr. Parnell has a chapter all to himself, like Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Lord Iddesleigh, Cobden, George Eliot, J. S. Mill, George Meredith, and Randolph Churchill. The sketches of Messrs. Dillon and Sexton are reproduced from the columns of the *Daily News*, and to them Mr. M'Carthy has added another on Messrs. Sullivan, T. Healy, The O'Gorman Mahon. In the same chapter, too, we have a sketch of Colonel Saunderson, whose politics are not quite the same as the author's, and a very generous sketch it is. But the reader must turn to the book itself to learn how rich it is in anecdote and impression. It is one of those books which cannot be opened without lighting upon something which makes one desirous of reading further.

*The Life of Prince Bismarck.* By WILLIAM JACKS. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1899.

Notwithstanding the five bulky volumes recently published in connection with the great German Chancellor, Mr. Jacks has thought it requisite to publish another. Nor will those who have read Dr. Busch's volumes or the posthumous volumes of the Chancellor be disposed to think that his work is altogether unnecessary. Both the Chancellor and the Pressman left very much unsaid which requires to be known, if the Chancellor himself is to be understood, or if many of the allusions in his 'faithful Busch's' volumes are to be intelligently recognised. To the merely English reader, the volumes referred to, indeed, are often hard

reading, many things being assumed to be known which he is not likely to be acquainted with, unless he has a more than ordinary knowledge of the history of modern Europe. It may be said at once, therefore, that for the great bulk of the English-reading public, Mr. Jacks has here done a service for which he deserves no small debt of gratitude. Going back to the birth of the Iron Chancellor, he has given a connected narrative of his life, together with a history of the movements by which his actions were determined, as well as of those in which he was the chief actor. For instance, of the Revolutionary movement in 1848, Mr. Jacks has given an interesting and informing account which will enable the reader to appreciate the remarks in connection with it both in Prince Bismarck's volumes and in those of his garrulous reporter and idoliser, Dr. Busch. One difficulty Mr. Jacks has evidently laboured under, and that is the want of space. Many things are passed over or alluded to in the briefest way which, if larger space had been at his command might, and from what we gather from the preface, would have been dealt with at greater length. Mr. Jacks is evidently an admirer—one might almost say an enthusiastic admirer—of the Chancellor, and, so far as we can make out, can see no fault in him, but is prepared to defend his actions and policy in almost every particular. One excellent feature in the volume is the number of extracts from the Chancellor's speeches. They are well translated, and help to explain the Chancellor's policy with precision. Nothing is said, however, of Bismarck's relations with the military authorities during the Austrian and Franco-Prussian wars. Nor is anything said as to Bismarck's singular use of the Press, or of the Court intrigues against him. But all these are treated of with fulness in the other volumes referred to. To these Mr. Jacks's is an excellent supplement, and ought to be acceptable to a very wide circle of readers.

*Cosimo de' Medici.* By K. DOROTHEA EWART. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1899.

This is a volume of that remarkably able and attractive series of half-crown books which the Messrs. Macmillan are publishing under the title 'Foreign Statesmen.' There are differences among them, but all of them bear evidence of freshness of research, and are valuable both for the general reader and as introductions to larger studies. The last we noticed, the Countess of Cesaresco's monograph on Cavour, is a charming volume, and the same may be said of Miss Ewart's. That Miss Ewart has gone back to the original sources and studied the character and statecraft of the greatest of the Medici for herself is evident on every page. Her knowledge of Florentine history, too, is singularly minute, and has enabled her to give a remarkably vivid and accurate sketch of the constitution of Florence and the working of its governmental institutions before as well as after Cosimo's accession to power. Her estimate of the character, abilities, and statecraft of the great Medicean is on the whole sound. Here and there Miss Ewart diverges into a wider theme than Florentine history, as when for a moment she turns aside to sketch the characteristics of the Italian Renaissance, and contrasts it with that of the northern nations. Such digressions show the thoroughness with which Miss Ewart has studied her subject, and her complete mastery of it. On the whole, we know no book where in so small a compass so vivid an idea of mediæval Florence can be obtained, or in which the rise of the Medicean family to power is at once so minutely and so skilfully described.

*Calendar of the Laing Charters, A.D. 854-1837, belonging to the University of Edinburgh.* Edited by the Rev. JOHN ANDERSON. Edinburgh: James Thin. 1899.

The three thousand, three hundred, and twenty-six charters which are here calendared cover a space of nearly a thousand years, and, as might be expected, are of different characters and values. The first goes back to about the year 854, and is a charter in Anglo-Saxon by King Æthelwulf in favour of the monks of God and St. Peter at Winchester, granting them twenty hides of land at 'Woenbeorzon,' which the editor suggests is Wembury. Among the witnesses to it are the famous St. Swithin, Æthelbald, who succeeded Æthelwulf as king, and Ælfred, who also became king. The latest is an indenture bearing the date 26th July, 1837, declaring the election of William Downe Gillon of Wallhouse as Member of Parliament for the Falkirk Burghs. The greater part refer to Scotland, but a number of them refer to England, especially to the northern parts of it. Many are instruments of Sasine, but all of them are more or less valuable, and serve to illustrate the history of the country and of various localities. Legal documents are not, as a rule, interesting or attractive reading, and the Laing charters cannot be said to be in any way exceptions. Still, it is possible to meet with much in these charters which in some way or other throws light upon the past life and interests of society. From No. 7 we find that three natives or serfs held six oxgates of land near the house of the nuns of Haddington, and farmed them. The same charter bears distinct reference to the existence in the thirteenth century of a class called 'cottars.' By a charter granted in 1270-80, Patrick Corbet gives half a carucate of land belonging to the Hospital of Great Newton, in Glendale, for the support of three poor men, but provides that if any of them will not labour, or do to the best of his power or infirmity what is commanded, he shall be expelled. In No. 40 we come across a famous harper—Harper of Carrick, as he is called—to whose son David II. grants the whole land of Dalelachane in Carrick for the yearly payment of a silver penny at the church of Stratoun. By No. 46 the same King confirms the charter by which Dervorgilla, daughter of the late Alan of Galloway, in her widowhood, grants and confirms to God and the Church of St. Mary of Sweetheart, and the monks there of the Cistercian Order of the Convent of Dundrennan, for the Abbey to be built in honour of God and St. Mary the Virgin, certain lands, all of which are defined in the most elaborate way. In No. 88 we get a glimpse of an ancient custom. John Rede, a burghess of Edinburgh, grants to the Friars Preachers of the said burgh an annual rent of two silver marks to be levied twice a year from his tenement situated on the north side of the burgh. 'And the said John Rede delivered one silver penny to Friar Adam, prior of the said Preachers, then present and acting for his brethren, in token of possession of the said annual rent, and so invested him therein.' No. 92 discloses a serious quarrel in 1412 between Rankyn of Foulerton, lord of that Ilk, and the 'Quite Freris' respecting a piece of patronage. The quarrel is taken before the chapter of 'the hale provincial beande at Irrwyn,' and the Friars decide against themselves. No. 119 shows that the Templars once owned certain lands called 'Dyocis tempill' in Kyle, which in 1441 were in the hands of Fullarton of that Ilk. No. 134 is interesting as showing among other things, that on 18th July, 1452, James II. was leading his army into the South Country against James, ninth and last Earl of Douglas. The expedition is described in the Auchinleck Chronicle, but in the Great Seal Register there is a blank between July 9 and August 5 in that year. By No. 142, of date 15th November, 1456, Alexander of Suthyrland



of Dunbeth leaves his body to 'be gravyt' at the College Kirk of Roslin, and bequeathes to his son Alexander, Archdean of Cathenes, £200 for a pilgrimage to Rome to do certain things for his 'saul,' also a chalice to the College Kirk of Roslin, and another to St. Manus' altar at Kirkwald, the said chalices to be 'gyltit.' According to No. 145, William of Cranstoun, as procurator for his brother-natural, lord of Craling, passed to the principal message of 'Crunzelstoun,' and took earth, stone, and wood in his hand, and in public, in a loud and intelligible voice, said: "I, William of Cranstoun, procurator of William of Cranstoun, and in his place and name, annull, dissolve, and break a certain pretended and scandalous sasine which Edward Livingston took, or said he had taken, of the lands of 'Cruyhel-toun' and Rahill, with their pertinents, lying in the sheriffdom of Nithsdale; and having so said, he broke the stone, wood, and earth which he bore in his hand. From No. 158 we learn that the tocher of Janet Wallace, daughter of Adam Wallace of Cragow, was nine score merks paid in advance on the security of certain lands, which lands were to be forfeited to Janet's father by George of Folarton, lord of Crosby, if Paul, his son and heir, failed to marry Janet. The document was executed at Irvine, 13th May, 1469, but there are no witnesses to it. In No. 196 we come across the election of the parish clerk of Canongate and of the town of Leith. After his nomination by the Abbot of Holyrood, Patrick Bellautyne is presented to the parishioners, who unanimsly consent to and approve and ratify his appointment. Patrick is then inducted to his office by his predecessor delivering to him a 'stoup' and sprinkler ('amphoram et aspersorium'). Another Church ceremonial is brought before us in No. 212. In this case a divorce is pronounced between George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, and Lady Anabella Stewart. In No. 224 we meet with Scheves, Archbishop of St. Andrews, striving to put things right in his diocese. These are but a few of the points we have noticed. There are many more which to the antiquary and student of history will prove informing. The volume is provided with an excellent index, which, so far as we have examined it, is accurate, but on page 545 the reference in No. 2307 should be to 2303 instead of 2304.

*The History of Old Cumnock.* By the Rev. JOHN WARWICK, M.A., Free Church, Old Cumnock. Map and Illustrations. Paisley and London: Alex. Gardner. 1899.

Parochial history is attracting more and more attention, and among the many histories of parishes which have recently been issued, Mr. Warwick's is entitled to a respectable place. Cumnock has never been very prominent in the history of the country, except during the Covenanted period, when it certainly attracted a good deal of attention. Of that period it possesses some extremely interesting relics and memorials, and the fact that it is the burial place of Peden, and of a number of brave men who were associated with him, will always give the place a certain prominence in the civil as well as in the religious history of the country. Otherwise, however, there is little in the history of the place which is of any great importance. Cumnock is a large parish, and used to include what is now known as the parish of New Cumnock. It contains less moorland and more arable land than the new parish, is watered by two rivers, is without lochs, has two or three bits of interesting and beautiful scenery, is comparatively well wooded, and rich in minerals. According to recent opinion, it has no Roman roads, and never had any. There is a dolmen in it, and some remains of the Stone Age have been picked up here and there within its borders. It has the remains of two or three feudal

castles. Its patron saint is Convall, the Irishman who is said to have sailed over from Ireland on a stone, and to have made the parish of Inchinnan, in Renfrewshire, the chief field of his labours. At an early date—perhaps in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, certainly not later—the parish was raised into a barony of regality. The first known barons were the Earls of March, through whom the parish can claim a connection with Black Agnes of Dunbar. The barony remained among the Dunbars down to the year 1612, when, with all its civil and ecclesiastical rights, it was sold, but to whom Mr. Warwick does not tell us. Shortly before 1623 it was in the hands of Cunnynghame of Caprintoun, who surrendered it in 1630 to William Crichton, Viscount Ayr, afterwards Earl of Dumfries, who retained it till December, 1637. The following month the Earl of Queensberry was appointed baron, and five years later the lordship passed to Crichton of Abercrombie, a kinsman of the Dumfries family. In the reign of Charles II., the Earl of Dumfries was invested with the baronial office, and he and his heirs kept it till, along with other similar offices, it was abolished in 1747. As might naturally be expected, the parish was involved in the struggle for national independence, and in his *Bruce Barbour* refers to it more than once. Ecclesiastically, the parish belonged to the see of Glasgow, and was served at first by a rector. Afterwards the rectory was converted into a prebend of the Cathedral Church, and the parish was served by a vicar. According to Mr. Warwick's account, the acceptance of the Protestant faith in the parish was instantaneous and universal, and many pages of his volume are taken up with an account of the ministers of the various Protestant denominations who have exercised their gifts in the place. Judging by the samples Mr. Warwick adduces, the Kirk-Session Records and the Heritors' Minute Book are less varied and noteworthy than one would have expected. Among the interesting chapters are those on the Covenanters, Burns, and the Industries of the Parish. In the concluding chapter Mr. Warwick attempts to treat of the vexed question of feus and leases, but fails to take account of what has to be said on the other side, or to put the question in anything like its legal or, indeed, impartial form.

*Records of the Borough of Leicester: Being a Series of Extracts from the Archives of the Corporation of Leicester, 1103-1327.* Edited by MARY BATESON. With a Preface by the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON. London: C. & J. Clay & Sons. 1899.

Every student of the history of municipal institutions, whether of Scotland or of England, will join with the Bishop of London in congratulating the Municipality of Leicester on the public spirit which has led to the publication of the earliest records of their civic history. It is not every Town Council that has the courage to face such an undertaking, nor is it every Town Council that is able to appreciate its value, and it says not a little for the municipal authorities of Leicester that they have resolved to throw open their archives to the public and to contribute so handsomely to the furtherance of historic studies. The municipality may also be congratulated on securing so capable an editor for their Records as Miss Bateson, whose painstaking Introduction of nearly sixty closely printed octavo pages serves as an excellent guide to the many interesting details contained in the documents she has selected for publication. The earliest document is assigned to the years 1103-1118, and is a copy of a charter granted by Robert Count of Meulan to his Leicester merchants, and the last, of which we have but a summary, is dated May 17, 1325. The extracts are given

chronologically, and divided into three principal groups, those showing the relations between the King and the Borough, between the Earl and the Borough, and between the Merchant Guild and the Borough Court. Under these heads Miss Bateson discusses the contents of the documents in her introduction, and brings out many important points in connection with the history of the town. The paragraphs on the Merchant Guild are of especial interest and value as bearing upon recent theories as to the relations which existed between the Guild and the other authorities of the town. In the course of the Introduction a number of curious points are raised and illustrated with considerable wealth of reference. The extracts contain many things illustrative of the social life of the times to which they refer. Their value in this and other respects, indeed, can scarcely be overrated, and it is to be hoped that the reception of the volume will be sufficiently cordial to warrant the publication of at least a companion volume. Miss Bateson has shown that Bretolium is not Bristol, and hopes soon to treat of the Breteuil Custom.

*Annals of the Solway until A.D. 1307.* By GEORGE NEILSON.  
Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1899.

In this thin quarto volume Mr. Neilson has gathered together a considerable amount of historical information, and made a contribution to our knowledge respecting the Solway Firth greater than the slimness of his volume would lead one at first to expect. He has searched far and wide, examined maps and traditions, and has demonstrated, among other things, that before the thirteenth century the Solway Firth was known, not by the name it now goes by, but as the Irish Sea, that it derived its name from a ford 'at Sulwath,' a place upon the river Esk, where the border laws were administered, and that *sol* means mud, and *wath*, a ford. The position of the Sulwath, too, he has distinctly pointed out, and relates some interesting particulars respecting the Lochmaben stane. Having fixed the position of the ford and the origin of the comparatively modern name of the arm of the sea below Sulwath, Mr. Neilson proceeds to recount the history of the Firth down to the year 1307. This is both legendary and real, and touches, besides Edward I.'s campaign and the war of independence, several such topics as salt-making and fishing on the Solway. With regard to the latter, Mr. Neilson shows that in the early grants by the lords of Annandale the sturgeon was reserved from the fishings, and also the whale, both being regarded as royal fish. The book, indeed, is a clever bit of antiquarian research and writing, and valuable.

*Bladzijden uit de Beschavingsgeschiedenis der Langobarden.* By  
Dr. L. KNAPPERT. Assen: Van Gorcum & Co. 1899.

These 'pages' are in continuation of a series of studies which Dr. Knappert has been contributing to the *Theologisch Tijdschrift* on the influence of Christianity on Teutonic and Celtic paganism from the time of the early Christian Missionaries, and on the reflex influence of that paganism on the forms which Christianity took among those tribes. The paganism and paganised Christianity exhibited in these studies have been those seen among the Anglo-Saxons. In the work now before us, Dr. Knappert directs our attention to the interplay of these same influences as revealed in the tribe of the Langobardens,—better known by us under the Italian form of their old name, Lombards. They descended, under the leadership of Alboin, in 568, from the steppes of Pannonia, into northern Italy, and pressed southwards, overrunning a large part of the peninsula. Dr. Knap-

pert gives a summary sketch of the character and history of this people, taking as the basis of his work the *Historia Langobardorum* of Paul, surnamed the Deacon, from his having been in deacon's orders. He was a Lombard by birth, the grandson of one of the invaders under Alboin, and was peculiarly fitted for the task he undertook by his intimate knowledge of his people, of their history, and of the legends bearing on their past, and by his general learning and culture. The laws of this tribe were early codified, and the character and feats of the invading horde gave occasion for many writers directing their attention to them. They were for long a source of constant trouble to the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome and elsewhere. Dr. Knappert has been at no loss for sources from which to draw, and here makes good use of them. He gives a very clear, but concise, sketch of the history, manners, and customs, of the sagas and superstitions of the Lombards of those early days, and then tells of their conversion and its effects on their general life and character. It is but a sketch,—many interesting points are merely touched upon, whetting, but far from satisfying, our curiosity,—but, within its limits and with the object in view of its author, an informing sketch. Dr. Knappert never allows our interest to flag, nor does he distract our attention by irrelevant matter, or over extended philosophising. He sets his facts in their historical light, and when we take up this work, after having read the other articles already referred to, our interest in it is greatly increased.

*Yule and Christmas: Their Place in the Germanic Year.* By  
ALEXANDER TILLE, Ph.D. London: David Nutt. 1899.

The problems which Dr. Tille here treats of in connection with the Germanic year are the three-score-day tide of Yule, the Germanic adoption of the Roman Calendar, and the introduction of the festival of Christ's nativity into a part of the Germanic year, which up to that time had to all appearance been without a festivity. The revolution which these events brought about in custom, belief, and legend, is also traced down to the fourteenth century, by which time, in the opinion of Dr. Tille, most of the fundamental features which go towards the making of modern Christmas had already come to have their centre in the 25th of December. Against Weinhold, and an opinion Jacob Grimm at one time held, Dr. Tille maintains the accuracy of the statement in the *Germania* of Tacitus that the Germans divided the year into three parts, winter, spring, and summer, and not into four as the Romans did, and that they had no name for autumn, and knew as little of its gifts as they did of its name. This tri-partition of the Germanic year he holds as 'an unshakable fact,' and points out that it was preserved for a very long time on legal grounds, the three seasons answering to 'the not-ordered courts, *i.e.*, the three annual legal meetings which were fixed by tradition and not called by special royal ordinance.' Various other customs are adduced in support of this fact, as *e.g.* the mode of paying the wages of feudal servants at the beginning of winter, in mid-Lent, and about midsummer. On the other hand, Dr. Tille points out that on etymological grounds this tri-partition of the year cannot be substantiated. Etymology points only to a dual division among the ancient Aryans—winter and summer—and in Dr. Tille's opinion the tri-partition is of Egyptian origin. In the course of the arguments many interesting points are developed; indeed, the volume may be said to be packed full of antiquarian and historical information of the very rarest kind, such for instance as the reckoning by nights instead of by days, the beginning of the year in March instead of with January, Martinmas customs and their partial suppression in the seventeenth century, the relation of

Michaelmas to Martinmas, 'the tyme of slauchter' in Scotland, the gradual spread of the Roman Calendar, Egyptian, Italian, and other customs on the calends of January, Yule, and Christmas. Though scarcely a popular treatise, the volume is certainly scholarly, and to those who are interested in the subject with which it deals it will prove exceedingly instructive and entertaining.

*The Break-up of China, with an Account of its present Commerce, Currency, Waterways, Armies, Railways, Politics, and Future Prospects.* By LORD CHARLES BERESFORD. Maps. London and New York: Harper & Brothers. 1899.

The title which Lord Charles Beresford has chosen for his elaborate report is, to say the least, rather alarming, but it is scarcely borne out by the contents of the volume, or by the existing state of affairs. Disintegrating influences are certainly at work, but they have been at work so long that it is impossible to tell how long they may continue to work without the catastrophe to which the title points occurring. Besides, there are other influences to reckon with before a break-up of the old and corrupt empire can take place, and these may so operate on the interests of other nations as to prevent anything of the kind occurring, and, in fact, to bring about the much-needed reforms. However, leaving the title aside, the volume it covers is undoubtedly one of great value. It contains in a handy compass a large mass of information which can scarcely fail to be of the greatest use both for those on whose behalf and by whose direction it has been gathered, and for all others who have any interest pecuniary or otherwise in China. Lord Charles Beresford has at least proved himself an indefatigable and keen observer, and has obtained his information in the most reliable quarters. The state of affairs he brings out is far from satisfactory. Taking the Report as it stands, the position of the British trader in China does not appear to be at all an enviable one. Nor is it pleasant to read how Mandarin after Mandarin informed the representative of the Associated Chambers of Commerce that Great Britain fears Russia, or that British traders are afraid that the British Government will not support them in matters in which they have a fair claim to its support. These are matters, however, for politicians. So also are Lord Charles Beresford's speculations as to the political prospects of the country. The chief value of his volume is in its statistics and information. These are abundant, and touch upon every line of British commercial activity in China, while the opinions expressed represent the views not only of Lord Charles himself but also of the chief trading houses in China. The proposed reforms are, in the main, moderate, but the suggestion that Great Britain should take in hand the re-organisation of the police and army is, we should say, out of the question. Great Britain has enough on its hands in Egypt and elsewhere without practically undertaking the additional and immense burden of reforming and governing an empire of some 400,000,000 of souls. The volume if not exactly entertaining, is certainly instructive, and is written throughout with vigour, and is as lucid as bold and forcible language can make it.

*Interludes (Third Series).* By HORACE SMITH. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1899.

We have here two essays, a ghost story and some verses. The two essays have for their subjects 'The Employment of Leisure' and 'The Possibilities and Vicissitudes of Men.' The arguments running through

them are somewhat slight, and by no means of a novel character, but the way in which they are handled is singularly apt and attractive. Mr. Smith has read widely, and makes an exceedingly good use of his reading. Here and there, too, an epigrammatic sentence is thrown in, or a happy turn is given to a sentence, which, together with the examples and illustrations used, makes the reading of the essays a positive enjoyment. There is much of the genuine flavour of the old essayists about them, more especially the former, and in perusing Mr. Smith's pages one is continually reminded of Montaigne. The ghost story, though well told, is not equal to the essays, but in its own way it forms a pleasant interlude. The sketch, 'Behind a Hoarding,' i.e., a London hoarding, is a bit of real life, and is done with remarkable skill. The title 'Farrago of Verses' covers a somewhat mixed lot of verses, some serious, others overflowing with fun, with here and there a touch of satire. Over one of them is reproduced a characteristic caricature sketch by the late Sir Frank Lockwood. From beginning to end Mr. Smith's little volume is full of good things, and when once taken up will not readily be put down.

*A New Historical English Dictionary.* Edited by Dr. JAMES A. H. MURRAY. Horizontality—Hywe. (Volume V.) Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. July. 1899.

This great work maintains its high level of excellence, and still bears witness on every page to the exceeding care and marvellous scholarship with which it is being compiled. The July part is from the hand of Dr. Murray, and has many points of philological, antiquarian and legal interest. As with the preceding parts it is much fuller than any English Dictionary that can be put in comparison with it. While between the same words the Century Dictionary registers 2,713 words, we have here 4,371, and while the former gives 1,985 illustrative quotations, Dr. Murray gives 15,160. Interesting either etymologically or for their sense-history are such words as *hospital*, *household*, *housewife*, *huckster*, *human*, *husband*, *husbandland* and *hussy*. There is an interesting article on *husting* and others of historical or antiquarian value, on *Hospitaller*, *Huguenot*, *humble pie*, *husbandland*, *hussar*. The etymology of some of the words has defied even Dr. Murray and his band of assistants; such as *hub*, *huckaback*, *hug*, *humbug*. From the article under *hullabaloo* we learn that the word was first introduced into literature from Scotland. Attention is as usual paid to Scottish words. Here we have explained among others, *houwe*, *howdie*, *howff*, *howfing*, *howlet*, *huddon*, *huddron*, *huik* (to consider), *humil*, *hurcheon*, *hurdies*. Now that the purchase of this, the best of all English Dictionaries has been made easy, it is to be hoped that it will meet with the national support it deserves.

*Sermons.* By CHARLES PARSONS REICHEL, D.D., D. Litt., sometime Bishop of Meath, with Memoir by his son, HENRY RUDOLPH REICHEL, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1899.

Some of Dr. Reichel's sermons have already been published, and those included in the volume before us will do much to perpetuate the reputation which he enjoyed during his life-time as one of the ablest and most eloquent preachers in the Irish Episcopal Church. To the sermons his son, by whom the volume is edited, has prefixed a brief Memoir, which by many will probably be found the more interesting part of the volume.

Dr. Reichel was not only an eloquent preacher and a scholar, he was also a man of great versatility and personal courage, capable of acting as well as of speaking when the necessity arose with great directness and clearness of purpose. The son of a Moravian minister, he was born in Yorkshire, a few miles from where the Brontës lived. After residing for a time in New Pennsylvania, where his father ministered to a Moravian congregation, and where he lost his mother, he was educated at Berlin and at Trinity College, Dublin, at both of which places, notwithstanding his feeble health, he greatly distinguished himself, leaving the latter with the reputation of being the best Classic of his year. Instead of entering the ministry of the Church in which he had been born and reared, he joined that of the Episcopal Church in Ireland. Four years he served as a curate in Dublin, and won a name for his courageous attempts to combat cholera and famine. In 1850 he was appointed Professor of Latin in Queen's College, Belfast. Here, besides his professional work, he took to preaching, and was appointed chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant. His utterances on the Sabbath question raised a storm about him, some of his opponents in the Presbyterian Church going so far as to propose to petition the Lord Lieutenant to deprive him of his professorship. In 1854 he was appointed Donnellan Lecturer, and ten years later he accepted the living of Mullingar, in the diocese of Meath. Here his strong Unionist opinions brought him into serious danger, but he held to his opinions and spoke out strongly against the cruelties practised under the auspices of the Land League. One of his parishioners, the station-master, after being denounced from the altar, was shot. On the following Sunday he made the murder of the station-master the subject of his sermon, and denounced its perpetrators, and in the pages of the *Daily Express*, a local newspaper, urged that the facts of the case should be made public and steps taken to prevent the recurrence of such deeds. The two parish priests raised an action for libel against the paper. The case was tried in Dublin, and went against the priests. The verdict had hardly been given when a telegram was placed in his hands from the constabulary office in Mullingar, warning him on no account to travel down that day. A letter followed in which he was told that if he returned the police would not be responsible for his life, and advised him to go abroad. But instead of acting upon their advice, he telegraphed that he must return at once, and travelled down next day. An enormous mob awaited him at the station, and a strong guard of police was necessary. But having reached home, he thought that the safest way was to show that he was not afraid; accordingly he sallied out and walked through the crowded town. He was everywhere met with black looks, but his courage was respected, and he returned unmolested. The police however had to mount guard over his house, until a practical joke rendered their presence unnecessary. A friend reading in the papers about the Mullingar trouble and that Dr. Reichel was under police protection, and thinking that in any case it could do no harm, wrote a letter to the Mullingar priests, purporting to come from the Orangemen, and posted it in a hot Orange centre, to the effect that if a hair of Dr. Reichel's head were injured, the Orangemen would come down and shoot both the priests. This was done unknown to Dr. Reichel; but its effect was magical. The cries with which he was followed ceased, the men touched their hats respectfully, the women curtsied as he passed and the children stopped their games to salute him—he wondering all the while what had happened, until his friend came down and explained. Dr. Reichel opposed the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, and took a considerable share in the work of its reconstruction. He was appointed vicar of  
in 1875. In 1878 he was made Professor of Ecclesiastical History

in Trinity College, Dublin, a post which he held for five years, and in 1885, the year also in which he lost his wife, he was appointed Bishop of Meath. He died in 1894.

In *The Trial of Jesus Christ* (T. & T. Clark) Mr. A. Taylor Innes subjects the descriptions given in the four Gospels of our Lord's trial to a careful critical examination from a legal point of view. His aim is to ascertain whether from the standpoint of Hebrew and Roman law the trial was legally gone about, or in other words, whether in the trial either before Caiaphas or before Pilate the procedure adopted was, according to the rules laid down in the Talmud in the one case, and according to those laid down by the Roman law in the other. A chapter is devoted to the trial before each of the magistrates in which the rules of procedure are adduced and compared with the accounts given in the Gospels, and the result arrived at in both cases is that the judges were unjust and the trial unfair, but that in both cases the right issue was substantially raised. Mr. Innes sums up the matter by saying: 'Jesus Christ was arraigned on a double charge of treason; the treason in the Theocratic court, being a (constructive) speaking against God, while in the Imperial court it was a (constructive) speaking against Cæsar. But under these tortuous traditions of a twofold law the real historical question was twice overreached, and the true claim of the accused was made truly known. He died because in the ecclesiastical council He claimed to be the Son of God and the Messiah of Israel, and because before the world-wide tribunal He claimed to be Christ a King.' The volume is a small book on a great subject, but it is full of interesting details of much more than antiquarian or legal value, and deserves to be widely read.

*A Soliloquy on the Art of Man-Fishing* (Alex. Gardner) by Mr. Thomas Boston, A.M., Probationer, is a reprint of a once celebrated book, though long since eclipsed by its author's much more famous book on *The Fourfold State*. It was written, as will be noticed from the title page, before Boston was ordained, and while he was still in quest of a parish in which to labour. Mr. Macdonald, the minister of Swinton and Simprin, who has edited the little volume, indicates the several places in Boston's wandering where its various parts were thought out or written. The parish of Simprin was Boston's first settlement, and it was after preaching for the place that he appears to have begun it.

In *Thoughts on the Present Position of Protestantism* (A. & C. Black) Mr. Bailey Saunders has given us a clear and idiomatic translation of Harnack's famous address. The sensation its delivery caused has almost died away, but it is well worth careful study as indicating the various tendencies in the Protestant Church and the issue to which they are making.

James Frederick Ferrier and Andrew Melville are the two most recent numbers in Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier's 'Famous Scots' series. The first is written by Miss E. S. Haldane, who has had no difficulty in writing an attractive account of Ferrier. Though he was a philosopher, there was a large human element about him which made him personally attractive. His philosophical writings are probably not much read in the present, but their influence at one time was very considerable. His volume on the *Greek Philosophers* is a work of real ability. Miss Haldane's brother, the Member of Parliament, contributes a brief but noteworthy



introduction to her volume. The other number is by Mr. William Morison. He travels over comparatively well known ground, and with the help of James Melville's *Autobiography and Diary*, tells a clear and intelligible story.

*Richard Holt Hutton of 'The Spectator'* (Oliver & Boyd) is an anonymous monograph in which the author gives some account of Mr. Hutton's career, and an enthusiastic estimate of his abilities and influence. Mr. Hutton forbade his friends to take in hand the writing of his biography. The anonymous author of the booklet before us, if not personally acquainted with him, at any rate appears to have known him as a correspondent, and what Mr. Hutton's more intimate friends have so far refrained from doing, he has attempted to do. Of course what he has written does not amount to a formal biography. It may be termed a memoir and an estimate.

*Lawlessness in the National Church* (Macmillan) is a shilling reprint of the letters which Sir William Harcourt recently addressed to the *London Times* on the various questions which were then and are still agitating the minds of politicians and ecclesiastics in connection with the English Church. The reprint is intended for popular use, and being well printed and published at a small price, a fairly wide circulation is thereby ensured.

From Messrs. Longmans & Co. we have a copy of the fifth edition of Mr. Washington Moon's well known religious poems *Elijah and other Poems*. It is accompanied by another volume from Mr. Washington Moon's pen entitled *Poems of Love and Home*. The pieces it contains have in many instances been published elsewhere, but those who have read the *Elijah* volume will welcome this new collection.

*The Temptation of Edith Watson* (Alex. Gardner), by Sidney Hall, is a piece of good straightforward writing. The plot is slight, but effective, and worked out with as few words as possible. There is an elderly banker in the story who turns out a profligate, and a bashful young advocate who finds out the state of his affections too late. Edith at first marries the wrong one, and resists the temptation to which she is exposed, but all comes right in the end. The story has its attractions and excitements, and is decidedly above the average.

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THE  
SCOTTISH REVIEW.

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OCTOBER, 1899.

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ART. I.—THE ROYAL LIBRARY.

NOT least among the national treasures of which we as Britons are justly proud, stand the great manuscript collections in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries. They have been bequeathed to us from time to time, by the descendants of those who spent a great part of their lives, and vast sums of money in acquiring them. So brimful of interest is their story, so exquisite in design are hundreds of their pages—glowing with colour, the secret of which the world no longer possesses—that it is a wonder they are not more widely known.

The Royal Library is in many ways the most splendid of our national collections of MSS. Had it been fortunate enough, like the Harleian Library, to number a Wanley among its custodians and biographers, the history of its formation would read like a fairy tale. But, unfortunately, we have to depend for our chief data on what Casley, the 'dry as dust' *par excellence* of librarians, could tell us, and though he was admirable in his knowledge of the age of MSS., he was remarkably uncommunicative regarding their pedigree, meagre in his descriptions, and apparently insensible to palæographic

beauty. There is scarcely a less satisfactory book in the British Museum than his catalogue of the Royal Library. Thus the student is hampered by the want of a guide, and must hew paths for himself, through the luxurious growth and accumulations of many centuries. In point of mere size, the Royal Library ranks third among the four great collections of MSS. acquired by the British Museum at the time of its foundation—the Harleian numbering 7,639 MSS.; the Sloane, 4,001; the Royal, 1950; the Cottonian, 900.

Of the three others we have ample details; their hoards have been thoroughly ransacked, and there are scarcely any surprises for the student. We can, without much trouble, lay our hands on any fact, beauty, or excellence to be found in them, for there are hardly any hidden gems. But with the Royal Library it is different. Each student is his own pioneer and must make voyages of discovery if he would know something of the riches which it contains.

Its history is scarcely more complete than its catalogue although the nucleus of the collection must be almost coeva with the monarchy. Before the reign of James I., however there are no records except the strangely anomalous ones contained in the *Privy Purse Expenses* and in the *Wardrobe and Household Accounts* of the various English kings who have added to the library. It is curious to light, among the sum disbursed for such items as feather-beds and four-post bedsteads, on the price paid for a rare manuscript or for the binding of a choice codex. Queen Elizabeth's 'Keeper of the Books' was also 'Court Distiller of Odoriferous Herbs,' and received a better salary as perfumer than as librarian. But in times when books were more costly, the office of custodian was considered an honourable one, and a Close Roll of 1251 makes mention of the *Custos librorum Regis*.

Impossible though it be to fix the exact date or even reign when the English kings began to collect books, we shall not be wrong if we infer that the Royal Library had already very real existence in the reign of Henry II., when a great literary revival took place. Although the movement originated in the cloister, the Court followed in its wake, an

William of Malmesbury had his secular counterpart in Alfred of Beverley. A favourite of the King's, Walter de Map, who had been a student in Paris, and Gerald de Barri (Giraldus Cambrensis) divided the honours between courtly and popular themes, while a number of poets and romanticists sprang up and wove fantastic myths and legends out of such material as the Crusades, the Arthurian traditions, and the feats of Charlemagne. King John, with scarcely a quality which men cared to praise, was, strangely enough, fond of books and of scholars. A taste for learning was gradually leavening the barbarous lump, spreading downwards from monarch to people. Two years before John's death, Roger Bacon was born, whose *opus Majus* embraced every branch of science, and whose life is the whole intellectual life of the thirteenth century. Matthew Paris, the last of the great monastic historians, was the intimate friend of Henry III., who delighted in his scholarship, and loved to visit him in the scriptorium at St. Alban's, where he himself contributed to the famous Chronicle, which would alone have sufficed to make the reputation of the learned Benedictine. Thus, indirectly, we are led to the Royal Library. In 1250 a French book is mentioned in a State paper as belonging to the King, but actually in the keeping of the Knights Templars, who are commanded to hand it over to an officer of the Wardrobe, with the apparent object that the King's painters might copy from it when painting a room called the 'Antioch Chamber.'\*

In the reign of Edward I. a part of the Royal Library was kept in the Treasury of the Exchequer, and a few of the books are mentioned in the Wardrobe Accounts of the year 1302. These included Latin service books, treatises on devotional subjects, and romances. One book is described as 'Textus in a case of leather, on which the magnates are wont to be sworn.'

All through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there are occasional allusions to the King's books in the Wardrobe Accounts; and the Exchequer Inventory of Edward II.

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\* E. Edwards *Libraries and Founders of Libraries.*

enumerates 'A book bound in red leather, *De regimine Regum*, a small book on the rule of the Knights Templars—*De regula Templariorum*—a stitched book, *De Vita sancti Patricii*, and a stitched book in a tongue unknown to the English, which begins thus: Edmygaw dovit doyrmyd dinas,' and other books and rolls 'very foreign to the English tongue,' the scribe not knowing Welsh even by sight, whereas, although he might not be able to read them, he would probably know the look of Greek or Hebrew MSS. The list closes with the Chronicle of Roderick de Ximenez, Archbishop of Toledo, 'bound in green leather.' \*

A document belonging to the year 1419, and printed by Sir Francis Palgrave, relates to the delivery into the king's Treasury of five volumes, consisting of a Bible, a copy of the Book of Chronicles, a treatise, *De conceptione Beatæ Mariæ*; a compendium of theology, and a book entitled *Libellus de emendatione vitæ*. But in the following year these MSS. were given to the monastery at Sheen. In 1426, a book described as *Egesippus*, and another as *Liber de observantia Papæ* were borrowed from the library in the Treasury, by Cardinal Beaufort, and there are subsequent notices of the return and re-loan of the same volumes to the same borrower. It is interesting to observe that a MS. called *Hegesippus De Bello Judaico*, etc., still in the Royal Library, is ascribed by Casley to the eleventh century, and may be identified with the former of these two books.

Entries occur in the following year of works on Civil Law, and others, being lent to the Master of King's College, Cambridge, and of their subsequent presentation to that house, with the assent of the Lords of the Council.

In the Wardrobe Accounts of Edward IV. (Royal MS., 14. C. viii.) there are entries concerning 'the coveryng and garnysshing of the Bookes of oure saide Souverain Lorde the Kinge,' which mark his possession in 1480 of certain choice MSS., and the same document shows that these were bound by Piers Bauduyn for the king. Among them were a Froissart, the

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\* See Stapleton's *Exchequer Inventory*, Edward II.

binding, gilding, and dressing of which cost twenty shillings, and a Bible Historians (now marked 19. D. ii. in the Royal Library), bound and ornamented for the same sum. On a fly-leaf is an inscription recording its purchase for 100 marks by William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, after the battle of Poitiers. It had been taken as loot among the baggage of the French king. On his death in 1397, the Earl of Salisbury bequeathed it to his wife, who, in her will, ordered that it should be sold for forty livres.

When the King went from London to Eltham Palace, his books went with him, and some were put into 'divers cofyns of fyrrre,' and others into his carriage. They were bound in 'figured cramoisie velvet, with rich laces and tassels, with buttons of silk and gold, and with clasps bearing the king's arms.' The only reference to books in the will of Edward IV. is about such as appertained 'to oure chapell,' which he bequeathed to the Queen, such only being excepted 'as we shall hereafter dispose to goo to oure saide Collage of Wyndesore.' \*

Henry VII. stands between the Middle Ages and modern times, but his additions to the Royal Library consisted chiefly of modern books. Notwithstanding his parsimony in most matters, his *Privy Purse Expenses* contain a remarkable series of entries of payments for books, for copying MSS., and for binding them. On one occasion the sum of £23 was spent on one book, and there is an entry of £2 paid to a clerk for copying *The Amity of Flanders*. He bought a great number of romances in French, and the grand series of volumes printed on vellum by the celebrated Antoine Verard. Bacon describes Henry VII. as 'a prince, sad, serious, and full of thoughts and secret observations, and full of notes and memorials of his own hand . . . rather studious than learned, reading most books that were of any worth in the French tongue. Yet he understood the Latin.' † He had also a taste for finely illuminated books of devotion, and presented a grand Missal to his

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\* Add. MS. Transcript by Rymer. No 4615.

† *Life and Reign of Henry VII.*, Vol. I., p. 637.

daughter, the Queen of Scots, in which he inscribed his own name in enormous letters, several times. This book is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. In the Royal collection is another Missal, which belonged to the same king, written in a late Gothic hand. Henry VII. was careful to have his children well instructed, and his second son being intended for the Church, received an education fitting him for an ecclesiastical career. In his youth Henry VIII. displayed considerable literary talent, posed as a patron of scholars, and smiled upon such geniuses as Erasmus, More, and Linacre; but in after years he was more keen to destroy other people's libraries than to build up his own. The accounts of his *Privy Purse Expenses* contain few entries of disbursements for books, the whole sum spent on his library between 1530 and 1532, including not merely all moneys paid for binding, but also an indefinite amount 'to the taylour and skynner for certeyn stuff and workmanship for my lady Anne,' being only £124 16s. 3d. These figures become still more significant if we compare them with those representing the money spent during the same period for jewels alone, exclusive of plate, which amounted to the prodigious sum of £10,800.

But although Henry VIII. did not buy books extensively, he sometimes borrowed them, and several entries chronicle the bringing of books to him, which were lent by monastic and other libraries, at the time when he was pestering Christendom for arguments in favour of his divorce from Catherine of Arragon.

Nevertheless, in spite of adverse circumstances, the Royal Library had been steadily growing in the course of ages, and had by this time assumed notable proportions. Henry VIII. found himself the possessor of a collection of books at Windsor, comprising 109 volumes, in bindings of velvet and leather, with silver and jewelled clasps; of another at Westminster, consisting of Latin primers, some richly ornamented; of a few Greek authors, Latin classics, and English chronicles, 'bokes written in tholde Saxon tongue.' He had another library at Beaulieu (now New Hall) in Essex, with about sixty volumes of Latin authors, besides works of the Fathers, dictionaries

and histories. At Beddington, in Surrey, he had many chronicles and romances, and 'a greate boke of parchment, written and lymned with gold of graver's work—*De Confessione Amantis*,' which may be identified as the MS. now marked 18. C. xxii. in the Royal Library. At Richmond was a small collection made by his father, consisting chiefly of missals and romances. At St. James' Palace were, among other volumes, works described vaguely as 'a boke of parchment containing divers patterns, a white book written on parchment, one boke covered with green velvet, contained in a wooden case, a little boke covered with crimson velvet,' and so on—a curious method of cataloguing, and utterly useless for the purpose of identification. At intervals a distinctive title occurs, such as 'The Foundation Book of Henry VIIth's Chapel.'

All these different collections represented the Royal Library in the early part of the sixteenth century. Henry VIII. had the greater number of the books removed to Greenwich, where there were already some printed volumes, and a few manuscripts. That part which remained at Westminster was enriched by some of the spoils of the monasteries, placed there perhaps by Leland to save them from destruction.\* Among these was a Latin Evangelia of the eleventh century (l. D. iii.) which belonged to the monks of Rochester, and had been given to them by a certain Countess Goda, according to an inscription in the book itself. From Christ Church, Canterbury, came a fine copy of the Gospels (l. A. xviii.), presented to that monastery by King Athelstan, and from St. Albans several choice historical and theological works from the pen of Matthew Paris.

It is a question whether the attention bestowed on the Royal Library during the reign of Edward VI. was an advantage to it or the reverse. It is true, that the energy of Sir John Cheke and Roger Ascham, King's Librarian, secured for it the MSS. left by the reformer, Martin Bucer, but on the other hand the rabid intolerance of Edward's Council deprived

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\* E. Edwards *Memoirs of Libraries*, Vol. I., 364 *et seq.*



it of many of its valuable contents. On the 25th January, 1550, a King's letter, sent from the Council Board, authorized certain commissioners to make a descent upon all public and private libraries, and 'to cull out all superstitious books, as missals, legends, and such like, and to deliver the garniture of the books, being either gold or silver, to Sir Anthony Aucher.\* The havoc thus wrought was irremediable, and not even the King's own library escaped the terrible perquisitions. But the wonder is that still so many of the condemned books should have escaped the notice of the commissioners. In the same year, the libraries at Oxford were also 'purged of a great part of Fathers and Schoolmen,' and great heaps set on fire in the market-place were watched with delight by the younger members of the University, who called the conflagration 'Scotus' funeral.' The short and troubled reign of Mary afforded no scope for literary activity, and Elizabeth was far too busy, outwitting her enemies abroad, and controlling the factious tendencies of her friends at home, to be able to turn her attention to books. Nevertheless, though in the course of a hundred years the Royal Library had suffered as much as it had gained, it was even then a goodly sight. Paul Hentzner, the German literary tourist, who visited it in 1598, says that it was 'well stored with Greek, Latin, and French books, bound in velvet of different colours, although chiefly red, with clasps of gold and silver, the corners of some being otherwise adorned with gold and precious stones.' † Perhaps the custodians only vouchsafed him a glance at these outer adornments, for he tells nothing of the treasures within, of which all this splendour was but the antechamber.

But the golden age of the Royal Library was in the reign of James I., and its greatest benefactor a youth who died at the age of eighteen. It were idle to speculate on what might have been the future of Henry, Prince of Wales, had he lived to fulfil the bright promise of his boyhood. To a singularly well-balanced mind, he appears to have added an amiability

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\* *Council Book of Edward VI.*

† P. Hentzneri. *Itinerarium Germaniæ, Angliæ, etc.*, p. 188.

of character that endeared him to all save the crotchety doctrinaire who sat on the throne. He loved hunting and hawking, and all healthy open-air pursuits, no less than books, and the society of men who were the history-makers of his day. He would visit Sir Walter Raleigh in his prison in the Tower, and listen to his brilliant projects for the future greatness of England, in the development of her colonies, and the annexation of still barbarous lands, the fabulous wealth of which was the life-long dream of the veteran explorer. But Raleigh was not a mere dreamer, as is shown in his *History of the World*, written during his years of captivity—a work which became the text-book and standard authority for the next two hundred years. Whatever his faults, and he had many, it was his misfortune to be in advance of the age in which he lived, and therefore to be misunderstood by most of his contemporaries. But Prince Henry lent a fascinated ear to his grand patriotic schemes, and, had they both lived—the one to reign, the other to counsel and guide—England might have been spared the most disgraceful blot on her escutcheon. It was without doubt Sir Walter Raleigh who inspired the young prince to take the Royal Library under his protection, and his pupil threw himself heart and soul into the work, so that, rightly or wrongly, he has been considered its real founder. On the death of John, Lord Lumley, Prince Henry was careful to secure his fine collection of MSS., by which means he more than made up for the loss which the Royal Library had sustained by his father's incomprehensible warrant to Sir Thomas Bodley 'for the choice of any books . . . in any of his houses or libraries.'\*

Lord Lumley had not only been a diligent collector himself, but had inherited a valuable library from his wife's father, Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, who had begun to collect at the most propitious moment for acquiring rare MSS., and had obtained a portion of Cranmer's library.

The Prince's *Privy Purse Expenses* have unfortunately been destroyed, but one single entry of the year 1609, bearing

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\* *Reliquiæ Bodleiana*, p. 205.

reference to his books has survived :—‘ To Mr. Holcock, for writing a catalogue of the Library, which his Highness had of my lord Lumley, £8 13s. 0d.’ The catalogue has disappeared.

Edward Wright, the mathematician, and the learned Patrick Young, were both candidates for the post of librarian, and Wright was appointed, with a salary of £30 a year.

Besides purchasing Lord Lumley's books, the young Prince acquired the entire collection of the learned Welshman, William Morice, and an unprecedented life and movement began to animate the affairs of the Royal Library. Scholars saw in the Prince of Wales their future stay and protector, and looked forward to his reign as to that of the first English king who would not merely patronise, but extend learning by his inherent love of, and zeal for letters. But this bright prospect was doomed to fade, even as they were contemplating it, for the hope of England died in the very midst of all his literary activity. The books which the Prince had collected were mainly incorporated in the Royal Library, but many were dispersed after his death. Scattered up and down the country are still to be seen volumes in private collections bearing the conjoined names, ‘ Tho Cantuariensis—Arundel—Lumley.’

James I., aptly styled by Henry IV. of France ‘ the wisest fool in Christendom,’ dabbled in books as in most other things, but does not appear to have done much harm to his Library, beyond the suicidal *carte blanche* to Sir Thomas Bodley. He appointed Patrick Young to be custodian of the different parts of it, distributed throughout the various royal palaces, and this really great scholar retained the post till the Revolution. That section of the Library which was lodged at Richmond went by the name of Henry VIIth's Library, and was shown to John Zingerling, a German scholar who came to England when Patrick Young was librarian. The only MS. in this collection which he especially mentioned was the *Genealogia Regum Angliæ ab Adamo*, a roll of the 15th century (14. B. viii.) These books were removed to Whitehall by Charles I. The *Genealogia* appears in a catalogue of MSS. in that palace, after the Restoration.

The reign of Charles I. is almost barren of activity in the Royal Library, save at the very beginning, for the acquisition of one MS. which may, however, be regarded as the *pièce de résistance* of the whole collection. This is the famous Codex Alexandrinus, one of the three oldest MSS. of the Bible in Greek. Before describing this venerable codex, it will be well to relate what little is known of its history. In 1624, Cyril Lucar, Patriarch of Constantinople, formally presented it to James I., through his ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe. Writing to Lord Arundel, in December of that year, Roe says: 'One book he (the Patriarch) hath given me to present his Majestie, but not yet delivered, being the Bible intire, written by the hand of Tecla, the protomartyr of the Greeks, that lived with St. Paul, which he doth aver it to be authentical, and the greatest relique of the Greek Church.' In 1626, he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury: 'The Patriarch also this New Year's tide sent me the old Bible, formerly presented to his late Majesty, which he now dedicates to the King, and will send with it an epistle. What estimation it may be of is above my skill, but he values it as the greatest antiquity of the Greek Church. The letter is very fair, a character I have never seen. It is entire, except the beginning of St. Matthew. He doth testify under his hand that it was written by the virgin Tecla, daughter of a famous Greek, called *Stella Matutina*, who founded the monastery in Egypt, upon Pharaoh's tower, a devout and learned maid, who was persecuted in Asia, and to whom Gregory Nazianzen hath written many epistles. At the end whereof, under the same hand are the epistles of Clement. She died not long after the Council of Nice. The book is very great, and hath antiquity enough at sight; I doubt not his Majesty will esteem it for the hand by whom it is presented.'\* Roe certainly did not over estimate the value of the manuscript, and it would be extremely interesting could we but trace the evidence by which it came to be believed that the Codex Alexandrinus was written by the hand of St. Tecla. A note in Arabic, at the foot of the

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\* Negotiations of Sir Thomas Roe. London, 1740.

collection, but no bindings were provided, or shelves on which to put them. In a famous controversy with Charles Boyle, who complained that difficulties were placed in the way of his access to one of the Royal MSS., Bentley said, 'I will own that I have often said and lamented that the Library was not fit to be seen,' and proceeding to exculpate himself, he added, 'If the room be too mean and too little for the books; if it be much out of repair, if the situation be inconvenient; if the access to it be dishonourable, is the Library-Keeper to answer for it?'

A proposal was made, during Bentley's tenure of office, for erecting a suitable building to hold the books, and for establishing it by Act of Parliament. But nothing was done, and in the course of nineteen years, the collection was removed four times. In 1712 it migrated from the much abused quarters at St. James's, to Cotton House, and from thence to Essex House in 1722. It was next lodged, together with the Cottonian Library, at Ashburnham House, and, after the disastrous fire in 1731, from which the Cottonian Library suffered so severely, it gained a temporary refuge in the old Westminster Dormitory. Richard Bentley resigned the office of Librarian in 1724, in favour of his son, another Richard Bentley, but Casley, who, as deputy custodian, had been for many years the only working librarian, continued to fill that post.

In 1757 George II. presented the Royal Library to the nation, handing it over by Letters Patent to the custody of the trustees of the British Museum; and thus its hitherto chequered career was turned into prosperous channels. All that is henceforth left to desire is a descriptive catalogue worthy of its unique contents.\*

The Greek MSS. in the British Museum are not very numerous, but are widely celebrated. Of those in the Royal Collection the *Codex Alexandrinus* is by far the most interest-

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last leaf of the Old Testament having borne the number 641, and the present first leaf of the New Testament 667.

Cobet and other experts fixed the date of the two Codices, the Sinaiticus and the Alexandrinus, as not earlier than the fifth or sixth century, the principal reason for assigning so late a date being the generally accepted theory that uncials were not in use until vellum had entirely superseded papyrus as the medium for precious MSS.

But the latest authority in this department, Mr. F. G. Kenyon, has thrown light on the whole question of early Christian Greek MSS., by the discovery of a large uncial round hand on papyrus dated anno Domini 88.\* Thus, it is quite possible, palæographically, that the Codex Vaticanus which has been hitherto supposed to date from the fourth century may be much older, and there is now no conclusive evidence to prove that the Alexandrinus was not written by St. Tecla, whatever the probabilities may be to the contrary.

The three above mentioned codices, the Vaticanus, the Sinaiticus and the Alexandrinus, have certain points in common, but the MS. in the Royal Library is written in double columns, that of the Vatican in triple columns, and the Codex Sinaiticus, some leaves of which are in the public library at Leipzig, the main body of the work being in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, in quadruple columns.

Besides being numerically imperfect, the leaves of the Codex Alexandrinus have suffered from the clipping of the outer edges by the binder, and several of its priceless pages have been otherwise spoiled and mutilated.

The MS. is austere in its simplicity, being totally unadorned, save for the red ink used in the opening lines of each book, and occasionally in superscriptions and colophons. The letters are uncials without break, their form proving that the book was written in Egypt. Patrick Young was Librarian when this famous Codex came to the Royal collection, and duly conscious of its value, he tried his utmost to get a facsimile of it printed, but the King could not be induced to take

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\* *The Palæography of Greek Papyri.* Clarendon Press, Oxford. 1899.

up the matter. In 1644, Young prevailed on the Assembly of Divines to present a petition to the House of Commons, praying 'that the said Bible may be printed, for the benefit of the Church, the advancement of God's glory, and the honour of the Kingdom.' A Committee was formed to confer with him on the subject, but nothing was done owing to the troubled state of the country.

During the Revolution, and under the Commonwealth, the Royal Library was in extreme peril. Hugh Peters, successor to Young, although he belonged to the iconoclastic faction, practically saved the books, but was unable to protect the unique collection of medals and coins. After a few months, the custodianship was transferred to Ireton, and ultimately a permanent Librarian was appointed in the person of Bulstrode Whitelocke, First Commissioner of the Great Seal. He accepted the office, from patriotism and reverence for the antiquities which were in such imminent danger, but he wrote deprecatingly :

'I knew the greatness of the charge, . . . yet being informed of a design to have some of them (the books) sold, and transferred beyond sea (which I thought would be a disgrace and damage to our nation, and to all scholars therein), and fearing that in other lands they might be more subject to embezzling . . . I did accept the trouble of being Library-Keeper at St. James's, and therein was much persuaded by Mr. Selden, who swore that if I did not undertake the charge of them, all those rare monuments of antiquity, those choice books and MSS. would be lost, and there were not the like of them, except only in the Vatican, in any other library in Christendom.'

At the Restoration, Thomas Rosse was made Royal librarian, but his offices were already so numerous, that he was unable to bestow much attention on the books. Nevertheless, he revived the project of printing the Alexandrian MS., and urged the King to interest himself in bringing it about, saying that although it would cost £200, it would "appear glorious in history after your Majesty's death." "Pish," replied Charles II. characteristically, "I care not what they say of me in history when I am dead," and there was an end of the matter till our own day.

The year 1678 is noteworthy in the annals of the Royal Library, as the period at which it acquired the series of valuable MSS. known as the Theyer collection. They had been bought from Theyer's executors by Robert Scott, a famous bookseller, who offered them to the King for £841. He subsequently got them for £560. Next to the great Alexandrian Codex this was the most important addition to the Library in comparatively modern times. It consisted of 336 volumes, including 700 rare treatises, a whole series of Roger Bacon's works, and the celebrated autograph collection formerly belonging to Cranmer, and mourned as lost. Many of these MSS. could be traced back to the library of Llanthony Abbey, having passed into Theyer's possession by the marriage of one of his ancestors with a sister of the last prior of Llanthony. Nearly the whole Theyer collection is described in the *Catalogi Librorum Manuscriptorum* of 1697, but without the least hint being given, that it then formed part of the Royal Library. The great Richard Bentley was at that time librarian, and was responsible for the amazing omission, having prohibited any mention of the Royal Library in that work, his reason, perhaps, being the disgraceful condition in which the books were kept. He was by far the most distinguished of the Royal librarians, and would, no doubt, have accomplished wonders if he had not been so outrageous a pluralist, so busy a scholar, and so pugnacious a litigant. Not only was he Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Regius Professor of Divinity, Rector of Haddington, Rector of Wilburn, and Archdeacon of Ely, but was immersed in numberless law-suits, and in classical studies enough to fill the whole life of an ordinary man. What he attempted to do for the Royal Library, in spite of his other multifarious occupations, testifies to the grandeur of his conceptions and the boldness of his schemes. His failure to place the Library within the reach of students was as much due to the stultifying effect of official red tapeism as to the disorganised state of the Library itself. Bentley's first care on taking office was to enforce the copyright act, which, although passed in 1663, had been ignored. By this means, about one thousand printed volumes were added to the



collection, but no bindings were provided, or shelves on which to put them. In a famous controversy with Charles Boyle, who complained that difficulties were placed in the way of his access to one of the Royal MSS., Bentley said, 'I will own that I have often said and lamented that the Library was not fit to be seen,' and proceeding to exculpate himself, he added, 'If the room be too mean and too little for the books; if it be much out of repair, if the situation be inconvenient; if the access to it be dishonourable, is the Library-Keeper to answer for it?'

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\* The Royal Library must not be confused with the King's Library, belonging to George III., and presented to the Museum by George IV. The King's Library included, however, a few important MSS. which had been retained by George II. when he made over the Royal Collection to the nation.

ing, not only as being the one Greek MS. of the whole Bible in the Library, but also as surpassing all the other existing Greek fragments of the Scriptures in point of antiquity. The next earliest MS. in the collection, containing the Books of Ruth, Kings, Esdras, Esther, and the Maccabees (l. D. ii.), is of the thirteenth century. The Books of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Song of Solomon (l. A. xv.), are of the fifteenth century. Nearest in antiquity to the Alexandrian Bible, in the British Museum, is the Cotton MS. (Titus, C. xv.), the *Codex Claromontanus*, a purple-dyed fragment of the sixth century, written on vellum of so subtle and delicate a texture that even experts have sometimes mistaken it for Egyptian papyrus.

A few words will not be out of place here respecting the writing materials of the ancients, and the custom of staining leaves of vellum. Skins of animals were probably one of the most ancient mediums, as being the most durable. There exists in the British Museum a ritual, written on white leather, which dates from about the year 2000 B.C. But the custom of writing on leather was still much older.

The most common mode of keeping records in Assyria and Babylonia was on prepared bricks, tiles or cylinders of clay, baked after the inscription was impressed. But a wood-cut of an ancient sculpture from Konyungik\* illustrates scribes in the act of writing down the number of heads, and the amount of spoil taken in battle, on rolls of leather, which the Egyptians used as early as the eighteenth dynasty. At the time of the close commercial intercourse between Assyria and Egypt, rolls of leather may have been the only writing material employed. Parchment, so prepared that both sides could be written upon, was doubtless the development of this primitive custom, but was a much later invention.\* Together with the use of rough skins, and of the more or less carefully prepared surfaces of the leather, papyrus became one of the most frequent vehicles for written words, and was used for some time after the beginning of the Christian era. Leaves of palm

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\* *Nineveh and its Remains*, by Sir Henry Layard, Vol. II., p. 185.

or mallow led up to the first forms of papyrus used—hence perhaps the word *leaf* of a book. Bark was next pressed into the service of literature, and it has often been suggested, possibly gave rise to the word *book*, although it seems more likely that *book* is of runic origin, and derives from the beech-staves—Buch-staben in which the runes were expressed. Eventually, through the influence of Christianity, vellum entirely took the place of papyrus, but papyrus was used not only in Egypt, but in imperial Rome, before vellum became common, and even Biblical manuscripts were written on rolls of this material. Nevertheless, it was too fragile and perishable to remain the recipient of writing and illumination intended to last for all time, and therefore, by the middle of the tenth century A.D. it was altogether discarded. Only a few mutilated fragments of the New Testament written on papyrus are still extant.

The oldest manuscripts were written on the thinnest and whitest vellum, whereas the parchment of later times was more coarsely grained, and less well finished, manuscripts a thousand years old showing no signs of decay or discolouration like many which date from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Scrivener, resting his authority on Tischendorf, observes that the Codex Sinaiticus is made of the finest skins of antelopes, the leaves being so large that a single animal could furnish but two of them. The Codex Vaticanus is greatly admired for the beauty of the vellum; and the whiteness of the Codex Alexandrinus can be seen by all who visit the British Museum, although perhaps the exquisite thinness and softness of the texture can only be appreciated by touching it. We have already mentioned the delicate fabric of the Codex Claromontanus.

But not only was the vellum finer, and more durable in the earliest ages than at a comparatively recent date, but the ink was better, and the colours used in illuminating were more beautiful. The ancients laid on the gold very thickly, and the ink which they prepared is still black, so that the text can be easily read, the ink of the Middle Ages being now generally

of a greyish brown. Red ink is very ancient and often seen in early Egyptian papyri. The instrument for writing on papyrus was the reed growing in the marshes formed by the Tigris and the Euphrates, and on the banks of the Nile. It was also used for writing on vellum, but quills, admirably adapted for this kind of material, came gradually into use with that of parchment. By degrees, the roll form was abandoned for the codex or book form, as being more convenient, the leaves being stitched into quires or gatherings.

It is not known when the custom of staining the most precious MSS. a purple colour came into vogue, but it did not obtain after the tenth century. St. Jerome and his contemporaries practised it, using letters stamped rather than written, in silver and gold. Writing in gold ceased to be common in the thirteenth century, and in silver, when the fashion of staining the vellum died out. The value of a MS. does not depend on its purple colour, but is chiefly interesting as serving to show one phase of the reverence paid to the Scriptures. It may also help to fix the date of a MS.\*

One of the most beautiful specimens of early palæographic art in the Royal Library is the Latin MS. of the Gospels, known as the Evangelia of King Canute (1 D. ix.). Westwood,† indeed, considers that it will not bear comparison with the Gospels of Trinity College, Cambridge, though he admits that it exceeds them in interest, owing to the Anglo-Saxon entries, relating to Canute at the beginning of St. Mark's Gospel. Wanley has described these entries as a certificate or testimonial of Canute's reception into the family or society of the Church of Christ at Canterbury. One leaf bears the inscription: 'In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Here is written Canute the King's name. He is our beloved Lord worldwards, and our spiritual brother Godwards; and Harold, this King's brother; Thorth, our brother; Kartoca, our

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\* Scrivener, *A Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament*, p. 23, *et seq.*

† *Facsimiles of the Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS.*

brother; Thuri, our brother.' On the next leaf is a charter of the same king confirming the privileges of Christ Church, Canterbury. The book was probably the gift of Canute to the monks of that house. There are no miniatures, but an illuminated page, with a grand border, heavily gilt, containing small figures of the evangelists in medallions. Written in ink at the bottom of the illuminated page is the name '*Lumley*,' showing that the MS. formed part of the Lumley collection acquired by Prince Henry. The Gospels of St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury (1. E. vi.), written in England in the eighth century, are probably the remains of the so-called *Biblia Gregoriana*. But if this codex was really among the books sent by Pope Gregory to St. Augustine, it must first have been sent to him from England. It contains four very dark-purple, or rather rose-coloured, stained leaves, with inscriptions in letters of gold and silver an inch long, the silver being oxidized with age. It is one of the most precious monuments of early Saxon caligraphy and illumination now existing. The half-uncial letters of English type are by different hands, and the miniatures are of different dates, that of the Lion of St. Mark being probably of the tenth century. It is also supposed that the missing verses at the beginning of the Gospels were all written on purple-stained vellum, and that there may have been a portrait of the evangelist before each Gospel. An inscription on the fly-leaf states that it belonged to the monastery of St. Augustine at Canterbury, and that it formed part of that library in the fourteenth century.

The fine MS. designated 2. A. xx. is a book of prayers and lessons, on vellum, of the eighth century. It belonged to the Theyer collection, and several notes are inserted in the handwriting of John Theyer. It is very much stained and spoiled. The binder, moreover, as was so often the piteous case, barbarously shaved off some of the edges, and with them a part of the marginal writing, to the great detriment of the book.

2. A. xxii. is a magnificent Latin Psalter of the twelfth century, the best period of penmanship. Sir Edward Thompson draws attention to the fact that the volume originated at West-

minster, as may be inferred by the prominence given in the calendar and prayers, to St. Peter and St. Edward, even without its identification by an entry in the inventory of the Abbey.\* A further proof of this is furnished by the miniatures of the two saints, one of which begins the series; the other leads up to the beautiful Salvator Mundi. Between are St. George and St. Christopher. Instead of being dispersed throughout the book, the illustrations are all at the beginning and end, indicating by the colourless features, and what, for want of a better word, may be styled Gothic outlines, that they are of English origin. Some of the capital letters are very interesting. One of these quaintly represents the Saviour of the world enthroned in glory, on a gold background, His hand raised in blessing, while a Benedictine monk, floating on the wings of prayer, clasps a scroll, one end of which disappears under the rainbow-hued throne. On the scroll are inscribed the words, *Domine, exaudi orationem meam*. At the end of the Psalter are Litanies and other prayers.

The broad style in which these illuminations are treated, with foliage boldly designed and animals of various kinds playing among the branches, is indicative of the period. There is a striking contrast between this large, bold treatment and the minute manner of the next century, although the period of transition occupied but a few years. The change began with the development of the initial letter, which was the starting-point of the border and of the miniature.

The Royal MS. 1. D. i., a Latin Bible of the middle of the thirteenth century, forms an excellent example of this development. It is written on fine vellum, and in a perfect style of caligraphy, and contains few paintings except those connected with the initial, which serves admirably to illustrate the growth of the border from its pendants, cusps, and graceful finials, and shows how the initial and miniature came to be combined. Writing about this same MS., Sir Edward Thompson says †:—'In the large initial we see the combination of the miniature with the initial and partial border, a combination

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\* *English Illuminated MSS.*, pp. 34-35.

† *Ibid.*, p. 37.

which is typical of book decoration of the thirteenth century. In MSS. of earlier periods, the miniature was a painting which usually occupied a page independently of the text . . . or if inserted in the text, it was not connected with the decoration of the page. It was, in fact, an illustration, and nothing more. But now, while the miniature is still employed in this manner, independently of the text, the miniature initial also comes into common use, the miniature therein, however, continuing to hold for some time a subordinate place as a decoration rather than as an illustrative feature. In course of time, with the growth of the border, the twofold function of the miniature as a means of illustration, and also of decoration, is satisfied by allowing it to occupy part, or even the whole, of a page as an independent picture, but at the same time set in the border, which has developed from the pendant of the initial. This development of the border it is extremely interesting to follow, and so regular is its growth, and so remarkable are the national characteristics which it assumes, that the period and place of origin of an illuminated MS. may often be accurately determined from the details of its border alone.'

The learned writer goes on to show that in tracing this development one sees how the initials first terminate in simple buds or cusps, and how in the next stage, characteristic of the thirteenth century, they put out little branches, the buds growing into leaves and flowers, and how thus gradually the border comes to surround the whole page.

The Royal MS., 2, B. vii., commonly known as Queen Mary's Psalter, is a fine specimen of fourteenth century art. This is a large octavo volume of 320 leaves of vellum, almost every one being magnificently illuminated on both sides with daintily executed drawings, lightly sketched, and slightly tinted in green, brown, and violet. One richly decorated page represents the Last Judgment. At the top, a miniature within a border shows forth the Judge of all mankind. Angels, with green tipped wings, hover on either side. Before the Saviour kneel the Virgin and St. John, and opposite them is a group of monks. The background is of pure gold. Underneath,

enclosed in a blue and white border, the dead rise to judgment. Angels blow long trumpets and the graves open. Below this again is a lovely initial letter, with figures on a gold background. The letter begins the words of the Litany, *Kyrie eleison*. A drawing at the bottom of the page represents Saul receiving the letter to Damascus, for the persecution of the Christians. The page, elaborate and glowing with colour as it is, exquisite in design and execution, is still not more striking than many others in the same volume, which may, without too much praise, be described as a gem of palæographic art. A note on the last leaf explains that the MS. was on the point of being carried beyond seas—when a customs' officer, one Baldwin Smith, in the port of London, seized and presented it to the Queen, in October, 1553, the first year of her reign.

The writer does not record whether the hapless owner was indemnified for his loss. It was probably the Queen herself who caused it to be bound, as we now see it, in the worn crimson velvet binding, with the remains of large pomegranates embroidered at each corner, pomegranates being her own badge.

The MS. 2. B. vii., is an extremely curious piece of workmanship, of the fourteenth century, with a complicated calendar. 1. A. xviii. is the copy of the Latin Gospels presented to Christ Church, Canterbury, by King Athelstan, with the name '*Lumley*' on the first page of the Eusebian canons, and '*Umfridus me fecit*' on a fly-leaf. The beautiful French version of the Apocalypse, written in England, about 1330 (19. B. xv.), contains drawings of great refinement, though they are scarcely to be compared with Queen Mary's Psalter. The very large Bible of the end of the fourteenth century, measuring twenty-four by seventeen inches, is splendidly illuminated and profusely adorned with miniatures.

But choice and variety are infinite, and to the devout lover of these things the Royal Library resembles a gold mine, with nuggets of great value lying in profusion wherever his adventurous footsteps lead him. If his object be delight, he will find that every step leads him thither.

J. M. STONE.



## ART. II.—DISCOVERIES IN WESTERN ASIA.

**A**N ever increasing company of explorers and scholars is building up for us forgotten history in the Levant and in Egypt; and each year adds new facts, and also new theories not always of equal value. The oldest civilization is found in the region bounded by the Caspian and the Mediterranean, the Delta and the Taurus mountains. When we pass beyond these limits to Greece and to Italy on the West, or to India on the East, we find no evidence of such antiquity, but rather of the influence of Babylon and Memphis, of Phœnicia and Lydia, on ruder Aryan peoples, who never had a hieroglyphic character, but adopted Asiatic alphabets, and whose earliest remains at Troy and Mycenæ, or in Etruria, are perhaps 2000 years later than the oldest Egyptian and Chaldean records.

But archæological study has the disadvantage that it is based, to a great extent, on the discovery of fragments, on injured documents, and on disconnected details; and it is easy to carry conclusions based on such evidence far beyond what is justified by the actual statement. Very great caution is needed in accepting such results—especially when they are still in dispute—and many current statements, which recur in popular handbooks, are known to be doubtful, or to have been superseded by later discovery. It is only by the concurrence of independent statements, on separate monuments, that a real check can be established. Even contemporary monuments are not infallible guides, and statements made by scribes as to a remote past are not more certain because written on stone or on brick, than they would be if written on paper. We no doubt escape the errors of the copyist when we can read the original, but we do not escape the possible errors of the author. Ancient scribes were very careful to read and correct their own writings, and to copy exactly those of earlier date. But they were not always impartial. The historian of Sennacherib's reign glosses over the defeat in Egypt. The

pretensions of rival kings overleap each other. Rameses II. was even accustomed to appropriate the victories of older kings, by cutting out their names and carving his own instead. In making true use of such monuments we must bear in mind their limitations, and also distinguish what is actually recorded from the deductions of the modern scholar, which sometimes go beyond the words of his authority.

No such historic records as are found on the cylinders of the late Assyrian kings have of late been unearthed; but a great deal that refers to the earliest ages of Chaldean history has been collected at Nippur, and elsewhere in Babylonia. When a record chamber, or the library of a merchant, has been opened, the tablets recovered number by tens of thousands, but the scholar who devotes years of labour to this decipherment often finds little to reward him from an historic point of view, however valuable be the picture presented, by such documents, of the social life of remote ages. Prayers and votive texts, agreements for the sale of slaves or of land, lists of temple property and royal treasures, interesting as they are, do not tell us what we most desire to know, but they form the large majority of the recovered remains.

In Palestine itself—which was the central region between the two oldest civilisations—we have as yet not found such a treasure house, though it has been proved that, as early at least as the fifteenth century B.C., the princes of Phœnicia and Philistia, the Hittites and Amorites, shared in the civilisation of surrounding countries. Historic texts are few and far between in Syria, and the majority belong to a later period. We have to be content with weights and seals, jar handles bearing the titles of local deities,\* and similar minor matters; yet we know that the Canaanite subjects of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty were in constant communication with

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\* Dr. Bliss has quite recently found some more of these dating probably about 500 B.C. They bear the texts *Li Melek Hebron*, *Li Melek Ziph*, and *Li Melek Shochoh*. The vessels themselves were of small value, but appear to have been thus dedicated to 'Moloch of Hebron,' 'Moloch of Ziph,' and 'Moloch of Shochoh.' Those discovered outside the wall of the Jerusalem Temple are inscribed *Li Melek Sapha*, and *Li Melek . . . Sheth*.

Egypt; and at Lachish, Dr. Bliss discovered the little cuneiform tablet which has now been carefully copied by Dr. Hilprecht, and which refers to the same Zimrida whose own letters from Lachish were found at Tell el Amarna. He is known to have been murdered by the people of Lachish; and the translation of the tablet in question (which requires revision in view of the corrected copy) shews how he was forced on the inhabitants by their foreign overlord about 1480 B.C. or later. This letter appears to run somewhat as follows:—

‘The chief of the forces to the head man. I bow at your feet. Do not you know our instructions about Dan Hadad and Zimrida, the chosen ones of your city? And Dan Hadad has been put in place of Zimrida, as head of my city. What message did you send me previously? The other is a slave; and it is three years, and thrice I have sent. What fellow is this? I myself gave our orders about the King’s land. And our Lord has sent orders to me, and when will they restore what the Master decrees that thy city must obey? As to the governor he has ordered him before me, and the head man of the Sun God (Pharaoh) is to hand him these orders.’

It is, however, from Mesopotamia that most of our early information about Syria is derived. The Egyptian Conquest did not occur before 1600 B.C. at earliest, and the oldest Egyptian reference to the country (in the time of Usertesen I. of the Twelfth Dynasty) shews that it was then independent of Egypt. Saueha fled from the Delta to Edima (Edom or Ethan), and thence to countries further north called Tonu and Aia, which were fertile lands of corn, wine, and cattle, olives and figs, communicating with Egypt by sea, and held by a warlike population whose chiefs (Ammiansi, Khundiaus, etc.) bore names recalling those of the Mongols, Cassites, and Elamites.

Tonu may perhaps be the Tuna of the later Assyrians, which lay near Cappadocia and Cilicia; and the presence yet earlier, in this region, of the Mongol rulers of Ur is witnessed by the texts of the Zirgul statues, referring to the cedar, marble, copper, and other materials, brought east from Amanus and from regions yet further north and west.

The so-called ‘Hittite’ monuments are no doubt the oldest remains found in Syria itself. They are more archaic in style

than the bas reliefs of Samalla (east of Issus) which are connected with alphabetic texts of the eighth century B.C., and even these bas reliefs appear to have been reused by the Phœnician builders, and do not themselves bear any text, beyond a single emblem over the head of the Lion-God, which may be compared with the Hittite characters. Some scholars have proposed to date the 'Hittite' monuments as late as the seventh century B.C.—a time when the alphabet was in general use in Syria, and partially used in Babylonia; but against such a theory stands the fact that a 'Hittite' bilingual seal exists, the cuneiform emblems on which are not those used in the seventh century, but those of the fifteenth century B.C., while another 'Hittite' seal from Lachish was found with those of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty. The hieroglyphic character used at Hamath and Aleppo appears to have been distinctive of Syria, and Asia Minor, though specimens have been discovered in Nineveh and Babylon. It is not found as yet in Southern Chaldea; but the fact that the forms are purely pictorial points to a very early age, and the alphabet superseded these hieroglyphics in the north of Syria probably before 1000 B.C. at latest. Without entering into controversial questions it appears safe to conclude that the oldest of these monuments date about 2000 B.C., while the accompanying figures present the same racial type found on the Chaldean monuments of a yet earlier age.

The Babylonians of the sixth century B.C. believed that the first Chaldean Empire was established by a King whose name is spelt *Sar-gi-na*, *Sar-gin-na*, and perhaps also *Sar-ga-ni*, a title which they compared with their own *Sar-ukin* or Sargon. They believed him to have reigned more than 3200 years earlier, and to have conquered the 'West' as far as the Mediterranean. But as yet we have no monuments which by general assent are referred to this monarch. At Nippur certain bricks and door sockets are found, bearing the name of a King *Sargani*, and inscribed, according to Dr. Hilprecht, in a Semitic language. But other scholars have denied that this King was the same as Sargon I.; and difficulties certainly arise in the identification. Most of these remains were found

at a higher level than that of the buildings of Urbau—a non-Semitic King whom the Babylonians believed to have lived about 2800 B.C.; and even the lowest pavement in which such bricks occur appears, according to Dr. Peters, to have ‘embedded’ Urbau’s pyramid. The character used is also evidently later than that of Urbau’s time; and Dr. Oppert ascribes these texts to about 2000 B.C. It is of course possible that they refer to an earlier builder, whose original work was known to the writer who acknowledges his priority, but judging from the characters used in these texts, and in others near Diarbekr and further east, it cannot be said that we have as yet conclusive evidence of the existence of Semitic Kings in the early days before the building of Babylon. Nor is there any reason to doubt the soundness of the conclusions reached by Sir H. Rawlinson, who believed the originators of Chaldean civilisation—afterwards adopted by Semitic races—to have been non-Semitic, and to have spoken the Akkadian or Mongol language found alone on the oldest monuments.

Even at Nippur Dr. Hilprecht points out that the oldest texts are of this character. But as regards their date we have no information, beyond the very late Babylonian statements above mentioned; and chronological lists are as yet unknown before the time of the first dynasty of Babylon—which according to Sir H. Rawlinson began about 2240 B.C., a calculation which has been confirmed rather than refuted by later discoveries. A great many names or titles of these first kings of Chaldea have been collected at various sites, but it is often doubtful whether these should be regarded as personal, especially when they follow instead of preceding the title ‘King.’ At this early period the sign distinguishing personal names was as yet not in use, and many of these terms are easily translated, meaning ‘The King who ordered the building,’ ‘The lord of foundation,’ ‘The heaven born,’ ‘The city builder,’ etc., which seem hardly likely to be really proper names.

It has however been established generally that the power of these first Mongol sovereigns extended over a wide area. They had conquered Elam on the south-east, and probably

Media further north; they had reached the Amanus and Kazalla, a region also in the west, and they communicated by sea with Sinai, whence they brought granite, and with Upper Egypt, whence they obtained gold. Their copper came from the west—probably from the Cappadocian mines; and they may have claimed authority over the whole of Palestine; for it is clear that at this time the power of Egypt did not extend beyond the Sinaitic mines, and, as Saneha told the chiefs of Tonu, the Pharaoh did not ‘covet the Lands of the North.’ In none of these early texts, referring to the ‘West,’ do we find any of the familiar Semitic names used by later scribes. We do not read of Lebanon or Damascus, of Tyre, Sidon, Gebal or Arvad; the terms used are Mongolic, and the population represented on the sculptures is Mongol. If, therefore, the Hittites belonged, as we may judge from their type on the monuments, to this Mongol race, there is plenty of evidence to show that they might have reached the slopes of the Taurus, Cappadocia, and North Syria, considerably before 2300 B.C.

The foundation of Babylon shifted the seat of the empire further north along the Euphrates. Two separate lists of its first kings, and a short chronicle (written in Akkadian) of the first seven reigns, have lately been discovered. The lengths of the reigns given are not exactly the same in these documents. As a rule the difference does not exceed a year, and the total is only nine years in two centuries. But these variations rather confirm than otherwise the historic character of the record, for the writers of the later chronology may easily have miscalculated from their older materials to this extent, even when carefully following their authorities. The totals which the later lists give for each dynasty agree with the details, and enable us to calculate back from fixed points in later history. Yet there is a difference of nearly two centuries in the results obtained by different scholars,\* which is due to the question whether certain dynasties were or were not con-

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\* In following different determinations of date Dr. Peters thus makes the evident slip of attributing 'Ammurabi's reign to about 2275 B.C., and that of his son, Samsuilua, to 1900 B.C.

temporary. The Babylonian scribe no doubt knew, but he has not clearly indicated his meaning. Independent calculations from other monumental sources seem, however, to show that the Kings of Pashe, \* of the 'sea coast,' and of Bazi, are intended to be understood as contemporaries of the Kings of Babylon. These three dynasties lasted for 120 years in all from the twelfth century B.C., and recent discoveries at Nippur seem to be best explained by the theory of contemporary rule.

The general results, down to about 1000 B.C., show therefore that at first the Babylonian kings were petty monarchs under an Elamite suzerain, and of these first five kings we have no known monuments in cuneiform character. 'Ammurabi, the famous sixth king, who is generally supposed to have been the Amraphel of the Bible (Gen. xiv.), was also at first subject to Elam. For at least three generations the Elamite kings had called themselves rulers of all Babylonia and 'Lords of the West,' but 'Ammurabi became the real founder of a Babylonian empire. He reigned 43 or 45 years, and after his 30th year he defeated Eriaku of Larsa, son of the king of Elam, and apparently established a Semitic ruler—Siniddina—in the south. He was followed by five generations of his descendants, the dynasty lasting in all for over three centuries. 'Ammurabi also calls himself a conqueror of the 'West,' as does his great grandson Ammisatana, but the limits of their power on the south, in the direction of Egypt, are at present unknown.

It is remarkable that the new chronicle of the first seven reigns is written in Akkadian. At Nippur has also been found a fragment of a tablet, written about the seventh century B.C.: the scribe had copied an ancient text of 'Ammizaduga, the tenth king of the eighteenth dynasty, and faithfully reproduces the old characters. He further translates this text into his own language, using his own later characters. There is also a copy of the same kind of an inscription by Ammisatana. In

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\* Dr. Hilprecht thinks that the Kings of Pashe must have ruled for more than 71 years apparently because the lengths of reigns stated for five of them leaves only 20 years for the remaining six. But the Cassite Kings of Babylon, at the same time, only average about 5 years of reign. It was evidently a time of civil war and short reigns in Babylonia.

each case the language of the ancient text so copied is Akkadian; and from these various indications it appears that the official language of the first Babylonian dynasty was non-Semitic; but, on the other hand, there are letters by 'Ammurabi in Semitic speech, and his longest text is in that language. It appears clear that two races, side by side, were ruled by the first kings of Babylon; and the same mixture of race is found under the Cassite kings of the third dynasty (about 1600 to 1300 B.C.), while in the fifteenth century B.C. we find Durratta, the Armenian king, writing many letters to Egypt in Semitic language, but also a very long one in his own dialect, which was non-Semitic, and apparently the same tongue as spoken by Cassites and Akkadians.

Hence by language we cannot determine the race to which the first dynasty of Babylon belonged. In their time there was a Semitic population in Mesopotamia, but the names of these kings do not receive, as a rule, any probable interpretation as Semitic words. The later Babylonians translated them, and the translation appears to show that—as used to be generally believed—these monarchs were also Cassites, and thus akin to the Akkadians in whose dialect their records are written. Moreover, they worshipped *Sumu*, who was a Cassite deity.

The time when, and the direction whence, the Semitic people appeared on the historic scene, in Mesopotamia and Syria, are questions as to which there is great variety of opinion, because there is little really known. Dr. Hommel assures us that they came from Arabia, and that the First Dynasty of Babylon belonged to this race. Dr. Hilprecht thinks they came from the Upper Tigris at a much earlier period. The evidence of language, so far as it goes, favours the latter view rather than the former, because the words common to all Semitic speech, which refer to fauna and flora, point to a region where products and animals unknown in Arabia existed. And these primitive words are found even in Ethiopic in some cases. But the only ancient account of race distinction that we possess is found in the Bible [Gen. x.], where we read that Asia Minor was inhabited by the "fair" Aryan race, and where



the sons of Ham—the early race of Chaldea, the Canaanites, and certain tribes of Egypt—are distinguished by language and origin from the sons of Shem. The latter (verses 22-31) included the inhabitants of Assyria, Elam, Aram, and Lud [or Syria], and the people of Eber or ‘beyond’ Euphrates. They were divided into two families, the one in Arabia and the other in the West.

As far as monumental evidence really gives any indication the Semitic race became numerous and powerful about the time of the foundation of Babylon. It soon included princes reigning on the borders of Elam (allied to ‘Ammurabi’); and at least as early as 1600 B.C., the records of Thothmes III. shew us that the population of Palestine itself was Semitic, as witnessed by the familiar town names. A century later the Amorites, Phœnicians, and Philistines who wrote to Egypt, wrote in a Semitic dialect, practically the same as found in Babylonia. Whereas in the north—between Damascus and Carchemish—many of the town names of the lists mentioned are non-Semitic, and are preserved almost unchanged to the present day in Turkish. Thus, as far as the casual references to this subject can guide us, there is strong reason to believe that, in Chaldea, the earth was at first of one language (Gen. xi., 1), but that afterwards a ‘confusion of tongues’ arose when the Semitic people became important. It is clear that in the time of Abraham there was a large Semitic element of population in Mesopotamia, and it is probable that his migration to the west had been preceded centuries before by the migration of earlier Semitic tribes, who were in possession, especially of Palestine proper, when the Egyptian conquests began. These tribes carried with them the cuneiform writing used throughout Syria by 1500 B.C., which seems gradually to have superseded the older Hittite hieroglyphics.

The newly discovered chronicle of the first dynasty of Babylon (published by the Trustees of the British Museum) casts some light on these movements. These kings referred to the years of their reigns as those in which certain events had occurred; and contract tablets of this period are dated by references to the same events. It is a method which was pre-

served much later by the Arabs, whose era in Yemen was the bursting of a certain great dam; and to the present day the Bedouin tribes thus make for themselves eras from events important to the tribe. It was not till a later time that the years were dated by the accession, or by the name of the Eponym—a method also adopted in Arabia.

The first king of Babylonia (Sumuabi) ruled some fourteen years. He built temples and forts, and made conquests in Kazalla, or North Syria. His successor (Sumulan or Sumulailu) was also long peaceful, and built a fortress in Babylon. He conquered in the East, subdued a revolt in Syria, and entered Borsippa, near Nineveh, ruling in all more than thirty-five years.

The third king of this dynasty was Zabû, who reigned fourteen years, and was apparently peaceful. The fourth (Abil-Sin or Alam-aku) fortified Borsippa, and reigned eighteen years. His chronicle is partly obliterated. The fifth (Sinmuballid or Aku-mupalab) ruled for thirty years according to one account, twenty according to another, and the chief event of his reign appears to have been a war with the King of Ur, in the South. The sixth of the race was 'Ammurabi (whose name the later Babylonians translated as *Kimti rapastum*, 'my family is large'), and, as before said, this was the most important reign of all. Unfortunately, the Akkadian Chronicle is much damaged, and about a third of this reign is obliterated. He ruled for forty-three or forty-five years, and the first twenty of them were peaceful, apparently under the kings of Elam. A tablet found at Nippur, on which the name of the king is lost, seems to refer to this reign, as it tallies with what is left of the Akkadian Chronicle. It is also written in Akkadian, and, if the identity be admitted, it appears that for twelve years in the middle of his reign, 'Ammurabi was occupied by wars in the West, where, as we know from other texts, he made conquests. He married one of his daughters to a prince of Merash—the great Hittite city at the foot of the Taurus—in his fourteenth year, and another to the ruler of Ansan—in Elam—in his twenty-eighth. His quarrel with Elam occurred in the thirty-second year, and thus when in-

vading Syria he was still—as we gather also from the Bible—subject to the King of Elam.

'Ammurabi was succeeded by his son Sâmsûiluna (or Sâmsû isibna), whose chronicle is also much damaged. He ruled for thirty-eight or thirty-five years, and he also made expeditions to the West. Here this Chronicle ends, though dated in the reign of Ammi Zaduga, the tenth king. The fragment of the history of the latter, found as above noted at Nippur, gives us little information. It may perhaps refer to a conquest of Damascus, but this depends on the reading of somewhat doubtful signs. It is known that his father, Ammisatana, claimed to rule the 'West,' but the history of his son Sâmsûsatana is as yet unknown.

After the decline of this famous family, a dynasty of eleven kings, also with non-Semitic names, ruled Babylon for nearly four centuries, down to about 1590 B.C. Very little is known about them, but they may have been conquerors from Erech in the South; and the seventh king appears to have been a ruler of the 'Sea Coast,' acceding 636 years before Marduk nadin akhi. This family was in turn succeeded by Cassites, of whom the first was named Gandis. The great chronological list is unfortunately broken away at a very interesting part of the history of this third dynasty. They were no longer the rulers of all Western Asia, for an independent Semitic kingdom had arisen in Assyria, with its capital at Assur, on the Tigris, below Nineveh; and in the time of Gandis Thothmes III. accomplished the conquest of all Syria, and even exacted tribute from the king of Assyria. The broken part of the Chronicle includes the reigns of Kurigalzu I., Burnaburias, and Kurigalzu II., coinciding with those of Amenophis III. and Amenophis IV. of Egypt; but other records tell us something of their history, and a series of votive texts from Nippur shows the relationship and succession of these kings. The earlier Cassites of this dynasty seem to have written solely in Akkadian: the later used both this language and Semitic Babylonian in their texts. The names of these monarchs are again non-Semitic, and it appears to be allowed

that Cassite and Akkadian were practically the same language.

Of Kurigalzu I. we know, from the Tell el Amarna tablets, that he refused to aid the Canaanites in their revolt against Egypt. Burnaburias (who, according to the Babylonians, lived about 1430 B.C. or earlier), was on friendly terms with Amenophis IV., to whom he wrote letters in Semitic dialect, yet his own inscriptions at home are Akkadian. He settled a boundary between his dominions and those of the Assyrian king, Assur Uballid, whose daughter he married. After his death his father-in-law invaded Syria, but was recalled by a rebellion in Babylon against his grandson, Karamurdas, who was murdered. The Assyrians placed Kurigalzu II.—another son of Burnaburias—on the throne of Babylon, and he appears to have had a successful reign, and to have made conquests in Elam. After the death of his grandfather, however, he quarrelled with Bel-nirari, the next Assyrian king, and allied himself with Elam. The next four centuries (of which we have only fragmentary records), seem to represent a constant struggle between the Cassites and Elamites on the one hand, and the Assyrians, who were of Semitic race, on the other.

Meanwhile the fate of Palestine was no longer mainly influenced by Babylon or Assyria. Another kingdom had arisen in Matiene, under a non-Semitic race, allied by marriage to the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty. They were Minyans whose capital was possibly at Malatiya, and who appear to have been of one race with the Hittites. The names of these kings in the fifteenth century B.C. are known, including Sitatama, Suttarna, and his sons Artasumara and Dusratta. The famous Queen Teie, wife of Amenophis III., appears to have been a relation of the Minyan King, and Amenophis III. also married Dusratta's sister, Gilukhepa, while his son Amenophis IV. married Dusratta's daughter, Tadukhepa. Artasumara allied himself to the Hittites, but was defeated and killed by his brother Dusratta, who then appears to have conquered the Hittite country. These events coincided with a general upheaval in Palestine during the reign of Amenophis III. The Amorite chief Abdasherah attacked Phœnicia, and somewhat

later Aziru his son repeated the onslaught, and advanced at least as far south as Tyre. Hittites and Amorites also raided to Damascus and Bashan, and the Egyptian armies were defeated and withdrawn, in the reign of Amenophis IV. It was during this rebellion that Zimrida of Lachish, was murdered, and that a fierce people called the Abiri destroyed all the rulers of Southern Palestine. In the opinion of the present writer, supported by that of Dr. Winckler and Dr. Zimmern in Germany, these 'Abiri were none other than the Hebrews under Joshua. They came from Seir, and they conquered the towns of Gazer, Lachish, Ascalon, etc., which lay on the route of Joshua's first campaign. They attacked the King of Jerusalem, who appealed in vain to Egypt for help; and the date—reckoned by the reign of Burnaburias—agrees with the ordinary chronology of the Old Testament.

There is unfortunately a gap in Assyrian and Babylonian records in this age, but it appears that about 1400 B.C. and later, they were too busy in an internal struggle between Nineveh and Babylon to be able to influence the history of Syria. The nineteenth Egyptian dynasty set itself to recover what had been lost by the last kings of the eighteenth dynasty. They began their conquests in the extreme south by capture of Sharuhē east of Gaza; and Rameses II. (probably about 1300 B.C.) recovered Ascalon and the plains of Palestine, and conquered Kadesh on Orontes, advancing to the neighbourhood of Aleppo. The Hittites had become independent, apparently, of both Babylon and Egypt, and had pushed south from Mer'ash and Aleppo to Kadesh, which lay on the Orontes, south of Emesa, at the present ruined town called *Kades*. Even at the height of his power Rameses II. appears to have been obliged to recognize the Hittite prince of Kadesh almost as an equal, and married his daughter, who may have been the mother of Mineptah, who preserved friendly relations with the Hittites.

Mineptah claims to have pacified the whole of Syria, and apparently attacked the Hebrews in Palestine. His now famous text while referring to the Hittites as contented, and speaking of the reduction of towns in Ruten—which was the

well-known Egyptian name for Palestine and for Northern Syria—says of the ‘people of Israel’ that they had ‘no seed,’ and had ‘perished for ever.’ But we know that this forecast was not fulfilled.

The records of the Cassites in Babylon during this age are scanty. The synchronous history of Babylon and Nineveh gives us the names of contemporaries for the more famous rulers. The son of Kurigalzu II. was Nazimaruttas, who was defeated by Rimmon Nirari, and settled a boundary line between their kingdoms. Later on, a Semitic King of Babylon appears in Nebuchadrezzar I. (about 1154 B.C.) who thrice attacked Assyria, and made conquests in Elam and in the ‘west.’ But he also seems to have been finally defeated. His successor on the throne of Babylon was Marduk-nadin-akhi, who also had a Semitic name. A boundary stone from Babylonia bears the name of Bel-nadin-akhi, apparently also as the immediate successor of Nebuchadrezzar I., and this appears to be best explained by supposing that the kingdom of this important king was divided on his death. The date of his reign is roughly fixed by the fact that he was defeated by the Assyrian Assur-risisi, and that Marduk-nadin-akhi defeated Tiglath Pileser I., son of Assur-risisi. In the great Babylonian Chronicle the names about this period are lost, but the lengths of reigns are preserved; and we cannot place Marduk-nadin-akhi later than the twenty-fourth King of the third dynasty, for the twenty-fifth was a Cassite called Kadasman . . . (a broken name) and his successors are known for ten reigns after.

If, however, we suppose that Nebuchadrezzar I. was an usurper—perhaps connected with the Assyrian dynasty, as he claims to have been the descendant of kings—who afterwards quarrelled with Nineveh and was finally defeated, it is natural to suppose that his dominions may have been divided, and the dynasty of Pashe established, probably in the south, by a younger son. It will then be found that the three contemporary dynasties, which ruled the south and the ‘sea coast’—while the Cassites recovered the rule of Babylon after the death of Marduk-nadin-akhi—lasted down to about 1010 B.C., and

that the third Babylonian dynasty endured to about 1012 B.C. Both these small kingdoms were, in fact, absorbed by the Assyrians under Irba-Marduk at that date, and Babylon ceased to be the centre even of a small independent power.

That Assyria prevailed over Babylon even as early as the middle of the twelfth century is known, and this agrees with the fact that Assur-risisi and his son Tiglath Pileser I. renewed the ancient attack on the west. The former has left his monument at Beirut, the latter subdued the Hittites and reached the Mediterranean near Arvad. After his time Assyria gradually encroached, until Damascus fell to Tiglath Pileser III. in 732 B.C., Samaria to Sargon ten years later, and Jerusalem finally to Nebuchadrezzar II. of Babylon in 588 B.C.

In this sketch of monumental history most of the facts stated are generally acknowledged, and the disputed points have been noticed. These include the age and race of Sargon I., the race to which the first dynasty of Babylon belonged, and their exact dates, the affinity of the Hittites to the Cassites (Dr. Jensen supposing the former to have been Armenians, which is as yet not supported by any evidence), and the exact date of Nebuchadrezzar I. (1138 according to Dr. Hilprecht), with the order of succession after his death. But the main facts are not so controverted, and include the existence of a non-Semitic Empire extending to the Mediterranean before 2300 B.C., the conquest of Syria by the first Babylonians, and later by the 18th Dynasty of Egypt, the great revolt of the fifteenth century B.C., the subsequent victories of Rameses II., and the gradual decay of both Egyptian and Assyrian power, about the time when David became king of Palestine and Damascus. There is not one fact that contradicts the history of the Old Testament, though there is much not therein mentioned, and much also that confirms the Bible record. A few remarks bearing on these questions may be added in conclusion, with reference to the early texts now published, discovered by Dr. Peters and his colleagues at Nippur between 1888 and 1896.

Several attempts have been made to recover some account of Chedarlaomer, the Elamite suzerain of 'Ammurabi, but none

of these can be said to have been successful. One supposed reference, in a letter by 'Ammurabi, has been generally condemned, and appears to be very forced. In two other cases the documents are certainly very late, and are not stated to be copies. They appear rather to refer to the Assyrian wars with Elam in the seventh century B.C. However often repeated in popular handbooks, these suggestions are not found to receive support from specialists, nor do they seem well founded when the documents are studied in which the supposed references occur. As yet, we only know historically of 'Ammurabi, and of his younger contemporary Arioch, but the other kings named in Genesis as contemporaries of Abraham may no doubt have left memorials still to be recovered.

The texts written on the broken fragments of calcite vases, which have been laboriously pieced together by Dr. Hilprecht, are perhaps the oldest known in Chaldea. He remarks that the forms of the emblems on these are more purely pictorial and give a better idea of the original meaning of the sign than any yet found. This is true; but so rude are the sketches, that, in many cases, very opposite explanations have been proposed by those who study the pictorial origin of cuneiform. A sign which one writer calls an arrow, is, according to another, a bird, and so on. The old sign *Mu* seems to represent a fruit tree, and the word *Mu* for 'fruit' occurs in Akkadian, while *Mu* is a term for 'tree' in several Mongolic dialects. The oldest form of this emblem, as now found, is more like a tree than any example known before. If it be right to suppose that the sign is oldest when it is most pictorial—which will be generally allowed—and that these already conventionalised examples are as old at least as 3000 B.C., it is very difficult to understand why the same writer should suppose the Hittite character—which is more clearly pictorial than any cuneiform signs—to have been in use only in the seventh century B.C. The Hittites in that age were being dispersed and exterminated by the Assyrians, who certainly did not use this character, and it is not a time when they could have set up monuments recording victory. They used the cuneiform



themselves in the fifteenth century B.C., and the monuments in their own character appear to be yet more ancient.

It is not possible to fix the date of a cuneiform text accurately by its characters when the age is otherwise unknown. There is a great contrast between the Babylonian cuneiform of Nebuchadrezzar in the sixth century B.C., and that of the old kings of Ur some 2000 years before; but yet greater is the change in Assyrian cuneiform, which, without special study, would hardly be recognised as having a common origin with Babylonian. When however attempts are made to fix the age of an undated text, it is found that the characters alone will not bring us within several centuries; and the same scholar in one case argues, in 1893, from the written character, that the date of a text is about 1600 B.C., and three years later, from the same argument, he places it not later than 4000 B.C. The texts which Dr. Hilprecht places about 3000 B.C., Dr. Oppert places at 2000 B.C., and the method of judging by palæographical indications is thus at present very unsafe. This is the more difficult also because the material used makes a great difference. Texts carved on granite, scratched on agate, or drawn with a wooden style on clay, have very different appearances, and the commercial tablets, hurriedly scrawled, are much more modern in appearance than the formal texts cut on alabaster or on basalt, to record the glories of a successful reign. In the Hittite texts we mark similar differences, due perhaps in part to the gradual conventionalising of the characters, but also due in part to the harder or softer stone on which they are carved. The best-formed emblems are in relief, and hewn out of basalt blocks; the incised texts, which are perhaps later, give us only rough sketches of the emblems, and approach in outline to the so-called 'Cypriote' characters, which were probably derived from this system, and which were used by early Lycians and Carians, and by Cretans, before the Greek alphabet superseded this syllabary, and even as late as the fourth century B.C.—long after alphabets had become common in Asia and in Greece and Italy. But are we to conclude from these facts that the so-called Hittite texts

are Aryan \* or 'Proto-Armenian' (whatever that term may mean) any more than that the Aryan Persians invented the cuneiform characters that they used? If such is really the belief of those who deny the antiquity of this script, we must conclude that the Aryans wore pigtails—such as are represented on 'Hittite' bas reliefs, and that their physical type, their religious symbolism, and their language, were indistinguishable from those of the early Akkadians. Dr. Oppert and Sir H. Rawlinson are perhaps better guides when they compare both the language and the type of Akkad with those of the Mongol Turks.

The personal names in such inscriptions are often as doubtful as the date. When the text is Akkadian, the name also is probably as a rule to be read in the same language, and to attribute Akkadian texts to the later Assyrian kings, Esarhad-don and Assurbanipal, appears incorrect. If we take as an instance the name usually read Urbau, it is notable that it has also been supposed to read Ligbau, Tasbau, Urbagas, Urea, Amilea, Urgur, and Calabbau. In every case there is a reason for the proposed reading, but we can only say with any certainty that the name includes two elements, the first meaning 'worshipper,' and the second being the name of a deity. The same difficulty is found in many other cases, and as another instance may be noticed the name of the king of Jerusalem mentioned in the Tell el Amarna letters. It is spelt in two different ways, and has been read Abd Tobba, Arad Tobba, Abd Khiba or Arad Khiba. As regards the latter

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\* Armenian is a purely Aryan language, classed between the Iranian and the Slav families. Going through Brand's dictionary I have not found a single Armenian word which aids in the study of the Hittite known names—such as Tarkhundara, Tarkutimme, Khetasar, etc., nor has any such comparison been established by others. The element Tarku or Tarkhun is common in Hittite names of princes. It appears to be the Turkish *Tarkhan* or *Targun* 'chief,' found also in the Etruscan Tarquin (the Etruscans having been shewn by Dr. Isaac Taylor to have been of Mongolic race); and it is certain that, had such names been Aryan, they would long ago have been as easily explained as are those of the Medes and Persians.

reading, which seems the more probable at first sight, the difficulty is that *Khiba* does not suggest any probable Semitic meaning. The first sign means 'man' or 'servant,' or even 'lord.' The second element may—as is so often the case with these names—be a kind of anagram meaning 'pious,' and may have an entirely different pronunciation not yet recognised.

The Nippur discoveries confirm the antiquity of a double system of weights, which were both used by the Babylonians, Assyrians, Phœnicians and Hebrews alike. One of the lion-weights from Nineveh, in the British Museum, which is marked '30 manahs,' weighs 233,280 grains, giving 7776 grains to the manah. A brown hæmatite weight of considerable antiquity at Nippur is marked 'ten shekels of commercial gold,' and in its present condition gives 7925 grains for the manah. Maimonides tells us (*De Siclis*, I. 2) that the old Hebrew shekel weighed 320 grains, which would give a manah of 16,000 grains; but in Galilee in the second century A.D., the shekel only weighed half that of Jerusalem, and an actual example of a 'quarter shekel,' found at Samaria, and dating probably as early as the seventh century B.C., weighs almost 40 grains, giving the smaller unit (beka, or half shekel) of 160 grains. Thus the original Hebrew shekel of silver was worth about 3 shillings and 4 pence; but after the Captivity it was reduced to 220 grains. The shekel of 160 grains is also represented by an example found by Dr. Bliss at Tell Zakariya (actual weight 154 grains approximately), which bears the text *Netzep*, or 'the half,' just as the Samaritan example bears *Riba' Netzep* ('quarter of the half') for the weight of 40 grains.\* This second example also is earlier than the Captivity.

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\* By the 'half' is clearly meant the lighter unit originating in the manah of 8000 grains, as compared with the heavier unit of 16,000 grains for the manah. Both systems were used in Assyria. The gradual depreciation of this standard is equally marked in the west and in Mesopotamia. The manah of 7920 grains became 7776 grains by the seventh century B.C. The Phœnician shekel of the Persian age (about 400 B.C.) weighed only 240 grains (60 shekels to the manah): the Jewish shekel after the Captivity was also at the rate of 60 to the manah, and not 50 as before the Captivity, and it depreciated between 200 and 100 B.C. from about 220 to 212 grains in weight.

From these examples we gather that the custom of having 'two weights,' condemned in the Bible (Deut. xxv. 13-15) was very ancient, and that the commercial unit was the same from an early age all over Western Asia. But, as in other coinages, the unit became degraded in time, until it lost a third of its original value.

Both the Akkadians and the Semitic Babylonians were pious nations, and feared the anger of the gods. They shewed much respect for ancient monuments, probably on account of the curses often contained in the inscriptions, and directed against those who should remove a monument, deface a text, or change the name of the original writer. Such a curse is found in one of Gudea's texts from Tell Loh, supposed to be as old as about 2800 B.C. Another instance is found at Nippur, in a text of Kadasman Turgu the Cassite King, son of Nazi Maruttas. It dates from about the 14th century B.C., and is written in Akkadian, the meaning being somewhat as follows :—

'To the god Ea of Nippur, father of gods, lord of all chief gods, lord of lands, his lord ; Kadasman Turgu King of Babylon, the famous chief, has given this block of lapis lazuli, weighing 20 Manahs, for his preservation alive, and a gift from Madana ("the mine"). The man who erases this writing, may the God Ea, his lord, the lord of lands, destroy ; and may his family be destroyed.'

The later Assyrians were quite as reverent in their treatment of antiquities. Tiglath Pileser I, rebuilding a temple in Assur, discovered the monumental cylinder of his ancestor, Shamash Rimmon. This cylinder he anointed with oil, sacrificed a victim, and restored it to its place. It is true no doubt that the gods and monuments of people of another race were not always so treated. 'Ammurabi seems to have taken the gods of Elam from their temples. Assurbanipal desecrated the Elamite temple of Susa. Nabonidus, the last King of Babylon, collected many local statues in his capital, and caused great discontent in the provinces by so doing. The Assyrians in Syria and Philistia in like manner took captive the gods of conquered peoples, as Nebuchadrezzar also spoiled the temple of Jerusalem ; but we cannot suppose that

at home such desecration of ancient monuments occurred, though in Egypt the kings of later dynasties seem to have felt little respect for the monuments of their predecessors.

When therefore, as at Nippur, monuments are found bearing two texts apparently of different dates, it is probable that the later writer intended to preserve and to replace what the older king had made.

In the first instance a door socket of diorite was very rudely inscribed in Akkadian by a king. The words *Kigub nidudu* (or *Kiginni ulul* as it may also be read) are perhaps not a personal name, and the text appears to mean—

‘To the God Ea, the King who caused the place to be made has presented this.’

The later text is much better cut, and seems to be correctly regarded by Dr. Hilprecht as Semitic. The characters used seem probably not older than about 2000 B.C., and the text runs—

‘To Baal, the great lord Sargani King of the city, the judge, King of Akkad, made the mountain temple, the temple of Baal lord of Nippur. Which tablet whoever destroys, the God Baal, and Shamash, and Istar, may they destroy, and scatter his family.’

The text here referred to is thus perhaps that of the original founder which was preserved.

In the second case a similar door socket bears the same original inscription. The later text is in characters like those used by the Cassites of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries B.C., though thought to be yet older. It is in Akkadian, and runs as follows—

‘To the God Ea, Lord of Lands, lord (chosen by himself?); Anamar Aku, who proclaims the name of Ea of Nippur, the chief servant of the Temple of Ea, the great King of Ur, King of the four quarters (of earth presents this at his temple (and causes a sacrifice to be offered?).’

As this king could have read the older text, and as he adored the same god, it appears probable that (as in the case above mentioned of Tiglath Pileser I.) his intention was to do honour to the original founder, rather than to use up old material in his restoration.

With respect to the agate tablet bearing the names of Dungi and Kurigalzu, who were historically separated by perhaps more than a thousand years, it is remarkable that the character of the writing is apparently the same in both texts, and resembles that of the other Cassite inscriptions of the fourteenth century B.C.

On one side we find the words—

‘To Istar his Lady, for the preservation of life, Dungi the mighty man, King of Ur, his prayer being fulfilled, presented this.’

On the other side is a Semitic text—

‘Kurigalzu King of Babylonia conquered the temple of the city Sāsa of Elam. For his life he presented this to Baalath his lady.’

In this instance it would appear that an ancient amulet was recovered from Elam. And if so the similarity of the writing is due to the hard material rather than to date.

The expression ‘for his life,’ common in these votive texts, sometimes refers to the writer, sometimes to a child or a father. It cannot be taken to mean ‘for his soul,’ as the writer appears to have been alive when the gift was dedicated, in some cases. It evidently means either that gratitude was felt for an escape from danger, or the hope is expressed that future protection will be granted to the worshipper, or to those for whom he offers his tablet. In some cases the former explanation seems preferable, for similar votive texts refer to the birth of children as follows, the writing being extremely ancient—

‘Talisman of the Goddess, a lady having become a mother . . . a text for the King : his wife (and) child both being alive, he presents this.’

‘To God and Goddess, a son being let live for the father : his wife (and) child being alive, he presents this.’

‘Talisman for the Goddess of the city. The servant of the God Ea, for preservation of life of a (first-born son ?), causes the tablet to be written for the temple of Ea, who allowed life, the mother who gave birth being alive, the wife (and) child being alive, he presents this.’

The goddess in question was the wife of Ea, in whose temple the tablet was erected.

Some of the longest texts of late discovered come from Tell Loh, and give lists of grants to the temple by various kings ; these do not appear to be very early, and the writing resembles that of the fifteenth century B.C. They are chiefly interining

on account of personal names, and as shewing that a king of Ur and of the 'four quarters,' named Anamaraku, lived after Dungi. He is perhaps the same non-Semitic ruler above mentioned. Dr. Hilprecht renders the name as if Semitic (*Bur-Sin*), but distinguishes him from another king An-bur-Aku (or *Bur-Sin*) who has left an Akkadian text on clay at Nippur.\* Considering the difference of material, the question of date is as usual difficult, but the appearance of the characters is not very early. The writer seems to have been a subordinate ruler, and it appears (from certain Tell Loh texts) that princes who ruled over provinces became afterwards kings, in succession to their fathers. This seems to explain both the text in question, and another by a certain Ur-ninib, also on clay. The former reads:—

'Anburaku, the prince ruling within Nippur, assistant of the great prince of Ur and of Erech his home, issuing commands to Erech, King of Isin, King of the whole extent of Akkad, adores the holy abode of his lady Istar.'

The similar tablet may be rendered as follows:—

'An-ur-Ninib, the prince under whom Nippur has been made subject, a prince favoured by the ruler of Ur, the gracious Lord of Erech, King of Isin, King of the whole extent of Akkad, to the gracious Lady Istar.

Another very interesting class of inscriptions, which sometimes give historical information, is found on the boundary stones of Babylonian private proprietors. The boundary stone was elaborately carved, as a rule, in hard stone, with figures of various monsters—apparently of astrological origin—and sometimes with the figure of the king. The monument was at the same time a talisman, a record of the value of the pro-

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\* Amar Sin (or An Amaraku) appears to have ruled ten years, and was followed by Kat Sin (or Kat-Aku), according to a short tablet at Nippur, which forms their chronicle as follows:—

'The year of accession of Anamaraku; the year of war with the King of (Babylon?); the year he made the shrine of Ea; the year that he served as chief priest of God: the year he served as chief priest of Istar: the year of war in the land of Sāsūb: the year of war at Tell Millukha: the year he served as priest in Eridu: the year . . . the year he made the high place of Ea. The year Kat-Aku was King of Ur: the year of war in Media and Zabsali.'

perty and its boundary, a statement of the grant by which such property was held, and a warning to trespassers; and in addition curses were inscribed against any who should remove his neighbour's landmark (Deut., xxviii, 17) or dispute his title in future, the names of witnesses to the grant being given. The British Museum possesses fine examples, dating in the eleventh century B.C. From one we learn that Melisikhu, the Babylonian king (about 1040 B.C.), was descended from Kuri-galzu: from another we gather the conquests of Nebuchadrezzar I. (about 1154-28 B.C.) over Elam, Lulube, the Cassites, and 'the West,' with a detailed account of the war services for which the grant was made. Another, newly published by Dr. Hilprecht, dates probably about 1128 B.C., and appears to trace back the property to Gulkisar, the early Cassite king (about 1763-1708 B.C.). The importance of the information lies in this historical matter, though in the writer's own mind the extent of his property was, no doubt, much more an object of consideration. If the Egyptians had been as practical in such matters as the Babylonians, we might have been better able to determine Egyptian chronology than we are.

The latest monuments of Nippur—as distinct from mercantile correspondence, which is represented by thousands of tablets going down to the Persian age—are the votive texts of Nabopolassar and his son, Nebuchadrezzar II.; but long as they are, they contain hardly any historical information. We learn that the conqueror of Jerusalem was the 'dear son' of his father; that he brought cedar from Lebanon to roof his temple; and that he taxed all his realm for the purpose of its enrichment. In Nebuchadrezzar's inscriptions, generally, it is remarkable that he lays more stress on his piety in building temples than on his success as a conqueror.

The foregoing sketch of recent discoveries will serve to show how every expedition sent to the east brings back new and valuable additions to our historical knowledge, and how often the casual references in Babylonian texts serve to cast light on the history of Palestine, and on the historic books of the Bible.

C. R. CONDER.



## ART. III.—THE OSSIANIC BALLADS.

**T**HERE is perhaps no form of literature which presents a more interesting problem than the popular ballad. In most kinds of literary composition there is no obscurity as to the process by which the work, be it long or short, was brought into its final form: as a rule, it can be definitely set down as the work of a single author, even although some accident of time or tradition has unkindly left him 'A man without a name,' as they say in Irish. To this rule there are two great exceptions—the epic and the ballad; or, rather, these are the two chief forms which literary critics have looked upon as possible exceptions to the general rule. There are not a few who support the theory that the ballad and the epic were not made but 'grewed,' though the process of growth is rather left to the imagination. There are some again who believe that the one grew into the other, that the epic was produced by a combination and fusion of earlier ballads. To prove their point they break up the *Iliad* (as Wolf did) or the *Nibelungen Lied* (as Lachmann) and hold up the fragments as evidence of their contention. Such a method can only be successful if we consent to ignore the essential differences between ballad and epic styles of narrative. The genuine ballad, as we understand the term, is a short poem consisting of from 100 to 200 lines, less or more; and within that space the poet tells his story, often one of wide range, without any waste of words, and without a single digression. His verses are a series of *tableaux*, in each of which the characters stand out clearly defined, and appear in new attitudes in the next. The epic on the other hand is something which runs to thousands of lines, and here also the poet tells only a single story, no greater in range than that of many ballads, but invested with a copious wealth of words, and embellished with episodes and digressions of various kinds. Any single book, or section of a book, of the *Iliad* no more resembles a ballad, in our sense of the term, than it does one of the psalms of David. However complete in itself the story of such a fragment may be, yet the tone is always that

of the epic : the pace is that of the stately procession, and not of the runner on whose speed rest matters of life and death.

It would be interesting to see whether the advocates of the ballad-origin of the epic would be more successful in essaying the reverse process—in putting together the ballads of any cycle so as to form an epic out of them. The only attempt of the kind which occurs to us is the *Kalevala*, and it can hardly be maintained that the Finnish poem is an epic in the same way as the *Odyssey* is, or the *Nibelungen Lied*, in spite of the fact that the style of Finnish poetry has something of the leisurely movement of the epic about it. It fails to be epic, because there is no final goal of action to which the different incidents tend, any more than there is in the various ballads of Robin Hood, or the Gaelic ones which we shall presently deal with.

What does seem probable, and this is perhaps the grain of truth underlying the theory, is that the epic presupposes older ballads on the same subject. The *Nibelungen Lied* may well have its foundation in earlier ballads akin to those in the *Edda*, but it does not follow that any section of the epic corresponds to the contents of any one ballad. The whole mass has been put through the mill, and has been rolled out into something which may consist of the same materials, but is totally different in form and texture. The resultant epic is much more showy in quality than the rude ballads on which it is based ; it is recited in the halls of the wealthy, who have leisure to listen to its stately movement, and it has a considerable chance of being written down and of becoming a classic. Not so with the ballad. It is born in obscurity, though not necessarily of doubtful parentage, and it lives for the most part in a humbler sphere : it is essentially a child of song, and its tones are the delight of the poor and unlettered class, whose vague ideas of knightly or royal state it faithfully shadows forth. Its obscure origin and lowly position are proved by two things : the first is that the author is unknown, and the second that, if written down at all, it is written by no professional scribe or literary man but by some accidental lover of the rustic muse. Of this we shall presently find some curious examples in the case of the Gaelic ballads.

If the view of the epic advanced above is correct, it is a view which cannot readily be proved. Let us suppose for the moment that previous to the Iliad there existed a number of ballads centred round the tale of Troy, each bringing out some different point or phase in the great struggle between Asia and Europe. Or again, suppose there was a cycle of old German ballads relating to the Nibelungs, similar to those which have been preserved in Icelandic. In either case, the later epic had not only the better chance of surviving, but would go far to cast the ballad-cycle into the shade, and bring it to final oblivion. It is almost impossible that both should be preserved, considering the precarious conditions under which the humbler partner existed.

To those who hold the ballad origin of the epic, the study of ballad-cycles ought to be of special interest; the separate poems which compose them are the individual cairns out of which the stately pyramid might some day have arisen had circumstances been favourable. For there appears in all literatures a tendency to produce such combinations, even if the result is not always epical. The separate ballads of the Sigurd-cycle form the foundation of the *Völsunga Saga*; and James Macpherson was following a natural tendency (though in a mistaken and arbitrary fashion) when from the ballads of the Fiann he evolved his epic of Fingal. Had the same thing been done by one of equal genius at an earlier date, there might have been a great Gaelic epic, not inferior in interest to those of Greece or later Europe.

The ballads of Western Europe are a product of medieval life, their character being determined by the audience for whom they were intended. Highest in tone stand those of the Old North, which scholars are now agreed in assigning to the tenth and eleventh centuries; perhaps they belong rather to the latter than the former of these dates. The Danish ballads, a rich and varied group, perhaps began in the fourteenth century; in written form they are known only from the sixteenth. The Scottish and English are not quite so old; probably most of them date from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Gaelic group must at latest have begun to form itself in the fifteenth, and can hardly be much earlier, as the evidence of language shows. How it originated, and how it grew to its final perfection, are matters

yet unknown and perhaps impossible to investigate. In Irish manuscripts copies do not begin to be common until the seventeenth century, but nearly a hundred years before that date a number of them had been written down in Scotland. Somewhere about 1512, a certain James MacGregor of Glenlyon, Dean of the Church of Lismore in the West Highlands, occupied his leisure time in writing a large quarto manuscript, which has long been known to all Celtic scholars as the 'Book of the Dean of Lismore.' Here, together with much miscellaneous matter in Scottish, Gaelic, and Latin, there are no fewer than thirty ballads and related pieces—the oldest copies extant. The one drawback to our good fortune in this is that the Dean, instead of using the current Gaelic orthography of the day, chose to spell phonetically, with results which, however valuable to the philologist, are not pleasant to the mere student of literature. Dr. Thomas M'Lauchlan gained no small reputation by editing a large part of the book in 1862,\* but his work, however creditable to his diligence and ingenuity, is to a great extent mere guessing, and often very bad guessing. The late Dr. Cameron has helped matters a little by the transcripts and translations published in *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, Vol. I., but no one has yet devoted to the Dean's orthography the exhaustive study which is necessary before it can be interpreted with absolute certainty. As the oldest written versions of the ballads, his texts are naturally of the highest value.

After 1600, copies of the ballads become frequent in Irish MSS., whether written in Ireland or Scotland, but comparatively little has been published from these sources. This is the more to be regretted as these versions are highly essential for purposes of collation; and it is very unfortunate that the two volumes published by the Ossianic Society of Dublin in 1859 and 1861 (with the title *Laoithe Fiannuigheachta*) are based on manuscripts which give only late recensions, combined and manipulated by the scribes in such a way that their original form is quite disguised. This is interesting as evidence of the epic-making tendency, but not quite what is wanted for preliminary studies in the subject.

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\* *The Dean of Lismore's Book, a Selection of ancient Gaelic Poetry, etc.* Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1862.

With the middle of the eighteenth century came the great split between Irish and Scottish Gaelic so far as their common literature was concerned, and as soon as the old MSS. became unintelligible to Scottish Highlanders, the collecting of ballads from oral recitation began afresh. Some of these followers of the Dean were remarkable men, but there is the less reason to particularise them here that J. F. Campbell has given a full account of them (in English, in his introduction to *Leabhar na Feinne*. The most interesting is undoubtedly Archibald Fletcher, who began to collect about 1750. He could write little more than his own name, but that was no obstacle to him; he learned the ballads from those who knew them, he got hold of men who could write Gaelic and made them act as scribes for him, and finally he brought his collection to a Justice of the Peace, repeated the poems to him for comparison with the MS., and got him to certify that the written copies were correct. Fletcher's MS. is now in the Advocates' Library, and has been printed by Campbell.

It would be tedious, and indeed foreign to our purpose, to narrate how the genuine collections of ballads came into collision with Macpherson's 'Poems of Ossian;' nor need we show how thoroughly the whole question was misunderstood both by those who admired and those who contemned 'Fingal' and 'Temora.' Sceptics and believers were alike devoid of the necessary historical knowledge of Gaelic literature, and the controversy was mainly an exhibition of unreasoning patriotism, vague assertion, and general ignorance of the points at issue. If Macpherson was the original offender (and this is not absolutely certain), he was at least not the only Highlander of his day who tried to please the taste of the eighteenth century by artificial rhetoric and heroic declamation masquerading as 'traditional' Gaelic poetry. It was Macpherson, however, who made the name of Ossian known throughout Europe, and while scholars have agreed in rejecting Fingal for Finn, few have ventured to write Oisín or Oiseán in correct Gaelic form. It is because every one knows of the 'Poems of Ossian' that we have judged it the best indication of the nature of our subject to entitle it 'The Ossianic Ballads,' though the name is really applicable to only a few of them.

As indicated above, a thorough study of the ballads must be based on texts found in both Scottish and Irish manuscripts. It is unfortunate that so few of the latter are available in printed editions. If we consider the immense mass of literary material extant in Irish, and the difficulty of remunerative publishing, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that most editors have hitherto confined their attention to older and perhaps more valuable texts. But until we have a proper collection of the Ossianic ballads from Irish MSS. of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it will be impossible to form a clear idea of their origin and development. In the later Irish copies we can distinctly see the epic-making tendency; separate ballads are joined to each other by some connecting link, and individual ballads tend to grow to an enormous length by diligent interpolations and downright verse-making on the part of the scribes. A well-known example of this belated Ossianic verse is Michael Comyn's *Ossian in the Land of Youth*, written about 1750, a good piece of verse in its way, and fair evidence of what others among his contemporaries could do on the basis of the old poetry. To separate these later growths from the original stock will perhaps be an easy task when the Irish texts have been properly examined and printed.

Of printed Scottish versions there is no lack, but the present-day student scarcely requires to consult more than two out of the many collections that have appeared. These are J. F. Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne* (1872) and Dr. Cameron's *Reliquiæ Celticæ* (1892-94). These contain many different versions of most of the ballads, but the great majority labour under the disadvantage of being dependent on a more or less imperfect oral tradition. It is obvious that one written version of the seventeenth century is more likely to yield the original text than a dozen recited versions from the eighteenth and nineteenth, yet the latter is in many cases almost all that these collections supply us with. Valuable as the work of Scottish collectors has been in many ways, it yet deserves to be remembered that what they have collected is often only a shadowy outline or crazy patchwork of texts (tales and ballads) to be found in their genuine forms in many Irish manuscripts. The only real value of such versions is to prove that the legends in question are still popular among

the Gael. At the same time these collectors have not seldom got hold of a good thing apparently otherwise unknown.\*

The total number of heroic ballads thus preserved by tradition in Scotland is somewhere about fifty, extending in all to nine or ten thousand lines, the line as a rule being of the same length as Scott's favourite octosyllabic metre. As in the case of other ballads the pieces are anonymous, a thing all the more remarkable as both in Ireland and Scotland the name of the bard is scarcely ever divorced from his compositions. In one or two cases, which we shall specify later, the Dean of Lismore does give a name, as Allan MacRorie or Gilliecallum Mac-an-Ollave; but even by his day most of the poems were, by a conventional fiction, attributed to Ossian himself, just as we have a long series of middle Irish poems which bear the heading '*Columcille cecinit.*' One poem only the Dean assigns to Caoilte (költshë), who also makes good verses in the resumé of Fenian history known as the '*Colloquy with the Ancients.*' †

A limited number of the ballads, however, could not well be attributed to Ossian or any of his fellows, as the events they relate belong to an older cycle of legend, the Ultonian, that which centres round the figures of Conchobhar (kónchovär) and Cuchullainn (kuchúlin). In the beginning of the first century of this era, ran the Irish tradition (the chronology being of course a late attempt at precision), there was a king in Ulster named Conchobhar, whose seat was at Emain Macha in that province. To his court were attached a band of famous warriors, a kind of Round Table, known as the Heroes of the Red Branch; and round these figures a whole mass of legend collected, comparable to the Arthurian cycle in England.‡ A few incidents from

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\* As an example of recent collecting, the Rev. J. G. Campbell's work deserves mention—'*The Fians, West Highland Traditions of Finn Mac Cumhail*' (published by D. Nutt).

† *Agallamh na Senórach*, printed and translated in O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica*.

‡ A considerable part of the cycle is now accessible to the English reader in a collected form, under the title of *The Cuchullin Saga in Irish Literature, compiled and edited by Eleanor Hull*. (London: D. Nutt, 1899.) The ballads relating to the cycle have also been separately printed, with English translations, in Hector MacLean's *Ultonian Hero-Ballads* (Glasgow, 1892).

these tales have been cast into ballad form, and it is noticeable (what indeed is fairly true of the ballads as a whole) that these metrical versions are much less extravagant, and altogether more sane than the prose tales on which they are based. In all countries the ballad is faithful to the realities of human nature, if not always true as to the actual state of things, and so these Gaelic ballads usually take up the more touching, more human elements of the story, to the exclusion of the grotesqueness which is rarely far away from an Irish prose-tale.

Among the ballads belonging to the Ultonian cycle we may first mention a short fragment, preserved only in the Dean's book (where it oddly breaks off and is followed without any interval by one relating to Finn and Garadh) containing part of the story known in Irish manuscripts as 'The Sick-bed of Cuchulainn and Eivir's only jealousy.' So far as the Dean's faded page can be read and interpreted with confidence, the ballad closely follows the tale, and is not remarkably poetical, though it is not quite fair to judge the bard by the fragment left to us.

The ballad of *Garbh (garäv) mac Stairn*, who invades Ireland and is slain by Cuchulainn, is not only a good piece of verse, but is interesting as one of the sources which Macpherson utilised for his Ossian. He translated part of it in his *Fragments of Ancient Poetry* (1760), hinting that it formed part of a longer poem 'of considerable length, and which deserves to be styled an heroic poem'; this, he ingeniously adds, 'might be recovered and translated, if encouragement were given to such an undertaking.' In accordance with this, the opening verses of the ballad appear as the beginning of 'Fingal.' It is noticeable, too, that the confusion between the Ultonian and Fenian cycles, which runs through so much of Macpherson's work, is actually present in one text of the ballad. The story probably occurs in Irish prose, though yet unprinted, but copies of the ballad are Scottish only, and late; the earliest and longest is Fletcher's.

The opening has a certain dramatic vigour; without explanation or introduction the bard begins with a brief dialogue between the Irish king and his doorkeeper:—



'Arise, King of Tara! I see a fleet numerous beyond description: all the bays are thronged and packed with ships of foreigners.'

'Untruthful art thou, door-ward! Untruthful to-day and every day. It is the great fleet of the plains coming to our assistance.'\*

The King's tone changes, however, when Garbh MacStairn appears at the door and demands his submission. Curóí offers to go out and fight him, but the King is despondent; he once saw Garbh subdue fifteen battalions of giants in the far East. Having got into extravagances, the bard keeps them up: when Garbh is admitted to the hall, a hundred men rise to make room for him, and a hundred men's food is given him. Fergus MacRoich, tallest of the men of Erin, was no taller standing than Garbh was when seated. The catastrophe is ingeniously brought about by a suggestion from Bricriu, who pretends to take the stranger's side, that he should demand a hostage from Cuchulainn as well as from the King. The Ulster hero not only refuses, but tells Garbh very plainly what he thinks of him and his family—he is 'nothing but a foreigner.' The result is obvious: 'like the wind among the trees of a glen was the noise of the heroes' conflict,' and it lasted seven nights and seven days. The extravagance is relieved, as it so often is, by a touch of chivalry. Cuchulainn having cleft Garbh's shield, makes matters equal by throwing away his own,—a generosity which the other nobles of Erin did not see the force of. In the end Cuchulainn strikes off Garbh's head, and receives due reward from the King.

The poor state of the text is unfavourable to the real merits of the ballad: one verse depends greatly for its effect on the proper point at which it ought to be introduced, and the copies differ as to this. It is:—

Then Cuchulainn lifted his shield . . . Naoise (nóishë) looked at his two spears, and Conall grasped his sword.

As placed in Fletcher's version these lines are very effective.

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\* Compare the opening of *Fingal*. 'Cuthullin sat by Tura's wall, etc. "Arise," says the youth, "Cuthullin, arise. I see the ships of the north! Many, chief of men, are the foe. Many the heroes of the sea-born Swaran!" "Moran," replied the blue-eyed chief, "thou ever tremblest, son of Fithil! Thy fears have increased the foe. It is Fingal, king of deserts, with aid to green Erin of streams."'

If there are some sparkles of Gaelic humour in *Garbh mac Stairn*, the bard is seriousness itself in the *Death of Conlaoch* (*cónlòch*): the poem, says Kennedy, 'is a perfect tragedy.' It is the Gaelic version of an old Aryan tale, involving a combat of father and son, one or both of the parties being ignorant of his opponent's identity: in Persian it is the story of Zohrab and Rustem, in Old German it is that of Hildebrand and Hadubrand. From Irish tales we learn that Cuchulainn received his education in arms from two skilled Amazons of the Orient, Scathach (*ská'äch*) and Aoife (*öifé*). With the latter he left a son, who was likewise to be instructed in feats of arms and sent to Ireland when he was of mature age. When Aoife despatched Conlaoch to join his father, she put him under a vow not to tell his name at first: in consequence of this he was forced into fighting with Cuchulainn, and fell by the hand of his father, who employed a feat which Aoife forgot to teach her son.

The ballad is an old one, as the Dean has it in his book, and later copies are not uncommon. Kennedy's admiration for it led him to improve his version of it in Macpherson's style: Macpherson had already founded his Carthon on it\*, and Dr. John Smith joined them with another fabrication of his own. The Dean gives Gilliecallum Mac-an-Ollave as the author's name, and probably the ascription may be taken as correct. The opening lines (found only in Scottish copies) give the keynote of the whole:—

I heard from long ago a tale that tends to sorrow; 'tis time to relate it sadly, though it lies as a grief upon us. †

After two somewhat obscure verses on the valour of the Clann Ruraidh, the story begins abruptly with the coming of Conlaoch to Ireland. The Ultonian warriors are powerless against him, and Cuchulainn is finally sent for, but only when he lies wounded and dying does Conlaoch reveal the truth.

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\* The name *Clessamor* in this piece is based on the *cleasa móra* or "big feats" of Cuchulainn!

† So the Dean's copy; that in Gillies has, 'on a day when I was sad and heavy, on this side of Innis Raghail.'

'I am Conlaoch, Son of Cuchulainn, the rightful heir of Dundéalgan (Dundalk), the secret that you left in the womb, when you were learning with Scathach.

Seven years was I in that land, learning feats from my mother; the feat whereby I have fallen was awaiting in what I learned . . .

Bear my curse to my mother, since it was she that put me under vows, and sent me to suffer at your hands, Cuchulainn.

O fair, white-belted Cuchulainn, by whom every breach in battle is broken; will you not look, since I cannot see, on which finger the ring\* is?

Ill did you understand me, O proud and froward father, when I threw my spear feebly and aslant, and sent it butt-end foremost.'

The ballad then closes on the grief of Cuchulainn, vainly lamenting his lost son:—

'A hundred woes have surrounded me; it is little wonder I am sad. From my combat with my only son my wounds this night are many.'

From an artistic point of view this is a better ending to the poem than the long-drawn lamentations which follow in some copies (*e.g.*, Miss Brooke's). They are altogether inconsistent with the brevity and directness of true ballad-poetry, and are properly products of the lyric muse, good in themselves but not in place here.

The *Lay of the Heads*, which the Dean calmly assures us was composed by Conall Cearnach (kyárnäch) himself, is scarcely to be reckoned as a ballad, though it belongs to the Ultonian group. When Cuchulainn was killed in the Battle of Murtheimhne, his death was avenged by Conall, who brought the heads of the slaughtered foes to Evir. Out of her questions and Conall's answers, naming the owners of the various heads, the bulk of the piece consists, but a few verses at the end are not without merit, as that in which Conall asks what he shall do without his foster-son, or Evir wishes straightway to be buried with her husband, her lips laid to his. †

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\* *i.e.*, The ring which Cuchulainn gave to Aoife to be sent as a token with Conlaoch.

† In *Reliquiæ Celticæ* (II. 360 ff.) are several other pieces relating to the death of Cuchulainn, among them a *Lamentation of Evir* in very artificial style. It may be doubted whether these are so old as the *Lay of the Heads*. Like it, however, they do not tell the story, but presuppose a knowledge of it.

Of the famous 'Three Sorrows' of Irish legend—the fates of the children of Uisneach (úshnäch) of Tuirean and of Lir,—only that of the sons of Uisneach has become a subject for the ballad-makers. So frequently has the tragic story been told in English, both in prose and verse, that only its main features need to be mentioned here. Conchobhar had commanded that Deirdre (djédrě), the infant daughter of one of his subjects, should be brought up in seclusion, with intent that she should one day become his wife. Deirdre, however, preferred a husband of her own choosing, and fell in love with Naoise, one of the three sons of Uisneach. He consented to flee with her, and they went to Scotland, accompanied by his two brothers, Ailbhe (álvě) and Ardan. At the Scottish king's court the beauty of Deirdre brought them in danger of their lives, and they fled to an island in the sea. It is while they are here that the action of the first ballad takes place, and it has no counterpart in the tale at all, nor do the ballads seem to be found outside of Scotland. The probability here, as in various other cases, is that the bard was Scottish, and that his compositions never found their way to Ireland. Even in its present corrupt state, the ballad tells an interesting tale.

The sons of Uisneach went on a voyage to Lochlann the Dark, leaving Deirdre, and the Black Lad (*an Gille Dubh*), all alone on Ben Ard. The Black Lad woos Deirdre, and tempts her with offers of the choicest food—no mean inducement, the bard probably thought, for a woman reared as Deirdre had been. But she remains true to Naoise:—

'Though I should get from you the choicest parts of the deer, and white-bellied trout, rather would I have the poorest fare from the hands of Naoise, Uisneach's son.

'It was Naoise that would kiss my lips, my first husband and my first love; Ailbhe it was that prepared my drink, and Ardan that would shift my pillow.'

The Black Lad's importunities are abruptly ended by the return of the three brothers, who relate how they were taken prisoners while lying asleep in their ship. Then Deirdre says:—

'It was not I that did not tell you, O dear-loved sons of Uisneach, that sleep is not good in war.

‘And though there were no war beneath the sun, if a man is far from his own land and in exile, little profit is it to him to sleep long.

‘Ill is it for those whose fate is exile and who are ever wont to wander. Little is he honoured, much is he despised ; unhappy is the man whose lot is exile.’

Their captor, the King of Fáil, placed them in a dungeon which the sea-water entered ‘thrice nine times in every day,’ but his daughter Tirváiil took pity on them and gave them deer-skins to lie on. When her father announced that the Irish king had offered him a ship full of gold and silver for the heads of his prisoners, Tirváiil sighed heavily : ‘the rafters echoed to the sigh the maiden gave.’ She straightway found a smith, whose neck she had once saved, to make false keys for the fetters : she got swords and food for them, and told them how to surprise and seize her father’s ship. Once masters of this, Naoise and his brothers invite Tirváiil to go with them :—

‘Come into the ship yourself, Tirváiil, whom we dearly love ; never a woman but one shall be set above you in the land we come to.’

Tirváiil is too proud and too much disappointed to accept the offer, but the ballad leaves her in uncertainty :—

‘I will wait one year for your love, and another year for your fame ; at the end of five or six years come here to ask me from my father.

‘And I shall procure peace for you from the King of the World and from Conchobhar.’

It does not appear which of the three brothers had won Tirváiil’s love, but this as well as other obscurities is probably due to the wretched state of the text, all the more to be regretted as the ballad shows a remarkably free handling of a common tale. The same uncertainty of text meets us in the second ballad, which has suffered additional confusion by the incorporation of a number of verses from the songs of Deirdre in the prose story.

The *Death of Deirdre* is told very differently in the ballad from the ordinary account, and far more poetically. According to the tale, Deirdre remained alive for a year after the brothers had been slain, ‘and all this time she never smiled nor took her fill of food or sleep, nor raised her head from her knees. “Whom do you hate most of all the men you behold ?” said Conchobhar. “You,” she said, “and Eoghan MacDurthacht.”

“Then you shall stay a year with him,” said Conchobhar, and to him she was given.’ When he had taken her into his chariot to carry her off she looked fiercely from one to the other. “Well, Deirdre,” said Conchobhar, “the look of a ewe between two rams is the look you give between me and Eoghan.” There was a great rock of stone in their way, and she struck her head against it so that she broke her skull and died.’

The ballad opens with the voyage from Scotland:—

‘We put forth our fleet to sail the sea full skilfully; we were happy at sailing, but Deirdre was sad and sorrowful.’

She had dreamed that the brothers were slain by Conchobhar, but Naoise will not accept the omen. They reach Ireland, where Conchobhar is waiting for them; they remind him of old services they had done him, but all is of no avail; ‘rough was the rush of heroes, falling on each side of the ship.’ The brothers are slain and left lying on the shore, but Deirdre refuses to leave the ship (which is apparently taken to a haven at some distance), till she is promised leave ‘to go to the beach where the sons of Uisneach are at rest, that I may give my three honeyed kisses to the three fair white bodies.’ Suspecting her intention, the victors try to make sure that she carries with her no weapon nor means of purchasing one, but Deirdre had hidden in her mouth a ring that once was Naoise’s; it was a ring that could preserve its wearer from wounding, but Naoise had broken it once and gave it into Deirdre’s keeping. On the beach she found a shipwright who, for desire of the ring, sold to her a knife. Then she comes to the bodies of the brothers:—

‘Lie closer, Naoise; if the dead make room for the living, surely you will make room for me.’

There she stretched out her side to his, and laid her mouth to his, and drove the sharp knife through her heart, and met her death without regret.

But she cast the knife into the sea that the shipwright might receive no blame.

In the morning Conchobhar finds that the dead are four instead of three.

‘A thousand curses, a thousand woes on the mind that possesses me, on the mind that set me on to slay my own sister’s children.

'I am to-day without Deirdre, without one faithful follower ; but I will bury Naoise and Deirdre in one grave.

'A little plant will grow out of their grave, and folk will come to it from north to south ; whosoever ties a knot on the top of it will gain their choice of a love.'

And the bard ends with a fancy of his own :—

'If I were in Tuirenn of victories to-night, though cold is the wind, I would tie a knot on its top although the tree were withered.'

There is a suggestion here that the *Death of Deirdre* was a 'Winter's Tale,' a story wherewith to pass the time on a stormy night in some western isle. Whether it represents another tradition than the current tale, or is merely an invention by the bard, it stands high as a piece of popular poetry ; the style is true ballad-diction, not a line wasted and not rarely the deepest feelings expressed in the simplest words.

Not unnaturally, one of the versions has a number of interpolated verses taken from the prose-tale, the *Lamentation of Deirdre* \* and her *Farewell to Scotland*, touching verses in their own way, but having no relation to the ballad, and quite foreign to its style.

Of more assured antiquity, being found in the Dean's book, is the *Lay of Fraoch* ; the same source gives the author's name as *an Caoch* (the Blind) *O Chlain*. The story is old, and extant in Irish prose, the original scene of the incidents being in Connaught, though tradition has localized it in various parts of Scotland. Briefly, it tells how Finnabhar, (finnävär) daughter of Ailill and Meyve, was in love with Fraoch (fröch) mac Fithich, how Meyve was her own daughter's rival, and in revenge for slighted offers contrived the death of Fraoch. This she accomplished by pretending to have a mortal sickness, to be cured only by the rowan-berries which grew on an island in a lake, and were guarded, like the apples of the Hesperides, by a monster which lay at the foot of the tree. Too knightly to refuse his aid,

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\* As an instance of the curious corruptions in these traditional texts, we may quote the line (from Gillies), *Lair fosgladh a phartainn*, which could only mean, 'O mare, the opening of the partan !' The correct reading is, *A fhir, a thochlas am feartan*, 'O thou that diggest their graves.'

Fraoch risked the adventure, with success, but only to be told that more were required. The second attempt went well until he was returning, when the sleeping dragon woke, and overtook him as he swam; the fight ended in the death of both. The poet dwells on the beauty and strength of his person,\* and the cruelty of Meyve's contrivance, and laments that it was not in battle with heroes that he fell. Over the whole ballad there broods an air of melancholy, the tone being given by the opening verse:—

'The sigh of a friend in the meadow of Fraoch, the sigh for a hero in his tomb, a sigh that makes men sad and each young maiden weep.'

From a metrical point of view, the ballad also stands high, and owes not a little of its effect to its steady musical cadence.

The story of Fraoch, if not strictly part of the Ultonian cycle, relates to persons closely connected in point of time and action with the heroes of the Red Branch. This cycle of legend, however, was not nearly so popular with the ballad-poets as that which had for its central figure the great Finn mac Cumhail, (kú'ál) with his son Oisean, (óshān) his grandson Oscar, and his famous band of warriors known as the Fiann. Traces of the story appear in the eleventh century, but its development into a cycle rivalling that of Cuchulainn and Conchobhar must have taken place about and after the fourteenth century. Not a little has been written on this very question,† but the points at issue do not seriously concern us here: our main interest lies in the form in which the legend finally appears in the hands of the ballad-makers.

In the manuscripts a large number of these poems are assigned to one or other of the famous Fenians, as Caoilte or Conan, but by far the greater number to Ossian himself. It is plain enough, however, that in many cases the author of the ballad had no in-

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\* Another instructive corruption is found in one of these verses. One copy has *Bu deirge na cruban a bheul*, 'Redder than a crab was his mouth.' For *cruban* another copy has *partan*, which gives the clue to the original word, viz., *partaing*, 'rowan-berries.'

† Especially by Mr. Alfred Nutt, in an Appendix to *Folk and Hero Tales*, collected by the Rev. D. MacInnes (1890).



tention of attributing his poem to the son of Finn. In fact, the whole conception of Ossian as pre-eminently the poet of his people only grew up out of the story that he survived them all by a century or two, and told their history to Saint Patrick.\* In the *Colloquy with the Elders* he shares this occupation with Caoilte, who does by far the greater part both of the narrative and the poetry. In late Irish manuscripts many of the ballads are connected by verses in which Ossian and Patrick talk with each other, the Saint always inducing the old hero to go on with another tale.

So numerous are the ballads of the Fiann that to deal with them separately would be a long and tedious task, all the more that many of them exist only in copies so fragmentary and obscure that it is difficult to make out the place of their story in the general frame-work of the legend. It is curious how few of them reproduce the many prose tales relating to the Fiann, though not a few of these would have made excellent subjects for the ballad muse. In general character, however, the stories told in prose and in verse are very similar, the former perhaps more extravagant than the latter, as the concise style of the ballad prevents the poet from rivalling the elaborately grotesque details in which the story-teller revels. How far the ballads are based on legends not otherwise recorded, and how far they are due to fresh invention on the part of the bard, is, of course, difficult to say. Many of them bear no great traces of originality, and might well have arisen in either form.

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\* The way in which Kennedy gives this story may serve as a specimen of the very amusing notes prefixed by this collector to his copies of the ballads : they are all printed in Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne*.

'There was none alive of the Heroes at last but Ossian only, and one of his daughters married to Peter Mac Alpine, or rather St. Peter, who came from Rome to learn the Christian religion to the inhabitants of Ireland (to which he addressed all these poems). And St. Patrick was endeavouring to learn his father-in-law all the principles of religion, which was very hard to do in his old age, when all his faculties and senses waxed weak by decay and sorrow. Sometimes he had some regard for it, and some other times he would not stay to hear it ; it would be as bitter to his ears as the worm-wood and gall to his tongue, and he would rather sing his own poems than the Psalms of David [etc].'

Continual and diversified were the troubles of the collective Fiann, every art of nature and magic being regularly exercised against them from one side or another, often without obvious reason, though traditional feuds might supply the key to most of it. The memory of the Norse invasions of Ireland comes out strongly in these attacks on the champions of Erin, many of which are directly carried out by the men of Lochlann or are due to their instigation. One of the most popular of the ballads on this theme is that of *Manus*, common in both Irish and Scottish manuscripts, but not found in the Dean's book. There can be little doubt that the name of the Norse King is a reminiscence of the fall of Magnus Barelegs in Ulster in 1103. The ballad opens with some words between Ossian and a cleric (no doubt St. Patrick, as, indeed some versions have it): the latter prefers psalms to tales of the Fiann, but Ossian is so indignant at the comparison that the cleric promptly withdraws his objections and is willing to listen to anything. The Fiann, it appears, were out hunting, when the invaders landed and pitched their tents. The messenger sent to enquire their errand reports that they demand Finn's wife and his dog Bran. Finn refuses:—

'Never will I give up my wife to any man under the sun, and *still less* will I ever give up Bran till death comes into his mouth.'

The heroes of the Fiann make great boasts as to what they are prepared to do in battle, and after a night of feasting and music they take the field against Manus:—

'There was many a sword with hilt of gold, many a pennon raised on high; in the battalion of Mac Cumhail, prince of feasts, many were the spears above our heads.

'Many a coat and many a chief, many a shield and mailcoat red; many a leader and King's son, and not a man of them unarmed.

'Many a helm of fairest shape, many an axe and many a dart; round the King of Lochlann, rich in cups, there was many a King's son and Prince.'

The event of the battle is the single combat between Finn and Manus, who finally throw down their weapons and take to wrestling: 'stones and heavy earth were turned up by the soles of their feet.' Manus is vanquished, but Fiann generously sets him free:—

‘And you shall get your choice again when you reach your own land, either to have friendship and alliance with us for ever, or once more to lay hand on the Fiann.’

Manus has no difficulty in choosing there and then :

‘Never will I lay hand again on your Fiann so long as strength remains in my body, and I repent that I ever aimed one blow against you.’\*

The ballad is one of those which Macpherson worked into his ‘Fingal,’ combining it with the story of Garbli mac Stairn given above.

Of a similar type is the ballad entitled *The Great Strait of the Fiann*, which begins in the same way with Ossian and Patrick.

‘One day when Patrick was in merry mood, his mind not bent on psalms but on drinking, he went to the house of Ossian, son of Finn, for sweet he thought his voice.’

At the Saint’s express request, Ossian proceeds to tell the tale. Finn gave a feast at Allen,† to which he forgot to invite two of the Fiann, Mac Rónain and Ailde. These promptly deserted and offered their services to Earragan, King of Lochlann; the Norse Queen soon fell in love with Ailde, and in fear of the King’s revenge for his compliance they thought it better to return to Finn. The King pursued them, however, and that with so large a force that Finn, contrary to custom, was willing to buy him off with vast treasure and even with his own wife. Some versions give a long list of the precious things offered to him, but this is probably a later insertion. The negotiations fall through, however, and fighting begins: it was the hardest fight ever the Fiann had, and though victorious in the end, more than half of their company had fallen. The best fighters on the Fenian side were Goll and Garadh, Oscar and Coireall, who between them killed 1140 of the foe :

‘And by the baptism that you gave me, O Cleric that sings the psalms, there fell by my hand and that of Finn just as many as by these four.’

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\* Kennedy’s versions bring Manns back again, and he falls with the greater part of his army, but some of the verses seem to belong to another ballad, in which Finn goes to Lochlann.

† The Hill of Allen, five miles north of Kildare. From a confusion of Allen with Alban came the attribution of Finn to Scotland, which Macpherson adopted and perpetuated.

From which it is evident that Ossian was not disposed to conceal his own share in the glories of the Fiann.

Macpherson made some use of the ballad in his *Battle of Lora*; a comparison of the opening lines of that piece with the first verse of the ballad, quoted above, throws a vivid light on how 'Ossian' was made:—

'Son of the distant land, who dwellest in the secret cell! do I hear the sound of thy grove? or is it thy voice of songs? The torrent was loud in my ear; but I heard a tuneful voice. Dost thou praise the chiefs of thy land, or the spirits of the wind,' etc., etc.

The idea of St. Patrick listening to Ossian and at the same time enjoying his liquor was too crude and unheroic for the sentimental taste of the eighteenth century: hence the above rhapsody. But the ballad is infinitely truer to the genius of Gaelic literature.

Another famous fight of the Fiann was the *Battle of Ventry*, in which they met the hosts of Daire, King of the World; there is a long prose tale on this, full of bombast and extravagance, but the only ballad relating to it is found in the Dean's book. Like the *Great Strait*, the tale is told by Ossian at the request of Patrick, who in return gives him good and pious advice.

'Ossian, since thou art weary, make now thy peace for death; take up thy prayer, and beg for mercy, and call on God early each day.

'On the Hill of Sion, at the Day of Judgment, when all peoples are gathered on its slope, may Michael and Mary and God take thee in their own hands.'

'Ossian: 'The twelve apostles and their chief, every good cleric and prophet, be between me and Hell the cold; I was a hard man in my day.'

Wonderfully popular, beyond what their comparative merits would lead us to expect, were the two ballads of *Dearg mac Druivel* and *Conn mac an Deirg*. Both are found in many copies, yet neither of them exhibits any great originality of incident or diction. *Dearg* came from the 'Land of the Fair Men,' and had already brought the Orient beneath his sway before he landed in Ireland demanding submission to his might.

'Fair yellow hair, like the gold of smiths, was above his eyebrows and red cheeks; two blue eyes as bright as glass were in the fair face of the warrior.'



'Two thick-shafted battle-spears in the hand of the great king's son ; a golden shield on his left side.

'A keen sword for mangling bodies had the hero who feared not conflict ; an inlaid helm with precious stones was on the blue-eyed champion's head.'

There is much fighting, of course, till in the end Dearg is slain by Goll, after a combat lasting seven days and seven nights. In the last verse the poet declares he is Fergus, the son of Finn, and that it would be impossible for him to tell a third of the exploits of the Fiann.

In course of time Conn, the son of Dearg, came to avenge his father ; the narrator of his story is clearly Ossian. Conn was as formidable as his sire :—

'I give you my word of assurance, Patrick, though it is shameful to tell of, that fear fell upon all the Fiann ; never were they so afraid of one man.'

The ignominious defeat of Conan, with his head all bumps and bruises, forms a humorous feature in the story, but the remainder of the ballad scarcely differs in incident from that of Dearg. Yet copies of it are so numerous that it was certainly quite as popular as the other.

Distressed damsels, fleeing from unwelcome suitors, were every now and then the means of bringing trouble on the Fiann, who were always ready to defend them from their persecutors, without counting the cost. Several ballads relate incidents of this kind, the most popular (probably also the oldest, as it is in the Dean's book) is that of *Eas ruadh*, 'The Red Foss,' or, as Kennedy phrases it, 'How Maighre Borb, the son of the King of Sorcha, was kilt by Goll.'

One day fifty of the Fiann were at the Red Foss (the Salmon-Leap on the Erne at Ballyshannon), when they spied a boat (a currach) speeding towards the shore :—

'It never halted nor stopped till it took harbour in the accustomed port : when the currach came to the waterfall there stepped out of it a youthful maid.

'She had a radiance like that of the sun ; joyous her mien, fair her form, this maid that came from afar ; we all stood silent before her.'

She was daughter to the King of Tir-fa-thuinn (the 'Land beneath the Waves,' a favourite clime in Gaelic story), and had

traversed every land under the sun seeking the protection of the Fiann. Oscar promises that Daighre (or Maighre) Borb shall have none of her, even should he come to demand her.

‘ We saw approaching on a steed a man whose size surpassed all others, a horseman swiftly traversing the sea on the same track by which the maid had come.’

The stranger is as well armed and as gallant in appearance as he is huge in stature, and the fifty Fiann do not feel at all comfortable when they consider this. Their anxiety is justified by the results, though in the end the foreign warrior falls by the hand of Goll.

‘ We buried beside the waterfall the hero whose might and valour were so great, and on the point of each finger we placed a gold ring in honour of my king.’ \*

Of quite the same type is the *Lay of the Maiden*, in which the description of the suitor, resembling as it does the ‘ runs ’ of prose-tales, suggests that it is of later origin and only an imitation of the already popular *Eas ruadh*.

Norse Kings and knights errant from every quarter of the world were formidable enough as enemies, but the ballad-makers have also provided a whole army of monstrous personages to harass the daily life of the Fiann. Best known among these natural curiosities is the *Muileartach*, a being whom the Fiann espied one day as they sat on a hillock and looked over Ireland generally.

‘ His face was dusky and black as a coal, his jaw-teeth were askew and red, he had one rolling eye in his head, and was swifter in movement than a mackerel. Greyish-black hair covered his scalp, like a thicket of brush-wood shaking in the wind.’

This brute begins by killing a hundred of the Fiann, and rejects all attempts to buy him off. The best heroes of the host assail him, blood is sprinkled like dew on the heather, but in the end

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\* In *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, I., 242, is printed a version of the ballad, which stands in close connection with Macpherson’s Ossian, and makes it clear that his tampering with older stories had a pernicious effect upon other collectors. In this version the maiden is killed by an arrow; in the real ballad she remains for a year with the Fiann.

Finn slays the Muileartach. A smith (not mentioned before) carries the tidings to the foreign king to whom the monster apparently belonged: the king is surprised:—

‘Unless he went into a hole in the ground, or unless the deep sea swallowed him, where is there any man in the world, that the Muileartach would not have killed?’

On learning that his death lies at the door of the Fiann, he is greatly enraged:—

‘I give my word for it, if the gentle (!) Muileartach is dead, I shall not leave in Ireland a hillock, holm or island, . . . and I shall make a hook to tear up Ireland by its roots.’

To fulfil his threats the king summons his allies, and fills the harbours of Erin with a fleet of more than a thousand ships. Finn offers compensation for the Muileartach, but the king thirsts for blood rather than gold, and Oscar promises that he shall have it.

‘The tallest-masted ship shall be able to float in blood, even though its hold be full.’

It is Oscar who bears the brunt in the engagement that follows; ‘herons might have flown through the spear-holes in his body.’ Of course the invaders are defeated, but the battle of Ben Eadan ranks as one of the hardest days the Fiann ever had, and as such we shall find mention of it later on.

Not unlike the Muileartach is the *Wonderful Giant* who came to invite Fiann to go to Lochlann:—

‘The five toes of his foot covered a third part of the palace floor.

‘He had one eye in the front of his head, one left foot from his rump, one horrid paw coming out of his breast, as black as a smith’s coals.’

These two may serve as specimens of the kind of thing which the Fiann had to stand, but their number was legion, and the ballads are full of them. Indeed, this is the sphere in which the poets seem to have found most opportunity for adding to the stock of Fenian legend, and in many cases they cannot be said to have displayed much originality in their variations of a somewhat thread-bare theme. It is worthy of notice that not a single ballad of this type occurs in the Dean’s book, although such incidents abound in later Irish manuscripts, and probably the story

of the Fiann would be much better without them altogether. There is every probability that when the development of the legend is thoroughly worked out, these ballads will prove to be late excrescences, raised by the exuberance of unbridled Gaelic fancy.

Hunting poems are also common, one of the oldest being that of *Sliabh nam Ban Fionn*, 'The Hill of the Fair Women,' in which there are several well-known verses describing the hunting gear of the Fenian host.

'Arms and armour we had when we went to the chase like this : there was not a Fenian among them, methinks, without a shirt of softest silk.

'Without a coat of soft silk, and a mailcoat bright and hard ; a lofty helmet set with jewels, and two spears in each man's hand.

'Without a green shield of victorious power, a tempered sword for cleaving skulls. Though the whole world were searched throughout, there was no better man than Finn.

'In generosity and valour he was foremost ; no other man excelled him. You might go round the white ocean without seeing another like Finn.'

Finn's hound, Bran, has naturally not escaped the attention of the bards ; in one ballad he kills a black dog which had already been victorious over 150 of the Fenian hounds, while another tells how Bran himself was slain. The beginning of this is strange \* :—

'Long have I been weak,' says the heron ; 'long has my leg been bent behind me ; if I should break it this night, where should I find healing herb or leech.'

'I will heal you,' says the wren, 'for many have I healed ere this. O heron, flying above my head, it was I that healed Finn the chief.'

'The day we killed the grey boar, etc.'

It was after the chase was ended that Bran and Goll's dog fought with each other : Bran killed his opponent, and Finn (or Ossian, the ballad is not explicit here) in momentary anger struck him dead. His repentance was as quick as his wrath.

'My dog looked over his shoulder ; and marvelled that I had struck him ; tears of blood streamed from his bright lively eyes.

'The hand with which I struck Bran, pity it had not been cut from the shoulder ; before I committed this wrong, pity I had not died.'

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\* Of course, the two introductory verses may not originally have belonged to the ballad, but they occur in most of the copies.



The ballad ends with an enunciation of Bran's merits, and gives his portrait :—

'Yellow paws had Bran, two black sides and a white belly, a dark-green back round which the chase centred, and two pointed blood-red ears.'

The Fiann were not always at peace among themselves, and one of the most romantic of their internal troubles is that which forms the subject matter of the *Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne*. Grainne (grányě) was Finn's wife, who fell in love with Dermid and compelled him to elope with her. The flight and pursuit are not described in detail in any of the ballads, but the Dean has a short poem in which Dermid reproaches Grainne with all the trouble she had brought upon him, the burden of every verse being, 'You wrought my ruin, Grainne.' Kennedy also has a fine piece in the same strain: unfortunately, one can never tell how much is Kennedy's own composition, but something genuine is under it all. The opening reminds us strongly of the verses prefixed to Bran's death.

'Early calls the heron on the meadow in Sliabh-Gaoil. O son Duibhne, to whom I gave my love, what is the reason that she calls?'

Another piece, given as a ballad by Kennedy alone, but partly found in the prose-tale, relates to the game of chess played by Finn and Oscar under the tree in which Dermid was hiding, at the fight which arose out of Oscar's resolve to protect Dermid. But the favourite ballad relating to the son of O'Duibhne, that which the Dean assigns to Allan Mac Ruari, in which the death of Dermid is told with great feeling and poetic power.

'Listen a little, if you will hear a lay of the gentle company that is gone of Grainne and hospitable Finn, and of Mac O'Duibhne, a mournful tale

'Glen Shee, the glen beside me here, where sweet is the sound of deer and elk, where the Fiann would often be, going east and west after the hounds.

'In this strath beneath green Ben Gulban, with the fairest knolls under the sun, often the streams were running red after the Fiann had chased the deer.'

The chase of the boar was a device to draw Dermid from his hiding-place, and the plan was successful, but Dermid succeeded in killing the monster, greatly to Finn's chagrin.

‘After he had been silent awhile, Finn said (and it is ill to tell it), “O Dermid, measure the boar; see how many feet there are from snout to tail.”’

The villainy here lay in the fact that the boar had a poisonous bristle on his back, and Dermid’s only vulnerable place was in the sole of his foot. Thus urged, Dermid measured the boar from snout to tail; ‘sixteen feet,’ he said. ‘That is not at all the length: measure it again, Dermid, *against the bristles.*’ The poison was swift and deadly; the hero falls at once, and begs for a drink from Finn’s healing-cup.

‘I will not give you a drink, nor will I quench your thirst, for it is little you have done to my profit, and much you have done to my loss.’

The situation here is perhaps not so effective as in the prose tale, where Finn goes three times to bring the water: twice he spills it when he thinks of his wrongs, and the third time Dermid dies before he can reach him. But the ballad is a good piece of work, and its popularity well-deserved.

Even with the great Goll, so often their champion in perilous issues, the Fiann at last fell at variance. There was a hereditary feud between his people (the Clan Morna), and that of Finn (the Clan Baoisgne), for Finn’s father, Cumhal, had been killed by Goll in the battle of Cnucha. This had been atoned for, but the old grudge broke out again after Goll killed Finn’s son, Caoireal. The Fiann pursued and surrounded Goll on a desolate rock, where he finally perished of his wounds and hunger. There is a good deal of verse which professes to give Goll’s last instructions to his wife, some of it good of its kind, though the copies are not of the best class.

How Cumhal was killed is told in one of the ballads. Garadh, brother of Goll, there tells the story at the request of Finn, who was yet unborn when the Battle of Cnucha was fought. An incident connected with this same Garadh had far-reaching consequences for the Fiann. They went hunting one day and left him at home with the women; he fell asleep lying on the floor, and the women, out of mischief, tied his hair to pegs driven into the ground. Garadh woke out of a dream, started up suddenly, and had his scalp all torn in consequence. The women enjoyed the joke, but Garadh soon put a different aspect

on the matter. He secured the doors of the palace, piled brushwood about it, and set fire to it. The smoke of his burnings, with all the treasure they contained, caught the eye of Finn; the hunters hastily returned, and Finn, by means of his 'tooth of knowledge,' was not long in discovering Garadh's hiding-place. Ordered to come out of that, he first demanded a boon, and this was granted him. The demand he made was that the block for his beheading should be Finn's thigh, and that the sword employed should be Mac-an-Luin. To obviate the natural result the Fiann buried Finn's thigh beneath a foot of earth, but even this did not save him from being wounded by the venomous sword.\* To be healed of this hurt Finn went to Rome, leaving the Fiann in charge of his grandson Oscar. In his absence, and because of it, the great catastrophe took place.

The pre-eminence of the Fiann had long been regarded with growing jealousy by the Irish king, Cairbre, and the absence of Finn gave him the wished-for opportunity. How he gained his end in the great Battle of Gabhra forms the subject of an Irish prose-tale (published by the Dublin Ossianic Society in 1851) and of more than one ballad. Of the latter the oldest is no doubt that in the Dean's book, of which the author is given as All MacRuairi. This does not so much give the details of the battle itself, as convey the sorrow of Ossian for the fall of the Fiann and the death of his son Oscar.

'Great this night is my sorrow, O holy man, thinking of the hard battle that we fought with red-speared Cairbre.'

When the battle was ended Ossian went among the dead looking for his fallen son:—

'I set the end of my spear on the ground, and I made pause above him there, O holy man. I wondered there what I should do after him.

'Oscar looked up at me, and great his pain seemed to me; he stretched out his hand towards me, desirous to rise to meet me.

'I took the hand of my son and sat down beside him there, and sit I that sitting till this day I have never had joy in the world.

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\* How Finn became owner of this sword is told in another ballad, *t Lay of the Smithy*. A different account of Garadh's death is given in the Irish ballad entitled *The Burning of Finn's House*.

‘My manly son said to me, though he was at his last breath, “Thanks to the powers above that you are whole and sound, my father.”’

The surviving Fiann, two thousand wounded men, gather round the hero, of whom ‘not a hand-breadth was whole from his hair to his feet, except his face.’

‘No one wept for his own son nor yet his brother; when they saw my son in this plight, every man wept for Oscar.’

Finn arrives in time to see him die:—

‘Finn turned his back to us, and shed tears bitterly; *except for Oscar and for Bran he never shed a tear on earth* . . .

‘Since that battle, the Battle of Gabhra, I have never spoken a word of boldness; there has not been a day or an hour in which I have not heaved a sigh full great.’

In another short piece, given by the Dean and found in later manuscripts, Fergus, the poet of the Fiann, gives a brief report of the battle to Finn. More interesting, however, is another ballad, probably later in origin than either of these two, in which the whole story is told in order. In some copies this has a rather obscure prologue, in which a raven with bloodthirsty tastes is the chief figure. Others begin with the prompt action of Cairbre upon Finn’s departure from Ireland. He invited Oscar to a feast:—

‘We had honour and estimation as we had ever had before; three nights and three days were we there without lack of wine or music.’

On the fourth day Cairbre demands that Oscar should exchange spear-heads with him; for some reason Oscar has decided objections to do this, and there were ‘rough words’ between the two.

‘I give you my word for it,’ said red-haired Cairbre, ‘that spear that is in your hand will be your death yet.’

On the morrow Oscar and the Fiann begin to ravage Cairbre’s lands, but the King soon meets them with his host. Oscar kills score after score of various companies, ever fighting his way towards Cairbre. At last he gets close to him:—

‘The five who stood nearest the king, men who ever did feats of valour, these fell by the hand of Oscar, as he came on towards the King of Erin.

‘When the red-haired Cairbre saw Oscar cutting down his host, he struck at him with the poisoned spear that was in his hand.

‘Oscar fell on his right knee, with the spear through his breast; he made another cast there, and the King of Erin was slain by it.’

The fall of Cairbre is followed by that of his son, whereupon the King’s host try to save appearances, and claim the victory, by placing the royal helmet on a tree-stump. But Oscar, wounded as he is, lifts a stone and hurls it with all his strength:—

‘He broke the helmet on the stump, the last exploit of my good son.’

Oscar is then carried to a neighbouring hillock, and Finn soon makes his appearance. The verses that follow also appear in some late copies of the Dean’s ballad: in these Finn tries to persuade Oscar that he may recover from his wounds:—

‘You were worse than this on the day of the battle at Ben Eadan; the herons could have flown through your breast; my hand shall heal you yet

But Oscar has no hope, and Finn turns away to weep:—

‘It is sad that it was not I that fell in the Battle of Gabhra, Oscar leaving you to go east and west at the head of the Fiann.

‘No man ever knew before this day that I had a heart of flesh in my breast; they deemed I had a heart of hide with a covering of steel.’

Oscar was buried at the Hill at Allen, and Finn had no joy of life again.

With the battle of Gabhra the ballad-story of the Fiann ends, leaving matters somewhat in the air: according to Irish accounts Finn was slain shortly afterwards, and his death was later avenged by Caoilte. Then the Fiann dwindled away in degrees, till only Ossian was left, a feeble old man, who fell in with St. Patrick, and spent his declining days not only in recounting the story of his people to the Saint, but in disputing with him as to their merits and probable fate in the other world. There are deep springs both of pathos and of humour in the conceptions of the ballad-makers on this theme. One of the pieces is as old as the Dean’s book, but it is not so clever as some of the later ones: the best verses probably are:—

*Ossian.*—‘For the sake of your honour, Patrick, forsake not the me that I take in the Fiann without the King of Heaven knowing it.’

*Patrick.*—‘Though small the humming-fly or the mote in the sun-beam without the knowledge of the glorious king they go not under the edge of his wing.’

In most copies only a few verses of this piece are retained, prefixed to a better one which begins, 'Ossian, long is your slumber.' There is much fine poetry in this and other poems of the kind, but they cannot properly be described as ballads, as they tell no story. The same may be said of various other pieces in the Dean's book, such as 'Long to-night are the clouds,' 'I have seen the household of Finn,' 'Weak to-night is the strength of my hand,' 'Sad to me is the knoll of the Fiann,' etc. In these lyric compositions the saddest note of the Fenian story is sounded; they are full of a melodious melancholy, united to that keen, almost painful, affection for familiar scenes which is so characteristic of the Gaelic race. This note, however, they share with the best of the ballads, for the ballad in all countries is strongest in its sorrow.

If we now look at these Gaelic ballads as a whole, we see that the two cycles of legend to which they belong are very unequally represented. The Ultonian exists mainly in an early prose literature, with a few later additions: in all probability the whole cycle was already worked out in detail before ballads began to be a favourite form of composition. On the other hand, the Fenian cycle probably owed no small part of its development to the genius of the ballad-poets, who were drawn to it in consequence of its still being an open field for invention. If we were to select the best ballads of the series and place them in the proper order, we should have a story that would require little extraneous elucidation to make its course quite clear. In fact, this is pretty much what J. F. Campbell has done in his *Leabhar na Feinne*. This combination of ballads would, however, be very far from having anything like the form or tone of an epic poem: it would in point of coherence fall infinitely short of the *Nibelungen Lied*, to say nothing of the *Odyssey*. Yet it is not difficult to see how a great Gaelic genius might on the basis of these ballads have constructed an epic, worthy at least of being set beside the German one, if we despair of any rival to the Greek. There is in the story of the Fiann the necessary element of cause and effect on which the plot and catastrophe must be based, if we are to have a great literary work. The old feud between the Clan Morna and Clan Baoisgne is the dark thread which runs

through the chequered web of Fenian exploits. The fact that Goll had killed Finn's father, though nominally forgiven, could not be supposed to be forgotten, and the poet could have utilized this motive to give unity to his work, for it is the renewal of the feud, as indicated above, that is the beginning of the end. It is just because no such unification of the legend ever took place that the Fenian cycle has failed to reach the position it might so well have attained, and, despite its unity of subject, takes its place only among the ballad-literatures of the west. From this we may perhaps draw the conclusion that the epic poem cannot after all be a mere growth, springing up in an unconscious way among a people with high poetic instincts: rather it is the work of a master-mind operating on what has already received an indeterminate shape in the hands of humbler fore-runners. If these two forms of popular poetry really have any connection with each other, the study of a ballad-cycle like that of the Fiann must be of the highest value for the understanding of both. Much, however, remains to be done before our material can be regarded as satisfactory, either in quantity or quality. Perhaps we may hope that the Irish Text Society, now that it has got under way may before long find a fitting time to help us towards a better knowledge of the ballad-literature of the Gael. Meanwhile, it would be ungrateful to close without emphatic recognition of what has already been done in this field: if less famous, these collectors of Ossianic ballads have done better service to the language and literature of their people than James Macpherson with his European reputation, now sadly waned, indeed, but not yet absolutely harmless.

W. A. CRAIGIE.

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ART. IV.—MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S PROSE WRITINGS.

1. *Plain Tales from the Hills*. By RUDYARD KIPLING. London: Macmillan & Co. Third Edition. 1890.
2. *Life's Handicap*. Same Author and Publisher. 1891.
3. *The Light that Failed*. Do. do. 1891.
4. *Many Inventions*. Do. do. 1893.
5. *Soldiers Three*, etc. Do. do. 1895.
6. *Wee Willie Winkie*, etc. Do. do. 1895.
7. *Captains Courageous*. Do. do. 1897.
8. *The Day's Work*. Do. do. 1898.
9. *The Jungle Book*. Do. do. 1894.
10. *The Second Jungle Book*. Do. do. 1895.
11. *From Sea to Sea. Letters of Travel*. By RUDYARD KIPLING. 2 vols. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. 1899.

THE above is not intended to be a complete list of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's prose writings, but rather as indicating what may be considered his best and those by which he would probably prefer to be judged. Mr. Kipling is a prolific writer, a number of his pieces are difficult to procure, and about all of them there has grown up a somewhat extensive literature.

Some one has said that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's is the name with which the literature of the nineteenth century is closing and that with which the literature of the twentieth will be happily inaugurated. The author of the statement, if we remember rightly, is a pressman. Whether it is absolutely correct in all its meanings and implications we need not stop to enquire. It is a fairly sufficient sign that there is something of the nature of a Kipling cult. The absurdly high prices which are reported as paid for 'first editions' are another. They may be taken as evidence, too, that the cult is pretty widely spread, and that some at least of its adherents are ready to prove their admiration by a lavish expenditure of



their money. A cult, however, is no proof of the enduring value of an author's work. The public has its literary as well as its sartorial fashions. Sometimes they are quite as temporary. There have been authors whose works were admired quite as enthusiastically as Mr. Kipling's, and for whose first editions prices probably quite as high were paid, who are now neglected, or in a measure forgotten. Whatever may be the case with old authors, high prices for first or other editions of modern authors are no sure or reliable signs of intrinsic or enduring value. They may represent nothing more than a temporary fashion or a mere financial speculation, which, though gainful to a few, may in the end spell loss. What high prices indicate in connection with the literary value of Mr. Kipling's books only an enthusiast or a prophet would undertake to say. For ourselves we are neither enthusiast nor prophet, but simply critics, endeavouring to appraise impartially what is set before us.

There can be no doubt that at the present moment Mr. Kipling's writings are immensely popular. Yet singularly enough their popularity is chiefly among men. For women readers of fiction, even on the showing of one of his most enthusiastic admirers, they have few attractions and are not particularly acceptable among them. This is not merely singular, it is strange. As a rule it is among women that fiction finds its most numerous and diligent readers. The fact that they fight shy of Mr. Kipling's writings would seem to argue either a limitation in his artistic faculty, or an inability to discuss and depict the elements in human life and nature to which they are usually drawn. Or is it to be ascribed to the peculiar character of his materials, to an idiosyncrasy, to his general attitude towards women, or to his unwillingness to deal with the sentimental or affectionate side of human life? To this last it cannot be, for here and there he has touched the sentimental and affectionate with marked effect. The scene where Wee Willie Winkie stands beside Miss Allardyce protecting her against the Afghans and then bursting into tears when help arrives, is exquisite.

Fiction has given to us some charming female characters

but in all the hundred and odd tales Mr. Kipling has written there is scarcely one woman who leaves a deep impression upon us, or whom we are strongly drawn to admire. One of the two best of his female characters is Mrs. Delville, but why she should be called 'a second rate woman' and ticketed a 'dowd,' it is difficult to tell, unless it be to point the moral that clothes have nothing to do with character—a moral we are disposed to question. But even Mrs. Delville's character is but obscurely drawn. She does one act which at least one clever woman has not the sense to do, and saves the life of a child, but all the rest, notwithstanding that she appears in another story, except that she has a mother's heart which has been chastened by suffering, we are left to imagine and to reconcile with her untidy appearance. William the Conqueror may be placed in the same line with Mrs. Delville, though of quite a different type of character. She is brave and persistent, and thoroughly conquers Scott, but she is so shy and of so few words that it is difficult to make anything out about her beyond that she is brave and helpful and something like heroic, and has a great silent love for Scott, who as soon as he knows it becomes practically useless. 'They're neither of them any good any more,' said Jim, their commanding officer. 'I can't get five hours' work a day out of Scott. He's in the clouds half the time.' Mrs. Jim has much to commend her, but is too effusive, and almost childishly weak. Mrs. Hawksbee is smart and clever, and a voluble talker, but superficial and not altogether irreproachable. Her chief friends are much the same. One soon wearies of their prattle, for brilliant as it seems at first, it soon grows wearisome and inane. There is too much of the marionette about them. Dinah Shadd, the wife of Terence Mulvaney, one of Mr. Kipling's heroes, belongs to a different class, and is well outlined; but beyond her devotion to Mulvaney, who is often as mad as a March hare, and must have been a sore trial to her, one sees little of her character. Character drawing of the finer sort, indeed, is not much in Mr. Kipling's way. Anything of the infinite play of thought and feeling and sentiment which one meets with in

the works of the great masters of fiction seldom occurs in his writings.

Most of Mr. Kipling's women, most of those, at least, who he puts forward prominently in his pages, are not 'womanly women.' They may be samples of what may be found in Simla during the season, or in India all the year round, but surely a genuine artist, even in fiction, would have given us samples of the higher types which exist there as well as here. Those who appear in his earlier stories are usually engaged in a flirtation or in an intrigue of a more or less disputable character. Mrs. Gadsby, on the other hand, strikes one at times as little better than a simpleton. Perhaps the most powerfully drawn of the European female characters is 'ould Moth Sheehy,' though she is the reverse of lovely or loveable. The curse she pours out upon Mulvaney and Dinah is a revelation of well nigh every evil that can be stored up in the human heart. For volubility, for bitterness, for sheer, unmitigated malice, it will be difficult to match.\* Lispeth also is powerfully drawn, and is perhaps the most finished portrait of a woman Mr. Kipling has given us, with the possible exception of Bessie Broke in *The Light that Failed* and Aunt Rosa in 'Baa Baa, Black Sheep.' But her love for the Englishman whom she has picked up on the road and nursed into life, uneducated and irrational. Her reversion to her inbred paganism, though probably true to nature, is a piece of childish wilfulness; but her indignant reply to the Chaplain's wife, who along with the Chaplain has deceived her—'Then you have lied to me, you and he?' shows that there was something in her deeper than her veneer of Christianity and deeper than her hereditary paganism—a sense of justice higher and more enduring than that taught and practised by her teachers.

Besides, there is a number of Kipling's stories, which however admirable they may be from an artistic point of view, it is difficult to conceive many women of education or refinement

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\* We prefer Mr. Kipling's text to Mr. Hartrick's illustration. Mr. Kipling's concluding sentence—'She pitched forward on her head as she began foamin' at the mouth,' gives an intensity to the scene which the artist in white and black has failed to represent.

caring to read. Their tendency is perfectly correct, but the (talk and language are not always such as are heard) in good society or in the presence of ladies. We are finding no fault with Mr. Kipling, we are simply pointing out what seems to us to be the fact. Having chosen his subjects and being desirous of presenting things as they are—for after all there is much more of the real in Mr. Kipling's writings than there is of the ideal—he has had no alternative but to make his characters use the language he puts into their mouths and talk in the way they do. The idiom of the barrack-room, however, is not over-refined, nor are its allusions. Mr. Kipling's celebrated Trio are admirable in their way as representatives of a class; but with every desire to speak gently of them, infinitely diverting as they are, and notwithstanding their good points, one cannot refrain from saying that there is a strain of coarse vulgarity about their language and allusions which to women of refinement, we should imagine, is thoroughly repellant. From a merely artistic point of view, 'Love o' Women' is one of the best stories in *Many Inventions*. It is narrated with great vividness and wonderful (dramatic effect.) It drives home the lesson it appears to be intended to teach with the keenness of a poignard, but it is not a pleasant story. For the class of minds we are referring to, the central figure cannot be other than repulsive.

Upon the other half of the reading world, however, Mr. Kipling's works have dropped as a new and interesting sensation. To all appearance they are exactly suited to the tone of mind which for the present is in many quarters prevalent.

In the first place, all Mr. Kipling's tales, with a single exception, are short. Though the short story is obviously the most ancient form of fiction writing, for a long time it has been more or less neglected. Boccaccio and other writers of the Renaissance went back to it, and Cervantes and Le Sage used it for the purpose of making their pages lighter. But for a long time the novel in folio or in ten or a dozen post octavos, and latterly in three volumes, held the field against it. Nowadays one often wonders how any one could find time or patience to read them. Fancy any one sitting down now to read a

novel occupying a small folio of four or five hundred pages. Even to read *Vanity Fair*, and still more *Clarissa Harlowe*, regarded as an effort. Readers of fiction have somehow acquired a profound sense of the brevity of time, and require their fiction reading to be served up in small doses of concentrated excitement.) A long story or a complicated plot, such as Wilkie Collins or Charles Reade or Dickens or most others of the past generation of novelists indulged in, they apparently cannot abide. They are impatient 'to get to the end' in order to try some new sensation. The material in *Life's Handicap* of a novelist of an older generation, assuming him to have been in possession of the idea which appears to have been in Kipling's when he arranged the stories and gave the volume its title, would have spun out to four or five if not more volumes. First of all, we should have had an elaborate introduction, adumbrating the idea, delineating the principal characters and setting the plot upon its feet; next the tale would have been dribbled out one by one, each with its appropriate setting, something after 'the apples of gold in pictures of silver' style, linking them in with the adventures of the hero or heroine or of both, and contributing to the movement of the plot; then would have come the conclusion, in which the idea is emphasised and the story wound up happily otherwise, but always in illustration of the idea of life's handicap. All this would have required infinite pains and infinite dexterity. Mr. Kipling's plan is different. Dispensing with all unnecessary machinery and paraphernalia, discarding introduction, general plot and so forth, he takes the very shortest cut to publication—selects his stories, arranges them in a certain order, prints them separately, and then labels the whole 'Life's Handicap,' leaving the reader to find out for himself how each of them bears upon and illustrates one of the chief enigmas of human existence. There is art in this: also is there in the older method. Which is the higher need not enquire. But the popularity of Mr. Kipling's books shows that in adopting the method he has, or in adopting the short tale in preference to the more complicated novel, he has exactly hit one of the peculiar tempers of the time.

Then, again, the tales which Mr. Kipling tells are (stories of action, rarely of character or sentiment. Character and sentiment come out, of course, in most, if not in all, the narratives, but it is not for these, one feels, that the stories are narrated, but for the deeds they describe. The main point in 'The Courting of Dinah Shadd' is the conduct of Mother Sheehy, led up to by Mulvaney's foolish entanglement with her daughter Judy. 'In Flood Time' contains the elements of as pretty a love story as was ever invented, but the entire interest centres, not upon the Warden of the Barwhi's love for the sister of the headman of Pateera, but upon his awful struggle with the flood. Psychological analysis is not in Mr. Kipling's way; at anyrate he usually leaves it aside. Of the inwardness of things, except in such as the *Jungle Stories*, we hear little or nothing. (The main effort is to give a bright and effective description of the things men have done and of how they did them.) And here again Mr. Kipling has hit a peculiar temper of the times. The reading world, or at least one half of it, is weary of introspection, and self-analysis, and psychological delineation, and has turned from thoughts to actions, preferring a story of wild or strange or startling adventure to any amount of self-analysis. What a multitude of fiction-readers look for is not fine thoughts or brilliant speculation, nor yet passages which reveal a profound insight into human nature, but bold and stirring deeds, startling situations, hair-breadth escapes, tact and skill in avoiding what to all appearance is inevitable. The difference between the art of *Vanity Fair* and that of *Plain Tales from the Hills* or *Soldiers Three* is almost as wide as possible; and there can be no doubt as to which is the higher; but at the present moment a large portion of the public prefers the latter, or, at any rate, seems to do so.

Again, Mr. Kipling's stories are men's stories. For the other sex, as we have seen, they have but few attractions. But for the average natural man, especially for the average natural man among the English speaking race, they have many. One of them we have just mentioned. The average Englishman is not much of a thinker; he delights in action. Give him a

colony to found, a province to rule, or an emergency to cope with, and he is happy, but don't ask him to think or explain. As a rule he prefers to act first and to think afterwards. Thinking makes him pale—'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought'—but action sends a thrill of life through his veins. The chances are that at first he will blunder, and for a time go on blundering; but bit by bit he drops into line and usually a sufficiency of skill and endurance to carry him through in time to save his reputation. Literary men he respects, but men of action he admires; while what is stirring, daring, and successful he is ready to worship. And to a temper of this sort what stories were ever more suited than the majority of Mr. Kipling's? Besides, how they stir the average Briton's pride of birth and country; how they remind him of the greatness of his nation, its magnificent history and achievements? Then, too, how they play with his passion for discovery, his hatred of ineffectiveness; how they stir his boyish liking for fun and amusement and innocent frolic; how he and there, too, they make a dab at his superstition or touch the old element in his nature which made his forefathers rovers and fighters and the heaven of their hopes a Walhalla! Their religion or morality is not always the highest. Their language is sometimes irreverent, and one might find fault with the lavish use of 'swear words' and expletives. But, generally speaking, their morality is neither very high nor very broad nor troubled with over-refinement or over-religiousness, that of the fairly educated Briton who makes no great profession of religion, is satisfied with attending church on occasions, and professes not to be able to understand the mysteries of theology—fidelity to his conceptions of honour and duty mixed, when the pinch comes, with self-sacrifice and vicarious suffering, and sometimes with an unexpected heroism, yet always altogether irreproachable, but often more or less flecked with the faults in which the natural man now and again finds pleasure or gets entangled, and then repeats. Altogether Mr. Kipling's tales are stories for men, embodying the ideals of the average natural man of the British race and nourishing his love of action, excitement, and success.

Of the short story Mr. Kipling is an accomplished master. So far as we can make out he has only once—in *The Light that Failed*—attempted the use of a larger canvass. *Captains Courageous* belongs to a different category. It is not a novel but a 'short story' of somewhat larger dimensions than the rest. In its own way (it is a masterpiece,) and is probably the best thing Mr. Kipling has done. Yet its main interest lies in its vivid description of the cod-fishing on the Banks of Newfoundland. The formation of Harvey's character, one feels, is merely secondary; what one is most interested in, and what is set out most prominently, is the doings of the sailors on board the fishing smacks. Since March, 1891, the date of its first publication, *The Light that Failed* has been reprinted eight times, and, as need hardly be said, is not without striking and brilliant passages, yet we shall venture to say that from a critical point of view it is a failure.

The central figures are Dick and Maisie, a couple of orphans, fairly well off, and living under the care of a guardian, whom they both dislike. Before parting, and while yet children, they pledge themselves to each other on the sands at Portsmouth. Some years later Dick turns up at Suakin, where he is discovered by Torpenhow, a war correspondent, and is at once engaged to send illustrations of the war to a London newspaper. The two, Torpenhow and Dick, become fast friends, and the campaign over, the former returns to London, but Dick, who has saved Torpenhow's life in one of the engagements and got his own head broken, though watched through his subsequent illness by Torpenhow, remains behind, and loiters about in Cairo and other Egyptian places, mixing in all manner of questionable company, until he is forced to return home. This he does with scarcely a penny in his pocket. Torpenhow again does him a service. An exhibition of his sketches sets him on his feet, and his hands are soon full of commissions. Quite unexpectedly he meets with Maisie, who in the meantime has come to live in London, and is devoting herself to painting, an art for which she has great enthusiasm, but little faculty. The old intercourse is resumed. Dick pays his Sunday visits to Maisie, carries her



off for a day's outing to the old scenes, discourses to her on art, and makes love to her. But things are changed. Maisie hesitates; her art mission comes between them, and she declines, not absolutely, but for the time. The Sunday visits the lessons on painting and the art talk are continued, but Dick is thrown off his balance and can do no work, at any rate he does none. Maisie begins to paint a Melancholia Dick has not a little contempt for her work, but when he discovers the Melancholia, he says to her, "That's a direct challenge. If you can do a Melancholia that isn't merely a sorrowful female head, I can do a better one; and I will, too. What do you know about Melancholias?" Maisie soon afterwards sets off with her companion, a red-haired girl, who has more sense than she has, to Paris to finish her picture under the superintendence of Kami, and Dick sees them off at Dover. On his return to town, he is startled by seeing upon a couch in Torpenhow's rooms, which are upon the same landing as his own, the figure of a woman. She turns out to be a girl who has left domestic service and taken to the streets. As Torpenhow was coming home to lunch she had staggered against him in the hall below and collapsed; he had carried her up to his rooms, and given her food, when she had immediately fallen asleep. Dick at first resented her intrusion, but after explanations, which she makes with brazen frankness, he engages her as the model for his Melancholia. The work goes on, and two incidents occur. First, he surprises the girl—Bessie Broke is her name—at Torpenhow's feet, pleading to be taken to live with him. Dick immediately puts an end to her pleading, and sends Torpenhow off into the country. Bessie continues to sit for Dick's Melancholia, but never forgives him. Next, he begins to see spots and a gray haze over a things. He consults a specialist, and learns that his sight is going, that the optic nerve is decaying, and that he will soon—perhaps within a year—be stone-blind. Torpenhow is away but when he returns he finds Dick working furiously at the Melancholia; but, as Bessie informs him, 'drinking like a fish and half-crazy with whiskey. In explanation to Torpenhow he says, 'I cannot see much now, but I can see best when

am drunk.' Afterwards he pleads, 'You've kept me sober two days—if I ever was drunk—and I've done no work. Don't keep me back any more. I don't know when my eyes may give out. The spots and dots and the pains and the things are crowding worse than ever. I swear I can see all right when I'm—when I'm moderately screwed, as you say.' Torpenhow gives him three days, and—

'Dick returned to his work, toiling as one possessed; and the yellow devil of Whiskey stood by him and chased away the spots in his eyes. The *Melancolia* was nearly finished, and was all or nearly all that he hoped she would be. Dick jested with Bessie, who reminded him that he was "a drunken beast;" but the reproof does not move him.'

At last the *Melancolia*—Dick's masterpiece—is finished. Torpenhow is called in to admire it, and saw 'the head of a woman who laughed—a full-lipped, hollow-eyed woman who laughed from out of the canvass as Dick had intended she should.'

"Who taught you to do it?" asks Torpenhow. "The touch and the notion have nothing to do with your regular work. What a face it is! What eyes, and what insolence!" Unconsciously he [Dick] threw back his head and laughed with her. "She's seen the game played out—I don't think she had a good time of it—and now she doesn't care. Isn't that the idea?"

"I've put the life of my heart and the light of my eyes into her, and I don't care what comes. . . . I'm tired, awfully tired. I think I'll get to sleep. Take away the whiskey, it has served its turn, and give Bessie thirty-six quid, and three over for luck. Cover the picture."

The picture is covered, Bessie gets her check, and stays behind in the studio under pretence of tidying it up. When the way is clear, she lifts the cover, and with a cloth steeped in turpentine wipes the picture out. Torpenhow discovers what she has done, but Dick knows nothing about it. He is taken ill and raves in his delirium about Maisie. Torpenhow goes to Paris in search of her, knowing only that she is an art student and that her name is Maisie. He finds her, brings her back, and she nurses Dick. When he recovers he is stone-blind. He again proposes to Maisie, and presents her with the canvass Bessie has blurred, as his masterpiece, when she flies

in terror, and the two never meet again. Torpenhow soon after starts for the Soudan. Dick is lonely and moody, but hoping to hear from Maisie. No word comes from her and he invites Bessie to keep house for him. She tells him what she has done with the Melancholia, and he now understands why Maisie ran away from him, and why she is silent. His resolution is soon taken. Disposing of his pictures, he makes his will in favour of Maisie, pays Bessie, and sets out for the East. At Cairo he arranges to get himself conveyed to the front, and arrives there in time to join Torpenhow in the square just before the rush, and the next moment falls shot through the head.

All this is (simple enough, direct enough, and thin enough, the incidents are comparatively few,) and the whole structure is scarcely of sufficient strength to bear the burden of between three and four hundred pages. Much space is taken up with conversation. Some of it is sprightly, but in parts it is tedious. The speculations on art are here and there luminous, but elsewhere they are vague and might have been dispensed with.

As for the characters—Maisie is perfectly wooden, without grace and without charms, and one is perfectly at a loss to make out what there is about her to attract, and still more to awaken so overmastering a passion. She has not even the woman's faculty to see that a man is in love with her, and so thorough a lay figure is she that one is not a little surprised when she begins to shed tears. The red haired girl, her companion, is more living, though her groans from the inner room on one occasion make her a little ridiculous. She sees that Dick is in love with Maisie, is in love with him herself, and almost wild with Maisie for her stupid dulness, but as for the rest of her character, all this we are left to guess. Bessie Broke's character, as a piece of workmanship is the best of the three, but is thoroughly repulsive. Old Mother Sheehy is almost white beside her. Of cold-blooded, viperish, and sordid wickedness, she is as complete an embodiment as we have met with. Short of murder—and at that she would not hesitate if it were not to be followed by hanging—there is no mortal or immoral thing she would not do to gratify her

mean and mercenary spirit. Of course a good deal may be said in defence of her introduction into the story; but her wickedness is so utterly naked and she herself is so shameless and so entirely devoid of any redeeming feature of face or character or manners, that we doubt whether it be possible to justify it on any ground of taste or art.

With the male characters Mr. Kipling is a little more successful, at least with one of them. The real hero of the story to our way of thinking is Torpenhow. Not only is he well sketched, he is worth sketching. After his first weakness with Bessie, he gives proof of good sense, patience and manliness. His kindness to Dick is rough but genuine and thoroughly unselfish. The way in which he introduces Bessie into the story is, we submit, highly improbable. Of course, men will do many strange things and inconsistent, but it will take a great deal to persuade us that any man of Torpenhow's habits and experience is at all likely to pick up the first girl that stumbles against him in a faint, and carry her up flight after flight of stairs to his own rooms, instead of turning her over to the landlady at whose door she has fallen, and whose virtuous indignation a few shillings would have appeased and changed into kindness or care. Dick is doubtless powerfully drawn, but his character is not worth the trouble Mr. Kipling has evidently taken with it. It is difficult to find aught about him to admire. He is clever and at times gives evidence of good sense, but, as Torpenhow says, 'what a stock of vanity the man has!' He loves Maisie, but apparently he loves himself more. He has no moral stamina, is easily thrown off his balance, and has not the manners or language of his station. The whiskey scene is more than unpleasant, and Mr. Kipling may be congratulated on the discovery of a new method of arresting the decay of the optic nerve. But after all what a weak and worthless character to be made the hero of a story! He ends as he lived, the victim of vanity.

There are other characters in the volume, but they are as indistinct as the forms of men in a cloud. When one turns to the purpose of the book or to the idea running through it, one's feeling is that of bewilderment. What lesson is it in-

tended to convey? Is it meant as a warning to young ladies who imagine they have a mission, or as a rebuke to the vanity of men? What is its purpose—the advertisement of a new discovery, or the description of a number of bizarre situations, some of which are scarcely wholesome? Or again, what is the light that failed? The physical light by which Dick saw, his intellectual or his moral light, which? We are far from denying the ability of the book or from saying that there are not many striking passages in it, but when we come to analyse and appraise it as a work of art or of fiction, our verdict must be decidedly against it.

But to return to the Short Tales. For the writing and reproduction of these, Mr. Kipling's genius is admirably adapted. We say reproduction, because it seems to us that the majority of the stories narrated are not wholly inventions. Notwithstanding that one of his volumes bears the title *Many Inventions*, its contents are for the most part things he has heard read, or seen, and then narrated, with additions, in his own peculiar and inimitable way. Pure inventions certainly do occur, as for instance, 'The Ship that Found Herself,' '007,' 'An Error of Four Dimensions,' 'A Matter of Fact,' and the 'Jungle Stories,' but in the greater number it is obvious that he is working up some incident in Indian life or giving his own version of something that has actually occurred. Within the limitations this implies, Mr. Kipling's genius moves easily and produces excellent results. There is no complication of plot or motives to deal with: all is simple straightforward narrative. But it is just here that Mr. Kipling's art comes in. He has the requisite knowledge and the requisite imagination, and is master of a style which is exactly suited to the requirements of the subjects with which he deals. He never attempts the process of making bricks without straw. Studious and keenly observant of facts he is always thoroughly 'posted up;' he knows all the ins and outs of the story and the conditions under which it occurred and writes as if he had been present from beginning to end as an eye-witness, and somehow leaves the impression that there is a good deal more to be told about the incident, which if i

were not for the conditions he has imposed upon himself or for his impatience with details, he could easily tell. As for his imagination, though unequal to the task of handling large spaces crowded with figures, or of working amidst a mass of varying and conflicting details or a maze of sentiments and influences and welding them together into an artistic whole; in other words, though deficient in architectonic power, it is sufficiently powerful to deal with isolated situations or single episodes or incidents, and to lift them up out of the common, and to touch them with more or less of the splendour of the ideal.

It is to this union of the real and ideal together with the comparative novelty of the materials he uses, that, if we mistake not, great part of the popularity of Mr. Kipling's writings is due. We have had stories of Indian life and of Europeans in India before, but they have been plain matter-of-fact accounts. Mr. Kipling idealises. Hindoo, Mahometan, civilian, soldier, priest or layman—all pass through the alembic of his imagination and come out more or less idealised. Take the Trio. Outside of Mr. Kipling's imagination three men in all points identical with them never existed. But most barracks contain the materials out of which they may be invented. They represent the virtues and faults of the British private. Love-o'-Women belongs to a different class, and other sorts and conditions of men may be found in the ranks. But Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris—who does not recognise them as in a general way representing, with a touch of imagination added, the prevailing types in the British army. Mulvaney, the eloquent Irishman, plausible, daring, audacious, brimful of excuses and stratagems, ready for every piece of fun, or frolic or mischief, that may turn up, and regardless, or rather with no thought, of consequences, yet withal knowing his business, respectful to his superior officer, according to his light the soul of honour, religious after a sort, his own worst enemy: Learoyd, the big lumping Yorkshireman, always brooding, usually silent, once almost a Methodist, enlisting as he half imagines to spite the Methodists, yet mainly because by the death of Jessie Roantree the light of the world went out for him, almost wor-

shipping Mulvaney, ready to follow him anywhere and to do his bidding like a child: and Ortheris, the little Cockney whose fingers are always itching to appropriate any decent dog he can lay hands on, but ready to perjure his soul rather than ruin the young officer who, in a moment of irritation, has struck him—the three sticking to each other through thick and thin, drinking together, larking together, never happy when separated, but ready at a moment's notice to do their duty to Queen and country, and never happier than when doing it in their own dogged and resourceful way. Three such men never existed in the flesh, but they live now in the imagination of Mr. Thomas Atkins and on the pages of Mr. Kipling's volumes. They are not the ideal of what Mr. Thomas Atkins ought to be, but idealisations of what he is.

One of the chief characteristics of Mr. Kipling's stories is their wonderful variety. If they do not lead us very deeply into life, they at least lead us into scenes which are not only not common, but which are wonderfully varied and exhibit diversity in human life and experience—sometimes also of fun and roguery—few have imagined. There is something of novelty about them all. A few of them are obviously entirely fictitious, as for instance 'The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney' 'The taking of Lungtungpen,' and some other doings of the notable Three; but the majority of them have, as the saying puts it, some foundation in fact, and one of the principal charms about them as a whole is their variety. Mr. Kipling never repeats himself. No two stories are alike. Scarcely one of them reminds one of another. The individuals figuring in the story may have appeared before, but the incidents are always distinctly different. The locality of most of them is of course India, but not of all of them. 'Bread upon the Waters' and *Captains Courageous* carry us out into the Atlantic; 'An Error of the Fourth Dimension,' and 'My Sunday at Home,' are cast in England, and 'Judson and the Empire' is laid on the east coast of Africa. But even of those which belong to India with the exception of the Simla stories, the scene is perpetually shifting—from the barracks to the Afghan border, to crowded streets and lonely bungalows, to the army on the march or i

battle, to the camp with the bullets dropping around, to white cantónments, to the engineer's hut, the forester's tent, the sorcerer's den, the temple, the mess-room, the quiet, luxurious home, the civilian's office, the orderly room, the pit-head, the city wall, and the gate of the hundred sorrows. The variety is remarkable. Sometimes the stories are weird, often thrilling.

Quite as remarkable is the number of characters Mr. Kipling makes us acquainted with. None of them is of the highest, but most of them are out of the common. As a rule each, however rapidly he may be sketched, has some distinctive faculty which qualifies him for his part or accounts for the part he plays. Some of them have been referred to already. Among others deserving of mention are Strickland, the detective, who figures in the 'Bronckhurst Divorce Case,' and 'The Return of Imray,' a remarkably gruesome story; Hogan-Yule and Martin, who bring about the rout of the White Hussars; Gisborne of the Woods and Forests, and Mowgli, the wonderful hunter whom he meets in the rukh; Yardley-Orde and Tallantire, who form so brilliant a contrast to Grish Chunder Dé, M.A., of Her Majesty's Bengal Civil Service, 'an eater of fish from the South,' as the children of Orde Sahib (whom he is appointed to succeed) contemptuously call him; Findlayson, C.E., John Chinn, Peroo and Bukta. These are selected from a crowd of others. All of them are strongly-marked individualities, and, though but slightly drawn, stand out on Mr Kipling's pages with the greatest distinctness.

But, as we have already said, it is not so much for the purpose of delineating the characters of those to whom he introduces us that Mr. Kipling employs his art as to narrate their achievements. The character of these, as need hardly be said, is mixed, but some of them are exceedingly noble—splendid illustrations of endurance, devotion, courage, skill and success. In the hands of Mr. Kipling they lose none of their essential greatness, but are often set forth with all the colour and brilliancy of a singularly vivid imagination. Never before have any of the achievements of the Indian Civil Service been told in so striking a way or the feats of the British Army or of the private soldier been so brilliantly narrated. 'The



Bridge Builders,' 'The Tomb of his Ancestors,' 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft,' 'The Lost Legion,' 'Love o' Women,' and others have a splendour of narration about them which it will be hard to match. The humour of some of the stories is well-nigh inimitable, especially when they are told by the lips of Mulvaney, or concerning him and his companions. Take for instance 'The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney,' 'The Taking of Lungtungpen,' 'With the Main Guard,' 'The Sending of Dana Da,' 'My Lord the Elephant,' 'The Mutiny of the Mavericks,' 'The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly,' and 'The Rout of the White Hussars.' There is both fun and humour in them, perhaps the humour of genius. Others are of a different cast, as 'On Greenhow Hill,' which transports us to the hills of Yorkshire and contains some remarkable passages in the experience of Private John Learoyd, 'The Man Who Was,' 'Without Benefit of Clergy,' and 'The Mark of the Beast,' while others again deal with scenes and incidents of native life in India, as 'On the City Walls,' 'At the Pitsmouth,' 'In Flood Time,' and 'The Judgment of Dungara.' Some are taken from child life, as 'Baa Baa, Black Sheep,' and 'Wee Willie Winkie,' some from seafaring life, as 'The Devil and the Deep Sea,' and 'Bread upon the Waters,' one is from the mission work carried on in the east end of London, while 'The Strange Ride' describes one of the most gruesome situations ever invented.

Of Mr Kipling's art as a narrator all that we can say is that it is often wonderfully vivid. *Captains Courageous* abounds in passages of great descriptive power—so also do the rest of the volumes. If there is any difference, the battle pieces are probably the best illustrations of Mr. Kipling's art. We select the following, not as pre-eminently the best example, but as the one which comes handiest and is of a convenient length :—

'That same night there was a Paythan picnic in the hills about, an' frin' into our tents fit to wake the livin' dead. "Lie down all," I sez. "Lie down an' kape still. They'll no more than waste amunition."

'I heard a man's fut on the ground, an' thin a 'Tini joinin' in chorus. I'd been lyin' warm, thinkin' av Dinah an' all, but I crup out wid the bugle for to look round in case there was a rush; an' the 'Tini was flashin'

at the fore-ınd av the camp, an' the hill near by was flickerin' wid long range fire. Undher the starlight I behild Love-o'-Women sittin' on a rock wid his belt an' helmet off. He shouted wanst or twice, an' thin I heard him say: "They shud ha' got the range long ago. Maybe they'll fire at the flash." Thin he fired again, an' that dhrew a fresh volley, and the long slugs that they chew in their teeth came floppin' among the rocks like tree-toads av a hot night. "That's better," sez Love-o'-Women. "Oh Lord, how long, how long!" he sez, an' at that he lit a match an' held ut abuve his head.

"Mad," thinks I, "mad as a coot," an' I tuk wan stip forward, an' the nixt I knew was the sole av my boot flappin' like a cavalry gydon an' the funny-bone av my toes tinglin'. 'Twas a clane-cut shot—a slug—that niver touched sock or hide, but set me bare-fut on the rocks. At that I tuk Love-o'-Women by the scruff an' threw him under a bowlder, an' when I sat down I heard the bullets patterin' on the same good stone.

"You may dhraw your own wicked fire," I sez, shakin' him, "but I'm not goin' to be kilt to."

"Ye've come too soon," he sez. "Ye've come too soon. In another minute they cudn't ha' missed me. Mother av God," he sez, "fwy did ye not lave me be? Now 'tis all to do again," an' he hides his face in his hands.

"So that's it," I sez, shakin' him again. "That's the manin' av your disobeyin' ordhers."

"I dare not kill myself," he sez, rockin' to and fro. "My own hand wud not let me die, an' there's not a bullet this month past wud touch me. I'm to die slow," he sez, "I'm to die slow. But I'm in hell now," he sez, shriekin' like a woman. "I'm in hell now!"

"God be good to us all," I sez, for I saw his face. "Will ye tell a man the throuble? If 'tis murder maybe we'll mend it yet."

'At that he laughed. "D'you remember fwat I said in the Tyrone barricks about comin' to you for ghostly consolation. I have not forgot it," he sez. "That came back, and the rest av my time is on me now, Terence. I've fought ut off for months an' months, but the liquor will not bite any more, Terence," he sez, "I can't get dh drunk."

'Thin I knew he spoke the truth about bein' in hell, for whin liquor does not take hould, the sowl av a man is rotten in him. But me bein' such as I was, fwat could I say to him?'

Whether Mr. Kipling's stories will survive their present popularity and take rank among the classics of English literature is hard to say. They have serious drawbacks, and financial success is no criterion of immortality. It may be, that after a little they will follow the way of other works of a more or less fictitious character and be neglected or forgotten; but who can tell?

## ART. V.—THE WEDDERBURN BOOK.

*The Wedderburn Book: a History of the Wedderburns in the Counties of Berwick and Forfar.* By ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN. 2 vols. 4to. Printed for Private Circulation.

WITHIN recent years the writing of family history has been raised to the position of a fine art. Scots, whether of Celtic or Lowland descent, have always been famous for their love of 'a lang pedigree;' and in former times it was the task of the *seannachie*, or bard, on special occasions, to recite the interminable genealogy of the reigning chief, and to extol the virtues and doughty deeds of his fathers, that he might be incited to follow their example. The *seannachie* has departed, and his place is now filled by the professional writer of genealogy. About the middle of last century a number of books on family history appeared, crude and uninformed, no doubt, for the writers rarely had the opportunity of examining original documents, and were seldom able to make duly the evidence thus afforded. But in course of time this kind of work fell into proper hands. Dr. Thomas Thomson, deputy Clerk-Register of Scotland, whose life extended from 1768 till 1852, may be regarded as the first to make accurate family history possible by the long array of original documents which he made available for reference. The work so well begun by him was efficiently carried on by his successor, the late Sir William Fraser, a sketch of whose remarkable achievements in this department of literature appeared in the *Scottish Review* for October, 1896.\* An example which Sir William Fraser set has been followed by many writers. He was the first to show how original documents ought to be utilised in providing authentic evidence in family history; and it may be said that he put an end to the existence of the old-fashioned books on genealogy where tradition and documentary proof were inextricably conf

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\* Vol. XXVIII., p. 203.

The latest work of the kind—*The Wedderburn Book*—has been framed on the excellent models provided by Sir William Fraser. The author, Alexander Wedderburn, Q.C., is well fitted by his professional studies to estimate the value of evidence. He has made the study of the annals of his family a labour of love extending over many years, and he has gathered his materials from every available source, having made elaborate researches both in public records and private repositories. The result has been the production of a work of immense value not only to members of the Wedderburn family, to whom it specially appeals, but also to the compilers of the genealogies of numerous other families incidentally referred to, as well as to the writer of the general history of Scotland. No statement of fact is made without verification, and where family tradition, unsupported by documents, is utilised, the author has been careful to discriminate between proved and unproved assertions. Those alone who have been engaged in similar researches can adequately estimate the immense labour which Mr. Wedderburn has bestowed upon this work; and it will certainly take rank beside the best books of its kind.

In his first volume Mr. Wedderburn gives outlines of the history of the Wedderburns in Scotland from 1296 to the present time, supplying detailed biographical sketches of some of the most notable members of the family, and giving numerous genealogical charts showing the descent of all the principal branches. To that mysterious entity, the "general reader," for whom every literary man is nowadays expected to cater, a work on genealogy is not usually enticing except in special circumstances; but Mr. Wedderburn has the gift of a pleasing literary style, and can vivify the dry bones of history so as to make them interesting. And it so happens that there have been many Wedderburns so distinguished in the annals of our country as to make the story of their lives fascinating to every romantic reader. The second volume contains the documentary evidence upon which the connected narratives in the first volume have been founded—what the French call *pièces justificatives*—which deal not only with Wedderburns, but also

with a vast number of other Scottish families. As many of these documents have been transcribed from unpublished originals in family charter-rooms, they are of very special value. An elaborately detailed index makes the whole work easy for reference.

A human interest is lent this book by the account of its origin which the author gives in his preface. Like every true Scot, Mr. Wedderburn is proud of his pedigree, and has been trained from his earliest years to regard with respect his distinguished ancestors. He has, besides, an inherited taste for genealogy. His great-great-grandfather, Thomas Wedderburn of Cantra (1710-1771), wrote an account of the Dunbars of Grange, to which family his wife belonged. John Wedderburn of Auchterhouse (1798-1839), grandson of Thomas, and grandfather of the author of *The Wedderburn Book*, published a memoir of the family in 1824, and left numerous notes containing additional information for an extended edition. The armorial illustrations for this book, without the letterpress, came into Alexander Wedderburn's possession when he was quite young; and though he did not know of his grandfather's memoir, he determined to compile a history of his family, and began to make collections for that purpose while a boy at school. Many years afterwards John Wedderburn's annotated copy came into his hands, and he then decided to publish the amended work. In 1887 he happened to see the 'Roll of Eminent Burgesses of Dundee,' in which the names of many Wedderburns were given, and on inquiry he found that there was a mass of unexamined documents in the charter-room of Dundee, bearing upon the family that had for centuries been prominent in the burgh. Mr. Wedderburn's examination of these papers greatly expanded his ideas; and he then began a series of researches which have resulted in the production of his two splendid volumes. The dream of his youth has been nobly realised.

The place of origin of the Wedderburn family has not been identified. Imaginative genealogists usually get over such a difficulty by inventing some dubious Norman ancestor who came over with William the Conqueror, or some mythical

Saxon progenitor who followed St. Margaret, Queen, when she fled northward and wedded Malcolm Canmore. Mr. Wedderburn is proof against temptations of this kind. He finds that the first reference to one of the name is in the Ragman Roll, where it is recorded that Walter de Wedderburn rendered homage to Edward I. on 28th August, 1296, being then described as 'of the County of Edinburgh.' The lands of Wedderburn are in Berwickshire, near the Tweed, but Lothian in those days extended far south. The family only appears sporadically in Berwickshire during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and it has not been found possible to trace the name back genealogically beyond the middle of the fifteenth century. At that time it appears in Forfarshire, in the persons of James, Walter, David, and Robert, burgesses of Dundee. Douglas in his 'Baronage' associates the Border family with that in Forfarshire by inventing a connecting link; but Mr. Wedderburn, more guarded in his methods, merely suggests that the similarity of the arms on the seals of the Berwickshire and Forfarshire Wedderburns suggests a relationship which has not yet been proved. From the four Dundee Wedderburns, who were contemporary in 1450-1513, all the principal branches of the family have descended.

James Wedderburn, merchant burgess of Dundee, and bailie in that burgh, is known in history as living 'at the West Kirk Style.' The earliest document referring to him is dated 1491, and his wife, Janet Barry, sister of the Vicar of Dundee, is called his 'relict' in 1514. He was the father of three famous sons—James, John, and Robert, the authors of 'The Gude and Godlie Ballates.' Mr. Wedderburn's researches have thrown much light upon the obscure history of these men, by whom the Reformation was greatly advanced in Scotland. James Wedderburn, the eldest son, was educated at St. Leonard's College, where he came under the influence of Gavin Logie. He went to France and established business at Dieppe, and when he returned to Dundee he was confirmed in his Protestantism by Friar Hewat. Having 'a good gift of poesie,' he wrote several plays in the Scottish vernacular ridiculing the ecclesiastics, and was forced to flee to France.

He died at Dieppe in 1553. John, the second son, matriculated at St. Andrews, and took orders as a priest in Dundee. But he also had been infected with 'the German heresie,' and in 1538 he was convicted as a heretic, and made his escape to Wittenberg, where he met Luther and Melanchthon. He translated numerous German hymns into the Scottish language, and many of these were afterwards printed at Dundee and were known as 'the Dundee Psalms.' After the death of James V. in 1542, John Wedderburn returned to Scotland, but dread of Cardinal Beaton compelled him to flee to England, where he died in exile in 1556. Robert, the third son, was more of a trimmer than his brothers; for though he was also inclined to Protestantism, he took office in the Catholic Church, and was Vicar of Dundee at the time when he was editing the ultra-Protestant hymns and parodies of his two brothers. He is credited on reasonable grounds with the authorship of 'The Complaynt of Scotland.' His death took place in 1555-60. The great-grandson of James Wedderburn, the eldest of the three brothers, was James Wedderburn, (1585-1636) a distinguished scholar, the friend of Isaac Casaubon and Archbishop Laud, and was ultimately preferred to the See of Dunblane in 1636, but was forced to flee for protection to England after the abolition of Episcopacy in 1638, and died at Canterbury in 1639. He lies buried in the Cathedral there, where his monument with an inscription (probably written by Laud), is still in existence. Ten letters written by James Wedderburn to Isaac Casaubon and his son, Meric, are now in the Burney MSS. in the British Museum. From Walter Wedderburn 'in the Welgait' of Dundee (1450-1503), one of the four first Dundee Wedderburns, there were descended no less than five distinguished Protestant ministers, who held important charges in Fife and Forfarshire during the seventeenth century.

The official connection of the Wedderburns with Dundee has no parallel in any other Scottish burgh. Alexander Wedderburn (1530-1585), was appointed to succeed Robert Seres as Town Clerk of Dundee in 1556, and though the office was elective it became hereditary in the family for a hundred and sixty years after that date. But for

of Sir Alexander Wedderburn in 1715, it is possible that successive members of the family might have continued in the office till the present day. And certainly not a few of the Wedderburn Town Clerks were specially distinguished in general, as well as local, history. Alexander Wedderburn, the first of the Town Clerks of that name, was the grandson of Robert Wedderburn, notary public, one of the four contemporary burgesses of the name already mentioned. He resigned the clerkship in 1582 to his eldest son, Alexander, who became the founder of the family of Wedderburn of Kingennie. This second Alexander Wedderburn was an important personage in the history of the time. Born in 1561, he had just attained his majority when he became Town Clerk, and in the following year (1583), he was admitted as a notary at Edinburgh. Besides carrying on a large notarial business in Dundee, and administering his public office with ability, he represented Dundee in the Scottish Parliament in 1585, and again from 1593 to 1621. His services, therefore, covered the period of unrest before the Union of the Crowns, and till within four years of the death of James I. He was one of the Commissioners on Union, and his name appears as one of the signatories to the Treaty of 6th Dec., 1605, whereby the Union was effected. So highly was he esteemed by the King that the parsimonious monarch bestowed a ring upon him, which is still in the possession of the family, and two bracelets which have been lost. His portrait shows him wearing these articles. In 1604 he obtained the gift of the clerkship for his second son, James Wedderburn, who was empowered to act during the absence of his father from the burgh on public business; and when Alexander Wedderburn died in 1626, his son became his successor in the office, though he only survived for one year. The fifth son of Alexander Wedderburn was Sir John Wedderburn of Gosford, a very eminent physician, who was born in 1599 and survived till 1679. He matriculated at St. Andrews in 1615, graduating there three years later, and afterwards was one of the regents in St. Leonard's College. He travelled on the Continent in 1631 and for several years afterwards, and seems to have gained a high reputation as a physician.



Returning to England in 1646, he took up his residence at Oxford, and was admitted an honorary member of the University in that year. When Oxford surrendered to Cromwell's forces in 1646, Dr. Wedderburn obtained a free pass from Sir Thomas Fairfax permitting him to travel 'beyond the seas,' and he probably went to Holland and joined the Prince, afterwards Charles II. In 1648 he was appointed Physician-in-Ordinary to Charles I., and after the Restoration a similar office was conferred upon him by Charles II., who confirmed the pension of £2,000 a year which his father had granted. He seems to have had much influence at the Court of Charles II., and Mr. Wedderburn prints a letter (now at Pitfirrane) written to Sir John by the Marquess of Argyll, begging him to intercede on that nobleman's behalf. From this letter it appears that the Marquess had been one of Wedderburn's pupils at St. Andrews. It is remarkable that this pathetic epistle was written on the same day as that on which Argyll wrote the mournful letter to his second son, Sir Neil Campbell, complaining of injustice in his trial.\* The note to Wedderburn is dated Edinburgh, 11th May, 1661—fifteen days before Argyll's execution:—

'GOAD MAISTER,

'Your nephew S<sup>r</sup> Peter is going to London. I am confident he can doe very much if he pleas in relation to my business, for if his Ma<sup>ties</sup> prejudice wer laid asyd my accusations otherways are the common failing of the nation, which I doe not excoose, but desyre to shelter my self under his Ma<sup>s</sup> gracious and naturall inclination to clemencie [with] which he has covered every subject in all his Ma<sup>s</sup> dominions except a few Murderers of his Royal father, therfor I expect so much of your favour and kyndness at this time as to recieve information from my sonnes and to let your nephew know how much his kyndness to me may oblige you, and tho I be not abll to requyt your kyndness yit I still rest confident of your favor upon ane mor real and antient accompt being

'Your old pupll and most humbll

'Servant

'ARGYLL.'

The nephew referred to by Argyll was Sir Peter Wedderburn of Gosford, then Keeper of the Signet, and afterwards a

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\* *Roll of Eminent Burgesses of Dundee*, p. 123.

Lord of Session. Sir John Wedderburn has written below the signature of Argyll the reason why he could not interfere:— ‘Powerful order was sent before I received this and before my Nephew arriving, so that I could not meddle.’ Shortly after this time Sir John retired to Gosford, in the parish of Aberlady, and he remained there till his death in July, 1679. He had amassed a large fortune, and it was through his generosity that his two nephews, Sir Peter of Gosford and Sir Alexander of Blackness, were able to acquire the estates with which their names are associated. Sir John bequeathed his extensive library to the University of St. Andrews. It is worthy of notice that Jeremy Taylor was one of his friends and patients, and wrote regarding him thus:—‘I do not only expose all my sickness to his cure, but I submit my weaknesses to his censure; being as confident to find of him charity for what is pardonable, as remedy for what is curable.’ Several of the descendants of Sir Peter Wedderburn of Gosford attained to eminence in the legal profession. His grandson was Peter Wedderburn, Lord Chesterhall of Session, who was the father of the still more famous Alexander Wedderburn, Lord Loughborough, who was the first Scotsman to reach the elevated position of Lord High Chancellor of England, and who was created first Earl of Roslyn.

Perhaps the most interesting branch of the family is that of the Wedderburns of Blackness. The first of these was Alexander Wedderburn, eldest son of James Wedderburn, the Town Clerk of Dundee, who died in 1627. He was born in 1610, graduated at St. Andrews in 1628, and obtained the reversion of the clerkship which his father's elder brother administered until he reached a suitable age. He was admitted a notary on 1st March, 1633, at Edinburgh, where he had been trained in law, and in the same year he entered on his duties as Town Clerk of Dundee. His ability soon brought him into notice. He accompanied his father-in-law, James Fletcher, Provost of Dundee, to the Glasgow Assembly of 1638, and is mentioned in the minutes as ‘one of the skilfullest of the burgh clerks.’ In Parliament he frequently represented Dundee, and was an active member during the troublous period

of the Civil War. He was one of the eleven Scottish Commissioners appointed to confer regarding the Treaty of Ripon, and as the exact date of his knighthood is not shown by any existing document, it is supposed that he was then knighted for his services, though Mr. Wedderburn thinks that the date was 1646. The prominence of Sir Alexander in the politics of the time on the Royalist side brought upon him the vengeance of Cromwell, and in 1648 an order was issued by Cromwell from Edinburgh forbidding him to act as Town Clerk of Dundee. This embargo did not last long, for when Charles II. came to Scotland in 1651 he expressly commanded that Wedderburn should be reinstated in his office. The King's letter is now in Dundee charter room, and is in these terms:—

'CHARLES R.—Trusty and well-beloved, Wee greet you well. Whereas Sir Alexander Wedderburn of Blackness is of so knowne abilities to discharge the Office of Clerkship in your towne, from the which he hath been debarred or at least retired himself these few years bygone without any necessity or publick command, and wee now conceiving that his reestablishment in the said place may be verie usefull to our service and the good of that Towne, Therefore wee desier you to restore him to the full and free enjoyment of the said place, which we will accept as very good service done to us. So we bid you farewell. From our Court at Perth, this 17th of Jan. 1651.

'For our trusty and well-beloved  
the Provost, Baylies, and Counsail  
of Dundee.'

It may be supposed that Sir Alexander Wedderburn had made himself peculiarly serviceable to the King when the royal hand was interposed to replace him in the civic position from which he had been excluded by the Protector. One might have expected that when Dundee was besieged and captured by General Monck in September, 1651, so ardent a Royalist as Wedderburn would have been dismissed from his office, but it was not so. It does not appear where Wedderburn was during the siege and occupation of the town by Monck. He was not among the prisoners taken at Alyth, nor is his name mentioned in the lists of those captured at Dundee. A curious fact which has escaped Mr. Wedderburn's notice proves that

Sir Alexander had ingratiated himself with the Cromwellians. In 1653, when Colonel Lilburne was Commander-in-chief in Scotland, the collecting of the assessment for the counties and burghs of Kincardine and Forfar was entrusted to Wedderburn, who seems to have been the only Royalist in Scotland to whom such a task was committed.\* After the Restoration, Charles II. confirmed to him a grant of £100 sterling annually, which had been conferred by Charles I. With the monetary assistance of his uncle, Sir John Wedderburn of Gosford, mentioned above, he acquired the estate of Blackness near Dundee, and in 1662 he consolidated his property into the barony of Blackness, which remained in the possession of the Wedderburns till 1741. His death took place in 1675. Sir John Wedderburn (1641-1706), eldest son of Sir Alexander, was an advocate, and held the office of "Clerk to the Bills" for many years. He was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia in 1704, and thus became first baronet of Blackness. His son and successor, Sir Alexander (1672-1710), did not long enjoy the title. He had been admitted to a share of his father's office as Clerk to the Bills, and seems to have so mismanaged his affairs that he was deeply in debt, and had to sell his library. Mr. Wedderburn has found among the papers of Major Seton of Mounie (Sir Alexander's wife was a Seton, daughter of Lord Pitmedden) a priced catalogue of the books sold, and has printed a selection from the list, which is valuable as showing the contents of a baronet's library at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the prices fetched by the books. Sir John Wedderburn, third baronet of Blackness (1700-1723), was under curators when he succeeded to the title, and as they could find no other means of providing money to pay the father's debts, they proposed to sell Blackness and other estates. A willing purchaser was found in Alexander Wedderburn (1675-1744), Sir John's cousin, Town Clerk of Dundee, and the nearest heir to the baronetcy. The purchase was effected on liberal terms in 1718, and on the death of Sir John, unmarried, in 1723, Sir Alexander became fourth baronet of Blackness.

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\* Firth's *Scotland and the Commonwealth*, p. 175. Scot. Hist. Soc.

Around him and his son, Sir John Wedderburn, there is a romantic interest thrown because of their connection with the Jacobite Risings of 1715 and 1745, and their sufferings thereby.

Sir Alexander Wedderburn, fourth baronet of Blackness, was the second surviving son of James Wedderburn (1649-1696), Town Clerk of Dundee, and consequently grandson of Sir Alexander Wedderburn of Blackness, Knt. In 1685, when he was only ten years of age, his father obtained his appointment as conjunct-clerk and successor in the office,—a rather strange arrangement, though the Council, ‘after consideration,’ consented to it. He matriculated at St. Andrews in 1690, and two years later was in practice as a ‘writer’ in Dundee. His admission as a notary is dated Jan. 1695, and on his father’s death, in the following year, he became Town Clerk of Dundee. For over twenty years he administered that office, and was deposed for political reasons. He was unquestionably a man of considerable ability, though, like many prominent men of the time, he did not feel himself bound by an oath. Thus on 16th September, 1699, when he was appointed Clerk to the barony of the Hilltown (Dundee), he must have taken the oath of fidelity to King William. On 18th September, 1702, he must have taken a similar oath to Queen Anne. On 24th August, 1714, he must equally have sworn allegiance to George I., and yet in the following year he took an active part with the Jacobites. He was not over-scrupulous in other matters, as is shown by his action regarding the town clerkship:—

‘Being thus the seventh of his name and family who had, practically without a break, held the office of clerk from 1557 on, he perhaps inclined to regard the office as an absolute right, and unsuccessfully claimed the power to appoint and discharge his own deputy. The matter is referred to [in the Council Minutes] 4th-11th May, 1703, when he claims this right of the Council, who got out of the difficulty by some of those present withdrawing, so as to avoid a quorum. It would seem that in making this claim Wedderburn’s desire was to get rid of the then depute, James Ramsay, who had been depute in his father’s time, and, as Wedderburn’s senior in years, was perhaps an unwilling subordinate. The Clerk therefore, brought an action against James Ramsay, to remove him from the office, the proceedings in which are reported in Fountainhall’s *Diary*.\*

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\* II., 186,—16th July, 1703.

Ramsay asserted that he held his office from the Town Council for life, and was only removable by them for some fault. Wedderburn contended that "the Wedderburns had for fourteen generations been clerks of Dundee, and always had the nomination of their own depute, who precariously depended upon them and were during their pleasure." The Lords, 16th July, 1703, sustained Ramsay's defence, and found him not removable without a fault.'

Within recent years similar disputes have arisen in several Scottish burghs, but the above decision seems to have escaped notice, for in most cases the Town Clerks have vindicated their right to appoint deputies, subject to the consent of the Council. It is curious to find Wedderburn making such a preposterous assertion regarding the time that his ancestors had held office. As Mr. Wedderburn points out, the first Wedderburn clerk was appointed in 1557, just 146 years before the date of this dispute, while 'fourteen generations,' reckoning each at 25 years, would carry back the date to 1353, and only seven Wedderburns had held the office. Wedderburn was destined soon to lose his post. It has been shown that the family had always maintained loyalty to the Stewart kings, though Wedderburn himself had acknowledged both William III. and Anne. In June, 1715, the leading members of the Dundee Town Council were declared Jacobites, and when the Chevalier de St. George (James VIII.) visited Dundee in January, 1716, 'the Clerk was amongst those who rode out to meet him, and drank at the Cross to the success of his arms.' A few days afterwards he received a Royal mandate, dated Scoue, 21st January, appointing him Governor of Broughty Castle, and directing him to keep the garrison under the orders of the Earl of Mar, Commander-in-chief. But he had little opportunity of officiating in this capacity. On 3rd February, 1716, the Duke of Argyll entered Dundee, and as the Jacobite magistrates had fled, he issued a warrant appointing six trusted Hanoverians to rule the burgh in civic affairs. It is not clear where Wedderburn found refuge at this time, but apparently he had carried off the Council Records. In April, 1716, the Council began a protracted inquiry as to his doings when the Chevalier was in Dundee, and evidence was produced that he had 'accompanied the Earls of Mar and

Marshall and several gentlemen who were in the rebellion to the Council house of the burgh, where they were getting a treat and burgess tickets, and acted as clerk, . . . and that he went to the Cross with the rebels at some of their solemnities; went out and met the Pretender at his coming to the town; and collected the excise the time of the rebellion.' Two incriminating burgess tickets granted to 'James, Earl of Tinmouth and Colonel Francis Bulkeley' by Wedderburn were produced, and after oral evidence against him had been received and he had refused to appear in his own defence, he was formally deposed from his office of Town Clerk on 9th August, 1716, and George Duncan, W.S., was chosen in his stead. Thus terminated the long reign of the Wedderburns as Town Clerks of Dundee. The new official, however, did not succeed in getting possession of all the Council books which Wedderburn had taken away until February, 1742. Long before that time he had returned to his allegiance to the House of Hanover, for in June, 1727, he signed the proclamation at Dundee of the accession of George II., and in 1736, he was specially invited by the Council to the Town House and the Cross at the celebration of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. He retained his office of Sheriff-Clerk of Forfar, and continued to reside at Blackness, but his money affairs became involved, and in 1741 he sold Blackness 'to enable him to meet his liabilities.' It has usually been stated that Blackness was forfeited through the concern of his son, Sir John, in the Jacobite Rising of 1745; but there is ample evidence that it was purchased by Alexander Hunter of Baskelly (ancestor of the present proprietor), in 1743, during the life of Sir Alexander, whose stormy career was closed in September, 1744. He was buried in the Howff of Dundee.

The most pathetic figure in the whole range of the Wedderburn history is that of Sir John Wedderburn (1704-1746) son of Sir Alexander, and fifth and last baronet of Blackness. He was the fourth but eldest surviving son, was born in August, 1704, and was bred to the law in his father's office, who probably intended to follow the Wedderburn custom and have him appointed successor in the clerkship. The financial diffi-

culties of his father pressed heavily upon him, and all through his life he was in straitened circumstances. In October, 1724, he married Jean, daughter of John Fullarton of that Ilk, Perthshire, and she bore him seven sons and four daughters, the youngest being born in 1740. About that time the fortunes of the baronet of Blackness were at their lowest ebb, and Sir John, as heir of entail, had to consent to the sale of the barony to trustees for behoof of creditors. After his father's death in 1744, Sir John left Dundee and took a small farm know as the Mains of Nevay, near Newtyle, Forfarshire. He was living here, 'far from prosperously,' when Prince Charles Edward landed in Scotland. Sir John's movements during the early part of the campaign are by no means clear. The printed evidence produced at his trial as a rebel is so contradictory that it does not afford a consecutive narrative. The story told in 1819 to John Wedderburn of Auchterhouse, grandfather of the author of *The Wedderburn Book*, by Elizabeth Wedderburn and Charles Wedderburn of Pearsie, nephew and niece of Sir John, was as follows :—

'Sir John having joined the Prince very soon after his appearing in Scotland, became one of his Life Guards and a volunteer in the second battalion of Lord Ogilvy's Regiment. He was in the several engagements at Gladsmuir, Falkirk, and Culloden, but he did not cross the Border with the army, rejoining it on its retreat northwards. He was taken prisoner on 16 April, 1746, conveyed with Lord Kilmarnock and others to London, imprisoned in the New Jail at Southwark, 9 August ; and while there must have been in the greatest distress but for the kindness of his cousin, James Paterson of Carpow. He was brought to trial at the Court of St. Margaret's Hill on the 4th of November, and acknowledged himself a volunteer in Lord Ogilvy's regiment, noways attempting to conceal or deny the principles which had induced him to go out with the Prince. The witnesses for the Crown also produced twelve receipts for taxes or duties on malt, etc., forcibly levied in Perth and Dundee, and signed "John Wedderburn," for the Prince's service. One witness swore falsely to his having been with the Prince at Derby, but this evidence applied to his son Sir John, who was so fortunate as to escape. The above receipts are said to have been bought up by Lady Lundy [Helen Haldane of Gleneagles, wife of Alexander Duncan of Lundie, the Provost of Dundee and ancestor of the Earl of Camperdown], who forwarded them to Government, but there is no proof of this. . . . He was condemned both on his own acknowledgment and on the evidence adduced against him. . . .



Some hopes of pardon were entertained, but were frustrated by the personal interference of the Duke of Cumberland. When the death warrant for Sir John's execution on the following day was given him by the gaoler, he was engaged at a game of backgammon with Carpow; old Webster and another were also in the cell. He requested the gaoler to stand out of the light till the game was over, and afterwards called for wine and drank farewell to his friends. On that evening (27th November) he wrote to his lady, and on the following morning was conveyed on a sledge to Kennington Common, where he was hanged, etc., with Andrew Wood, John Hamilton, James Bradshaw, and Alexander Leith, Esquires. Colonel Farquharson, also condemned, was reprieved.'

This is, no doubt, the family tradition regarding Sir John's concern in the Rising, for the narrators, though born after his death, must have had it directly from his nearest relatives. Unquestionably, he collected excise for the Prince from November, 1745, to January, 1746, as is shown by the accounts of Oliphant of Gask, the Jacobite Treasurer. He was at Nevay in February, 1746, and must have joined that portion of the retiring army which went by Dundee and Newtyle; and he certainly was captured at Culloden with the army, though possibly not in arms. Being put on board the Exeter man-of-war at Inverness, together with the Earls of Cromartie and Kilmarnock, he was conveyed to London to meet his death. Mr. Wedderburn has published a number of his letters, written chiefly to his wife, from Southwark Jail, and these show him in a very favourable light. The most important of them was written to Lady Wedderburn on the night before his execution. It was printed by Sir William Fraser in *The Carnegies of Southesk* (Jean Fullarton, Lady Wedderburn, was a daughter of Margaret Carnegie), apparently from a copy at Kinblethmont, as the original is among the Blackness Papers. The eve of his execution was spent by Sir John in writing letters full of resignation and pathos to many friends, but there is one which may be quoted here as really in some sense a historical document. It was evidently written for Prince Charles Edward, of whose fate Sir John must have been ignorant, and a copy is in the possession of his great-grandson, Sir William Wedderburn, Bart., M.P. :—

‘ May it please Y<sup>r</sup> Royal Highness,

‘ I had the Honour of being employed by Y<sup>r</sup>. R. H. to Collect the ale and malt arrears in the Counties of Angus and Perth. My eldest Son attended Lord O——y to D——y and back again. I happened to be taken prisoner at C——n, was carted up here, condemned here, and am to be executed to-morrow. I have a wife and nine Children in a very miserable Condition as to Subsistence. I have given strict Injunctions to my wife to educate our Children being 5 sons and 4 daughters in the strictest principals to Your R: H:’s family. if your R: H: pleases to honour them with your protection in consideration of my sufferings whose last moments shall be spent in praying for the prosperity of your R: H:’s family.

‘ By him who is and ever has been

‘ May it please Y<sup>r</sup> R: H:

‘ Y<sup>r</sup> most devoted

‘ humble Serv<sup>t</sup>

‘ J. W.’

Sir John was affectionately attended during his imprisonment by James Wedderburn, his third (second surviving) son, and Mr. Wedderburn prints for the first time a long letter written, on 2nd February, 1747, by James to his eldest sister, Margaret (afterwards Mrs. Dundas, of Blair, Perthshire), then twenty-one years of age, in which he gives many interesting details regarding the last hours of his father. But we are fortunately able to supply a missing link in this correspondence by printing here the first letter sent by James Wedderburn to his sister on 2nd December, 1746, in which he describes the final scene a few days after it occurred. This letter has not come to the knowledge of Mr. Wedderburn in time to be included in his *Wedderburn Book*. It is transcribed into the presentation copy of *A Genealogical Account of the Wedderburn Family*, by James Wedderburn Webster, ‘printed at the Author’s Press in Nantes,’ in 1819. The copy was presented by the author to his wife’s relative, Richard, second Lord Waterpark (1765-1830), and bears an inscription in canine Latin, from which it appears that in 1819 Wedderburn-Webster was residing at Doveridge, where Lord Waterpark’s house is situated. The volume is now in the possession of the Rev. R. R. Lingard Guthrie, M.A., of Taybank, Dundee, through whose courtesy it is here inserted:—

‘DEAR PEGGY,

‘On Friday the 27<sup>th</sup> Nov. Papa was executed, and departed with that steady resolution he was always master of. I did not see him after Thursday night when I took my leave of him. Although I came on Friday morning I was advised to retire in case a second parting had brought us all to his mind (which if you see the letter he wrote to the Dr. [John Wedderburn] you will know he had more regard to Mama and us than his own life), which perhaps would have made him appear conceited, which many people would have put another sense upon. On Thursday night he wrote a letter to the Dr. to Mr. Paterson & John, and another whereof I shall send a copy by a Dundee ship. He also bid me write you to get some sensible person who could read old write, who should choose out of all his papers what might be either of use or pleasure to his posterity, such as two letters from King Charles, and an approbation from the Parliament of one who was Commissioner at the Union, for I assure you if any one of us have the fortune, cunning, and Prudence, which 3 things are all necessary to acquire a fortune, for I do not despair of friends, he may be able to requite some favour we have received of late. He ordered the night gown to be sent to Jamaica, and the nephew’s night-caps and stockings to keep to myself. As for his suit of clothes, Rich. Scot told him that he could not sell them for as much money as would buy a suit to me, so he ordered them to be made up for me : as for his sheets, blankets, towell and shirts he ordered them to be sent down in the chest that they might be made up for any of us that Mama thought best. These 3 weeks by-pas I have been so hurried running from one of your great people to another their houses being always 3 or 4 miles from the gaoll, and very often not at home, that I have had scarce time to eat, and Mr. Wedderburn has made a great deal of interest too, so that I was almost [sure] he would have been saved, tho’ he did not know of it himself, when he got notice on Thursday to our great surprise that it was all overthrown by the Attorney Gen<sup>l</sup> Sir Dudley Rider and the Judge Sir Martin Wright, but we suspect there is some greater person at the bottom.

‘Dear Peggy, I intreat you would not by your fretting give that satisfaction to our enemies they so earnestly desire, but rather continually put the young ones in mind of their Father’s death, that they may take the first opportunity to avenge it, and that you would try all means to comfort Mama, for Papa was very much afraid it would kill her. We have that’s true, lost a father who was concerned for nothing more than our welfare, but let his cruel death rather be an incentive for us to avenge it and imitate his resolution and other qualifications, than to pine away in unavailing grief.

‘Yours &c.,

‘JAMES WEDDERBURN.

‘Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1746.

'P.S.—You must excuse this bad write for my master cannot spare me any longer in town, as his nephew is embarked yesterday. I saw the body decently interred beside two of Mr. Crawford's brothers in St. George's Churchyard, Southwark.

'To Miss Peggy Wedderburn  
'at Nevay.'

This letter is important as showing where Sir John was buried, a fact not hitherto recorded in any account of his life. It is curious that the letter which James Wedderburn wrote to his sister Peggy, on 2nd February, 1747, contains several expressions identical with those quoted above. Dr. Doran gives a sketch of Sir John's career in his *London in the Jacobite Times*, which is full of inaccuracies. A brief account of Sir John's children may be given. His eldest surviving son, Sir John (1729—1803), held a commission as Lieutenant in Lord Ogilvy's Regiment, went with Prince Charles Edward to Derby and returned to Culloden, but managed to escape into Angus. He reached London in disguise, and it is probable that he saw his father in Southwark gaol. After the execution he went to America, and when the Bill of Indemnity was passed in 1747 he proceeded to Jamaica, where he practised as a surgeon. He acquired a considerable fortune there as a trader and planter, and returned to Scotland in 1768, when he purchased the estate of Balindean, in the Carse of Gowrie, and founded the family of Wedderburn of Balindean. He died in 1803, and was succeeded by his second son, Sir David Wedderburn, who became a wealthy West Indian merchant, and was created a Baronet of Great Britain in 1803, at the instance of his kinsman the Earl of Rosslyn, Lord High Chancellor. He died in 1858, and is now represented by the son of his half-brother, Sir William Wedderburn, Bart., of Balindean, M.P. for Banffshire. James Wedderburn (1730-1807) the writer of the letter quoted, was the second surviving son of Sir John Wedderburn of 1745, and went to Jamaica, where he also became a medical practitioner. He returned to Scotland in 1773, and purchased Inveresk, Haddingtonshire, founding the family of Wedderburn-Colville of Inveresk. Other two of Sir John's sons, Peter and Alexander, went to

Jamaica, and died there unmarried. Thomas Wedderburn of Cantra, a younger brother of the unfortunate Sir John who was executed, was also in the Jacobite Rising of 1745, and was present at Culloden but succeeded in escaping and was afterwards Collector of Customs at Inverness. There are several interesting letters quoted in *The Wedderburn Book* relating to his adventures before and after Culloden. From him is descended Alexander Wedderburn, Q.C., the author of this work.

Turning from the historical and genealogical subjects in 'The Wedderburn Book,' the reader will find much light thrown by it upon social customs, trade, manufactures, legal forms and similar topics by entries covering the period from 1296 till 1896. For instance, there are many extracts given from 'The Compt Buik of David Wedderburne,'—a valuable manuscript written by a Dundee merchant between 1587 and 1630, which contains numerous memoranda of much interest. An article upon this MS. appeared in the *Scottish Review* for October, 1893, and the 'Compt Buik' has since been printed by the Scottish History Society. The elaborate search made by Mr. Wedderburn in the Charter-room of Dundee has been productive of many references to members of the family. It has also disclosed some of the quaint methods pursued by legal men three centuries ago. The front and back pages of many of the Protocol Books bear scribbled mottoes, quotations from Latin classics, and proverbs and bye-words of sententious wisdom. In the 'Compt Buik' David Wedderburn gave list of the 'evil dayis' and 'blissit dayis' in the year. His uncle Robert Wedderburn, gives a similar (not identical) list of evil days in his Protocol Book 1576-1580, which is as follows:—

'The maist peralus and dangerus dayis in the yeir, in the quhilk gif on man or voman be lett bluid of vound or of vair thai sall die within xxv dayis following. Or quha that fallis in seikness in ony of the day following thai sall nocht excaip deid. Or quha that takis ony grit journa in ony of the said dayis to ga far fra hame he sall be in grit dangar or diere he cum hame agane. Or quha that weddis ane wyfe in ony of the davis haistellie thai sall depart or sall leif togidder with meikle sorrow. Or quha that begynis in any of thir dayis ony grit vark it sall nevir cum to ane guid end. And thir be dayis following:—

In Januar ar 8 dayis that is to say the, 1, 2, 4, 5, 10, 15, 17, 19.  
In Februar ar 3 dayis the 8, 10, 17.  
In Marche ar 3 dayis the 6, 15, 19.  
In Apryle ar 2 dayis the 16, 21.  
In Maii ar 3 dayis the 7, 15, 20.  
In Junii ar 2 dayis the 4, 7.  
In Julii ar 2 dayis the 15, 19.  
In August ar 2 dayis the 19, 20.  
In September ar 2 dayis the . . ., 7.  
In October is ane day 6.  
In November ar 2 dayis the 15, 19.  
In December ar 3 dayis the 6, 7, 17, et alii dicunt the 15, 16.'

This entry shows how great a hold superstition had upon the minds even of educated men in those times. Alexander Wedderburn (1530-1585) the first of the Wedderburn Town Clerks of Dundee, frequently scribbled poetry in his Protocol Books, of which the following quotations are favourable samples :—

'Virschip we suld, obey, and knaw  
Ane God, ane King, ane fayth, ane law.'

' At meitt be glaid, sport honestlie, But sweiring or scurilitie, First thank the Lord that sends all fuid, Than frame your talk with modes- tie To pleis God & the companie, And of the absentis speik bot guid.	' Offend na man that is present Be word, deid, or vain argument, Remembir the puir of velth de- nude, Thame to support be diligent For although thai be indigent Zit think thai ar your flesche and bluid.
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The Protocol Book for 1589-1592 of the second Town Clerk named Alexander Wedderburn, contains a Latin epigram on Mary, Queen of Scots, with a Scottish translation. This seems to have been a favourite piece, for it is written on various Protocol Books by other hands, and is also transcribed in the 'Compt Buik.'

'EPITAPHIUM MARLE REGINÆ SCOTORUM.

Regibus orta, auxi reges, reginaque vixi,  
Nupta tribus, tribus orba viris, tria regna reliqui,  
Gallus opes, Scotus cunas, habet Anglia sepulchrum.'

*'Idem Scoticié.*

I cam of Kyngis, I Kyngis increst, my stait a crown did crave,  
Thryis weddit, and als wedow thryis, thrie kingdomes heir I leave,  
France hes my welth, Scotland my birth, & Ingland hes my grave.'

Robert Wedderburn the notary, already mentioned, also indulged in occasional poetry as well as in Latin maxims. Here are some specimens:—

'Saif us guid Lord for thy Godheid,  
Fra sin, schame, and suddane deid.  
Quhen hoip and helth and welth is hieist,  
Then wo and wraik diseis and neid is neirest.

'Quha now a dayis wald all mennis favoris have,  
Must gif mekill, tak lytill, and nathing ask nor crave.  
Quha richtlie kepis thir twa estemit wyis may be,  
Nocht for to be ower haldane in, nor zit to be ower frie.'

The outline which has been given of the contents of this remarkable book should be sufficient to indicate its value as a mine of historical and genealogical information. One lays down *The Wedderburn Book* with feelings of admiration for the patience and skill displayed by the author, and of respect for that honourable pride in his ancestry which has led him to rear this perpetual monument to their memory.

A. H. MILLAR.

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#### ART. VI.—A NOTABLE FAILURE.

THE history of Europe, it has been remarked, is but the commentary on the Treaty of Verdun: and assuredly no small part in it has been played by the conflicting efforts of East and West Franks, and their successors, to absorb the kingdom of Lothar. At the present day all Europe stands in arms waiting for the moment when it may please France and Germany to renew their ancient struggle for the left bank of the Rhine, and national industry is weighted with a burden of conscription and

taxation already wellnigh intolerable. It is in the light of these facts that Charles the Bold may claim to be one of the most tragic failures in history. Europe still suffers, and apparently will suffer for many a day from the ruin that overwhelmed his schemes of ambition.

To the average man Charles the Bold is probably known chiefly through the pages of Scott. Few readers of *Quentin Durward* can have failed to be struck by the ready contrast offered by the rivals of France and Burgundy: the one the cool and crafty man of intellect, fit representative of the new statecraft; the other truly mediæval in his methods of blunt, passionate brute force. Scott, it must be confessed, has not altogether resisted the temptation natural to the novelist on such an occasion to over-colour his picture. That Charles was far inferior to his rival in subtlety of intellect is undoubted. That at critical moments requiring coolness, self-possession, quick decision and prompt action he showed up rather poorly alongside of Louis XI. is also certain from the statement of an eye-witness who knew them both intimately. Furthermore, though on occasion he could lie almost as well as his more accomplished cousin of France, his manners were as a rule blunt and outspoken to a degree. Haughty in temper, he seems to have held it beneath his dignity to rely on aught save physical force; Louis, on the other hand, plausible, dissembling, and pliant, trusted to intrigue and diplomacy in his schemes of ambition. In all this the contrast is clearly marked. But it is not fair to Charles to regard him as devoid of ideas, a mere embodiment of brute force. He was filled with as restless and pregnant an ambition as even Louis himself. His head was full of ideas—‘I have thoughts here,’ he told his Burgundian subjects, ‘which I must not share with any.’ Better for him indeed had there been fewer, for it was in following out a great idea that he worked his own ruin and death. Yet it is this that raises him above the rank of a mere mediæval swash-buckler, and gives him an interest for our modern day.

The great defect in Charles’ character seems to have been a lack not of ideas but of versatility. He was fertile in ends, but not in means. He saw quite plainly his object, but never more



than a single way of reaching it. Thus when that particular approach had been blocked by Louis' craft, Charles instead of slipping round some other way continued to stormfully batter his head against the impossible. It was here that his rival completely outclassed him. Fully as resolute and tenacious of purpose, Louis, unlike Charles, distinguished the end from the means, the object itself from the methods of securing it; no sooner was one avenue closed to him than another had been discovered. It is this union of tenacity and versatility—mark of the highest order of mind—that places Louis XI. among the great statesmen of history. No lesser qualities would have carried the French Monarchy successfully through its struggle with the forces of mediæval anarchy. But when to these we add the eagle eye discerning at a glance from among even the lowest domestics the fit instruments for the work in hand, we understand better why that struggle ended in a triumph so complete. If in the task of creating France Louis had to be his own Bismarck, it was from lack of material, not of vision. In this connection Comines' anecdote of the herald is full of interest from the light it casts on Louis' powers. Wanting on one occasion during the English invasion of 1475 to send Edward IV. a herald, he found himself without one—a fact significant of his superiority to the display so dear to the mediæval heart. For this perilous duty of impersonating a herald (readers of *Quentin Durward* will remember a similar incident) Louis chose a poor servant of one of his courtiers; only once previously had he spoken to this man, yet in that brief contact he had gauged his character. Even the shrewd Comines was at fault, and stood astounded at the choice. The terrified servant on hearing the rôle assigned him fell on his knees as one already lost, till Louis came himself to cheer him. 'One word of his,' says Comines, 'inspired more confidence than a hundred of mine.' The man started on his mission, and fully justified Louis' expectations.

It was against powers of this high order—powers to discern and to inspire, that Charles the Bold contended in his life-long duel with the French Crown. They more than outweighed the advantages with which he started. Not even by the splendid audacities of biography could Charles of Burgundy have 'great-

ness thrust on him.' His powers were of a distinctly moderate character; during the first part of his reign he was little more than the ordinary rebellious vassal seeking to dismember his suzerain's power, and ere he died, illness and defeat seem to have almost unhinged his mind. Yet Charles the Bold is something more than a mere mediæval bully, or a picturesque example with which to sugar platitudes on the evils of ambition and inconstancy of power. In virtue of the notable idea denominating his later life, he becomes significant for the sober student of history and politics. It is this that gives him a place in modern Europe. He stood at the parting of the ways, and like his rival belonged wholly to neither age. As in Louis, despite all his pride of intellect and modern statecraft, there ran a strain of mediæval superstition, so over Charles the dawn of the modern movement had influence. His career exemplifies in a remarkable way the change from the old to the new system, exhibiting as it does the phases of both. Throughout the twofold character is observable. Territorially facing east and west as a vassal of France and the Empire, in his political ideas he was no less a Janus looking to the new age as to the past; from a turbulent vassal he sought to pass into the founder of a consolidated kingdom.

Under the circumstances of the time it was but natural that in this later phase Charles should develop his German side. Events had taught him that his Cousin of France was too strong to be overthrown by a mere coalition of insubordinate vassals. In the universal selfishness and treachery of the age a hostile coalition offered Louis a field peculiarly suited to his talents; its mutual jealousies and conflicting interests formed excellent material on which to exercise his powers of intrigue. In sowing dissension in the ranks of his enemies and so preventing that hearty co-operation without which any coalition was worse than useless, Louis stood unrivalled. It was thus he extricated himself from the crisis that in the league of the public weal threatened to overwhelm him at the very commencement of his reign. When the Allies were hemming him in at Paris the significant name of 'the market' was given, Comines tells us, to the space between the opposing outposts. But the crowning instance of Louis' dexterity was seen in the discord

sown between Charles and the English, when Edward IV. had at last invaded France at the call of his brother-in-law. To play upon the rivalries of French princes was a small matter compared to the triumph of wheedling the descendant of Edward III., the victor of Tewkesbury, into the inglorious Peace of Pecquigny. That Louis considered this a master-stroke is abundantly evident from the pages of Comines. So great indeed was Edward's disgust with his former ally that he even offered to return to France next year to assist the French King against him—a proposition that threatened to hoist the too successful Louis with his own petard. Nor was Louis' diplomacy seen only in sowing dissension; it could achieve the greater feat of reconciling the bitterest enemies. The man who could bring those old antagonists, Sigismund of the Tyrol and the Swiss, into line, and bend the fiery pride of the great hearted Margaret of Anjou to an alliance with the destroyer of her crown might well imagine no task beyond his adroit management.

In the part persuasion played among his methods, Louis XI. stands pre-eminently a man of the new era—the first of modern diplomatists. It was he who taught Europe how much might be accomplished by means other than those of physical force; as such he claims the Kaunitz and Talleyrands of a later day among his spiritual children. In this pride of intellect is to be found the only satisfactory explanation yet forthcoming of the famous interview at Peronne—that almost unaccountable blunder on Louis' part. That the French King, conscious as he was of the universal treachery of the age, should have placed himself in the power of his Burgundian rival at the very moment when his agents were stirring up a revolt at Liege against Charles' authority, is one of those puzzles of human nature that defy analysis. Nor was Louis induced to the interview at Charles' request, as readers of Scott might imagine—the proposal was apparently disagreeable, and only forced on the Duke by Louis' insistence. As he showed throughout his reign, the French King was fond of personal interviews as a means of settling difficulties. On the present occasion he trusted apparently to his knowledge of Charles' character to turn him round his finger, and in his pride of intellect exposed himself to

a moment of fearful danger. The excess of subtlety in his policy overshot itself, and all but destroyed him. There is a certain grim, unconscious humour in the thoroughness with which the Liègeois responded to Louis' intrigues.

For years he had been egging them on in their quarrels with their Duke and Bishop, and then leaving them in the lurch. Now with the best intentions they rose once more at his call at the very moment when their rebellion placed him in the utmost danger. Far from leaving him in the lurch as he had so often done to them, they once again listened to his agents and believed his promises. This was returning good for evil and casting coals of fire with a vengeance—coals of fire lit at the white heat of rage that consumed the Burgundian Duke at the news of this fresh revolt. Fact or fiction has few situations equalling in dramatic intensity those three days at Peronne. On the one side, the crafty king caught in his own net, on the other the passionate Duke, torn between the two strongest feelings of which he was capable—honour and revenge—in a storm of conflict that kept him pacing his chamber for three successive nights. On the one side the man on whom the future of France depended; on the other the representative of her internal and external weakness.

It took Charles the Bold eight years to discover that he could not dismember the growing French Monarchy from inside. The year 1472 marks his change of attitude, his transition from a French to a German character. Previous to this his ideal was simply that of the average mediæval vassal bent on securing power in the weakness of his suzerain. His object, as he said himself, was to give France half a dozen kings. It was thus, as leader of the malcontent French princes, that he headed the League of the Public Weal: thus that he received his feudal lord at Peronne. Outwardly those eight years were years of triumph. Twice he had thoroughly humbled his rival—at Paris in 1465 and three years later at Peronne. He had wrested from France her frontier line of the Somme, and utterly destroyed Liege—the outwork on the Meuse, from which Louis was accustomed to harass him. His turbulent city of Ghent had been reduced to submission. Abroad he had seen his ally and brother-

in-law of the White Rose firmly established on the English throne, mainly by Burgundian assistance. Yet substantially he had failed. In the Treaty of Peronne it had been stipulated that the Dutchy of Champagne was to be assigned to Louis' younger brother—the weak, dissolute boy that served as stalking horse for the great vassals. This would have meant a genuine triumph for Charles, enabling him practically to unite his dominions of the Burgundies and the Low Countries, and so anticipate the rôle he afterwards sought to play. He would have had under his control a continuous stretch of territory, comprising almost the Eastern side of France, and laying open the road to Paris. But Louis had known how to evade this all-important provision till the death of his brother removed the danger of its repetition. Charles saw his hopes of carving out a kingdom at the expense of France vanishing, and was forced to recognise that eight years of apparent humiliation had only left his crafty adversary stronger than ever. The attempt to revive the League of the Public Weal was a conspicuous failure, and the change of positions is clearly marked in Charles' second invasion. In 1465 it was as a French prince, and as the professed champion of her welfare, that he had entered France; as such he had met with little or no opposition, and his march on Paris had been peaceable and orderly in character. But seven years later it was rather as a foreign invader that he appeared; the ruthless, savage temper of his later life had now begun to show itself; everywhere his track was marked by fire and sword. As might be expected, the invasion was a fiasco—a mere work of destruction. The League of the Public Weal had been a distinct success; for the moment the French Monarchy had been humbled to the dust, from which nothing short of the statecraft of a Louis XI. could have raised it. In his second invasion Charles effected nothing beyond a work of rapine and murder that must have taught Jacques Bonhomme effectually where his real interest lay.

But while the year 1472 marks the first distinct failure in his career, it is from this that Charles the Bold becomes significant for a modern age. Henceforth he has done with mediæval ideals and comes under the influence of the forces of the new era. At

the present day the imperial spirit is 'in the air;' Germany has yielded to its power, and in our own land the recent Jubilee has accentuated the desire for a closer union with the colonies. Four centuries ago the political movement was towards national consolidation carried through by the monarchial principle—the only force then capable of such a task. In the break-down of Empire and Papacy society had lost its common rallying point: in the decay of Feudalism even local order threatened to disappear. Mediævalism was utterly played out, and Europe was forced to turn to the principle of national monarchy as the sole means of escaping disintegration. It was under such influences that the territorial concentration of a Louis XI. or a Ferdinand of Aragon, and 'the new monarchy' of a Henry VII. became possible. But Charles the Bold, no less than his contemporaries, sought during his later years to give expression to the spirit of the age. He, too, struggled to create a strong monarchy, whose unifying influence might overcome the territorial jealousies of its parts. But while others succeeded, he failed; and history, which has scant time to spend on its failures, has scarcely done justice to the greatness of his design. The fact that the word 'France' or 'Spain' calls up in us the idea of a single nation, a single political unit, is chiefly due to Charles' contemporaries. Had he, however, succeeded as well as they, there might now be a totally new feature in the European system—a long, narrow kingdom of Burgundy, separating France and Germany. The very strangeness of the idea is the measure of Charles' failure. We heard much about the value of buffer kingdoms some years ago in connection with the French attack on Siam, and in the future are likely to hear a great deal more whenever Russia again takes the road to Afghanistan; but who shall measure the importance of a buffer kingdom between France and Germany? How different would the history of the last four hundred years have been had Charles succeeded—four centuries in which French aggression at Germany's expense stands as the principal feature! At the present day such a kingdom neutralised under European guarantee, would form the best security for peace obtainable, and, with their fraternal greetings of less significance, even

emperors and presidents might be allowed to drink to each other's welfare in comparative privacy.

That Charles the Bold was filled with this pregnant idea is abundantly evident from the events of his closing years. With the failure of his second invasion he seems to have abandoned the idea of destroying France from within—convinced at last, no doubt, of Louis' strength. Henceforth he returned east to seek his kingdom at the expense of the empire. But though the German side of him now came uppermost, his hostility to Louis in no way abated. Hitherto he had attempted to weaken France by giving her 'half-a-dozen kings;' henceforth he sought to check her growth by giving her a single king—himself—all down her eastern frontier; external influence was to replace internal dissension as the decisive weapon in the long duel. Thus, though apparently absorbed in territorial aggrandisement during the last four years of his life, Charles drove his antagonism to Louis in double harness with his ambition; they were in effect identical quantities, and the end proposed would have brought to each alike its satisfaction. The popular idea then that Charles wasted his strength in desultory schemes of ambition, exactly reverses the truth. His policy exhibits as much unity of design as that of his arch-enemy. Throughout his closing years he was consistent in his efforts to secure for Burgundy her 'natural boundary' of the Rhine. This is seen in his attempts on Nymwegen, Neuss, Elsass, which far from being the isolated acts of aggression represented, mark out, as parts of a connected whole, the line of his ambition. With his dominions of the Burgundies and the Low Countries separated by the independent Lorraine, Charles' prime object was naturally to attain territorial continuity. Having failed to obtain Champagne as the uniting link of his dominions, it was essential for him to secure Lorraine. This was the meaning of the joy with which, even in the midst of difficulties, he received the news of Rene's defiance. 'By St. George,' he swore proud of his English blood, to the herald of the young Duke of Lorraine, 'you bring me good tidings,' and ere the year was out the Duchy had been over-run, and Nanci—destined for the capital of the new kingdom—had fallen. In the face of such palpable evidence of Charles's projects, it is

scarcely necessary to explain Swiss hostility, as is sometimes done, on purely mercenary grounds. No doubt the Swiss were then preparing to start on that career of mercenary service, which so long distinguished them; no doubt, too, some of the Bern patriots were in Louis' pay. But to violate your principles for money is one thing, quite another to receive presents for acting in conformity to your opinion. Until it can be shown that the Swiss were not justified in regarding Charles's evident designs on Elsass as a menace to their own independence, their moral guilt cannot be placed higher than that of the English Opposition, who at a later day took money from Louis XIV. in support of their principles. In a deficiency of the sinews of war, even the purest patriotism is liable to futility.

On Charles's downward career it is unnecessary to dwell. In an age of tourists, Granson, Morat, Nanci, belong to the man in the street. Sober history, it is true, has somewhat impaired their picturesqueness by showing that the Swiss in the first two battles almost equalled, and in the last outnumbered the Burgundian forces by nearly ten to one. In facing odds so overwhelming Charles accepted certain death. But his instinct was true: it was fitting that his dream of a middle kingdom should end at the very spot he had destined for its capital. Lorraine was the keystone of his ambition: its loss meant the destruction of his policy. His refusal to abandon the siege on the approach of the Swiss is generally regarded as the crowning example of Charles's insane obstinacy, but may he not be credited with the fine sense of one who prefers to go down amid the final ruin of his plans? For all the parties concerned the battle of Nanci had momentous consequences, but for Europe its importance lies here, that never again was the chance offered of creating a buffer State on the Rhine. With the Burgundies passing to France and the Low Countries to Spain, the possibility of realising Charles's design was lost for ever. It only remained for Napoleon to insult Europe with a ludicrous caricature of the conception.

It is interesting to inquire into the reason of Charles' failure. Why, when so many others succeeded, was he swallowed up in that very movement which produced him, leaving his dominions



to be absorbed piecemeal by the powers emerging into the light of Modern Europe? There can be little doubt that the fatal turning-point in his career was the Siege of Neuss. Here he shattered his army and lost his opportunity of crushing Louis XI. offered by the English invasion. On this point Comines is very pronounced. 'Never before in his life,' he wrote of Charles's blunder, 'had he found the English ready to cross the sea with an army; and he knew quite well that they were almost quite unfit for a French war; to make use of them he should never have let them out of his sight for a whole season, but have helped and instructed them in our methods of warfare; for when it first arrives in France there is nothing so stupid and clumsy as an English army, but in a short time they become very good soldiers, experienced and valiant. Now Charles did exactly the opposite. Among his other mistakes he made them lose the season, and as far as he himself was concerned, his army was so shattered, so badly provided, and in such a destitute condition, that he dared not let his allies see it, for he had lost before Neuss 4000 of his picked troops.' Nor does Comines sound the full significance of the Siege of Neuss. In another respect, too, it was of ill omen to Charles, for it brought him into collision with his other suzerain—him of the east. Frederick III. had already shown with what scant favour he regarded the projected middle kingdom. One can scarcely miss the humour of that interview at Trier, from which Charles trusted to emerge a king. Sceptre, crown, robes, thrones, kingly aspirant, and imperial suzerain, all were ready when the astute Frederick, leaving his debts unpaid—a not unusual circumstance with the poverty-stricken Emperor—flitted by night down the Moselle. Charles was paying heavily in ridicule for his Peronne past! But at Neuss the difficulties in the way of the middle kingdom were once for all made manifest. Though slow to move, the Empire was still mighty when in motion; in the face of the imperial army that advanced to relieve the town even Charles had to recognise that on the east as on the west the road to his projects was barred.

But though such evidence of the awakened alarm of the Empire must have presaged for Charles his ultimate failure, the real causes of that failure lie deeper. It may well be asked

whether, had Charles succeeded, his kingdom would have possessed any conditions of permanence? Elements more heterogeneous than those he sought to weld together, could scarcely be found in the Europe of his day. From the industrial civic democracies of Flanders, or the hardy fishing population of Holland, the feudal nobility of Hainault and Burgundy were separated by a great gulf fixed. In this diversity of race, past history, language, customs, and society, could a principle of cohesion have been found in monarchy alone? It may indeed be urged that at this very time Louis XI. was welding together a consolidated France out of elements scarcely less diverse: that under Spanish pressure the chivalry of Hainault was destined ultimately to coalesce with Flemish industrialism: that even had religious differences at a later day carried Holland to independence, the value of a middle kingdom in the European system would not have been seriously impaired. But even to a Louis XI. the task Charles set himself would have presented exceptional difficulties. With its extended frontier line and shallow depth, the buffer State would have been fatally exposed to the aggression of its western neighbours, and the drama of Poland might have been enacted on another stage. What might, however, have been possible to a Louis XI. was manifestly beyond the powers of a Charles the Bold. The very movement towards consolidation, under whose influence he wrought out his career, was bound to discover the weak joints in his harness. A man of the new era in his aspirations, to the day of his death he belonged to mediævalism in his methods. Here the want of versatility—the most significant feature of his character—showed itself. It was this that really ruined him, placing him, as it did, at a hopeless disadvantage with his chief antagonist. To Louis's diplomacy, whose effects followed him as an evil shadow wherever he moved, he had nothing to offer save the antiquated weapons of mediævalism. No man can serve two masters, and in the strain and stress of European re-birth he who sought the new by the methods of the old was fated to destruction. Yet in the light of after events who but must regret the sweeping away of so notable a conception? The 'might-have-beens' of history are usually accounted profitless, but in the presence of armed Europe

to-day what prophecy has been more sadly falsified than that which crowned Charles' tomb at Nanci—'Behold the Lion has fallen ; now will the long-sought peace flourish. Charles lies low in the night of kings.'

H. J. ALLEN.

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ART. VII.—FERMARTINE.

*The Thanage of Fermartyn.* By Rev. WILLIAM TEMPLE, M.A.  
F.S.A. Scot.

THE extensive County of Aberdeen contains within its borders several ancient divisions which have a history and a character of their own. Some of them differ widely both in physical features and in the character of their people, while in the vicissitudes of the past their fortunes have been various and dissimilar. There is as great a contrast between the Braes of Mar and the 'Laigh of Buchan,' as between the Province of Galloway and the Kingdom of Fife, and in extent of area and distinctive characteristics Aberdeenshire while possessing a variety of its own may almost be likened to an association of three counties. Deeside, Donside, and Buchan, are as distinct in local colouring, as far divided by facilities of communication, and as clearly separated by the circumstances of their natural configuration, as any ordinary three counties in the lowlands of Scotland. It was therefore unavoidable in times past when rivers were great dividers, or the valley through which a great river flowed formed a little world of its own, and a range of mountains or a long stretch of high lying moorland separated the thickly peopled regions, that Aberdeenshire should fall naturally into several subordinate districts. History seems to indicate how these divisions came about, and to show that in the first instance the rivers were the arch separatists, at least in their lower reaches, while in the

higher districts the capacity of the river as a boundary faded and fell away before the sterner powers of a mountain range.

When the light of Roman history first shone on the darkness that enshrouded North-Eastern Scotland, it disclosed the country between the Dee and the Spey as forming one of the seven confederacies into which the Celtic tribes were grouped. This wide region, which, when the civil wars broke out in the seventeenth century, had again a certain *solidarité* of its own, and looked to the head of the house of Huntly somewhat perhaps as the Pictish tribes had regarded the Mormaers of Mar and Buchan, was in the twelfth century described as '*quartum regnum ex Dee usque ad flumen Spe majorem et meliorem totius Scocie.*' The Romans knew it as the country of the *Taizali*, but the fragments of Celtic information and later history exhibit it as by no means a homogeneous whole. Later research seems to have practically confirmed the accuracy of Dr. Skene Keith's statement: 'Aberdeenshire at a remote period seems to have composed two distinct counties or earldoms, namely Mar and Buchan: the former comprising the divisions of Mar, Garioch and Strathbogie, the latter *including* the thanedoms of Formartine and Belhelvie, which were united in a political connection with the territory and subject to the jurisdiction of the Earls of Buchan.' From the time, he adds, of the formation of the Sheriffdom and County of Aberdeen, 'Aberdeenshire has been considered as composed of five divisions, namely Mar, Formartine, Buchan, Garioch and Strathbogie.' In 1680 the Countess of Erroll wrote, 'All that country in old time was called Buchan which lyeth betwixt the rivers Don and Deveron. But now generally what is betwixt Don and Ythan is called Fermartine; and that only hath the name of Buchan which is found betwixt Ythan and Deveron.' There is thus traced very clearly the process by which local divisions were determined by permanent natural features. The bounds of ancient Mar were marked out by the great rivers Dee and Don, and by the line on the north where the hills dropped down into the low country. When Buchan parted with Fermartine, the course of a lesser river, the Ythan, determined their marches. But when the lower districts of the Garioch and Strathbogie took shape, their waters formed

the threads on which their parishes were strung. The Garioch consisted practically of the district through which the Urie flows, and

‘ where Gadie rins  
At the back of Benachie,’

while the name of Strathbogie speaks for itself.

‘ Whatever land,’ wrote Sir Samuel Forbes of Foveran, ‘ lies between the rivers Ythan and Don one hears called by the name of Fermartine among the inhabitants, “ who disdain to consider themselves as belonging to Buchan.” There is no town in Fermartine, for Aberdeen being in the neighbourhood intercepts all traffic. But if the nature of the soil or the genius of the inhabitants be taken into account, it is worthy of consideration and inferior to none of its neighbours. To most of them it is superior in the number of its inhabitants, the richness of its soil, the number of its castles and villas, its amenity, the refinement and culture of its manners.’ The case for Fermartine could not be better stated than in those words of one of its loyal sons. It is a fertile and a highly cultivated region. It contains the wide policies of Haddo, the ancient keep of Udny, the extended pile and quaint old stone stair of Meldrum, the ruins of stately Tolquhon, of the old Esslemont of the Cheynes, of Knockhall by the Newburgh upon Ythan, Barra and Balbithan, and the Roman earthworks of Glenmailen. Some portion of the masonry and ‘ the deep draw well,’ still link the house of Fren draught with the dark memories of that

‘ *Tristis et infelix et semper inhospita turris,*’

but Fyvie,

‘ *Magnifica et amoena arx,*’

with all the towers intact that attest its chequered history, and the figure of the Trumpeter still sounding from his turret towards Tiftie’s mill, looks across the Ythan from the soil of Buchan to the fertile fields of the thanage of which it was the principal message. The claims of Fermartine to fame must indeed rest rather on the industry and the taste of man, than on the beauties with which unassisted nature has endowed it. Its annals, too, owe little to man in his more heroic moods, for while

its castles were occupied by some of the most gallant of Scottish families, its soil is wonderfully free from the traces of great conflicts. The outstanding feature of the landscape, the bold outline of Benachie, is far beyond its actual bounds, and the long low line of its sandy shore cannot compare with the alternating beaches and bold rocks of Buchan. Among the sandhills is a long strip of level sand covered with short grass which enjoys the distinction of being selected by the Government engineers as being the most level ground they could find in Scotland for measuring a true line of five miles and a hundred feet. It was, too, the tragic death of Sir James Lawson of Humbie, engulfed by a quicksand while riding with a number of other gentlemen upon Belhelvie sands, that suggested to Sir Walter Scott the fate of the Master of Ravenswood in the *Bride of Lammermuir*.

In the active research into antiquities and local and family history which has been so marked a feature of the Victorian age, no part of the country has been more fortunate in its workers or has yielded richer materials than Aberdeenshire. The volumes of the old Spalding Club probably present more interesting reading as well as instructive information, than those of any similar Society, and though the richer fields have been garnered, its successor of to-day has found not a little of much value that merits accessible reproduction. In the 'Fraser of Philorth,' the late Lord Saltoun set a good example to the representatives of ancient Scottish houses, and the stimulus that was given to antiquarian and historical research by the able and learned men whose names are chiefly associated with the work of the Spalding Club, encouraged not a few to labour assiduously at their own districts of a region that so well repayed cultivation. What Dr. Pratt of St. James's, Cruden, did for Buchan a quarter of a century ago, and the late Dr. Davidson of Inverurie accomplished for the Garioch within recent years, has now been done for Fermartine by the Rector of St. Margaret's, Forgue. Time and industry have not been spared in the pursuit, and his handsome volume is a mine of information to all who desire to know about the parishes, the families, and the local history of the district. That local history is indeed necessarily a history rather of families than of events, for the public annals of Fermartine can-

not be dis severed from those of Aberdeenshire, and the absence of great historical events occurring within the bounds, renders it difficult to deal with it as a connected historical narrative. Fermartine, like Buchan, was off the main route of armies in days of civil war; it was not for any great length of time united under a Lord of its own, and it best lends itself to literary treatment if leading families and localities in it are taken as affording illustrations of various periods in the national life.

The modern district is not coextensive with the ancient thanage, which included lands around Fyvie now comprised in modern Buchan, while it excluded Belhelvie, then forming a small thanage by itself, and the portion of the great thanage of Kintore lying to the north of the Don. Modern Fermartine is a broad strip of country between the Ythan and the Don, stretching from the German Ocean to the boundaries of Banffshire. It is said to have been formed after the War of Independence, and includes the ancient regality of Frendraught, commonly called 'the kingdom of Forgue,' and the baronies of Lessendrum and Drumblade. Its boundaries in many cases do not coincide with parish boundaries, and its only interior parish is that of Udney.

According to Dr. Skene, the thane was the equivalent, in the terminology introduced by the Saxon element, that colonised the Lothians and followed the descendants of Queen Margaret, of the Celtic Toshach, and the thanages represented the territory of a Celtic tribe, occupying a portion of a larger area ruled over by a Mormaer. Fermartine was thus a sub-division of the great earldom of Buchan, and its annual value in the reign of Alexander III. was one hundred and twenty merks. It consisted like Kintore of thanage and forest, and 'among the missing charters of King Robert I. is one to Sir John Brown of the thanage of Fermartyn, and another to Patrick de Monteath of the office of forestership of Killanell and Fermartyn, showing that the forest had become a Royal forest.' David II. granted one-half of his thanage of Fermartyn to William, Earl of Sutherland, and the other was held by Thomas Isaak, the aspiring esquire who won the hand of Matilda, daughter of King Robert. The record of her marriage, *nupsit cuidam armigero Thomas*

*Isaac*—recalls Mr. Gladstone's allusion to 'a certain Mr. Jesse Collings.' It appears to have again vested in the Crown, and was finally granted by King Robert III. as a barony to Henry de Presteune with the town and castle of Fyvie. In 1323 Robert the Bruce confirmed to Hugo de Barclay, the lordship of the thanage of Belhelvie. These grants, like so many others in the north of Scotland, probably represent the rights vested in the Crown consequent on the defeat and forfeiture of the great Comyn Earls of Buchan.

In ancient days the centre of the life of Fermartine was at Fyvie Castle. Between 1211 and 1214, William the Lion is found there surrounded by all his high officials of State. Alexander II. also signed a charter there, which was witnessed by several of the great Norman name of Bisset, and in 1296 Edward I., 'the hammer of the Scots,' halted at 'Fyvy Castle' on his progress through the North of Scotland. In 1286 Reginald Cheyne of the Buchan family of Ravenscraig, Sheriff of Kincardine and Chamberlain of Scotland, held the thanage as *firmarius*, and when the war of independence began it was held upon charter by John Comyn, Earl of Buchan. But Fyvie seems to have been cherished by the King as a Royal Castle, for in the grant of John de Baliol, King of Scotland, 'the burgh and castle of Fyvy' were reserved. An indication of the luxuries enjoyed in its ancient halls is afforded by the notes in the Exchequer Rolls that 'Henry de Fyvie ought to render an account of the eels of Fyvin for the whole time that he held the waters and marshes of Fyvin.' The grants that followed the Battle of Inverurie, the 'harrying of Buchan' and the downfall of the House of Comyn have already been referred to; and after passing through several changes of tenure, Fermartine is found in the hands of Sir James Lindsay, 'Dominus de Crawford and Buchan,' the bold swordsman who in 1381 slew Lord Glammis (the King's son-in-law) in a duel, and 'received at Otterburn the request of the mortally-wounded Earl Douglas to raise his banner from the field, where it had been beaten down and its bearer slain, and pressing forward with the rallying cry of "a Douglas," retrieved the fortunes of



the day.' His wife was a daughter of William Keith, the Marischal of Scotland—

' A gude ladye,  
And led in all time gude lyfe.'

In her husband's absence she was employing masons at the Castle of Fyvie, when a quarrel broke out with the followers of her nephew, Robert Keith, who proceeded to besiege his aunt in her own castle. She sent word to her husband who was then at Court, and he at once set out for Fyvie with four hundred men. Intercepted by Robert Keith at the Kirk of Bourtie he defeated him with the loss of fifty men, and raised the siege of the castle which his good lady had held so well.

On the death of Sir James Lindsay, Fermartine was granted to Sir Henry Preston, his brother-in-law, another Otterburn knight, who received it from the King for the ransom of Lord Ralph de Percy, brother of Hotspur. He built the still standing Preston Tower of Fyvie, and on his death the thanage lands of Fermartine were divided and passed to his two daughters, one of whom married Sir John Forbes and were the ancestors of the family of Tolquhon; while the other married a Meldrum, whose descendants held Fyvie till it passed from them by purchase to the Setons in 1596. The Meldrums added a second tower, and during the century in which the Setons held it, the castle was largely added to and adorned under the tasteful eye of the Earl of Dunfermline. For another 170 years or so it belonged to Gordons of the Aberdeen stem, and has finally passed to a representative of two other well-known Aberdeenshire names, who, through the Forbeses of Tolquhon, is connected with its ancient owners.

With the devolution to the co-heiresses of Sir Henry Preston the historical unity of the district disappears. The interest of its story now centres round the stately pile of Tolquhon on the east, and the grim traditions of Fren draught in the west, till in due time these, less fortunate than Fyvie with 'the freit' that pursues the owners and spares the castle, sink into ruin, and the ancient tower of Kelly is succeeded in more settled times by the spacious mansion of Haddo House, which occupies in modern

days somewhat of the relation to the region that long ago pertained to Fyvie.

In spite of all vicissitudes, civil war, bad times, and social misfortune, Fermartine retains many personal links with the past. The three hundred years connection of the Crichtons with Fren-draught ended in such ruin that the name has all but ceased in the parish that owned their sway; the bones of generations rest unknown and unremembered, for no one can point to the grave of a Crichton, and the only memorial left of the race is the sacred vessels in use in the kirk of Forgue. The fatal field of Worcester, and a loyalty that looked not to consequences, terminated the equally long possession of Foveran by its ancient owners, and the fate of their castle has more or less fulfilled the Rhymer's prophecy:—

‘ When Turing’s tower falls to the land,  
Gladsmoor is near at hand ;  
When Turing’s tower falls to the sea,  
Gladsmoor next year shall be.’

But Udny of that ilk still occupies the venerable keep in the parish of the same, and ‘*bruiks*’ the lands which have never known another owner ‘from the first syllable of recorded time,’ and were in the possession of the family long before Ranald de Uldeny in 1406 mortified ‘all the lands lying between the streams the Brony and the Coullie; all the lands which the hermit possessed, and all the lands where the old chapel of Uldeny was situated; also certain payments from the lands of Auchinlown, to pray for the soul of his father Patrick de Uldeny.’ In spite of the catastrophe that in the days of their friendly sovereigns, the Alexanders, overwhelmed that great Norman House, the line of the Bissets still holds at Lessendrum in distant Drumblade a remnant of their wide possessions. The lands of ‘Haldauche and the shadow half of Meikle Methlyk,’ acquired in 1469 by James Gordon, husband of ‘Caney Harper,’ daughter of ‘Johannes de Citharista’ and ‘Neretrix,’ of the ‘sunny half’ of Methlic, have expanded into the broad acres that sustain the dignity of the Earldom of Aberdeen. From across the Atlantic a descendant of Sir Robert Preston, who combines the blood of two well-known Aberdeenshire strains, the Forbeses and the

Leiths, has returned to add a fifth tower to the stately and venerable pile of Fyvie, and at Meldrum the chiefship of the ancient house of Urquhart of Cromarty was united with the direct representation in the female line, and uninterrupted possession since the year 1296 of the heritage of the knightly race of Meldrum, which passed by marriage between 1431 and 1452 to the Setons, and from them in the same way to Urquhart of Craigston in the seventeenth century. Alas! the male line of the Urquharts of Meldrum came to an end as became the chief of their ancient northern name in the glorious charge of the Cameron Highlanders on the Dervish works at the battle of the Atbara, and there fell on the desert sand, for the cause of civilisation in Darkest Africa, one whom Aberdeenshire could ill spare.

‘ *Qui procul hinc*, the legend’s writ,  
The frontier grave is far away :  
*Qui ante diem perit*,  
*Sed miles, sed pro patria.*’

At an early period the two great rival families of Aberdeenshire, the Gordons and the Forbeses spread out respectively from Strathbogie and Strathdon, and acquired possessions in Fermartine. Straloch for long, and Parkhill at the present day, are found as the principal seat of the senior representative of the male line of that gallant race, Gordon of Pitlurg, whose most distinguished son, the wise and cultured ‘Great Straloch,’ refused a baronetcy from King Charles I. because he would ‘rather be the oldest baron of his name than the youngest baronet.’ The ‘Jock and Tam’ Gordons were widely represented through the district. From the eldest son of John of Scurdargue or Essil, sprang the house of Pitlurg, from the second the houses of Craig and Lesmoir with their many branches, some of which settled in Fermartine, and from the third the house of Haddo and Earls of Aberdeen. From Tam of Ruthven came, among many other branches, the Gordons of Hallhead, who in 1728 acquired Esslemont, which a century before had passed from the hands of the Cheynes, who had owned it from about the year 1400. Among other Gordons who at one time or another held lands in the district were those of Auchinhiffe, Badenscoth, Cocklarachie, Crichtie, Balbithan, Cobairdy, Fechil,

Chapelton, and Fyvie, besides others who took their designation from estates beyond its bounds. Only second in Fermartine, as usually in Aberdeenshire, to the Gordons, were 'the clan and name of Forbes.' The leading branch in the district was for long the house of Tolquhon, Sir John Forbes, ninth in descent from John de Forbes, who flourished in the time of William the Lyon, being mentioned in a charter granted by his wife, one of the heiresses of Sir Henry Preston, in the year 1420. For three centuries the Forbeses flourished at Tolquhon; and the old Preston tower of the castle received at their hands worthy additions at the time when castle-building was carried to such perfection in Scotland. An inscription on the grand old ruin reads, 'All this warke save the auld tower was begun by William Forbes, A.D. 1584, and ended by him 1589.' The last heir found his estate a heritage of woe. In the later years of his father's declining age, it had been heavily burdened, it is said, through the machinations of designing persons, and its sale was finally procured by order of the Court of Session. William Forbes refused to quit the castle, until on 25th September, 1718, it was attacked by a body of military and himself wounded and taken prisoner. Ten years later he died in London, and—the last of his race—was laid to rest with his wife in Westminster Abbey. The lands passed from hand to hand, the name being changed by one owner to that of Granton, and ultimately the local prophecy was fulfilled when they became the property of the Earl of Aberdeen.

' Granton, Granton, or Tolquhon,  
When one ill's off, another's on ;  
And rest to ye will never be,  
Till the hands of the Gordons get ye.'

In 1617 William Forbes of Craigievar, descended through the family of Corse from the second Lord Forbes, and brother of the ancestor of the Irish Earls of Granard, had a charter of barony of Fintray, which had anciently belonged to the Abbey of Lindores, and is still held by his descendant, Sir William Forbes of Craigievar, who in 1884 succeeded his cousin as the sixteenth Lord Sempill. The other Forbes families of Fermartine were

the Forbesees of Foveran, Auquhorthies, Blackford, Knaperna, Tilligonie, and latterly Balgounie. The gallant Garioch house of Leslie planted flourishing branches at Drumdollo and Rothienorman, and the proud Setons, in addition to their tenure of Fyvie and long possession of Meldrum, saw their cadets take root for many generations at Pitmedden and Mounie, while an offshoot of the Deeside Burnetts has been settled at Elrick from 1620. Cadets of the Irvines of Drum were for some generations settled at Cornyhaugh, and from 1391 to 1630 the 'lordly line of high St. Clair' possessed the lands of Newburgh by the estuary of the Ythan. In the Maitlands of Pitrichie, a northern offshoot of the house of Thirlestane and Lauderdale flourished from 1383 to 1800. The long strife between the Gordons and the Forbesees, one of the fiercest feudal wars that was ever waged upon Scottish soil, and sustained with all the tenacity of the Aberdeenshire Scot, which in 1580 the Privy Council took special steps to compose, has left its traces here and there on the annals of Fermartine. The house of Baden-scotch traced its descent from a younger son of that bold cadet of Lesmoir, William Gordon, who 'built his house of Torpersie and cast a ditch about it hard on the marches betwixt him and Lord Forbes,' who was forfeited along with his chief the Earl of Huntly for the part they took at the battle of Corrichie, who ten years later was with Adam Gordon, Laird of Auchindoun at the battle of Tillyangus, where he 'killed Black Arthur Forbes brother of Lord Forbes, champion of that name and family,' and with the said Adam at the battle of Craibstane, near Aberdeen, and also 'at the bourd of Brechin where the said Adam was still victorious.' The same mortal enmity, hushed for a time in the greater civilisation that followed the Union of the Crowns smouldered and burst forth in the disturbances of the Civil War, and had an important influence on the principles and the attitude both of Covenanters and Cavaliers. When the Marquis of Huntly unfolded the Royal Standard, the quaint old diarist of Aberdeen makes the note 'The name of Forbes taks to their strenthis,' but when the Covenanters were again in force, Sir William Forbes of Craigievar, who commanded a troop of horse, appears as one of their most active partizans, while the 'Tutor

of Craigievar' is recorded as pursuing with relentless animosity the Cavalier Gordons of Newton, who were ultimately ruined by the scaffold, confiscations, and the mortgages which he had acquired.

No great battles were fought on the soil of Fermartine during 'the Troubles,' but its families had their own share of the trials of the time. The first blood was shed in Buchan to the north, and fierce fights were fought at Aberdeen and Alford on the south. The gallant skirmish at Fyvie where Montrose so skillfully beat off the superior forces of Argyll, seems to have taken place mainly at all events on the northern bank of the Ythan, and the actual conflicts within the district seem to have been confined to little brushes at Tartie, at Esslemont and elsewhere, between small parties of the Covenanters and the followers of some of the Cavalier barons. Yet it was from a Fermartine gateway, that there rode to the fatal Brig of Dee,

'Bonny John Seton of Pitmedden,  
A baron bould was he,  
He made his testament ere he went out,  
The wiser man was he.'

John Gordon of Fechil was one of a few Cavalier horsemen who, in the earlier stages of the Baron's war, overthrew and took prisoners several Covenanting gentlemen of Angus in a spirited cavalry combat near Stonehaven, and his brother William, also a son of 'the Great Straloch,' accompanied Lord Aboyne, the son of his chief, to exile in Holland, and died, like him, a few days after the news arrived of the execution of the King. Udny of Udny and Turing of Foveran were typical cavalier barons, although the former is found, along with Irvine of Drum, taking part, probably with great reluctance, in the abortive 'Raid of Kelly.' Sir Alexander Forbes of Tolquhon was a colonel in the Scottish army of Charles II. during the Merry Monarch's experiences as 'a Covenanted King,' and is said to have 'rendered particular service to that monarch at the battle of Worcester,' (where Sir John Turing also fought) 'and to have been an extraordinary agent of his subsequent escape from England.' But of all the Fermartine baronage none distinguished themselves more in these stirring

years, and none suffered to the same extent as did the H Gordons.

Sir John Gordon was second in command to his chief Marquis of Huntly, of the forces raised for the King in North in 1639. He was one of the leaders of the C barons at the 'Trot of Turriff' and throughout the Baron's and upon him the hand of 'gleyed Argyll' fell very he For the second time assailed he defended his house of till reduced to the last, and surrendered on honourable t but was seized by Argyll and sent to Edinburgh to k prisoned under St. Giles' Church in the gloomy cell know 'Haddo's hole.' His house was destroyed and his land waste by Argyll's Highlanders, and ultimately, on 10th 1645, he was sent to the scaffold with his comrade, C Logie. The story of how he 'passed boldly and calmly death' is graphically told by Spalding in the Memorials Troubles, but not more touchingly than by Gordon in History of the Gordons quoted by the author of *Thanage*:—

'When they mounted the scaffold they were attended by some town's ministers. One of them in addressing him to Sir John, desir to make open and full confession of his sins to God, upon wh acknowledged that he had been a great and grievous sinner, and that God would graciously pardon him in and through the merits Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. On which the minister catchin went to the side of the scaffold and with an audible voice told the that this unfortunate gentleman had confessed himself guilty of ri arms against the country, in opposition to the Covenant, which overhearing went to the same place and with the like voice answered so. I confess myself to be a great sinner to God, but never trans against the country or any in it, and what I did in that cause I t good service, and bound to do as my duty to God and man." After he returned to his private devotions, using among others this short —"I commend myself to God and my six children to his Majestie for whose sake I die this day."'

Four years later his Majesty trod the same blood-st path as his loyal subject, but the abilities of one of th children restored the fortunes of their house, and wher moted from the President's chair of the Court of Session Chancellorship of Scotland, he was created Earl of Abe

the patent recited as one of the inducing reasons of the honours the struggles and the sufferings of his father in the cause of loyalty. Like many who had served and suffered for King Charles, the first Earl of Aberdeen seems to have viewed with disapproval and apprehension the later policy of King James, and in 1684 he withdrew to Haddo, where, as has been well said,

‘The boy who had seen his father’s house invested by fierce and warlike men, who had been driven, a terrified child, across its threshold preparatory to the work of destruction, now as an old man, after an eventful life, reposed in peace and quietness there, the scene of these wild transactions.’

Only inferior in frequency to the conflicts of the Gordons and Forbeses were their intermarriages, but it has rarely been the lot of any fair lady to have her love affairs made the theme of two effusions of the ballad muse, and coupled with the names of two powerful and hostile houses. Yet such was the experience of the unfortunate bride of the son of Lord Huntly, who perished in the burning of Fren draught. Alexander Forbes, eldest son of the house of Tolquhon about the beginning of the seventeenth century, died in early manhood, and his last hours were saddened by the news of woman’s inconstancy :—

‘ Word has come to young Tolquhon,  
 In his chamber where he lay,  
 That Sophia Hay, his first fause fair love,  
 Was wedded and away.  
 “Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,  
 My love, Sophia Hay,  
 I wish her ance as sair a heart  
 As she’s gien me this day.  
 She thinks she has done me great wrang,  
 I do not think it so ;  
 I hope to be in quietness  
 When she shall live in woe,  
 She’ll live a discontented life  
 Since she has gaen frae me,  
 O’er soon, o’er soon a weed of green  
 Will shortly cover me.”’

Surely was the anticipation of the forsaken fulfilled in the graphic words of the most powerful of northern ballads, the



very lines of which re-echo the lament of young Tolquhon, in recording the effect of the news of the gallant Gordon's tragic death:—

' Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,  
 Bonnie Sophia was her name,  
 Her waiting maid put on her clothes,  
 But I wot she tore them off again.  
 And oft she cried, Alas, alas !  
 A sair heart is ill to win,  
 I won a sair heart when I married him,  
 And the day is well returned again.'

The tragedy of the burning of Fren draught still remains shrouded by more or less of the mysterious. But popular feeling formed its own conclusions, and the smoke of that spring night of 1630 ushered in the decline and ruin of the northern branch of the proud house of Crichton that had survived and surmounted the catastrophe of their ambitious race in the days of James III. The ancient owners of Fren draught, the knightly house of Ferendach, were among those who, standing high in the favour of Edward of England, found themselves disinherited and exiled on the triumph of the Bruce. Sir Duncan de Ferendach was killed in the king's service, and English records preserve notice of a payment to his widow, 'which the King has granted to support herself since she came to stay at York.' The lands passed to Stewarts and to Frasers and then to Dunbars, and James Dunbar, eighth Earl of Moray, is said to have been murdered near Fren draught, where tradition points to a cairn as his grave. His daughter married Sir James Crichton, Lord Chamberlain of Scotland, and heir of the Chancellor, and in the wreck of her adopted family's fortunes was prudent enough to save Fren draught, by making it over to her grandson, James Crichton, in 1493. The Crichtons were a *dour* and stern race, frequently in bloodshed, and holding their own by the strong hand with their northern neighbours. In 1543, there was serious slaughter and legal process arising out of 'convocation of the lieges armed in a warlike manner with a great force at the place of Fren draught.' Nearly one hundred years later the great tragedy occurred, for ever associated with the name. A

quarrel had arisen between Crichton and Gordon of Rothiemay, and in a combat which ensued the Gordons were overpowered by numbers, Rothiemay's helmet fell off, and he received a wound which proved mortal. He had only left his castle on the chiding of his wife, who had declared that if he did not go out it would be a reflection on his honour; but, wounded as he was, he fought bravely, and made an honourable retreat. 'He came home,' says an old history of the Gordons, 'to the house of Rothiemay, and seeing his lady, told her he had faced Frendraught, and called for drink to his servants, who had behaved themselves as became them, and desired the piper to play, and with his servants he danced round about the hall, and having lost much blood, and finding himself faint, he desired his lady to make his bed, and told her he would never rise again.'

Frendraught was adjudged by the Marquis of Huntly to pay 5000 merks to his heirs as blood-money, but was soon afterwards engaged in a quarrel with Leslie of Pitcaple, which was decided in his favour, by Huntly acting as arbiter. Pitcaple declared he would be revenged, and left the Bog of Gicht the day before Frendraught. In case Sir James Crichton should be waylaid, the Marquis sent his son, Lord Melgum (the Lord Aboyne of the ballad), accompanied by young Rothiemay, to convey him home. On arriving at Frendraught they were pressed to stay the night by Sir James and his lady, herself a Gordon of the Sutherland branch. In the quaint words of Spalding, 'they were well entertained, supped merrily, and went to bed joyfully,' but 'about midnight this dolorous tower took fire in so sudden and furious a manner, and in ane clap, that the noble Viscount, the Laird of Rothiemay, English Will, Colonel Ivat, and other servants were cruelly burned and tormented to death.' The origin of the fire was never revealed. The Gordons blamed Crichton, and he Pitcaple, but popular opinion embodied in the ballad spoke without hesitation. No more distinct and lurid picture has ever been drawn by the Scottish muse than that of the noble victim, 'my heid fast in the wire window and my feet burning frae me,' and rarely have more powerful words been

penned than the unavailing appeal of the young heir of Rothiemay :—

‘ When he stood at the wire window,  
 Most doleful to be seen ;  
 He did espy her Lady Frendraught  
 Who stood upon the green.  
 Cried “ Mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught,  
 Will ye not sink with sin,  
 For first your husband killed my father,  
 And now you burn his son.  
 O, then out spoke her Lady Frendraught,  
 And loudly did she cry,  
 It were great pitie for good Lord John,  
 But none for Rothiemay ;  
 But the keys are casten in the deep draw well,  
 Ye cannot win away.’

It is said that when the well was cleared out in 1811 a bunch of keys was found in it. All the investigations and the death of a victim or two, failed to lay bare the truth so as to satisfy men’s minds, and a strange, mysterious ill-fortune ever afterwards dogged the race under whose roof hospitality had had such a development. The Crichtons felt every man’s hand against them, and down upon their lands came the Highland marauders, sanctioned or instigated by the head of the house of Huntly, whose sense of his own duty to his guest had received such a requital. M’Gregors from far away Loch Katrine and regions which the ‘ire of the Drummonds’ had made too hot to hold them, the Clan Cameron from Lochaber, the Clan Lachlan, the M’Donnells of Glengarry, and Clan Ranald, all flocked to Forgue as a land where all men might take their prey. Sir James held his own bravely, and saw his son created Viscount Frendraught at Nottingham in 1642. Nothing could break the indomitable spirit of his consort. She gave much trouble to the Presbytery of Strathbogie, and though persuaded into signing the Covenant, soon changed her mind, and plainly told a deputation of the Presbytery that ‘she regretted nothing in her whole life so much as the signing of the Solemn League and Covenant.’ Little wonder that then ‘the Ladie Elizabeth Crichton of Frendraught for apostasie and perjurie was excommunicated.’ Her unbroken spirit

was denied the consolations of the fugitive ministers of her own Church, so ready to brave danger in order to bring comfort to their scattered followers, 'Shortly thereafter,' records Father Blackhall, 'my Layde of Frendret did send to me praying me to come to her as ordinary, for the frère whom she had before was departed this life. I refused absolutely to see her, because she was suspected to be guilty of the death of my Lord Aboyne, who was burned in the castle of Frendret.'

Her son was with Montrose in his last fatal campaign, and gave him his horse to escape upon. Unlike his mother, when in captivity at Dunrobin, the Presbytery of Sutherland 'found him more nor ordinarie humbled and sorrowful for his sinful courses he had taken against the cause and Covenant of God.' The lands were now, owing to the losses suffered through the enmity of the Gordons and civil war, heavily bonded, and though a brother of the Viscount murdered one wadsetter, and the widow of another married another creditor, the fortunes of the family never recovered. It is recorded by Sir William Forbes that this Lady Frendraught announced her second marriage—a Scotch one—to her maidens one afternoon by the laconic order 'Make doun the bed for Saunders and me,' and that when Saunders was on his death-bed, the following colloquy passed in reference to the wadsets:—

Lady Frendraught—'Sign ower to the lad' (*i.e.*, her son by her first marriage). 'Ye ken it's a' his ain.'

Saunders—'I'll sign when I waken.'

Narrator—'He wakened in hell.'

Of this proud House no memorial remains in Forgue, except the communion cups, 'giftit to God and to His Church be James Crichton of Frendracht,' three years after the fatal fire, and a basin of silver, similarly given by his son, 'James, Viscount of Frendraught, Lord Creichtoune.'

The Revolution of 1688 had its most conspicuous results in Fermartine in determining the connection of the Setons with Fyvie. James Seton, fourth Earl of Dunfermline, and Lord Fyvie had lived there in great splendour and magnificence in the mansion his grandfather had done so much to beautify, but he at once took the experience he had previously gained

in the Dutch service to the cause of King James, and he lost Dundee's horse at Killiecrankie. He followed his father into exile at St. Germain. The district is not so rich as other parts of Aberdeenshire in traditions of the Jacobite. The lands of Belhelvie, then belonging to the Maules or Mure were forfeited in the '15, and the Gordons of Collieston and Esslemont were among those exempted from the indemnity after the '45. Cobairdy's neck is said to have been saved by the influence of his brother-in-law, Lord Forbes, and the Duke of Cumberland took up his quarters in Aberdeen. The Duke suffered severely from his and General Hawley's rapacity.

It would not appear that the resistance to the new order of matters ecclesiastical, established at the Revolution, was so widespread and sustained as in conterminous Buchan. The Viscountess Fren draught possessed herself of the keys of the churches of Forgue and Inverkeithny, and for some time prevented the Presbytery of Turriff from supplying the vacancies. At last the Presbytery proceeded to Forgue in September, 1716, to induct Mr. Forbes, but the 'Folk of Forgue' met them at the churchyard gate with pitch and staves, and chased them over the burn and beyond the bounds of the parish. The fugitives betook themselves to the kirk of Auchterless and there carried out the settlement. The minister of Fintray was dealt with by Parliament in 1696 for intruding on a call from the heritors and parishioners without allowance of Episcopal ministers, and imprisoned till he gave caution 'not to go north of the Forth.' The Session of 1716 contain the following pathetic record of what followed:—'Our minister being deposed by voice of Parliament, he returned home upon caution to settle his business, and to return to Edinburgh to answer as law will. He distributed money to the poor, put the silver tasse in the box worth 100 pounds, and gave the key to James Anderson.' The 'tasse' was probably that interesting vessel of which the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries say:—'It is not doubted whether there be more than one cup, the number of which is capable of being traced back to pre-Reformation times.'

times. That cup is known as St. Medan's Cup in the parish of Fintray, Aberdeenshire. It was made, says tradition, 'from a silver head of St. Medan which used to be carried in procession through the parish for the purpose of bringing down rain or clearing the weather as required.'

The church of Fintray was itself dedicated to St. Giles, but several others are associated with the name of Celtic saints. St. Donan, whose staff was kept in the parish and used for curing fever and other ailments till it was broken by the Reformers, was venerated in Auchterless; St. Englat at Tarves, St. Devenick at Methlic, and St. Nathalan at Meldrum, where he was said to have prayed round the parish on his knees to avert a pestilence. Bethelnie was dedicated to St. Columba himself and may have been founded as he journeyed southward from Deer in Buchan. The church of Fyvie, the neighbouring Priory being on the Buchan side of the Ythan, was dedicated to St. Peter, Drumblade to St. Hilary, and Newburgh to St. Thomas the Martyr. But most classic and famous of all Fermartine churches was 'Christ's Kirk, Udny,' which has been claimed as the scene of the poet King James I.'s poem of 'Christis Kirk on the Grein,' and was the first place where in the Civil Wars the Roundheads stabled their horses in a sacred edifice. The Knights Templars of old had possessions in Forgue, which passed on their suppression to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, but still retain the name of Temple-land. Many a well once sacred preserves an ancient name, and St. Mary's at Chapel of Seggat gave the Presbytery of Turriff much trouble. They were ordained by the Assembly in 1649 to 'visit the Kirk of Auchterless and demolish the said chapel altar and well.' It was found at or after the visitation 'that the chapel altar and well were demolished,' but three months later it had to be ordained 'that a cairn of stones be put upon the well of Seggat.' At a subsequent meeting a Mr. Harvie reported that it had been emptied in the night by some evil affected persons. 'He is ordained to fill it up again with a greater carne of stones,' but it was again dug out, and ultimately the Presbytery, 'forbore to take any more paines in the matter.'

Another famous well at Kingseat owed its name to a tradition that King Malcolm Canmore had rested there and pronounced its water better than ale, and at one or two of these there linger traditions of conflicts with the Danes. The Scotstoun and Danestoun on the lower Don are said to be the sites of opposing encampments of Scottish and Danish hosts, and on the Moor of Kinmuck a battle with the Danes is said to have taken place. The name of Blair Hussey or field of Fyvie and Bourtie boast their sculptured stones, Auchincryvie its stone circles and Roman Camp, while in Forgue it is said that the remains of a Roman road can be traced, and Forgue, Dumblade, and Bourtie are rich in cairns, tumuli, and prehistoric graves. Dumbreck and Pitrichie had their houses, and other parishes have their circles and other antiquities. On the hill of Sliach in Dumblade, still known as 'Robin's height,' King Robert the Bruce, worn with sickness and defied the might of the Comyns, his followers having secured it as the strongest position in which to play a waiting game.

' Tharfor in litter tha him lay,  
And till the Slevach held thair way,  
And thocht thair in that strenth to ly  
Quhill passid was his malady.'

In the days when Fyvie was a royal castle, the predecessor of the modern village was a royal burgh. It disappeared in 1343, and though the Earl of Durfermline sought to reconstitute it as a burgh of barony in 1672, the desolation that upon Fyvie after the Revolution was fatal to a prosperity that was associated with the fortunes of the castle. The Burgh of Forgue was similarly nipped in the bud by the misfortune of the Crichtons, who had obtained a charter for its extension and never expanded beyond the dimensions of a public house near the kirk, which proved a scandal to the Kirk-Session, owing to the counter-attractions held out to the parishioners when they ought to have been in their pews. Newburgh was erected a free burgh of barony in 1509, and remains the principal seaport in Formartine, though its corporate life has evaporated.

Fermartine has produced one Prime Minister of Great Britain, the 'Premier Earl' of Aberdeen, two Lord Presidents of the Court of Session and Lord Chancellors of Scotland.

the Earls of Dunfermline and Aberdeen—and three other Lords of Session, Lord Pitrichie (Maitland), Lord Pitmedden (Seton), and Lord Rockville (a Gordon of Fyvie). Its soil has nourished an enterprising and successful race of agriculturists, even though 'the fule of Udny's' courageous assertion of the superiority of his master's turnips to those of other fields that were being inspected be accepted *cum grano salis*,—'Yon's naething to the neeps at Udny. At Udny ilka ox eats its wye into a neep, and bides there in a house o' its ain till it's ready for the flesher.' It has supplied its own representatives to the saintly and racy ranks of the Scottish ministry, and it has sent forth capable sons to sustain the credit of their 'calf-country' in other parts of the world. We cannot take leave of this short survey of its past better than by again quoting the old lines, in which, about 1500, Barclay of Mathers gave good advice to his sons, and which the annalist of *The Thanage* commends to those whose genealogies he has expiscated with such laborious industry. They have received many a practical commentary within the bounds of Fermartine, and have their witnesses not only in still 'reeking lums,' but in many a roofless ruin:—

'Giff thou desire thy house lang stand,  
 And thy successors bruik thy land,  
 Abive all things live God in fear,  
 Intromit nought with wrongous gear;  
 Nor conqness nothing wrongously;  
 With thy neighbour keep charity.  
 See that thou pass not thy estate,  
 Obey duly thy magistrate;  
 Oppress not but support the puire,  
 To help the common-weill take cuire,  
 Use no deceit—mell not with treason,  
 And to all men do right and reason;  
 Both unto word and deed be true;  
 All kinds of wickednesse eschew,  
 Slay no man, nor thereunto consent,  
 Be not cruel but patient,  
 Ally aye in some guid place  
 With noble, honest, godly race,  
 Hate huirdoom and all vices flee,  
 Be humble, haunt guide companie;  
 Help thy friend, and do nae wrang,  
 And God shall cause thy house stand lang.'



## SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

*GERMANY.*

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (No. 4, 1899).—The first article here is by Herr Pfarrer P. Bauer of Mägerkingen, and in it he discusses the passages in the Old Testament where God is spoken of under the figure or title of Father. 'Gott als Vater im Alten Testament.' What is the exact significance of the term Father as applied to God in the passages where it occurs? He is frequently spoken of under this figure. The figure does not, however, always denote the same relationship. The relationship denoted by it is not always that of paternity. It is sometimes that which exists between a teacher and his pupil; sometimes that which exists between the head of a guild or order and the members of it; sometimes that between the baal or lord of a town or district and the inhabitants of it. In its use with respect to God it expresses the paternal relation, and that of lordship also. It is used with various shades of meaning, in fact. With the prophets in the bloomtime of prophecy it is the paternal relationship that is most frequently marked by it. They base their exhortations with regard to the fulfilment of the people's duties to God on the ground that God has begotten them, watches over them with a father's tenderness, supplies all their wants, guides and defends them with a father's solicitude and care. With later writers, however, this affectionate side of the relationship is less insisted on, and that of lordship comes more to the front. God is regarded more as lord, owner, master, than as father; and even when the title Son is still employed the idea under it is more that of servant than of son. In Malachi iii. 17, we meet with such a phrase as 'the son that serveth Him.' In later Judaism this aspect of the Divine relationship prevailed, though the former never was quite lost sight of. Herr Bauer traces in his article the stages through which this transformation passed, and notes the change observed in the teaching of Jesus, and in that of the New Testament writers under his influence. In the course of his historical survey, he shows how it came about that God came to be looked upon as specially the Father of the kings of Judah, who were the descendants of David, and later on again of the priest-rulers after the captivity, and of the hoped-

for Messiah. In New Testament times the basis of the relationship between God as Father and men as His children is somewhat altered. It rests now less on nationality than on character; less on blood than on righteousness.—Professor W. Beyschlag follows, with a critical review of a recent booklet by Dr. Rohrbach, *Die Berichte über die Auferstehung Jesu Christi.* Dr. Rohrbach's object in this publication is to defend the views of his master, Dr. Harnack, on the resurrection narratives given in the Gospels, which he set forth in his recent *Chronologie.* Dr. Beyschlag reviewed this last-named work when it appeared in the pages of this Journal, and so he now here claims to examine the defence of Harnack's views which his pupil has just published.—Dr. Feine, Professor of New Testament Exegesis in Vienna, contributes an interesting exegetical study on Ephesians ii. 14-16.—Professor Wiesenger of Göttingen, under the title 'Der Gedankengang des ersten Johannesbriefes,' traces the development of the teaching of that epistle in the light of the writer's twofold object in writing it. He had both a theological and a practical object. The first is set forth in ii. 22, iv. 2; and the second in v. 13.—The other articles in this number are 'Luthers Beziehungen zu Zerbst;' 'Zur Frage der Gebetserhörnung;' 'Ein Originalbrief Luthers und Zwei Originalbriefe Melanchthons;' 'Ein Vorschlag zu Psalm 110, 3;' and 'Die Anselmsche Satisfactio und die Busse des germanischen Strafrechts.'

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (August, September, October).—A considerable part of the August number is given over to Goethe on account of the then forthcoming celebration of his hundred and fiftieth birthday—August 28. Hermann Grimm treats of his love of Nature and its influence on his development, and briefly tells the story of his struggle to get his poems published, and of the fame that latterly came to him. 'Goethe in freier Luft' is the title under which his article appears—Goethe out in the open, as we would say.—Ellen Mayer, under the heading 'Begegnungen eines Engländer's mit Goethe,' gives a pretty full summary of Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson's *Diary Reminiscences and Correspondence*, as edited and published in 1869 by Dr. Thomas Sadler, so far as that work bears on Robinson's meetings and correspondence with Goethe are concerned. She has here naturally German readers in view, and has prepared this article specially for them.—Friedrich Paulsen reviews Goethe's creation of Mephistophles.—A novelette, 'Auf dem Thurme,' by Karl Erdmann Edler, gives a tender picture of a mother's loss of an only daughter, and her grief over it.—A short account of a visit

paid to Arthur Schopenhauer, taken from the literary remains of Carl Hebler, is followed by an elaborate and interesting description of Greece under Roman rule from the pen of L. Friedlander. The sufferings of the people from the extortionate greed of those appointed to govern them, and the altered condition of things after Augustus came to the throne and during the Imperial *regime*, are sketched in an extremely interesting manner. The article is continued and concluded in the September number.—Christine von Hoiningen Huene describes school life in the celebrated convent school of Nonnenwerth, and Paul Heyse furnishes a little drama in one act, 'Eine alte Geschichte.'—In the September number Ernst Elster gives a brief account of Goethe's wooing in his student days at Leipzig of Anna Catharina Schönkopf, and furnishes a facsimile of her note to him acknowledging his wedding gift of books to her on the eve of her marriage to Dr. Kanne, whom she preferred to her boy lover. It is the only known scrap from her hand.—Fiction is represented by two brief stories, 'Ein Wettlauf' by Anselm Heine, and 'Die Liebesbrüche' by Ilse Frapan.—Adolph Frez continues his series of papers 'Aus Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's Leben.'—Dr. B. Dessau's 'Der gegenwärtige Stand des Luftschiffahrts problems' give us a very interesting sketch of the past history of aeronautics, of the difficulties to be overcome and the present position of the science. He writes in the spirit of hope for its future.—M. Von Brandt devotes an article to an appreciation of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poetic and prose writings. He gives a brief summary of his somewhat uneventful life, and his very eventful literary career. All his literary works up to date are noticed and reviewed in a very adulatory tone. He has a caustic hit at the Fatherland when he affirms that the Kaiser's telegram on the occasion of Mr. Kipling's recent illness in New York was what directed the attention of Germans to the poet's works.—Sir A. Milner's *England in Egypt* is well reviewed by an anonymous critic, and Gerald Meyer gives an excellent description of the early home of Leopold Ranke and his surroundings in youth. 'In Leopold Ranke's Heimathsthal' is the title of his article.—(October.)—The *Rundschau* completed its twenty-fifth year with the last number, and this number opens with a retrospect. It takes us back to the founding of the *Rundschau* and to some of the writers who were among its earliest contributors and guides. The articles in this number are—'Die Reisegefährten,' by Marie Von Ebner-Eschenbach; 'Im Hauptquartier der II. (Schlesischen) Armee 1866'; a series of personal reminiscences by J. Von Verdy du Vernois; 'Ueber Systeme und Systemsbildung' by Dr. E. Zeller—a contribu-

tion to Philosophy; 'Jugenderinnerungen' by Paul Heyse; 'Aphorismen,' from the unpublished writings of E. Geibel; 'Die Literatur des Alten Indien,' the first of two articles on works bearing on Indian literature, by Dr. H. Oldenberg; 'Ein Besuch bei Goethe in Jahre 1808;' 'Kalliope,' by R. Lindan, with the usual political and literary reviews.

*R U S S I A .*

THE RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW (*Voprosi, Philosophii i Psychologii*).—No. 46 opens with a couple of letters which have passed between the Council of the Moscow Psychological Society and that of the sister society in St. Petersburg. In the first of these letters the Moscow Society congratulates the society in St. Petersburg on the success of its journal—the *Voprosi*, which has now attained its tenth year. From the two we learn that the Moscow Society is to lend its assistance to the *Voprosi*, and that in future the Journal is to be the organ not merely of the philosophers of St. Petersburg, but of Russian philosophical thought in general.—The letters are followed by some fourteen pages devoted to an obituary notice of Professor M. C. Korelin, who died January, 1899. Professor Korelin's ancestors were peasants. He was born 30th August, 1855, in the Church village of Komleva, Ruskavo Ujezd, Moscow government; was educated in the district Ujezdnie School, whence he removed to the first Moscow Gymnasia in 1880; and finished his course in the Moscow University in 1892, where he obtained the degree of Doctor of History. The subject of his dissertation was the Early Italian Humanism and its Historians. He was an ideologue and ideophile in the best sense of these terms.—The next article has for its title—'The Utopias of Universal Art.' Its author, M. Th. Batushoff, read it before the Philosophical Society of the University of St. Petersburg. It is a criticism of the theories and systems of M. M. Brunetiere, R. de Sizeranne, Eugene Muntz, Herkenrath, Count Leo Tolstoi, and others.—M. Tchicherin continues his chapters on the Philosophy of Right, dealing in this number chiefly with the questions of Personality and Society.—It is followed by an article with the title—'Roman Elegy and Romanticism.'—The second part of the article on the Psychology of Insects concludes this part of the number. There are the usual reviews of Books and the Bibliography.—No. 47, like its predecessor, opens with an obituary notice. The subject of it is Professor M. M. Troitsky, the founder of the Moscow Psychological Society, of which he was also the first president. He was ordinary

Professor in the University of Moscow, and the chief representative there of the English Empirical School of Philosophy. Highly gifted in various ways, he was specially successful as a Professor. He had great power over his hearers, had great analytical skill, and was distinguished as a teacher by the exactness of his thought and expression, and his unwonted manner of expounding his subjects and reducing them to their primary elements.—Vera Johnston, a lady whose name has already appeared in this journal, contributes the next article. In it we have an outline of the Bhagavadgita which, with the Upanishads and other writings mentioned, constitute or represent the principal phase in the early intellectual development of India. Miss Johnston discusses their dates, legends, character, and teaching at considerable length.—M. Tchicherin continues his article on the Philosophy of Right, treating this time of the fundamental elements of right.—M. Nicholas Ivantzoff, under the title—‘Some Words on Ideals of Art,’ contributes a reply to a paper which appeared in a former number of the *Voprosi* from the pen of his brother member, M. P. Kalenoff.—M. Korsh completes a series of two articles on Roman Elegy and Romanticism.—Among the contents of the special part of this number is an article on the first Alcibiades of Plato by Wladimir Solovieff; also a short paper on the genuineness of the Laches. The Reviews contain a notice of Paulsen’s Life of Kant.

#### ITALY.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (July 1st).—Professor D’Ancona continues his story of the imprisonment of Pietro Giordani at Parma in 1834, showing the indomitable energy of the patriot, who, strong in his innocence, was at last perforce released from prison in spite of the ill-will against him. He lived to see the dawn of the unity of Italy.—A very interesting paper is the account of the career of a buffoon of the sixteenth century, written by G. Zannone, and founded on the diaries kept by the buffoon himself. He was called Ser Atanasio, and was half crazy, but possessed a good voice, and a faculty of improvisation. He always kept beside him a little book full of rhymes and mottoes, which served him well in his profession. His diary generally relates all that happened to him, and contains now and then some piquant anecdote. Naturally the buffoon, who was employed by the Duke Guidabaldo of Ferrara, and also stayed sometimes at the Court of Pesaro, came into contact with most of the celebrated personages of the epoch. The Duke, his master, treated and clothed him like a buffoon, but Ser Atanasio was also compelled to serve

as a valet to foreign visitors, and his position was often extremely humiliating. He made money beyond his wages in all sorts of ways. Sometimes he would be paid by a haughty noble not to sing; at others he would receive large sums for singing mocking words in order to annoy some enemy. Once he was taken by the Duchess to the largest convents in Ferrara. It was in the year 1552. He amused the nuns for hours; and his songs, many in praise of the Reverend Mother, were received with enthusiasm. The pupils and domestics of the convent looked on from a distance. The aristocratic nuns gave flowers and wreaths to the buffoon, and, what was better, a good lunch and rare wines. Then the nuns, in their turn, sang cantatas, and the visit closed with jokes and songs from the buffoon, that made the nuns 'laugh more than they had done for a long time.' A queer picture of cloistral life in olden times! Poor Ser Atanasio got many beatings in the course of his life, being often attacked and ill-used by people whom he had offended by his wicked wit. His master, the Duke, threatened him with the galleys at the least provocation, so that the buffoon always approached him cringingly and sought to attract his attention, even in the form of a kick, rather than be neglected. The Duke's guests played practical jokes upon the poor man. Now they would make him drink a bottle of salted wine at one draught; now they would pelt him with the curds and cream left on their plates; and once a Marquis set fire to the buffoon's silk pantaloons, so that the poor man was severely burned. The only consolation he received for this insult was a small piece of money. His best times were when he was sent into the country on some message or embassy, and he always looked out for such commissions. Now and then he rebelled against the treatment to which he was subjected, and refused to dance and sing, but he was told that in that case he would not receive a penny of his wages. Ser Atanasio was married, but had no children. He therefore adopted a boy of four years of age, one of the many sons of a Roman washerwoman, and named him 'Julius Caesar.' The child arrived at Pesaro, and became a source of discord between Ser Atanasio and his wife, from whom the buffoon often received beatings which caused him to appear at court with a bandaged head. His wife, however, died, and, not restrained by twenty years of domestic strife, the buffoon began to think of marrying again, and was not surprised when ordered by the Duke to marry a certain Cornelia. The wedding took place a few days later. But Atanasio was so discontented, that he did not even enter the event in his diary, where he was accustomed to note even such a trifle as the death of a squirrel, or the purchase of a rabbit.

This second marriage turned out as unhappy as the first, Ser Atanasio received many scoldings from his new wife, who being now nearly sixty years old, he bore like a philosopher only now and then retaliating by blows, a deed of prowess on that part that he did not fail to relate in his diary. Once she sent a message to the vicar of the place that she wished to be separated from her husband; whereupon the vicar sent for him and advised him to give his wife *more* beatings. Meanwhile Cornelia presented her husband with a son, and no less than eight noblemen were present at the baptism of the child. The child was entered in the register simply as the son of 'the Duke's buffoon.' Evil times arrived, and the minor courts of Italy were in great straits for money. Atanasio shared in the general poverty, and once was obliged to sell his velvet cap in order to pay his son's schoolmaster; and once, when the child was ill, he was obliged to dance and sing while in a state of the greatest anxiety, before he could wheedle a few coins out of the Duke and persuade a groom to lend him a mule upon which to travel to his distant home. The coasts of the Adriatic were at that time troubled by Turkish corsairs, and it is remarkable in the spirit of journalism Ser Atanasio picked up information of various kinds, which sometimes proved very useful to the author. There is a note in Atanasio's diary relating the arrival of the Duke at the court on the 14th January, 1564. Another entry tells of the visit of the Duke to the Doge of Venice, and the impression on the buffoon made by the beautiful city; but he says not a word about the mysterious colloquy between Doge and Duke, which would have been so historically interesting. We only hear that it ended in the Duke's speedy departure from Venice. On his return voyage the weather was very tempestuous, and when Atanasio landed at Pesaro he stumbled and fell into the water. The unexpected cold bath, the sea-sickness he had endured, and the fatigues he had undergone, caused the poor old buffoon to fall so ill that he nearly died. For once the Duke was generous, sent a doctor to attend to him, and removed him from his poor dwelling to one better adapted for a convalescent. Ser Atanasio did not completely recover. He grew old and worn, and could no longer joke and sing and dance. 'If no one can laugh at me, I am done for!' he laments. The last note in his diary is very tragic. His wife fell ill of smallpox and was like to die. 'As she was pregnant about five months,' writes the husband, 'I was advised by the doctor to let her undergo an operation, by which she might be saved. So that I sought for a surgeon to undertake it in presence of a very good woman, and by God's grace

child was extracted alive, and I am very content.' But the mother, for whom he had not a word of pity, died. This was in October, 1564, and after that nothing more is known of the buffoon or his children. His diaries continued to be read, and even found an imitator. His autograph memoirs are now kept among the Urbino papers in the Vatican Library.—Follows the conclusion of Matilde Sarao's story of the Neapolitan ballerina.—Marco Praga contributes to this number a one-act drama entitled 'Doubt.'—M. Rava writes on J. K. Huysmans and his works.—(July 16th).—G. Chiarini sends an appreciative article on Giosue Carducci's poems.—Professor Chiappello gives an account of the Florentine sculptors of the fourteenth century.—E. Castelnove commences a novel called 'The Last.'—G. Manasci describes the career of Johann Strauss. G. Ferrero criticises a paper by Professor Masca on 'The State of Liberty.'—L. Vanutelli and G. Citerna publish a chapter of their book on the second Böttego expedition, relating the particulars of the explorer's death.—Menott Garibaldi narrates the acts of the Italian volunteers in the Greco-Turkish war, the paper being the forerunner of a book soon to be published, and called 'The Red Shirt in the Greco-Turkish War.'—R. Bonfadini writes on the 'Political Storm.'—G. Colombo, writing on balloons and their future, communicates his observations on the flight of birds and insects. A fly moves its wings with a rapidity of 20,000 strokes per minute; a gnat is still more swift in its movements; but the curious thing is that the heavier a bird is the less is the superficies of the wings necessary to sustain it in the air. So that, a man, compared to a gnat, must have, in proportion to his weight, a superficies of wing of a thousand square metres, in comparison with an Australian gull he need only have nine square metres. So that the obstacle lies not in excess of weight, but in want of force. In order to rise in the air, a man would have to develop a force fifteen or twenty times greater than the utmost of which he is at present capable. It is only the insects that continually move their wings while flying. The birds, especially the strong flyers, often hold their wings quite still, so that the flight is an alternation of beating and repose. Falcons, eagles, vultures, and sea-gulls keep suspended in the air for hours at a time, only beating their wings at rare intervals. The albatross is said to be able to remain for a whole hour at a stretch with its wings extended and immovable. Professor Langley has proved the possibility of mechanical flight, and no doubt the whole question of aeronautics will sooner or later be solved.—(August 1).—G. Sergi, discussing the causes of



the decadence of the Latin races, says it is in part due to the reluctance to introduce any danger into the social and political arrangements to which these races and nations have become accustomed. This reluctance to move is not proper to a certain social class, but is universal, and is shown in all forms, especially in scholastic arrangements. It exists in Italy, Spain, and even in France, although there the evil is hidden under the economical success. It is a fatal anachronism which has serious consequences in every political and social manifestation, and which, after causing decadence, will end in the death of all nations which do not dare to leave their usual orbit and 'move on new ways.'—(September 1st).—Professor Bertolini writes on Paolo Diaceno.—Barbara Allason relates many facts and sayings which throw more light on the character of the late unfortunate Empress of Austria.—O. Grandi contributes a short story entitled 'From the Pélago to Riva.'—L. dal Verme describes an excursion in Croatia.—P. Barbéra writes on the humanist printers of the Renaissance.—'Tristram Shandy' criticises the work of the Polish author, Henrick Sienkiewicz.—A. Baccelli describes the valley of Agas; and G. Macchioro the life at Carlsbad, calling that watering-place a 'corner of paradise.'—E. L. della Vida discusses public credit during the last ten years.—M. Morasso concludes his paper on the exhibition of Art at Venice.—(September 16th).—'On the Decadence of the Latin Nations,' by Ouida.—Petrarch's *My Secret* and the 'Confessions of St. Augustine,' by G. Segré.—'Savoy and Piedmont in 1834, before the Mazzini Expedition,' by Senator Faldella.—'Ruspole's Second African Expedition,' by A. Rossi.—'Earthly Voices,' by E. Mancini.—'Italian Colonial Expansion in South America,' by Lieutenant-Colonel E. Barone.—'Francesco Carrara and the Evolution of Penal Law,' by E. Ferri.—'Leo Tolstoi's Sophism in Art and Criticism,' by Professor Graf.—'The Social Crisis in France,' by G. Ferrero.—'The Transvaal Question,' by F. N. Vitelleschi.—Reviews, etc.

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (July 16).—S. di Revel translates Monsignor Ireland's lecture on 'Joan of Arc.'—The novel 'Abruzzere Hearts' is ended.—A. V. Vecchi discusses the value of the naval alliance of Italy.—There are papers by A. V. S. and A. Alberti on interurban telephones; and on the position of the foreign powers in China.—F. Bosazzi has a pleasant paper on the Alpinism of last year.—(August 1st).—Professor Villari in an article on geographical study in Italy, confesses that it is in a very deplorable condition, and that the result is very damaging, not only in general, but especially for the education of the army. The real cause of this want of geographical know-

ledge is the entirely insufficient method used by the Professors in the classic, technical, and military schools, where the teaching of geography ought to undergo a complete reform.—Writing on the Pope as arbitrator, Professor de Cesare maintains that the idea of the Pope as president of a supreme tribunal for peace, by unanimous consent of the great Powers, and surrounded by all possible guarantees, is, while the pontiff continues to be a political pretendent, extremely utopian. But anyway, it is an office which only a Pope of exceptional genius could fill.—G. E. Saltini contributes another chapter of his story of Bianca Capello.—Apropos of a pamphlet by Romolo Murri, Eleutero writes on the platonism of a Christian democrat.—XX criticises C. Morrow's book on the Regal power in Italy.—A. Senesi gives many interesting statistics of the Italian colony in the Argentine Republic.—A. Ostini sends an archæological story called 'Nigrilla.'—(August 16).—Arturo Linaker writes in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Nicolo Puccini, the great Italian patriot and philanthropist, who was very far in advance of his times and already began to try to solve many social problems that give the world so much trouble now. His villa and garden at Scornio play a considerable part in the history of philanthropy, patriotism, and political economy, for there are many institutions founded by the owner, museums, statues, and much that contributes to the education of the people. The Pantheon contains many statues of great men. Signor Puccini put up a very original notice on the gate of his grounds; it ran:—'At all hours of the day, except in mid-winter, this gate will be opened to any person desiring entrance, with the exception of children who might damage the monuments and the garden. The visitors are requested not to walk on the grass-plots, and not to bring with them loose dogs. Persons who are publicly and morally odious are requested to go elsewhere.' This last sentence gave great offence to the police of the period, and Puccini had, in consequence, to endure much persecution. In 1848 Puccini, who, being deformed, could not fight for his country in person, assisted the revolutionists with money, horses, and arms. The public works he founded or encouraged are innumerable, and include savings banks, schools, new roads, agricultural institutions, etc., etc. His memory was celebrated this year by a festival at Ponte Napoleone near Pistoia, under the direction of the Society which bears his name.—M. Morici continues his account of literary forgeries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.—A. von Schwarz writes on the limits of physical energy, his article being directed against the many spiritualistic cheats of modern days.—G. Vannuccini concludes his account of a poetess

of the eighteenth century.—V. Fornari contributes a little play entitled 'Figures of the Period.'—The remaining papers are continuations and reports of speeches.—(Sept. 16).—C. F. Gabba writes on the question of the bill for enforcing the precedence of the civil to the religious ceremony of marriage, saying that the majority of the nation is not convinced of the feasibility of the projected law, and will swallow its enforcement as a bitter pill. The writer discusses the question at full length in all its aspects, and concludes that of all things in which it is important that Church and State should agree, that of marriage is one of the first.—E. Masi writes in an interesting manner the story of Christina of Sweden and her Court.—G. Crocioni concludes his paper on Dante and Marniani.—The 'German-student corps' is a reprint of an article in the *Reforma Sociale* of March 1st.—Fiction is represented by a short story entitled 'Deprived of Dignity' by Signora Denti, at the close of which is quoted Mr. Crawford's saying 'women look greater fools than they are, and men are greater fools than they look, except in the things they know how to do and do well.'—U. Mazzini discusses the 'chivalry' in Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*.—'Pseudomino' is an excellent tale by Jolanda.—Minusculus writes on the griefs of curates.—E. de Bisogno takes women's poetry in Italy for his subject, quoting from several dead and living Italian poetesses, and especially criticising the recent works of Louisa Auzoletti, whom he designates as a noble example of indomitable belief in goodness and faith in the future.

EMPORIUM (July).—This interesting number is adorned by a chromo-lithograph of Kate Greenaway's 'Primroses.'—P. Bettòli chooses Giulio Monteverde, the sculptor, for the present subject of 'Contemporaneous Artists;' the article is illustrated by numerous photographs of the artist's productions. Giulio Monteverde, says Signor Bettòli, was born on the 8th October, 1837, in the small village of Bistagno, in the valley of Scrivia. He was the son of a day-labourer, and, when a boy, was apprenticed to a joiner, and, as he grew older, to a cabinet-maker at Genoa. There the boy's artistic nature was immediately attracted by the magnificent palaces and works of art in Genoa la Superba, and he employed all his spare time in attending the drawing classes at the Academy of Fine Arts. He made such progress that he began to carve cupids and cherubs for his master's furniture, and showed such talent and good taste as to attract public attention. He was married and already a father when his genius obtained for him a slender subsidy which enabled him to remove to Rome, and perfect himself in the art he had now chosen, that of a

sculptor. Being almost unknown in Rome, he had to struggle hard. He took a small house and studio in Via della Purificazione, where very often he was so scarce of money that he could not afford to pay for models. At one such time he took his own children for a model, and executed a group in clay of his eldest child playing with a younger one in a cradle, both amusing themselves with a cat. A young painter, the friend of Monteverde, was just then escorting the King of Wurtemberg through the Genosese studios, and took that monarch to Monteverde. The king was so enchanted with the infant group that he commissioned the sculptor to execute it in marble, advancing the remuneration of 8000 francs. This was the turning-point of Monteverde's good fortune. The group is now in the museum at Stuttgart. Monteverde's fame now increased rapidly. His 'Columbus as a youth' gained the gold medal at Parma in 1870. In 1872 he executed the 'Genius of Benjamin Franklin,' for Ismail Pasha; a bold piece of symbolism and realism, which excited lively discussion among the critics. Two years later he executed the colossal statue of Mazzini, erected at Buenos Ayres by the Italian colony there. In 1875 he made the symbolic statue entitled 'Will is Power,' which was meant to form part of a group that he never finished. Monteverde then executed a group, 'Edward Jenner performing the operation of Vaccination,' exhibited at Paris in 1878, where he gained the first prize. It is now in the Civic Museum at Genoa. Commissions began to flow in upon the sculptor from all parts. In 1879 he made no less than five monuments for graves, all fine works. The year after, he produced two more important works, the statue of 'Bellini' for Catania, and that of 'Victor Emanuel' for Bologna. In 1881 he made the graceful monument for the Baldovini family in the Genoese cemetery. It is a noble Virgin and Child enthroned above a tomb. In 1883 he executed the statue of 'General Medici,' which was placed in the Campo Verano in Rome; and in 1884 a 'Christ' for the chapel in the cemetery of Buenos Ayres. In 1886 Monteverde was made a senator of the realm. In 1891 his bold conception of a monument, 'The Eternal Drama' (Death seizing a young girl), was executed for the cemetery of Genoa. In 1893 the statue of Marco Minghetti was erected at Bologna; and in 1895 he executed a monument for the Camerini family at Padua, and one for Count Massari at Ferrara, both representing guardian angels of the tomb. In 1896 the statue of the Duke of Galliera was finished, and last year that of the Duke's wife Anna. These personages were philanthropists and great benefactors of the people and city of Genoa, and their monuments are magnificent. Two minor works, the bronze bust

of Leopardi, presented to that poet's native town of Recanati on the occasion of his centenary; and the marble bas-relief of the poet given to the Senate, are among the proofs of Monteverde's patriotic sentiments. A chief characteristic of Monteverde's genius is repose, a grand calm pervading even works representing action. His habit was to finish all his works himself, leaving a last strata of marble to be chiselled with his own hand, under the touch of which the marble flesh grew soft and the blood seemed to flow through the marble veins. Monteverde's private character was gentle and equable. He has no envy, no swagger, no ridiculous pretension. Like Guiseppe Verde, he possesses the true genius which avoids all ostentation. Last June (1899), Queen Margaret of Italy, a lover of art, visited Monteverde in his work-room. He was busy modelling a new group of high artistic and intellectual value, 'Materialism and Ideality,' which he intends (if he does not change his mind after the late shameful events in France) to send to the Paris Exhibition in 1900. The Queen, who is a good critic, was delighted with the group, and gave the work due praise.—The next paper, 'Contemporaneous Authors,' has Shelley for its subject. The text is adorned by several illustrations. The article, which is long and enthusiastic, and gives a sketch of the poet's life, is by Giulio Monti.—Follows a well-illustrated 'Visit to Dijon,' by F. M. d'Intignano.—The next is a paper, 'Across Holland,' by M. B., capitably illustrated, with characteristic figures of the inhabitants.—The last paper is, 'Modes and Forms of the Inquisition,' by E. Verga, giving an account of the legal forms and proceedings before and after executions, etc. The article is most interestingly illustrated with reproductions from rare old pictures and prints.

ARCHIVIO STORICO PER LE PROVINCIE NAPOLETANE (Year 24, Fasc. 1).—Besides continuations from former numbers this contains an account of the Neapolitan feudal estates at the end of the sixteenth century, with descriptions of the coats-of-arms and titles of the nobles.—B. Maresca reviews Badham's 'Nelson and the Neapolitan Republicans,' calling the work more an ethical than a historical study. He protests against the exaggerations of Nelson's apologists, who are supported by too few proofs, and cannot be regarded as confirming Foote's 'vindication.'

RASSEGNA PUGLIESE (August).—D. Magrone here commences a rather dry but valuable account of the abolition of feudal dominion in the Commune of Molfetta in the eighteenth century, giving many historical particulars.—F. F. Guerrieri's it of the temporal and spiritual property of the Abbey Holy Trinity at Cava dei Tirrei is continued.—B. de

Luca is inspired by Signor Lionetti's statue of the blind man of Jericho to deliver a long and interesting lecture on 'lights' in its artistic and mental aspects, with quotations of the opinions and sayings on the subject from ancient to modern times.

## FRANCE.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 3, 1899).—The two articles in this number are continuations of those begun in last number, but are presented here in the reverse order. M. Söderblom has the first place with his 'Fravashis; Etude sur les traces dans le Mazdeisme d'une ancienne conception sur la survivance des morts.' In the previous part of his study he set himself to show that in Mazdeism there are to be found clear traces of a primitive animistic faith. These traces he found in the rites connected with the cult of the dead, in the festivals in their honour, and in the customs observed at the disposal of the body. The Avesta itself, but more especially the Yasht consecrated to the fravashis, furnish light on the subject under his consideration. Here he sets forth the functions attributed to dead ancestors in primitive Mazdeism, and the ideas that were entertained as to them, as to their nature, and the conditions under which they existed. The word *fravashi* is not limited in its usage to the dead. It is equally used to denote the soul of the living. In fact everything was supposed to have a soul, a kind of spiritual essence separable from it, and at all times representative of it. The *fravashis* of the dead were thought to continually interest themselves in all the affairs of their earthly relations, friends, or those belonging to the district in which they themselves had lived, or the people, race or nation of whose stock they were. They watched over births, ministered to the fertility of cattle and crops; influenced rain clouds; guarded against the enemies of their descendants, and the perils that threatened their possessions. They acted as the good *genii* of their relatives in all matters affecting their welfare. The relatives on their part made offerings to them and invited them to take part in all their festivals, seeking in this way to secure their favour and addressing to them their prayers. As to the nature of the *fravashis* and the conditions of their disembodied existence M. Söderblom is very explicit. He discusses the derivation of the term and the references to it in the Avesta and elsewhere. As to the root of the term, opinion has been somewhat divided. M. S. leans to M. J. Darmesteter's derivation of it, that it comes from *fravar*, to nourish. But what can be said for other derivations is fully

stated. The *fravashis* are the spiritual duplicates of persons or things, are similar to them in form, have a kind of spiritualised body, need nourishment and clothing, suffer from cold and heat, from hunger and thirst, and so are dependent on the offerings made to them by their friends and kindred. Our author shows that the eschatological beliefs of the Iranians have little of a moral, or truly religious, character in them. The idea of a preliminary judgment of the dead before crossing the famous bridge is a late one. The fate of the dead was really settled on the bridge itself, and the quality that determined that fate was not a moral one, but strength and adroitness in the crossing.—The other paper is the continuation of M. Berard's 'Les Phéniciens et les poèmes homériques.' In the first part of his article he described the Ægæan Archipelago, and set himself to show that the names of the islands, harbours, anchorages, etc., give evidence of the commercial traffic carried on by the Phœnicians there in Homeric times. Here he shows that the descriptions given in the *Odyssey* of the experiences of Ulysses are verified by those of merchants and travellers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries A.D., and that the names of implements in use in these isles, the names of their products, of the industries carried on by the people there, the legends cherished by them, and the customs prevalent among them, all bear eloquent testimony to the truth of what the *Odyssey* tell us. Special attention is drawn to the prevalence of the number seven in the legends and stories that refer to these islands, attesting (as M. B. thinks), that though historic Greece does not recognise the week, and counts by fives and tens, yet in more primitive times Semitic influences must have deeply affected the thought and life of the people. The 'Programme' (provisional as yet) of the proposed International Congress of the History of Religions, to be held in Paris in September next year, follows, and gives an interesting idea of the subjects that are to engage attention at its meetings. The rest of this number is devoted to book reviews and periodicals, with the usual Chronique.—(No. 4, 1899).—M. E. Blochet resumes here his series of 'Études sur l'histoire religieuse de l'Iran.' In this one he deals with the various legends as to the ascension to heaven of the prophet Mohammed. He gives in the first place Mohammed's own version as contained in the *Coran*. There it appears as a dream which the prophet had. Later it appeared in several versions as having been an actual experience on his part. Considerable variations in details occur in these versions, and M. Blochet sets himself to the examination of these variants, and to the possible, their origin, and the

influences under which they were produced. He gives good reasons for finding their origin in Iranian Mazdeism. 'Persia,' he says, 'has always been the promised land of religious revolutions and the home of mystical sects.'—M. A. Barth continues his 'Bulletin des Religions de l'Inde,' in which he notes, and gives critical appreciations of, the various books and publications issued recently on the religious history and life of India. Those brought under notice and review in this section of his Bulletin are those that deal with Brahmanism.—M. Marillier furnishes an elaborate review of three recently published works in the domain of Folklore, under the title, 'La Doctrine de la reincarnation des âmes et les dieux de l'ancienne Irlande, d'après des travaux récents.' The works are Mr Alfred Nutt's two volumes (chiefly, however, the second, as the first was fully dealt with three years ago in this same periodical and by the same reviewer, viz:—*The Voyage of Bran, &c., with Essays upon the Irish Vision of the Happy Other World*; and *the Celtic Doctrine of Re-birth*.) The sequel to, and complement of, that volume now issued is titled, *The Celtic Doctrine of Re-birth with Appendices*; then come Miss E. Hill's *The Cuchullin Saga*; and Miss Jessie L. Weston's *The Legend of Sir Gawain, studies upon its original scope and significance*. Excellent summaries of the contents of these works are given, and Mr Marillier proceeds then not only to criticise the views expressed in them, but to review the whole subject with which they deal from his own wide and accurate knowledge of these sagas and the literature connected with them. The article is not concluded in this number. A considerable number of books are more briefly noticed, and among these we may mention the second edition of the Rev. A. Robinson's, *Study of the Saviour in the Newer Light*. M. Picard, the reviewer, has a much higher opinion of Mr. Robinson's work in its revised form than he expressed in this same journal of it in its earlier form. He now commends it as *un livre de science*, and as a work which will be read with pleasure by all who are interested in the person of Jesus.

REVUE DES ÉTUDES JUIVES (No. 2, 1899).—M. Th. Reinach discusses under the title 'Antiochus Cyzicene et les Juifs,' the question whether the Antiochus, who was summoned by the inhabitants of Samaria to their help when besieged by Hyrcanus, was Antiochus Grypus or Antiochus Cyzicenus. He reviews also the position of parties generally, and the course of events in those complicated and troublesome times. Josephus, he shows, was but imperfectly informed as to them, and M. Reinach proves, against Josephus, that it was Cyzicenus



and not Grypus who was appealed to by the besieged.—‘Israel et Judah’ is the title of the second article here, which is by M. Israel Sach. The object he sets before himself is to shew that the opposition between the Northern tribes and Judah was not merely geographical but radical, and dates far back beyond the schism in the time of Rehoboam. It comes out, from a careful study of the historical data to be gathered from the books of the Bible, that the antagonism between them was based on original and ineradicable differences of traditions, ideas, and tendencies. Their proximity in Palestine did little or nothing to bring them into unity. Political necessities might render union for a time desirable, or a strong hand might compel them to co-operate for the common good, but the rivalry between them was ever present and ready to manifest itself on every opportunity. The schism in the time of Rehoboam only emphasised the radical opposition of the one to the other, and perpetuated it. M. Sach examines the relations of the two sections of the Hebrew people in the light of the O. T. records and literature generally, and shews that these make it quite clear that the Northern tribes had a *torah*, religious customs, and ideas of Jahveh very different from what the tribe of Judah treasured and observed. The *torah* of the former was held in abhorrence by the latter. That of Judah was far more spiritual, and God was represented by it as having no material form, and as incapable of being represented, and hating to be represented, by any image whatever. M. Sach finds the explanation of the differences in the various parts of the legal and moral Codes that have come down to us in this twofold *torah* and conception of God, and in their different religious customs and usages. The article is not completed in this number.—M. M. Friedländer, whose opinions in regard to the *Minim* of the Talmudic writers were criticised by M. W. Bacher in last number, here restates and defends those opinions in an article headed, ‘Encore un mot sur Minim, Minout, et Guilionim dans le Talmud.’ He reproduces the substance of his arguments given in his work, *Der vorchristliche judische Gnosticismus*, and adds something more in support of them. This is followed by a further criticism of these views by M. Levi, who is not satisfied with either the reasons advanced by M. Friedländer in his book, nor by those advanced in his article.—M. W. Bacher furnishes a study on Jewish Tradition, ‘Les trois branches de la science de la vielle tradition juive, le Midrasch, les Halachol, et les Haggadot.’—M. J. Furst continues, and here concludes, his series of ‘Notes lexicographiques.’ M. S. Krauss treats of ‘les gloses hébraïques du grammairien Virgilius Maro.’ M. M.

Schwab furnishes a series of 'Inscriptions hébraïques en France.' These are additional to those given in his collection published some time ago. M. D. Kaufmann, whose death on July 9th has been so widely and justly lamented by all interested in Jewish scholarship, has a short paper here on the Synagogues of Toledo. M. M. Kayserling furnishes a study on 'L'Archidiacre Ferrand Martinez et les persecutions de 1391.' Under 'Notes et Melanges,' we have a series of short papers on exegetical and historical subjects of considerable interest; and under 'Actes et Conférences,' a lecture that was delivered before the members of the *Société des Etudes Juives* on May 10, by M. J. Weill on 'Judah Halevi.'

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (Aug., Sept., Oct.)—In the August number Dr. Hartenberg gives a very interesting description of the phenomena of muscular action caused by fear. The emotion is one early experienced, and puts in action a multitude of movements, some of which are purely mechanical, but others are produced and regulated by volition.—M. G. Palante deals with the subject of 'Esprit de corps,' as a social and moral influence. He distinguishes two forms of it, according as it affects a limited class, or profession; or larger congeries, such as races, clans, sects, etc. In the first of these it embraces the interests, the honour, and so on, of the individuals belonging to the class, or profession; in the other it is the interests of the whole order that it takes under its care. The latter is the most imperious. It arrogates a veritable empire over the conscience of the individual in the interests of the whole. Its predominant characteristics are here sketched and examined, and its action in the province of conduct discussed.—M. Marillier continues his summary and criticism of Mr. Grant Allen's *Evolution of the Idea of God*.—M. G. Belot reviews M. G. Bon's *Psychologie du Socialisme*.—In the September number M. Marillier concludes his elaborate notice of Mr. Grant Allen's work above mentioned. This part is wholly critical. He shows in detail how defective Mr. Grant Allen's work is as an argument for the view he has adopted as to the origin of religion and of worship, many of the phenomena on which he relies being susceptible of an entirely different interpretation. He shows also that Mr. Allen repeatedly takes his own unproved affirmations for established facts, and then argues from them as if they were facts.—M. A. Naville furnishes a syllogistic study, 'La Nouveauté dans la Conclusion,' in which he seeks to prove that the major premiss does not necessarily cover or involve the whole conclusion.—M. C. Bois 'Du temps de croyance,' treats of the time or period

which intervenes between sensation or perception and the intellectual process productive of belief.—M. N. Vaschide treats of the action of the pulse under the influence of different emotions, and gives illustrative experiments, and a table of results.—Both numbers are rich in book reviews.—(October —‘Le Mechanisme de l’imitation,’ by M. Felix le Dantec, is the first article in this number. Before dealing, however, with the mechanism of imitation, the nerves and muscles, and the mutual action and interaction in the exercise of imitation, M. le Dantec discusses the parts which heredity and education play in forming the individual. He takes as a kind of textbook here A. R. Wallace’s *Natural Selection*.—‘A propos de l’Infini Nouveau,’ by M. Emile Borel, is a study in the Higher Mathematics.—‘Des Movements alternants des Idees révélés par les mots,’ by M. R. de la Grasserie, is the next article. The first part of it is given here. It is an effort to determine the influence of language on thought, of words on ideas, and the influence of social and other environments on both. Ideas, he says, are not unchanging; rather are they, like all phenomena, in perpetual flux; both externally and internally. Their internal movement is evolution; their external movement results in elevation and orientation. These movements are not a matter of chance. They follow fixed laws, of which the principal are ‘capillarité,’ alternation, and polarization. M. R. de la Grasserie then proceeds to trace the action and influence of these laws respectively.

LE MUSEON ET LA REVUE DES RELIGIONS (No. 2, 1899).  
 M. R. de la Grasserie continues here his treatise, ‘De la conjugaison négative, ainsi que de l’interrogative, et de la dubitative’.—M. B. C. de Vaux gives the first instalment of his translation of the Arabic work which dates from about the end of the ninth century, A.D., *El Falasifah*, the ‘destruction of the philosophers’.—M. A. Marre continues his translation of the ‘Sadjar Malayou,’ giving that of Chapters XXIII. to XXV.—M. le seigneur Ch. de Harlez gives the first section of an interesting study on Chinese literature, ‘Les allusions historiques dans la littérature chinoise.’ He sub-titles his study ‘Faits remarquables de l’histoire de Chine.’ Chinese students, he says, that students of Chinese literature, are not only frequently puzzled by the multiform idioms of the language, but also by the numerous allusions to incidents in Chinese history that are little known and hard to discover. Several Chinese scholars have, however, gathered together collections of these latter, some of them fuller than others, but all of them helpful to the general student. Our author here proposes to give examples of the

aids. The series is to be continued.—M. J. Perruchon furnishes an 'Aperçu grammatical de la langue Amharique ou Amarinna comparée avec l'éthiopien.'—M. le comte H. de Charencey completes his series of papers on the historian Sahagun and the Mexican migrations by giving a comparative table of the data of the several writers that have dealt with them.—Book reviews and the Chronique follow, and complete the number.

REVUE SÉMITIQUE D'ÉPIGRAPHIE ET D'HISTOIRE ANCIENNE (No. 3, 1899).—M. J. Halévy continues, under the usual rubric, 'Recherches Bibliques,' his examination of the prophetic works in the Old Testament in order to show that their writers were familiar with the Pentateuch, especially with the documents attributed to the sacerdotal authors, the Priest Codex, or 'P.' Here he continues his examination of the prophecies that are placed under the name of Isaiah. In the section of his studies of this group of prophecies presented to us in this number he deals with the passages that refer to the 'Servant of the Lord,' the 'Ebed-Jahve.' He discusses these passages more fully than he has done the others already brought under notice, and this because of the importance of the question they raise as to whom the writer or writers referred when they used this term. This section of his paper is devoted to the elucidation of this knotty point. M. Halévy brushes aside at the outset the Jewish and Christian averments that under this term their respective Messiahs were denoted. Dogmatic views receive from him scant courtesy; he discusses the question purely from the historical point of view, and the critical. Whoever was in the prophet's mind he was a contemporary of his own. But was he an individual—a just man, tried like Job and Jeremiah, and whom he expected to see rise from the dead after all his sufferings and be surrounded with extraordinary glory as his reward and crown? Or was he Israel regarded in its collective form, or any special class or group of Israelites? The first of these opinions is that held and advocated by Duhm. Our author sets himself to examine the prophecies in the light specially of Duhm's defence of his position. He gives the passages in full that refer to the Ebed-Jahve, and reviews all that Duhm has advanced in favour of his contention. They are four in number. The first, xli., 8-16, unmistakably (says M. Halévy) describes Israel as a whole, fallen, truly, and humbled to the condition of a worm which people crush under their feet in disgust. In xlii. 1-9, the Ebed-Jahve is just as clearly a select class of the exiles, not the whole, only those who were in sympathy with the prophet himself, and were working

heart and soul with him to encourage the exiles and confirm them in their hope of speedy restoration to their beloved land. xlii. 18-25, the Ebed-Jahve is again Israel as a whole, but he and his people as they presented themselves to the prophet at the beginning of his ministry. In xliii. 5-15, the Ebed-Jahve is the emigrant portion of Israel going forth to occupy Jerusalem and Judah. This section of M. Halévy's study is extremely interesting, and the emendations he suggests to give lucidity to the text in the obscure parts are ingenious, plausible, and of course scholarly. In his next article here he reproduces for the readers of the *Revue* the fragment of Ecclesiasticus recovered and published by Professor Schechter after Cowley and Neubauer had issued the fragments they had edited. After giving the Hebrew text the writer gives a translation of it, and follows that by a thorough critical examination of it, in which its faults are all exposed, and numerous suggestions made as to the form the text must have been presented at first. The Syriac version's help is here invoked, and all the light it sheds on that original form made use of. Here are some of the conclusions to which M. Halévy comes. The text from which the Greek translation was made, belonged to a class that was very faulty. The copies differed from the original in many ways. Ben Sira's copy was distinguished by the frequent substitution of letters and words for others; and by suppression and addition of entire phrases. He was badly qualified, too, for the task he undertook, and was not very honest about his ignorance. When his knowledge failed him he made up for it by conjectures, and he did not even scruple to alter the text before him when it went against his own personal views.—M. Perruchon continues his 'Notes pour l'histoire d'Ethiopie contemporaine,' which have, as an appendix, a contribution on the same subject from the pen of F. M. Esteves Pereira.—Other short papers from M. Halévy's pen are on 'Les mots significatifs "boulanger" en Babylonien' and 'Ex-voto sabeens relatifs aux purifications.'—Part of the Bibliographie is also furnished by M. Perruchon. The rest of it is by M. Perruchon.

REVUE CELTIQUE (July).—This number opens with the first of a series of papers by M. E. Ernault, entitled—'Of the Mystery of St. Guénolé.' The present instalment deals with the MSS., editions, and various philological questions arising out of the text of this ancient Breton Mystery.—Dr. W. G. Stokes continues his valuable transcript and translation of the Rawlinson text of the Amra Choluimb Chille.—M. Philipon contributes a note on the limits of the city of Ambarri.—Mr. J. Strachan continues his discussions on

‘Final Vowels in the Felire Oenguso.’—There follows upon this an article by M. G. Dottin, with the title—‘Studies of Irish Phonetics.’ The present paper is, as we need scarcely say, an instalment.—Mr. W. A. Craigie contributes the text of the tract *Cairpre Cindchait* and the *Athach Tuatha* from the Edinburgh MS., which is older than the versions of the Book of Ballymote and the Book of Lismore, though the details of the story are the same.—In the *Bibliographie* a series of critical remarks is begun on the *Wortschatz der Keltischen Spracheinheit* of Dr. Whitley Stokes, with the additions of Bezenberger.—The *Chronique* is as usual full of notes interesting to students. The same remark must be made also in respect to the section devoted to periodicals.

#### HOLLAND.

DE GIDS (August).—‘Algerian Impressions’ by Anna Ekker are vivid, and intelligently written.—‘A Debt of Honour’ by T. C. Van Deventer refers to the mother country’s past treatment of her Indian colonies and to the need of making reparation for having drained them of their wealth for so long without doing anything for them. Now that revenue from coffee and opium is declining so much, and colonial debt steadily increasing, the time has come to pay the debt, and not only the Dutch but even the natives out there are beginning to insist upon it. It should be done quickly by remitting certain taxes, by giving practical help in the development of these countries as England does for India, and so on.—‘The Three Electra’s,’ Polak concludes his long study on this classic theme.—The rest of the number is taken up with a study of Goethe by Byvanck (continued in Sept. and Oct.) and a review of two French minor poets, Georges Rodenbach and Stéphane Mellarmé.—(Sept.)—‘Frederic, a Dramatic Fragment,’ by Frans Mijssen consists of a clever dialogue between a young husband and wife. A year with her husband has proved to her that he is a thorough egoist, and the moment is chosen when he provokes her into telling what she has discovered and how she despises him.—‘Cats,’ by Prof. Kalf (continued in Oct.) is an attempt to give a true estimate of old Father Cats, the Calvinist poet, whose unbounded popularity in the seventeenth century got him a firm place in Dutch affections. Nowadays he is scoffed at and even blamed for training the Dutch into commonplace in their ideas, yet not altogether deservedly. A poet he is, not of the kind to be forgotten but next door and far-off from great.—‘Treatment of Criminal Lunatics by the State,’ Dr. L. S. Meijer who has

visited lunatic prisons in other countries and made a special study of the subject, comes to the conclusion that it is a mistake to mass criminal lunatics in one institution. He recommends the building of an annex to the ordinary prison where criminals can be placed in the first place for observation, and then treated in any exceptional way that is necessary. Doctors skilled in psychiatry should visit them, not the ordinary prison doctor only. When cured they should be sent for probation to an ordinary asylum, and if the cure holds, should be set free.—‘With an eye to India (Dutch) also’—a writer from Pekin tries to rouse the Dutch to take advantage of the present crisis for getting trade advantages in China, etc.—‘Grandmother Renske,’ by Cyriel Buysse—a picturesque sketch of an old body and her granddaughter, not without pathos.—Tutein Nolthenius writes ‘concerning an American novel’—wit, Westcott’s ‘David Harum.’—Mrs. G. H. Marius gives appreciative notice of the lately deceased painter, Jacob Maris.—(October.)—G. F. Haspels has the first place with a striking little romance, ‘The Love of Eerwaarde’ or ‘The Reverence’—that being the title given to the young lady by the peasants of Texel. Her lover is in Vlieland, and there is driving across the strait and boating among the islands; but in spite of romantic surroundings the girl tires of him, as she did of a former lover, finding him unworthy, and in the end her love finds an object in a bastard child of a Vlieland gentleman which she adopts.—‘Young Turkey,’ Prof. Van Den Berg, shows exceptional knowledge of parts in Turkey, and he is disposed to take this strangely compounded one more seriously than is usually done.—‘The Great Lock-out in Denmark,’ by Margaretha Meiboom, gives a graphic account of this great strike, which ended in a victory being claimed by both masters and workmen; but in reality it leaves things much as they were, but with the addition of embittered feelings.

**THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT** (September).—The number opens with a paper entitled ‘God,’ which attempts to construct a notion of God out of the modern philosophy in which ‘will’ is the ultimate substance. Deity is reached in this way. From the individual will we rise to the will of a number of persons and so to the joint will of always larger groups till we come to the joint will of mankind for its own progress. God is the moral ideal of mankind conceived religiously and in relation to the ground of the universe. ‘Thus God is thought as world-will, and the development of the world as the evolution

of the divine will and activity. As the will of the nation overbears that of the individual or of a group of individuals, so the world-will is greater than all particular wills whatever, and omnipotence is rightly ascribed to it. The last paragraph of the paper shows how Christianity in its purest form, stripped of all magic, admits of this conception. God in Christianity is above all representation, he is absolutely transcendent, while the moral ideal must be human and must have taken form in a historical personality who must be not superhuman but human. The writer is Mr. M. H. Lem, of Amsterdam.—A review of the veteran Hoekstra's latest work, his *Godsdienstleer*, accuses him of departing in his old age from the idealism which Holland learned from him in his prime, and of setting up an externally real 'supersensual order of things' for which idealism has no place or need. A very interesting paper by C. T. Zwartendijk, of Hilversum, on the 'Bulla in Coena Domini,' discusses the assertion of the Church historian, Hase, that this bull, in which all Protestants are excommunicated, is no longer read at Rome on White Thursday as it used to be. This assertion is also made by Professor Diendorfer, who writes on the Bull in the new edition of Welter and Weltze's (R.C.) *Kirchenlexicon*. Against this several works recently published and adorned with Episcopal approbation are cited, from which it appears that the Bull in Coena Domini is now replaced by the Bull *Apostolicae Sedis*, in which the general excommunications still in force are enumerated. They extend to apostates, such as have fallen away from God, and to heretics and their adherents and sympathizers; and the Catholic writers give definitions of heresy and of sympathy with heresy which obviously cover the case of followers of Luther and Calvin and all who reject any important Roman Catholic doctrine. Thus, though the name of the bull is changed, its substance remains; and the reading of the excommunicating Bull is not abolished, but takes place when the Pope thinks it desirable. It took place in the Sistine Chapel in 1882.—Prof. Wildeboer reports on the *Palestinian Syriac Lectionary of the Gospels* lately published by Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson. He awards the publication high praise, and in conclusion touches on the critical questions suggested by it. He thinks it better not to try to decide whether the Syrian texts are derived from Tatian's *Diatessaron*, but to wait for further light on the question; and as for the language he agrees with Dalman that the Syriac of Church use can help very little in determining the language spoken by Christ and his Apostles.—There is notice of a number of pamphlets be-



longing to a controversy now being waged in Holland between Protestant and R.C. writers as to Peter's primacy at Rome and the meaning of the text, Matthew xvi. 18.

#### DENMARK.

AARBØGER FOR NORDISK OLDKYNDIGHED OG HISTORIE (V XIV., Part 1).—Dr. Kålund has an article on 'The Icelandic Lögberg,' which restates in a clear form the arguments hitherto brought forward against the traditional account of the situation of the 'Law-hill.' The assertion that the Lögberg lay on the eastern side of the Thingvellir first appears as a tradition about 1700, and cannot be reconciled with the statements in the sagas, more especially in *Sturlunga Saga*. They all indicate that the Lögberg was on the west side of the river (*Öxar-á*), and those who reject the late tradition are agreed that its site is most probably to be found in a small eminence on the side of the great lava-cleft known as *Almanna-gjá*. But Dr. Kålund adds little or nothing to his earlier views on the subject (in his *Typography of Iceland*, 1877; the English reader may compare Vigfusson's edition of the *Sturlunga Saga* Vol. II., p. 505). The remainder of the article deals with some passages in the code of laws known as *Grágás*, in which the time of day is indicated by such phrases as 'when the sun is on the western cliffs.' Dr. Kålund endeavours to show that this means about 2.30 P.M. A closing paragraph refers to the changing of the course of *Öxar-á*, which was intentionally done so that the stream might flow through the Thingvellir as a striking proof of the importance which the old Icelanders attached to their yearly place of assembly.—In an article 'Churches as Places of Defence,' Emil Ekhoﬀ (writing in Swedish) brings out several interesting points. Previous writers on the subject, he says, have only shown that such churches could be defended against assailants, and have not proved that they were built to serve as strongholds. For a mediæval fortress one of the first necessities was a projecting gallery, from which the underlying door or other weak parts could be defended. These galleries usually rested on wooden beams, which extended right through the walls, and were often movable, so that they might be drawn in when required. An examination of various Swedish and Danish churches has convinced Hr. Ekhoﬀ that they were constructed to carry such galleries, and therefore were really intended as places of defence. The battlemented walls of many of them point to the same conclusion. The arguments are very

ingenious, and the illustrations show great acuteness of observation. The view that the church-tower was primarily meant for defensive purposes has much in its favour, and the whole spirit of mediæval Europe involved a combination of war and religion which might well be embodied in the fortifying of churches. Our own authorities on church-architecture might do worse than give some consideration to the views expressed in this article: the question certainly requires further discussion before it can be settled either way.—(Part 2).—In ‘The See of Lund and Bishop Herman,’ Dr. Sophus Larsen makes an interesting contribution to Scandinavian Church history. First he gives an account of the somewhat obscure reasons which led the Pope to reduce the power of the Archbishop of Bremen by erecting the new See of Lund in the year 1103. The victory for Denmark was not so absolute as it seemed to be at first, for thirty years later Bremen had its former authority restored by Pope Innocent. Lund, however, supported by the Danish king, refused to surrender its newly-acquired independence, and in the struggle that followed the Archbishop found his best supporter in one of his canons, Herman by name, whose combative temper had prevented his success in his own Germany, and later on led him into serious troubles in Denmark. For Lund’s interests, however, he proved of great service, and the See again received full papal recognition in 1139. The later portion of the article deals with Herman’s tombstone, which still exists in the Cathedral at Lund. The inscription is much defaced, but by the help of a copy made in last century, the greater part of it can still be deciphered:—

Præsulis Hermanni . . . . . anni  
 Cui sine fine diem det Deus et requiem  
 Orbita celestis, et vitæ fulgida vestis  
 Assint Hermanno longævo temporis anno.

After a careful examination of what can still be traced in the lacuna, Dr. Larsen proposes to read the first line thus:—

Præsulis Hermanni *Angli membra, ortu Alamanni.*

But as the monkish poet has no elisions in the remaining three lines of the inscription, it seems somewhat unsafe to attribute to him no less than two (and a hiatus) in the first. There is more satisfaction in the appended note on the date of Svend Estridsen’s death, for which Dr. Larsen accepts April 28, 1074, as certainly correct.

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

BIBLIOTHÈQUE UNIVERSELLE ET REVUE SUISSE (August).—The first place in this number is given to an article by M. Numa Droz, in which he gives an interesting account, based on inedited MSS., of Charles Monnard and of the part he played in the Franco-Swiss conflict of 1838. In the course of the article the author writes of the causes which have made Switzerland a home for political exiles, and of the influence these have had upon the Swiss.—M. Adolphe Ribaux follows with an able article, partly historical and partly descriptive, on Capri. M. Ribaux is of opinion that the Phœnicians were the first inhabitants of the island. He gives a description of its two towns or villages, and writes interestingly of the features of this famous and charming islands physical and otherwise.—To English readers probably the most attractive piece in the number will prove to be M. P. Martel's contribution under the title 'The English Sub-marine Cables.' A couple of sentences will show the drift of the article: 'Thanks to that vast network which she has gradually laid down on the floor of the oceans and of which London is the centre, her Colonial empire is assured of a sufficient cohesion and will be able in the day of danger to utilise all the resources of her fleets and of her arsenals. And still more: this command of the bottom of the seas has something exclusive about it, and it is no exaggeration to say that the telegraphic communication of the world constitutes for England a sort of monopoly. Without doubt the possession or control of certain strategical points situated along the chief routes of navigation has facilitated for her the installation of these cables, and at the same time preventing other colonial nations from undertaking similar enterprises, but there where the concurrence might have been possible, England has stepped in with her habitual decision and perseverance, and it is she who now holds in her hands almost all the lines by which Europe is connected with the other parts of the world.'—M. F. Dumur concludes his papers on Gottfried Keller.—M. Ed. Tallichet, the editor, contributes to this number a pleasantly written article on the Publishers' Congress held in London in June last, and of which Mr. John Murray was the President.—The number closes with the usual Chroniques.—(September).—M. Edmond Rossier begins this number with an article on 'Finland,' in which he writes of the treatment that province of the Russian empire has received and is still receiving at the hands of the Tsar Nicolas II.—Over the signature of Mary Bigot we have an

interestingly written article bearing the title 'The Life of Women in America.'—The article on Charles Monnard and the Franco-Swiss Conflict of 1838 is continued.—Other continued articles are 'Capri' by M. A. Ribaux, and the English Submarine Cables.—M. Auguste Glardon returns to the Central African question again, basing his remarks this time on the recently published narratives of MM. Bertrand and Coillard.—A set of instructive Chroniques close the number.—(October).—M. Edmond Plauchut, who has spent many years in the Phillipine Islands, and has a large acquaintance with their affairs, contributes the first instalment of what promises to be an extremely instructive and trenchant series of articles on those unfortunate islands. On the first of his pages he says: 'We shall make known the causes of the iniquitous war which the free people of the United States are making upon another people who, after delivering themselves from the Spanish yoke, as the Americans delivered themselves from the yoke of the English, wish like them, to be independent.' He then proceeds to describe the geographical features of the islands and to detail the causes of the war.—M. M. Delines follows with an article under the heading 'Dramatic Music in Russia.'—M. I. Grünberg discusses the question of the colonisation of Palestine by the Jews.—An article by M. F. F. Roget with the title 'John Knox, the Scottish Reformer, and Geneva,' is based on Mr. Hume Brown's book.—The editor writes on the Dreyfus case.—In the political Chronique the Transvaal question is referred to. The writer of the chronique does not profess to have thoroughly studied the question, but remarks 'We regard the morality of the English government as infinitely superior to that of the government of Pretoria.'—Each of the three numbers contains the usual supply of light reading.

*S W E D E N.*

THE ARKIV FÖR NORDISK FILOLOGI (Record of Northern Philology).—No. 4 of the 11th volume opens with a paper on 'Studies on Ancient Northern Vocalisation.'—To this succeeds a critique on a book or treatise, lately published in London, on 'Hamlet in Iceland,' in which, Dr. Olrik, the author of two interesting treatises, discusses whence Saxo drew the materials of his poem, more especially in his 3rd and 4th book.—(Vol. XII.)—No. 1 contains, first, a long article by Professor Bugge, giving a narrative of the life of Harold Fairhair during his earlier life, and before his accession to the throne of Norway.—This is succeeded by an article by O. Klockhoff, on the folk verses regarding King Didrik and his Warriors. This long

and in its own way interesting criticism, extends to no less than fifty-eight pages.—The next article is by H. K. Fridrikson, and is a critique of a verse from the *Volundar Kvitha*, viii. 1-2.—The number concludes with two criticisms, the first by August Gebhart, on the 'Order of Words in Old Northern Prose,' by Ludvig Bernstein, an English academical treatise, from New York Columbia University. The second by A. B. Larson, 'Short Explanations of Danish Dialects,' with illustrations by Valdemar Benniker and Marius Kristenson.

#### G R E E C E .

ATHENA (Vol. XI, Pt. 2, 1899).—G. N. Hatzidaki resumes his discussion of the 'Hellenism of the Macedonians,' and adduces a mass of phonetic evidence to show that their language was really a Greek dialect, distinct from the Thracian and Illyrian languages.—Other notes by the same scholar deal with some modern orthographic innovations, and the ancient pronunciation of *g*.—M. Pantazês defends his recent Platonic studies against German criticisms.—The k. Basês continues his 'Roman Questions.'—(Vol. XI, Pt. 3).—I. Matzâs publishes a collection of inscriptions from Euboea—Papadoulos-Kerameus' recent edition of the letters of the Patriarch Photios from Athos MSS., furnishes occasion for a large number of emendations by the k. Papageorgiou.—G. N. Hatzidaki contributes on various philological matters.—M. Pantazês discusses the teaching of 'Literature.'—Both numbers contain several mathematical papers by I. N. Hatzidaki.

#### A M E R I C A .

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW (July).—The first article in this number is from the pen of Mr. Carl E. Boyd, and treats of the 'County of Illinois,' a vast extent of country to the west of the river Ohio, which is now divided among five of the United States, but was formerly claimed, and in a way ruled by Virginia. Mr. Boyd gives an account of its organisation and of such government as it had down to the end of the last century, when the authority of Virginia over it came to an end.—Under the title—'Hidalgo and Morelos,' Mr. H. C. Lea contributes an article connected with his special studies. Hidalgo was the first to raise the standard of opposition to the Inquisition in Mexico, and in the words of Mr. Lea, the chief 'Morelos occupies, with Hidalgo, the foremost place in the Mexican Valhalla.' Mr. Lea gives an account of the origin, life, and fate of both.—Mr. J. W. Caldwell writes on John Bell, who served in the

Senate of Tennessee continuously for twelve years, and had much to do with directing the policy of that State during the civil war.—Mr. J. F. Rhodes follows with a contribution, entitled—'The Battle of Gettysburg.'—The Section 'Documents' contains a collection of highly interesting and valuable papers, belonging to the Merchant Venturers of Bristol, and referring to the early attempts made from that city to establish colonies. Mr. Miller Christy, who sends the documents, contributes an good introduction to them.—Among the books reviewed are Fisher's *Medieval Empire*, Hume's *Burghley*, Sir W. Anson's *Duke of Grafton*, Parker's *Sir Robert Peel*, and the Countess Cesaresco's *Cavour*. The number is well supplied with news acceptable to students of history.

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## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

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*The Spirit and the Incarnation in the Light of Scripture, Science, and Practical Need.* By the Rev. W. L. WALKER. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1899.

Dissatisfied with the Unitarian doctrines respecting the Person and Work of our Lord, or with what he terms the 'Christian-Theistic Position,' Mr. Walker turned to a re-examination of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Faith, and after twenty-five years of thought he has here given us the results at which he arrived, and, if we mistake not, the various lines of reasoning along which these results were reached. His work takes the shape of a learned and elaborate discussion of the two great doctrines of the Holy Spirit and of the Incarnation. In the case of each doctrine Mr. Walker takes as his starting point the Scriptures of the New Testament, selecting and interpreting their utterances as they bear upon his subjects, and then considering them in the light of history and experience and in relation to the requirements of human nature and human reason. His work may be said therefore to divide itself into two parts, having for their respective subjects the doctrine of the Holy Spirit and the doctrine of the Incarnation. Fundamentally, Mr. Walker is in agreement with the Universal Church. Here and there one meets with a phrase which appears somewhat contradictory, but on comparison with other statements it turns out to be a defect in statement, rather than in doctrine. If there is any weakness in the volume, it is on the side of exposition. Mr. Walker's belief in the two great dogmas in which he dwells is full and unquestioning, while his treatment of them is always reverent and scriptural, and as a rule, luminous and practical. The work is practical rather than speculative, and bears witness of its origin in the practical needs of the writer. In the first part his aim is to answer the question: 'What was the great distinctive thing in Christianity as it went forth as a religion into the world?' or 'What was it that constituted that new, saving, spiritual power which no one can doubt it proved itself to be?' And the answer he gives is 'The Spirit of Christ Jesus.' This he regards as the distinguishing feature between the old and the new dispensations, and as the *new* element introduced into the world. The idea is scarcely so new as Mr. Walker seems to regard it, having been long ago insisted upon by a number of theologians. Mr. Walker, however, brings much new thought to the discussion of it and puts the subject in such a way as will doubtless be helpful to many. In the course of the discussion, he sets forth his theory of the Atonement, which in some respects is on entirely new lines. He also discusses the question why it was requisite that the 'new element' should be given through Christ Jesus. The doctrine of the Incarnation is treated by Mr. Walker from the Alexandrian and Hegelian points of view. His view respecting the prologue to the Fourth Gospel and Greek influences is scarcely satisfactory, but on the whole the treatment of the Logos doctrine has much to commend it. Objections which have been urged against the doctrine of the Incarnation and the difficulties which suggest themselves, are treated with great fairness and with acuteness. Modern

thought is brought in to assist in the elucidation of the doctrine, and much help is given to the understanding of it. The work, in short, has much to commend it, and is rich in spiritual and scriptural thought.

*The Bible for Home Reading.* Edited with Comments and Reflections for the use of Jewish Parents and Children by C. G. MONTEFIORE. Second Part. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1899.

This second part of Mr. Montefiore's work contains selections from the Wisdom literature, the Prophets, the Psalms, and from the Apocrypha. The principle on which the selections have been made and arranged is the same as was adopted in the first part, and the purpose in view is the same, except that the comments and reflections are suitable for boys and girls over rather than under sixteen years of age. The volume is divided into five sections. An introductory chapter treats of Jewish history and literature from 430 to 130 B.C. Here the fortunes of the Jews under the Persians and Alexander and his successors are traced, and the influence of the foundation of Alexandria, of the institution of the great synagogue and of Greece are briefly referred to. In the first section the selections are taken from the books of Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus, Job and Ecclesiastes. The second contains selections from the Prophets—from Amos, Hosea, Isaiah i-xii. and xxviii-xxxiii., and again from chapters xxiv-xxvii., and lastly from Joel. Section three is headed 'Religious Tales,' and contains selections from the books of Esther and Jonah. The next section contains selections from the book of Psalms, which are arranged as psalms of prayer, of happy communion with God, of thanksgiving, pilgrimage, royal psalms, didactic psalms, psalms in praise of the law and psalms of praise. The fifty-first psalm has a chapter to itself. In the fifth and last section we have extracts from the literature of, and relating to, the Maccabean period, to which the book of Daniel is assigned. As will be readily inferred from the above arrangement, Mr. Montefiore has called in to his assistance the leaders of the most advanced school of Old Testament criticism, and to a very large extent adopted the results they have arrived at. The date of the whole of the passages selected is placed not earlier in their present form than 430 B.C. The whole of the Wisdom Literature as we now have it, and in its largest bulk, is regarded as the product of the post-exilic or even of the post-Nehemian age. Of the Book of Job, it is said, 'it was assuredly written before Ben Sira, and it was probably written after Nehemiah;' that is, between 400 and 200 B.C. The selections from the Prophets are in like manner treated as the work of post-exilic editors. Of the one hundred and fifty psalms comprised in the Psalter, Mr. Montefiore selects one hundred and twenty-one, and gives almost the whole of them in their entirety, and regards them as products of the same period. In all this, of course, he is occupying a critical position which is by no means unfamiliar. At the same time the position is not precisely assured. To take but one example—the Psalms. The editor has the support of several well-known names of great authority, but their position as to the post-exilic date of the great majority of the Psalms has recently had very grave and serious doubts thrown upon it by the very able criticisms of Professor Robertson, whose objections to their theory have still to be answered. But assuming the dates to be correct, there can be no two opinions as to the skill with which the passages have been selected and arranged. Here and there quite a fresh light has been thrown upon some of the passages. This is especially the case in the section devoted to the Wisdom literature



where the passages have been arranged according to their subject. The comments and reflections are, as in the former volume, very frequently exceedingly suggestive, and the reader, whether he accept the critical positions Mr. Montefiore has adopted or not, cannot rise from the perusal of his volume without feeling that many passages of the Scriptures which were before obscure have been made intelligible, and that others have acquired for him a larger and deeper meaning.

*The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy.* By the Right Hon. F. MAX MÜLLER, K.M., etc. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1899.

The six systems which are here more or less elaborately analysed are the Vedanta or Uttara-Mimamsa, the Purva-Mimamsa, the Samkhya-Philosophy, the Yoga-Philosophy, the Nyaya and Vaisesika Philosophies. The later Vedanta system has been passed over not because it is merely, as it is sometimes regarded, a determination of the old philosophy, but for the reasons that the materials for its examination and study are easily accessible, and that the aim of the author is to give an account of the older systems from which the more modern system has been in a measure, though by no means exclusively derived. Before proceeding, however, to the formal discussion of his subject, Mr. Max Müller, in a series of three introductory chapters, treats of a great variety of topics, all of which are intimately connected with the history of Indian philosophy. These chapters, though the topics discussed in them are not new, but have most, if not all, of them been treated by the author before in one or more of his publications, are among the most attractive in the volume, and to the general reader as well as to the theologian and student of human thought, will probably prove of the greatest interest. While writing these chapters the author has frequently had the Greeks and their philosophy before his mind, and his very first point is to show that while in Greece the history of philosophy is inseparable from the history of philosophers, in India it has been otherwise. There, while the work has remained and continues to live, and abundant materials exist for watching the origin and growth of philosophical ideas, hardly anything is known respecting the lives or characters of those who originated the ideas or supported the systems to which they belong. The first literature of India Mr. Müller points out was mnemonic, and though the study of Indian philosophy must begin with the Sutras, these Sutras themselves, he remarks, must be considered as the last outcome of a long and continued philosophical activity carried on by memory only. Behind these, however, are the Upanishads, but even these contain too many technical terms to allow of the supposition that they were the products of one day or of one generation. Indian philosophy was before the Upanishads, and the original springs of that vast accumulation of religious and philosophic thought to the existence of which they bear witness and of which they seem themselves to be the last remnants, are lost. Closely connected with the question of the origin of Indian philosophy is that of the intellectual condition of the country. On this Mr. Max Müller has some extremely instructive pages, though he still writes as if addressing an incredulous public, unwilling to believe the plainest evidence of literature, and disposed, or rather with its mind and thought made up, to believe that the old literature of India was written a couple of thousand years ago with the express intention of deceiving subsequent generations of readers by giving notes and indications of intellectual

and social conditions which did not exist. Such incredulity or scepticism or whatever else it may be called, there can be little doubt, has passed away. Thanks to the labours of well-nigh innumerable scholars, not a few of whom have derived their inspiration from our author, there is a disposition among all classes to look fairly at whatever historical evidence may be adduced in regard to Indian life and thought, and to treat it with the respect due to it. From the evidence given here and elsewhere there can be no doubt that from very early times the Aryan population of India were in the habit of turning their attention to religious and philosophic thought, and that the habit was so widely practised as to justify the old saying that the Indians are a nation of philosophers. This, as is well known, was true in the time of Buddha and Asoka ; it was equally true of the more remote period when Ganaka listened to Yagnavalkya, and the latter disputed with Artabhāga. Philosophic discussions, or discussion on the great problems of existence were taken part in by all classes. Kings often presided over them, and women claimed the right to be heard in the then philosophical assemblies. 'As far back as we can trace the history of thought in India,' says Mr. Max Müller when summing up his elaborate argument, 'from the time of King Harsha to the Buddhist pilgrims, back to the descriptions found in the Mahābhārata, the testimonies of the Greek invaders, the minute account of the Buddhists in their Tripitaka, and in the end of the Upanishads themselves, and the hymns of the Veda, we are met everywhere by the same picture, a society in which spiritual interests predominate and throw all material interests into the shade, a world of thinkers, a nation of philosophers.' In a notable chapter on the Vedas he treats of a variety of theological topics. Among others he traces the development of monotheism and the logos doctrine, and examines the significance of a number of terms used in Indian philosophic literature to denote the Supreme Being. Many pages are devoted to the consideration of the connection between Greece and India and the relations in which their philosophies stood to each other. Weber's idea that the Alexandrian Logos idea had no Greek antecedents in Greek philosophy but was influenced by the Vedic Vak is controverted, and Professor Müller expresses his belief that while every indication of a possible intercourse between Greeks and Hindus in ancient as well as in modern times has been carefully noted and strongly urged of late, nothing beyond mere possibilities of exchange of religious and philosophical ideas between Greece and India, particularly in ancient times, has been established. Of the accounts which Mr. Müller gives of the different systems of philosophy, all we can say here is that the aim has been to meet as far as possible the wants of the student and the demand for a book dealing with the subject in a popular way. To the student of Indian thought the book will prove extremely valuable, while others who may take up the volume will find in it much instruction as to the early thoughts of men respecting the great problems of life and as to the way in which they sought to solve them, together with the conclusions to which they were led.

*Christian Missions and Social Progress : A Sociological Study of Foreign Missions.* By the Rev. JAMES S. DENNIS, D.D.  
Vols. I-II. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revill Company. 1898.

These two volumes have been developed out of six lectures which the author delivered some years ago before several of the Universities or Divinity Schools of America. They contain between them nearly a

thousand closely-printed octavo pages, and the work is not yet finished there is still another volume in hand which, as we gather from a note, to be issued in April next. At first sight one is disposed to think that Dr. Dennis has allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion and to compel that the space he has given to his subject is inordinate; but the deeper one goes into his volumes the more one realises the greatness of the task he is accomplishing and the remarkably informing character of his work. The title he has given to it we must candidly own seems to us a little too ambitious. Admitting that his volumes are a 'Sociological Study of Foreign Missions' (though we are in doubt about it), the subject he has chosen, or rather with which he deals, is not Christian Missions or the missions of the entire Christian Church, but the missions among the heathen of only a part of the Christian Church. Of the foreign missions of the Catholic and Greek and some other churches Dr. Dennis, while acknowledging the great value of the work they have done, does not treat and, far as we can gather, he has no intention of treating of them. The effect of this omission is to render his work as a treatise on Christian Missions and Social Progress incomplete and imperfect, and to lessen its value as a Sociological study. The missions of the Catholic Church are the oldest its records are not hard to find, and some of the great names upon whose pages are among the brightest that have appeared in the history of Christian missionary effort. But in point of fact Dr. Dennis deals only with the Protestant Missions, and his work, notwithstanding its quasi-philosophical title, is less philosophical than historical, and is practically an account of the great social and moral difficulties which missionaries in foreign and heathen lands have to combat, with a narrative and description of some of their most conspicuous successes and a forecast of what may be expected as the growing and final results. Regarded from this point of view the work is one of great value, and deserves the success it appears to have met with on the other side of the Atlantic. Dr. Dennis has brought Scripture and history behind him when he asserts that Christianity is a divine power introduced into humanity for the purpose of transforming men's characters and assimilating them to the divine. He is on equally safe ground when he maintains that it is not contented with merely effecting a change in men's beliefs or opinions, but demands the complete purification of their entire life with the substitution in all its departments of self-sacrifice for God and man for selfishness and indifference. From a sociological point of view, the second lecture is extremely valuable. It contains an immense collection of facts respecting the moral and social condition of the non-Christian peoples. Many of the facts are of course not new, but Dr. Dennis has gathered with these a multitude of others from a very wide field, and put them together in a very handy form. Valuable also from the same point of view, as well as from that of Christian religion, are the fourth and fifth lectures, in which an account is given of many of the chief results of Protestant Missions in most parts of the world, and of the agencies at work under the guidance of Europe for the development of a higher social and religious life. Lecture three may be taken as an excellent vindication of Christianity as a mission religion. Dr. Dennis passes in review the other efforts which have been made to reform and regenerate, and in doing so strengthens the position he takes up that Christianity is alone capable of coping with the evils of humanity and of restoring it to a free and noble life. The sixth lecture is not concluded in the two volumes before us. Here Dr. Dennis points out the way in which Christianity has contributed to social progress, and takes the brightest view as to the ultimate result. Altogether the work is of vast erudition and great interest. It tells the story of a great movement

carried on from many points and concentrated to one end. If it records much that is dark and loathsome in human life, it records also much that is best and noblest and most enduring in the efforts of the present.

Η ΜΟΝΗ ΔΑΦΝΙΟΥ (*The Monastery of Daphni after Restoration*). By GEORGIOS LAMPAKÉS, Lecturer on Christian Archæology in the National University. Athens: A. Konstantides. 1899.

Ten years ago Mr. Lampakés published a full historical and archæological account of the church of the Daphni Monastery, near Athens, in the hope of providing some memorial, in prospect of the ruin which then seemed inevitable. Fortunately his and others' representations took effect, and in 1892 steps towards restoration were taken. These restorations, however, were not entirely successful. The old dome, with its characteristic flat arc and covering of ancient tiles, has been replaced by one somewhat common-place in design and material; while the mosaics were intrusted to an Italian artist, who, unacquainted either with Greek characters or Greek symbolism, has made some deplorable mistakes. To take an example, the prophets about the dome have been shifted a place round, with the result that Moses is now the last and David the first. Mr. Lampakés adduces further evidence in favour of his contention that the church was built in the tenth century. The figure of our Lord on the dome is modelled after a figure found, according to M. Sabatier, on the coins of those emperors in whose reigns there were victories over the Bulgarians. The author is inclined to connect the founding of this church with the visit of Basil II. to Athens after his great victory over the Bulgars. During the Western occupation the monastery passed into the hands of the Cistercians. The greater part of the book is occupied by a description of the magnificent series of mosaics which adorn the interior of the church. Mr. Lampakés has also prefixed a large number of *testimonia* in favour of his former work, some of which, as, for instance, the letter from his Holiness the Patriarch of Antioch, contain interesting notes on the archæological possibilities of the Levant.

*Philadelphia: The Place and People.* By AGNES REPPLIER. Illustrations. Loudon: Macmillan & Co. 1898.

The Quaker city of the West has had a somewhat eventful history, more eventful, indeed, than any other of the American cities can boast, with the possible exception of Boston, and the story of it will always retain an interest for British as well as for American readers. Though often told, it is doubtful whether it has ever before been told with the same grace and sprightliness and pictorial effect as it has had the good fortune to be told in Miss Repplier's volume. Whether the Muse of History will own and adopt it as her own, is hard to say. As a rule she moves with stately and majestic step and is often of an austere temper, and Miss Repplier's pen is so swift and bright and light hearted, that we fear lest her pages should be frowned upon as wanting in gravity and sombre decorum. The clear, bright Philadelphian sun plays everywhere upon her pages. Here and there bright flashes of humour are struck out of them, and a spirit of gaiety and liveliness pervades the volume, which one rarely meets with in the solid tomes of historical learning. Yet the book is a serious one—eminently

serious, and though it tells the story of the city of brotherly love lightly, it tells it earnestly and with a due respect for learning. Brightness, however, is the main characteristic of its pages. Nor on the whole is the history of the city one over which the Philadelphians have any need to look grave. There have been unpleasant passages in it no doubt, and Miss Repplier makes no attempt to make them appear less unpleasant than they were, but the history of the city has been one of quiet and steady, and were it not that the growth of many American cities has been marked with quite as great, if not a greater, prosperity, we should say marvellous progress. Great events have happened within its walls, and a number of men whose names will live in American history have had their residence within it. At the same time, it was the scene of much bickering and intolerance. Penn's broad views of religious tolerance found little sympathy among the early settlers, and his keenest disappointments were brought about by those whose lasting gratitude he had hoped to win and ought to have had. Of Penn himself Miss Repplier has naturally much to say, as also of Franklin and many other Philadelphian notabilities. The 'childhood' of the Quaker city, its growth, its efforts after culture and learning, the doings of its Assembly and of the Anglicans of Christ's Church, the inroads of the Indians, the part which the city played in the war of Independence, and again in the civil war—all these and many other things are lightly but brilliantly described in Miss Repplier's pages. Nor is the social and domestic life of the city in its early years neglected. The hints thrown out on these points are suggestive. The prisons in Third and High Streets were not finished till 1722, but here is how the offenders of the time were accommodated and dealt with. "A cage seven foot high, seven foot long, and seven foot broad" was constructed for the evil doer, who dwelt temporarily therein, like a monkey at the Zoo. being taken out with due formality to be 'smartly whipped'—perhaps for selling drink to Indians, perhaps for watering the white man's rum, both of them offences of which the law took special cognizance. Twenty shillings was the fine imposed for working on the Sabbath day, ten shillings for being drunk on the Sabbath day, and twelve pence for smoking upon the streets on any day of the week. In 1702 George Robinson, a butcher, was fined for 'uttering two very bad curses,' and, for presenting a paper which was deemed disrespectful to the Council, Anthony Weston was whipped in the market-place three days, receiving but ten lashes each day, thus suffering as much ignominy and as little pain as could easily be held together. It is well to remember, however, that these public whippings were charged for at the exorbitant rate of six shillings each, and that the offender was compelled to pay for the unwelcome service done him.—a touch of ironical thrift which fully justifies Lamb's admiration for the latent humour of Quakers. Could Anthony Weston have taken his thirty lashes at once, he would have been far easier in mind, and full twelve shillings richer.' Imaginary crimes caused little excitement in the community. The Quaker colonist was a devout believer in witchcraft, and passed laws against it, but hanged no witch. Play-acting, however, he could not abide, at least officially, and many were the curious shifts to which strolling players had recourse in order to draw a house. One old-fashioned notion Miss Repplier dissipates. 'We think of Quakers now,' she writes, 'as clad perpetually in sober drab, with close bonnets or broad-brimmed hats; but for many years after the founding of Philadelphia they wore no exclusive costumes, contenting themselves with avoiding, in a general way, the allurements of fashion and finery. Hence the stern warnings and sharp reproofs directed from time to time against those daughters of Eve who yearned after fancy fig-leaves, who let their hair stray wantonly over their brows, or sought to widen

their modest petticoats with the seductive crinoline. As Thomas Chalkley vigorously but vainly remarked, "If Almighty God should make a woman in the same Shape her hoop makes her, Everybody would say truly it was monstrous; so according to this they make themselves Monsters by art." Nor were the female Friends averse to glowing colours, remembering perhaps Penn's sky-blue sash which gave them warrant for their weakness. Their silk aprons rivalled the rainbow, and not infrequently their gowns were of red or green, instead of that dove-like hue which Whittier loved and praised.' . . . 'There is ample evidence to show that the scarlet cloaks so popular in provincial England (who does not remember poor ill-fated Sylvia's?) found their way over the ocean and created much disturbance among the sober-minded and austere. That one of these gay garments 'almost new, with a double cape,' was stolen from Franklin's house in 1750, proves that the philosopher did not seek to restrain the natural longing of wife and daughter for the shining dress booths of Vanity Fair.' Miss Repplier brings her sketch down to the present day, and whether we regard her volume as an essay or as a history, it is thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end.

*The History of Fettercairn: a Parish of the County of Kincardine.* Illustrations. By ARCHD. COWIE CAMERON, A.M., LL.D. Paisley: J. & R. Parlane. 1899.

The parish and village of Fettercairn, in Kincardineshire, lie at the foot of the Eastern Grampians, upon the high road between Aberdeen and the south, and have found a very capable historian in Dr. Cameron, who for over forty years was schoolmaster in the village. Dr. Cameron is not a native of the parish, but writes with subdued enthusiasm, with the care and accuracy of a scholar, and not without a certain amount of pawkiness and humour. The parish is not one that stands out very distinctly in the annals of the country, and the history of it has been hardly more than ordinarily eventful. And yet it is surprising how much Dr. Cameron has found out in connection therewith, and how much of what he has found is worth reading. To begin at the beginning, he doubts whether what are taken as Roman remains can indicate anything more than merely temporary stations or such works as were thrown up for protection while the troops were on the march, but is inclined to the belief that a permanent Roman road once ran through the parish to the Mains of Fordoun. Dr. W. Don is of a different opinion. Dr. Cameron rests his opinion upon the existence of a 'Causewayend,' 'which means,' he says, 'the end of some stone-paved roadway over the adjoining bog, and made, as supposed, only by the Roman legions. The inference may be correct in this instance, but we are afraid that if all ancient 'causewayends' are to be taken as sure signs of Roman roads, some of them will be found in rather inconvenient places. Dr. Cameron is on sure ground when he tells us of the murder of Kenneth III. at Fettercairn in 994 by Fenella. For this he has the authority of Wyntoun. Many of the incidents narrated did not happen exactly within the parish, but in its immediate neighbourhood. William the Lion, however, had a house in the parish, and the Falconers of the parish obtained their name from the fact that they were his hereditary falconers. 'His first hawksman or falconer,' Dr. Cameron writes, 'was progenitor of the noble family of Kintore.' The visit of the Marquess of Montrose in March, 1645, is duly recorded, as well as the occupation by Cromwell's troops of Edzell Castle three years later. Dr. Cameron has also many interesting particulars to relate about the various land-owners and chief

families in the parish, both ancient and modern. Among others he has much to say about the Middletons—especially John Middleton, who after fighting against the King at Edgehill, turned royalist, and at the Restoration was created Earl of Middleton, Claermont, and Fettercairn. Much is also of necessity said about the Gladstones, and of Fasque, the paternal home of Mr. W. E. Gladstone. The parish, indeed, seems to have had a goodly number of men who have risen to fame. Dr. Cameron, however, has much that is of interest to tell about the parish which is neither antiquarian nor historical. Its physical features, topography, population, climate, geology, churches, schools, institutions, roads, bridges, agriculture, meteorology—all these are treated of in an extremely interesting and instructive way. Unpublished letters of Sir Walter Scott are not numerous but Dr. Cameron has managed to secure one for his volume. The book is not a large one, but its intrinsic value is such that it deserves to be issued in a better if even more expensive form.

*The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray.* By LEWIS MELVILLE. 2 vols. Illustrations. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1899.

Sketches, reminiscences, anecdotes, biographical notes, and chapters have been written and printed about Thackeray in abundance, but as yet there is no 'official' Life of him. It is over five and thirty years since he died, and all that time the public has been asking for an authentic account of one who during his lifetime was greatly misunderstood, and whose abilities as a master in fiction and in the use of the English tongue were beginning to be fully appreciated only when he was nearing his end. The reason given, or assumed to be given, for refusing to listen to this request has always seemed to many to be altogether inadequate. Of course, there is always the question whether the reason given or alleged is correct, or whether there are not others of which the public knows nothing, though any such exist, and for our own part we do not suppose they do, except to those who are in the secret, they must always remain of the nature of an insoluble problem. No man's life, we imagine, could better endure the most searching light to be turned upon it, and few be more instructive. But assuming the story usually told to be true, it is sufficiently met by Mr. Lewis Melville when he says:—"I cannot think that Thackeray wished the story of his life to remain unwritten. I think his only desire was that the truth should be told, that all the scars should be painted in the portrait; for he himself liked to read the lives of literary men. "If the secret history of books could be written, and the author's private thoughts not down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader!" he wrote in one of his essays. Besides, the words ascribed to Thackeray, and on which the decision is said to rest, do not forbid a biography, but only one such as he is said to have been reading when he uttered them—one of those fulsome and foolish biographies of which no sensible man has even the remotest desire to the subject. It may be, however that those with whom the decision rests have realised the extreme difficulty which must always attend the writing of a biography, which is to be in every point true and adequate, of a man like Thackeray. The saying, 'No man is a hero to his valet,' has much truth in it. It is not every biographer who can rise to the height of the subject, or who is able to penetrate the outward and understand and appreciate that deeper and more real life which it often conceals. In proportion as men are great and noble they are often the more difficult

interpret. Their real life is not always that which is on the surface. They often hide it beneath an impenetrable veil as too sacred for the public gaze. That there was much of this about Thackeray there is every reason to believe; and a biography of him without that life of sorrow and suffering which he continually bore about with him unknown to others, would, if we may so say, be something like the play with Hamlet left out. However, in the meantime we have Mr. Lewis Melville's *Life*. He has had access to no private source of information, nor does he appear, so far as we can make out, to have had any personal acquaintance with Thackeray. His office in the first place seems to have been that of a collector—an office which all who read his volumes will readily admit he has fulfilled with enthusiastic and reasonable diligence. He has examined everything that has been written about Thackeray, almost everything that Thackeray wrote—certainly everything he could find—and has had recourse to some who were acquainted with Thackeray and still survive him. From all these sources he has put together what is unquestionably the best and most reliable account of the great novelist which has yet appeared. Of Thackeray's external or public life Mr. Melville's account may be said to be almost as complete and detailed as can possibly be desired. He tells us of his birth and family connections, of his education, of his Oxford days, of his travels and sojourn on the Continent, of the loss of his fortune, of his marriage, and of the great sorrow of his life, of his long and patient struggles, of *Vanity Fair*, of Thackeray's sudden elevation into fame, of his relations with Dickens, of his lectures on the Humourists in Great Britain and America, of his heroic efforts to provide for his wife and daughters—in short, he has gathered so widely and carefully from all that has been written about Thackeray that he has left little, if anything, for others to collect. Good use, too, has been made of Thackeray's published letters and of the autobiographical passages in his writings. From these—the letters and autobiographical passages—one often obtains an unexpected glimpse into Thackeray's character, and is enabled to realise how greatly he was misunderstood. Mr. Melville has an extremely interesting chapter on the slowness of Thackeray's success. He pays a just tribute to his integrity and refutes the charge that he was indolent and unmethodical. Trollope is mainly responsible for this last; but if refutation is requisite it is more than refuted by the immense amount of work he did. Trollope was methodical after his own fashion; but Trollope's is not every man's method. Mr. Melville has also interesting chapters on Thackeray and his friends, and Thackeray as an artist, critic, and writer, and at the end of the second volume he has given a full Bibliography. The volumes certainly fill a place which has hitherto been vacant, and they fill it admirably. Readers of Thackeray all the world over will welcome them.

*Lady Louisa Stuart: Selections from her Manuscripts.* Edited by Hon. JAMES A. HOME. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1899.

Lady Louisa Stuart is known to most readers as the friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott, to whom he entrusted the secret of the authorship of *Waverley*. The youngest daughter of John, third Earl of Bute, Prime Minister during the early part of the reign of George III., Lady Louisa was born in August, 1757, and died in August, 1851, at the ripe age of ninety-four. On her father's withdrawal from public life in 1763, she was but five years old, and went with him into the country and led for the most part a secluded life. Like most young ladies of her position



she afterwards went into London Society with her mother, but does not appear to have taken much interest in it, and spent most of her time at Luton in Bedfordshire and at Highcliffe, a villa which her father had built for himself near Christchurch in Hampshire. After the death of her mother in 1794, who was predeceased by the Earl, her father, in 1792, Lady Louisa settled in a house in Gloucester Place, where she gathered around her a select circle of intimate friends, whose society she continued to enjoy till they were one by one removed from her side by death. Her tastes were decidedly literary, and much of her time was spent in literary occupations, though always unknown to her friends, with the exception of Lady Emily Kerr and a few others. Like most lady writers of her early years she always shrank from appearing in print, and during her lifetime only appeared once, and then only after much persuasion as the contributor of an introduction and some notes to the life of her grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montague. In the volume before us, neither the introduction nor the notes have been included, for the reason, we suppose, that they are already well known, though it might have been an advantage to have had them in it. The principal piece which Mr. Home has reprinted is an 'Account of John, Duke of Argyll, and his Family.' This has already been privately printed twice; once by itself in 1863, and secondly in the Introduction to the *Journal of Lady Mary Coke*. The piece is certainly worth reprinting. Those who have not already read it, will read it with pleasure both for the narrative and for the style. It abounds in anecdotes, is in parts amusing, and is plentifully sprinkled over with irony, sarcasm and pungent wit. First we have an account of the Duke and his Duchess, and then an account of their three daughters. For Lady Mary Coke, the youngest of them, Lady Louisa appears to have had no liking, and in this was apparently not alone. Her sister, Lady Stafford, was an acknowledged beauty, but Lady Mary was not. 'Some allowed it,' Lady Louisa writes, 'some denied it; the dissenters declaring her neither more nor less than a white cat—a creature to which her dead whiteness of skin, unshaded by eyebrows, and the fierceness of her eyes, did give her a great resemblance. To make amends, there were fine teeth, an agreeable smile, a handsome neck, well-shapen hands and arms, and a majestic figure. She had the reputation of cleverness, when young, and, in spite of all her absurdity, could not be called a silly woman; but she was so invincibly, wrong-headed—her understanding lay smothered under so much pride, self-conceit, prejudice and obstinacy, and violence of temper, that you knew not where to look for it, and seldom indeed did you catch such a distinct view of it as certified its existence. So also her good qualities were seen only like the stars that glimmer through shifting clouds on a tempestuous night; yet she really had several.' She had a turn for reading, but her reading was of the most solid kind—history, and State-papers. The Parliamentary Journals pleased her most of all as the most authentic. She read for information, and was conversant with the driest matter of fact alone, which she put to a curious use. 'She contrived to apply it to the increase of her own self-importance, and heated her brains with history as others have done with romance.' 'I really believe,' writes Lady Louisa, 'that if she could have been committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason, examined, and tried, and of course gloriously acquitted, she would have given her more delight than any other life was ever given to her. She was not particularly happy in her marriage; she had much of her unhappiness, while she lived, and there it does not seem to have been helped by the

*Journal* and from other sources. Two pieces of versification are given, one 'The Fairies' Frolic;' the other, 'The Diamond Robe,' to which Lady Louisa added many notes explanatory and otherwise more valuable than the poems themselves. A number of letters are added. Some of them have been printed before. They are for the most part between Lady Louisa and Sir Walter. Others of them are written by Lady Louisa to Scott's daughter, Mrs. Lockhart and Lady Montagu.

*Auld Lang Syne. Second Series. My Indian Friends.* By the Right Hon. Professor MAX MÜLLER. London and Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1899.

In the first volume of these reminiscences, Mr. Max Müller, as will be remembered, set down his recollections of the many musicians, poets, crowned heads, and beggars whom he had met with. The present volume is consecrated to his Indian friends, among whom are most of the native social and religious leaders in India. It sounds somewhat strange to be told that one who for fifty years or more has been studying the speech and thought, religious and philosophic, of India, who has, perhaps, done more than any other to awaken an interest in them, and through his advocacy of them, has obtained a world-wide reputation, has never been in India. Yet such is the case. Mr. Max Müller tells us that he has never been there, and is of opinion that, so far as his studies are concerned, he has lost nothing. Had he been able to spend a number of years there it might have been otherwise; but a mere temporary visit, he tells us, and with good reason, would have been of little, if of any, service to him. In the volume before us he tells first of all of his first acquaintance with the Vedas, and how, while preparing his edition of the Rig-Veda, he received, not the magnificent honorarium many have supposed he received, but the munificent salary of £200 a year—a salary, as he remarks, which a junior clerk in the India Office would not have been contented with. Yet, small as the remuneration was, he tells us that he was as happy as a king. After speaking of his first acquaintance with India Professor Max Müller proceeds to speak of some of the many Indians whom he has known. First among them is Dvārkanāth Tagore, who, if he took a low view of his Brāhmins, did not show much more respect for what he called the black-coated English Brāhmins. 'Much as he admired everything English, he had a mischievous delight in finding out the weak points of English society, and particularly of the English clergy. He read a number of English newspapers, political and ecclesiastic, and he kept a kind of black book in which he carefully noted whatever did not rebound very much to the honour of any bishops, priests, and deacons.' His son was Debendranāth Tagore, the head of the Arya-Samāj, whom Professor Müller never saw, but with whom he corresponded. In one of his letters to Mr. Müller he says that we here in the West may learn some lessons from the old literature of India, an opinion which his correspondent endorses, and then turning to his favourite subject, the study of the Vedas, tells of the reception his edition of the Rig-Veda received in India. After remarking that it ushered in quite a new era in Sanscrit scholarship in Europe, he goes on to add: 'It naturally produced an even greater commotion all over India. After all, it was their Bible, and had never been published before during the three or four thousand years of its existence. Attempts were made in various quarters to taboo it, as printed by a *Mlekkha* and with cow's blood, but the book proved itself too strong, it was indispensable, and was soon

accepted even by those who at first had placed it under their iron hand. The late Dr. Haug sent me a full account of a meeting held by the Brahmans at Poonah, who, though unwilling at first to touch the book, read an assembly in which a man, not a Brahman, read out my edition. The Brahmans corrected whatever MSS. they possessed according to the text as settled in the distant University of Oxford.' Among others whom Dr. Müller's recollections refer to are the Rajah Rádhákán and Nehemiah Goreh, the story of whose conversion and subsequent history is specially interesting, Keshub Chunder Sen and several other reforming contemporaries and forerunners. One chapter is devoted to translations of a number of hymns from the Rig-Veda, and another to Samkara, the Good Old Man of India. The volume is one that will be welcomed by most readers. It is full of instruction in connection with India and the Indians, and the genial tone with which it is presented lends to its pages the charm of pleasantness.

*Alexander Hume: an Early Poet-Pastor of Logie, and his Intimates.* By R. M. FERGUSSON, M.A., Minister of Logie. Paisley and London: Alex. Gardner. 1899.

The 'poet-pastor' of Logie has found an able and painstaking biographer in the person of his latest successor, who having himself made some contributions to poetry, may be supposed to have considerable sympathy with it. Whether Mr. Fergusson's poetry will bear comparison with that of his predecessor or not, he has at any rate written a very readable account of him and produced a volume which is of considerable value. Hume was uneventful. He was the second son of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, whose lineal descendant became Baron Polwarth and Earl of Mar. Born in 1560, he was educated at St. Andrews, studied law in Edinburgh, and, after some hesitation, entered the ministry and was appointed to Logie in 1597, where he remained till his death in 1609. Besides poetry, he wrote several theological treatises, all of which Mr. Fergusson mentions and furnishes one or two extracts from. His best known poem is of course 'The Day Estivale,' quaint in style but fresh and less crude and stiff than some of the poems of that day. Mr. Fergusson is right in preferring Professor Veitch's estimate of Hume, or Gilfillan's, who was rather given to find a harsh and a narrowness in most writers of Hume's day. A complete edition of Hume's works is promised by the Scottish Text Society, and in the meantime Mr. Fergusson's account of them and of their author will serve as a valuable introduction to them. Hume's 'intimates' are Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, and John Shearer, Provost of Stirling. More is given to them than to Hume, for the reason, we suppose, that it is more interesting to tell about them. The life of the first was at any rate more full than Hume's. He was both courtier and poet, as Urquhart's poetry did not forget to tell the world when he took in hand to himself concerning him. Introduced at Court by the Earl of Ayr, to whom he was related, he became tutor to Prince Henry. In 1603 he accompanied James VI. to London, was appointed to the Prince's household, knighted in 1609, made Master of Requests in 1614, Secretary of State for Scotland in 1626, created a Baron in 1630, and Earl of Mar in 1633. He received grants of immense tracts of land in North America from James, which were confirmed by Charles I., and seems to have been upon the plan of colonising Nova Scotia by conferring hundreds of acres there with the title of Baronet upon any one willing to pay £11

grand scheme of colonising was almost a complete failure. He is chiefly remembered now as a poet and as the correspondent and friend of Drummond of Hawthornden. Mr. Fergusson relates many particulars connected with him, and cites largely from his poems. His estimate of them is not high, but on the whole just. John Shearer, Hume used to call his 'gossope,' and by his will left him 'ane ring of gold of raisit wark, about an angell weicht, in remembrance of my special love.' He was a busy man and evidently much trusted by his fellow townsmen, whom in one capacity or another he served on the Town Council for a period of forty years. He was one of the Commissioners appointed to 'travel' in the matter of Hume's call to Logie, and between him and the minister there was evidently a close and intimate and enduring friendship. The picture which Mr. Fergusson gives of him is in every way attractive. But valuable as Mr. Fergusson's account of Hume and his intimates is, his volume is much more valuable for the indications it furnishes of the municipal, ecclesiastical, and social life of the country from about 1570 to about 1650. Its pages are rich in extracts from the MS. Records of the Presbytery of Stirling and from the printed extracts from the Records of the Burgh of Stirling. These are all admirably arranged, and bring out many points which are now of interest as indicating what was the real history of the country better than a mere catalogue of kings or description of battles. His chapter on the Clerk-plays at Muthill and Strogayth is particularly interesting, and to most will be new.

*Higher Life for Working People. Its hindrances discussed. An attempt to solve some pressing social problems without injustice to Capital or Labour.* By W. WALKER STEVENS. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1899.

The brief papers gathered together in this small volume are distinguished from many that are offered by our multitudinous social reformers for public consideration and guidance, by their temperate language and judicial fairness. It is, no doubt, difficult in the treatment of our social and economic problems to preserve a wholly unbiassed mind. Our sympathies are enlisted, and often raised to almost fever pitch, by the sad experiences of so many of our unfortunate brothers and sisters in the battle of life that come to our knowledge; and, in casting about for the causes of their failures and their miseries, we are apt to be guided in our judgments more by our emotions, thus stirred, than by judicial reflection. Mr. Stephens has endeavoured in his essays here to look at life's inequalities and their causes with as little sentiment as possible. That his sympathies are with 'the submerged tenth' is manifest in every line he writes, but he studies their condition not to weep over it, or to fall foul of the society that tolerates it, or may be has caused it, but to try and devise some remedy for it. And he displays a praiseworthy grasp of the principles essential to be observed in any practical action that may be taken to remedy the state of matters so sadly and justly deplored in our social order. He proposes certain methods of raising 'the submerged tenth,' and of bettering the condition of the labouring classes, of our paupers, and of the aged and infirm among us; but his methods are all based on sound and sane economic laws. He does not propose to feed and clothe the lazy at the expense of the industrious—to confiscate the wealth of the rich to enrich the poor. He shows how it may be possible for the unemployed to have labour provided for them, the poor to be better cared for, and the aged to be made comfortable in their declining years at the least possible cost to the community. His schemes

are based on the principle of eliciting and ordering individual energy, organising industries, and giving labour and healthful interest in the business and commerce of the world, without injustice, but rather with vast advantage to Capital. His proposals are not in the least degree Utopian, and deserve the careful consideration of all who really have the prosperity of the country and the welfare of their fellowmen at heart.

*Deeds relating to East Lothian.* Transcribed and translated by  
J. G. WALLACE-JAMES, M.B. Haddington: J. Hutchison.  
1899.

Some time ago Mr. Wallace-James published a number of ancient documents relating to the Burgh of Haddington—a piece of unquestionably good and valuable work. In the thin quarto volume he has now issued, he has continued what he then took in hand by giving copies of eight more documents which relate either to the town of Haddington or to East Lothian. They are of varied character, and are of importance in connection with the district to which they relate. With one of them—No. IV.—we have already become acquainted through Mr. Anderson's valuable collection of Laing Charters, where on page 2 a very full abstract is given of it. All the same, Mr. Wallace-James has done good service by publishing the full text, as the document is in several respects of more than ordinary value, not only for the history of Haddington, but also as throwing some additional light upon the status of bondagers. Number V., a charter by James, Steward of Scotland and son of Alexander the Steward, contains among the names of the witnesses that of Stephen, Abbot of Paisley, of whom very little is known, and whose name occurs in the Register of Paisley but twice. Number VIII., which was 'Done a Berwyk sur Twede,' on the 20th October, 1324, is a somewhat rare example of Scottish legal document, written in Norman-French. Nos. XI. and XII. are extremely interesting. They relate to the celebration of the Festival of Corpus Christi in Scotland, and specify the order in which the Trades marched in the procession. The place of honour was immediately before the Sacrament, and in Edinburgh, on the testimony of the Common Clerk, 'The viii. place quhilk is the formast place passand before the processione is the flechoures and candill maikaris.' Very little is known as to the way in which the Corpus Christi and other festivals were observed in Scotland, and any notes on the subject such as we have here are of special value. It is evident from the documents that the Trades of Haddington had quarrelled as to their rights of precedence just as those of Aberdeen had. The last of Mr. Wallace-James' transcripts illustrates the barbarous methods of dealing with criminals in the seventeenth century. Mr. Wallace-James has added a number of notes at the end of his volume explanatory of the transcripts. For these, as well as for the transcripts, students will thank him.

*A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.* Edited by  
Dr. JAMES A. H. MURRAY. I—In. Vol. V. Oxford:  
At the Clarendon Press. 1899.

Like all the sections which have preceded it, this double section of Dr. Murray's great Dictionary illustrates the superiority of his work over all others of its kind. We have here between *I* and *In* 3615 words recorded, while the greatest of the other English Dictionaries records but 1930 or

1685 fewer. The difference in the matter of illustrative quotations is still greater. Two thousand and forty-two is the greatest number given by any other dictionary, but the number given here is not less than 14,408, or more than seven times as many. In the matter of fulness or thoroughness, comparison indeed, is out of the question. Dr. Murray's dictionary is a long way first. Some curious points are brought out in connection with the letter *I*. One is its enormous growth as an initial. As Dr. Murray remarks, in Old English the number of words beginning with it is comparatively small. In the Bosworth-Toller Anglo-Saxon Dictionary *I* occupies 18 pages as against 90 pages of *H*; but in modern English Dictionaries, *I* occupies as much or even more space than *H*, and in actual number of words far exceeds it. This is due to the vast host of words which have been borrowed from Latin and Greek, but especially from the former and marshalled under the Latin prefixes *in-* with its variants, and *inter-, intra-, intro-*. Among the most important words are the substantive *ice* with its derivatives, many of them of American introduction, the adjective *idle*, the adverb *ill*, the conjunction *if*. Among others are *imp*, very curious for its sense-development, and such words as *idol, image, icon, idea, improve*. The longest article under *I* falls to the preposition and adverb *in*. Scottish words are comparatively few. Among those recorded are *idlest, idleteth, ilk, ilka, ilkane, ill-willy, imbook, implese, and impurple*.

*The Orange Girl*. By WALTER BESANT. London: Chatto & Windus. 1899.

Sir W. Besant here carries us back to the London of the second half of the eighteenth century—that period in the history of London which he knows so well and can so accurately and graphically describe. For the obscure life of London at that period he here does what Dickens did for it somewhat later. The story, which is one of intense interest, leads us from the counting house of one of London's richest merchants to the Rules, the King's Bench Prison, Newgate, the thieves' kitchen in the Black Jack, a fashionable assembly, and the gaming tables, and is told with great literary skill. It is in part a narrative of chicanery, conspiracy, and ruin, and in part of patient endurance and devotion of the purest kind. The *Orange Girl* is a native of St. Giles: first an orange girl, then an actress, and might have been a Countess. She is idealised, but her character and bearing are such as to fascinate. Her courage, her devotion, her grace and beauty, and the motives which lead her to refuse to marry the Earl, the only man she ever loved, are all superb, and go to form what in many respects is one of the most beautiful female characters in fiction. Some of the subordinate characters are almost equally fine, as Will, the disinherited musician, and his wife Alice. The story is full of striking situations. Some of them belong to bygone times, as, for instance, the pillory scene, and those of prison life. There are a couple of trial scenes, and the visits to the thieves' kitchen in Black Jack are equal to anything of the kind in fiction. A peaceful scene in Virginia, where Jenny Wilmot, the *Orange girl*, refuses for the last time to become the Earl's wife closes one of the most powerful stories Sir Walter Besant has written.

*War to the Knife, or Tangata Maori*. By ROLF BOLDRWOOD. London: Macmillan & Co. 1899.

This latest venture of Mr. Boldrewood's is a tale of love and war. The scene is laid partly in England but for the most part in New Zealand.

Roland Massinger, an English Baronet, falls in love with Hypatia Tolle-mache, a young lady of great beauty and of superior intellectual power, who believes that she has a mission, and refuses to marry Sir Roland in order that she may follow it. Unable to find rest after his rejection, Sir Ronald sells his ancestral estates to an Australian, and goes to New Zealand. There he falls in with Erena Mannering, a half caste, daughter of a Captain Mannering, and of great beauty and personal attractions. With her he visits the celebrated terraces, and gradually forgets all about Hypatia. War breaks out through an indiscreet act of the Government, and Roland joins the Government forces. Captain Mannering does the same, along with the tribe among whom he has settled. Roland is wounded from behind, by Ngarara, a native lover of Erena, when assailing one of the *pahs*, but is rescued by Erena, and carried off no one knows where. Meanwhile Hypatia has given up her vocation in the East End of London and come out to New Zealand on the invitation of Mrs. Summers, a college friend, and wife of one of the missionaries. Erena nurses Roland and wins his affections, but Ngarara, in company with a band of native fanatics, is searching for them. In her flight with her lover she comes to Oropi, where Hypatia is staying. Mutual recognitions take place. The station is surrounded by the Hau Haus, as the fanatics are called, and Ngarara shoots Erena as she stoops down to shield Roland, whom with her last breath she resigns to Hypatia. For the first hundred pages or so the story rather drags, but afterwards it becomes full of exciting scenes. Mr. Boldrewood when describing the fighting is quite at home, and his work here reminds us of some of the best he has done. Erena is a charming creation. Her conduct throughout is admirable. One feels less interest in Hypatia, and at first has little patience with her, notwithstanding her beauty and gifts of intellect, but her subsequent bearing redeems her. Chastened by her sorrows and the noble example of Erena, she puts aside her fads and the womanly beauty of her real character comes out. Mr. Boldrewood's description of the marvellous scenery falls below what we have elsewhere scene, but the story he writes is one of more than ordinary interest, and contains many striking, and a number of pathetic, scenes.

*Ready-Made Romance. Reminiscences of Youthful Adventure.*  
By ASCOTT R. HOPE. London: A. & C. Black. 1899.

The nine stories told in this volume have been gathered by Mr. Hope from as many obscure corners of literature, and to most, if not to all, who read them in his pages will prove perfectly new. With one exception, the hero of which did not live to tell his story, they are all autobiographical, and with one exception, too, they are all related as true, and even the exception, though probably not entirely true, has every appearance of being true in parts. They are all stories of youthful adventure, and often illustrate the saying that truth is stranger than fiction. The situations are sometimes startling and always interesting. Most of them are incidents in great historical movements, and thus, while attractive to the young, are not without their claims on the attention of readers of a more critical age. Mr. Hope does not always give the *ipsissima verba* of his authorities. As a rule he relates the narratives in his own way. That of itself is no small commendation, for, as is generally admitted, Mr. Hope as a story-teller, whether for young or old, is one of the foremost of the day.

## SHORT NOTICES.

M'Ian's *Costumes of the Clans of Scotland* (David Bryce & Son, Glasgow) is a reproduction of a still famous work. The text and coloured plates and illustrations are the same as in the original edition. The only differences between the reprint and the original are that the two large quarto volumes have been reduced to a small single octavo volume, that the paging has been altered, an index added, and a number of suitable tail-pieces supplied. In its new form and at its low price, the book ought to meet with an extensive sale. In its original form it has long been out of print, and the enterprize of the publishers in bringing out what may be called a popular and cheap edition deserves to succeed.

Professor Murison who has already contributed the monograph on Wallace to the 'Famous Scots' series, has followed it up with another contribution to the same series on *King Robert the Bruce* (Oliphant, Anderson). The work is well and brightly written and of a somewhat more critical character, than the earlier volume. Original documents have been used, and notwithstanding the difficulty of dealing with his subject within the compass of 160 pages, the author has succeeded in giving a fairly complete account of the great work Bruce achieved, and a fair estimate of his character. On the whole, the volume deserves to rank as one of the best in a series which has now become popular.

*James Hogg* is another volume in the same series. It is by Sir George Douglas, who has already written the volumes entitled *The Balladists* and *The 'Blackwood' Group* for the series. The author writes pleasantly and forcibly and with great sympathy for Hogg in all his troubles, and defends him against Wilson and Professor Ferrier. In his preface to Wilson's *Noctes* the latter makes the remark that Hogg's 'surest passport to immortality' is his embalment in the *Noctes Ambrosiana*; but Sir George Douglas remarks that 'Hogg's work, ravaged by time, as in parts it is, has nevertheless withstood wear and tear much better than Wilson's.' He is of opinion, too, 'that, judging his character on its merits, there are few today who will not set the simple, kindly, unsophisticated farmer of Yarrow—as he stands, "in his rights of a man," owing nothing to art, his imperfections on his head—very high above the sham Arcadian, the fatuous amorist of his own eloquence, the maudlin retailer of tirades *ad libitum* over whisky-punch in a tavern.'

*The Heavenly Bridegroom*, by Robert Thomson (Elliot Stock), is a dialogue, in delightfully melodious verse, between Christ and the Soul, in which Christ sets forth His love for it, and wins its love for Him. The figure is that of a lover wooing the maiden of his choice, or rather of his passion. She at first scorns His passion because she seeks other pleasures than those He offers, and regards herself at the same time as much beneath Him. But the story of His love and devotion and sufferings for her overcomes her will, wins her heart, and exalts her tastes and ambitions. The dialogue runs along on strictly evangelical lines. The few miscellaneous poems included in the volume are characterised with the same musical cadence, and, if slight in themselves, are yet aglow with devout fire and devout feeling.

*Jephthah and other Mysteries—Lyrical and Dramatic*, by Aleister Crowley (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.), is of a wholly different character. Its author has been a diligent student of Mr. Swinburne, and dedicates his work to him. He has caught some of Mr. Swinburne's fire, and naturally has adopted some of his verse forms. But he out-Swinburnes Swinburne's



passion, and gets carried by it sometimes altogether beyond ordinary comprehension. His *bête-noir* seems to be the God of the Old Testament and of the current Christian faith. The divine name seems to act upon him as a red rag on a bull. He can hardly find epithets gross enough to give vent to his hatred of Him. When he gets out of that province his verse, though unequal, is sometimes chaste and his teaching reasonable. His book as a whole is, however, much too extravagant in its heat and obscure in its diction to prove pleasant or profitable reading to anyone who is not of the highly 'intense' order.

*Persephone in Hades and other Poems*, by Tinsley Pratt (same publishers). Mr. Pratt, if we mistake not, is still young as a man, if not as a poet. Young writers are strangely attracted by classical mythology. Mr. Pratt clothes his versions of mythological adventure in lightsome garb, and at least one of his pieces, 'The Song of the Cyclops,' is full of melody. Most of the poems included here are dainty sonnets and lyrics, suggested by passing events, changing seasons, and personal experiences, and are all above the average of such inspirations that find their way into print, and give promise of a fruitful future for their author.

*Poems* by William G. Hendrie (Alexander Gardner). This little collection is prefaced by a brief sketch of the late author's career, and will no doubt be welcomed by all who had personal acquaintance with him. Even a wider circle will welcome the poems, for they have considerable merits of their own and touch many chords in the hearts of all who love the modest beauty of nature's wild flowers, or the quiet peacefulness of pastoral or rural life. Some of these poems were inspired by passing incidents, such as a royal visit, the gift of an Institute by a benevolent lady, the death of Livingstone, etc., and two of them are hymns. They are all sweetly natural, and expressive of a mind and heart unsullied by worldly ambitions, or cankered by its neglects.

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*OCTOBER, 1899.*

*CONTENTS.*

- ART. I.—THE ROYAL LIBRARY. By J. M. STONE.  
,, II.—DISCOVERIES IN WESTERN ASIA. By C. R. CONDER.  
,, III.—THE OSSIANIC BALLADS. By W. A. CRAIGIE.  
,, IV.—MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S PROSE WRITINGS.  
,, V.—THE WEDDERBURN BOOK. By A. H. MILLAR.  
,, VI.—A NOTABLE FAILURE By H. J. ALLEN.  
,, VII.—FERMARTINE.  
,, VIII.—SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.  
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.  
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