

THE  
SCOTTISH REVIEW.

102468

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JULY AND OCTOBER,  
1900.

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VOL. XXXVI.

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

MDCCCC.

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JULY, 1900.

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ART. I.—RECENT SCOTTISH HISTORIANS.

*History of the Highlands and Gaelic Scotland*, by DUGALD MITCHELL, M.D. Paisley and London: Alex. Gardner. 1900.

*History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation*, by ANDREW LANG. In two volumes—Vol. I., Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1900.

IF proof were needed that the interest in Scottish history has largely developed within recent years, it would be afforded by the simultaneous appearance of the separate works by Dr. Mitchell and Andrew Lang. The first twenty-eight chapters of Dr. Mitchell's book cover almost the same period as occupies Mr. Lang's first volume, and as the two histories have been written independent of each other, they afford striking opportunities for contrasting the views of the writers upon debated points. While it is abundantly evident that both writers have abandoned the conventional methods of writing Scottish history which have hitherto prevailed, they have by no means adopted similar courses, and their conclusions are sometimes diametrically opposite. All which proves that Schlegel's fond dream of evolving a 'philosophy of his-

tory' by treating it as an exact science subject to immutable laws, is a delusion and a snare. Even Dr. Draper's broad-  
visioned sketch of 'The Intellectual Development of Europe' is defective because it ignores the trifles that 'make the sum of human things,' and discovers great principles at work where only petty jealousies and foolish blunders are the active agents in making history. The adequate historian, if worthy of the name, requires a more complete mental equipment than poet, novelist, or philosopher. He must be a palæographer, able to read for himself the ancient documents on which he founds his theories. He must be able to balance evidence like a jurist; to understand the workings of the human mind like a moral philosopher; to appreciate the romance of life and the nobler sentiments like a balladist or a didactic poet; and to describe incidents, warlike and pathetic, in the glowing language and with the fluent pen of the most accomplished fictioneer. And it is precisely in proportion to his possession of these qualities that the right of a historian to that designation is secured.

Hitherto Scottish historians have been chiefly remarkable for the over-development of one characteristic of the true historian at the expense of all the others. The early writers of history—Wyntoun, Fordoun, and Boece—were only credible when they wrote the annals of their own times. They were lamentably deficient in the power of collecting and weighing evidence of any events that did not come within their own very limited range. The annalistic form of writing history survived for centuries, and its full defects were exhibited by Sir James Balfour and by Bishop Burnet, the latter of whom, like his great fore-runners John Knox and George Buchanan, degraded history to the level of partizan pamphleteering. Then came the period of the philosophical historian. Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, had a glimpse of the proper functions of a historian; but his chief recommendation was 'honest doubt,' which was destructive rather than constructive. David Hume carried some of the methods of philosophy into the domain of his history; but he too was not above the suspicion of tampering with facts in the interests

of faction. The lofty diction and sonorous language of Principal Robertson do not hide from the modern critic his incapacity as an investigator. Sir Walter Scott, on the other hand, was captivated by the romantic episodes which appealed to his poetic mind ; but, indeed, Sir Walter never rose above the idea that history afforded excellent material for the 'Tales of a Grandfather.' The best service that Scott ever rendered to history was in recommending his young friend Patrick Fraser Tytler to take it up as a serious subject for study. To Tytler belongs the honour of having first preferred documentary evidence to tradition, and of having devoted years to laborious research before he ventured to pen a line. Had it been possible to combine Tytler's method of patient investigation with Scott's keen appreciation of romance, there would have been a history produced of super-excellent quality. But Tytler had not the art of making the dry bones of history live again, and to the general reader his great work maintains a monotonous level of deadly dullness. Macaulay combined the brilliancy of Scott with the partizanship of Burnet ; the one quality gained many readers, the other deposed him from the front rank among historians.

Among the writers of history strictly contemporary with this generation, three names stand forth conspicuously ; these are Froude, Hill Burton, and Skene. Though an Englishman, primarily concerned with English history, Froude had to deal so much with Scotland that his methods call for remark. His researches were wide and accurate, and his literary style was fascinating and romantic ; but he was shrewdly suspected of suppressing facts when they militated against his pre-conceived theories—witness his dealings with the Simancas Records ; and he was petulant when criticised, and often descended to squabbling with unworthy opponents. A very clever epigram hits off this failing. When Froude was chosen Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, he delivered a diatribe against clerical historians. About the same time his brother-in-law, Canon Charles Kingsley, then Professor of History at Cambridge, in one of his lectures deplored the incredibility of much that passes for history. The comical position was thus described:—



‘Froude informs the Scottish youth,  
 That parsons have no care for truth ;  
 While Canon Kingsley loudly cries,  
 That history is a pack of lies.  
 What cause for difference so malign ?—  
 A brief reflection solves the mystery,  
 For Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,  
 And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.’

John Hill Burton belonged to that period when doubt had become the chief weapon of the historical investigator. He had rather a bitter wit, and was merciless to those of his predecessors whom he caught tripping ; yet it is unquestionable that he brought together the best result of the research of his time, and placed Scottish history in a better position than that in which he found it. Dr. Skene cleared away many of the myths regarding Celtic Scotland, and though his early works do not always agree with his later writings, he was a worthy successor of Hill Burton as Historiographer-Royal for Scotland.

These writers, entitled as they are to varied degrees of fame, have all left the scene of their labours, and one must look around to discover upon whom the historian's mantle has fallen. Four writers of the present day have some claim to this distinction. Dr. D. Hay Fleming's *History of Queen Mary*, though still incomplete, shows that he has successfully followed the traditions of the Tytler school of historians. He is a patient and persistent researcher, and has brought to light many historical facts which were either unknown or misread. Sometimes, perhaps, he spends disproportionate labour upon unimportant items, and he has been aptly compared to Bunyan's 'Man with the Muck-rake,' whose work is no doubt valuable, but who never lifts his head to the broader outlook within the range of his vision. Nor is he quite innocent of the charge of treating Roman Catholic questions from a distinctly adverse point of view. Dr. P. Hume Brown made a name for himself by his masterly study of *George Buchanan, Humanist*, and by his erudite biography of John Knox. Only the first volume of his *History of Scotland* has been published, and though it is very condensed and is not absolutely free

from venial slips as to facts and errors of judgment, it is in many respects an excellent model. But neither of these two writers is possessed of the rare gift of making history attractive and pleasant to read. In this respect Andrew Lang (who is also an LL.D., by the way, though he modestly omits the degree from his title-page) far transcends all his competitors. He is a poet, and has published verses which no man can number; he is a novelist—witness his story called *A Monk of Fife*, and his share in another named *Parson Kelly*; he is a philosopher, and has discoursed on mythology, the evolution of religion, folk-lore, and kindred subjects in ethics and ethnology; and he has studied both written and unwritten history. He is, moreover, the master of a flowing literary style, and can brighten the darkest subjects by a delicate play of humour, without descending to buffoonery. There is another quality he possesses which makes him especially original in his treatment of history; it is what, without offence, may be called the feminine instinct which enables him to arrive at conclusions without the laborious drudgery of reasoning about them. Hence he is often right in his inferences, though he could not always defend them by strict syllogisms. While respecting the ideas of his predecessors, he is independent enough to refuse to be 'thirled' to them because of their antiquity or their general acceptance. From such a writer one may expect a history that will be original both in matter and manner. Dr. Mitchell's style differs from that of Mr. Laing. He has not the same light literary touch, and he is more intent upon giving the true version of a story than merely interesting the reader by its superficial romanticism. But he has made a thorough study of the Scotland of Celtic times, and is entitled to rank beside Dr. Skene in this particular. It will be convenient to contrast the methods of these two historians when treating the same subject.

One of the conspicuous figures in the early history of Scotland is Kenneth Mac Alpin. According to the *Chronicle of Huntingdon*, Kenneth 'in the seventh year of his reign, when the Danish pirates had seized the sea-coasts, and had utterly crushed the Picts with very great slaughter as they defended

their possessions, crossing into the remaining territories of the Picts, turned his arms against them, and, having slain many, compelled them to fly, and thus he, first King of Scots, obtained the sovereignty of all Albania, which now is called Scotland, and in it he first ruled over the Scots'—meaning the Scots in the later and wider sense. Here was surely an epoch in the history of the Kingdom, more important, relatively, in its results than the Union of the Crowns in 1603, or the Union of the Parliaments in 1707. But Mr. Lang does not rise to the occasion, and dismisses the whole matter in two paragraphs, following Dr. Skene in his blunders with reprehensible fidelity. There is now no question that Skene confounded Alpin, the father of Kenneth, with another Alpin who was King of the Picts from 726 to 728, and was slain at Pitalpin (now Pitelpy) beside the Law of Dundee, at least a century before Kenneth was born. While Mr. Lang does not homologate all Skene's statements, remitting some of them to the debateable land of his notes, he is inclined to treat the remarkable episode of the union of the Picts and Scots with a lightness that approaches flippancy. He even invents jocular names which he inserts in the chronological lists of the Kings of Pictavia, that he may bring a smile to the face of the perplexed reader. Here is how he leaps over the difficulty of a whole century:—

The ebbs and flows of fortune in these far-off wars are difficult to follow. They ended in 'the undisputed ascendancy of the Pict' Angus Mac Feargus (730). He was counted as an ally by the English Kings of Mercia and Northumbria, and in his conquests over the Dalriad Scots (Irish of Argyll) and the Britons of Strathclyde 'may be traced apparently the germs of the future Kingdom of Scotland.' Angus died in 761, his consolidated realm fell to pieces, and it is useless to clog the memory with the names of Drust and Bile, Brud and Aed. The brief chronicles usually give to each year '*Jugulatio* of' So-and-so. These monarchs *jugulated* each other till in 839 the Northmen, who burned Iona in 802—the ecclesiastical centre was removed later to Dunkeld—ravaged northern Ireland, crossed to Scotland, and routed the men of Fortrenn. This left a door open for Kenneth Mac Alpine [*sic*] of Kintyre, who first mastered Dairiada and two years later (846-860) became King of the Picts after a series of victories over them. This Kenneth was a Scot by his father's side, but apparently a Pict by his maternal ancestry. Thus from a Pictish point of view Kenneth was a Pict; from a Dalriad-Scottish point of view he was a

Scot, and 'national susceptibilities' were conciliated by his accession. The Scots could say 'Here we Scots are lords of Pictland'; the Picts could say 'Here we have a genuine Pict of the old sort of King.' But as civilised mankind has reckoned descent and nationality by the father's, not, in the Pictish fashion, by the mother's side, Kenneth, though perhaps a Pict among Picts, was a Scot 'to all Europe.' Hence his Kingdom came later to be called Scotland, with all the territory later won as far south as Tweed. And thus the Scots, originally Irish, have given their name to a country whereof perhaps the greatest part of the natives are as English by blood as they are by speech.

Dr. Mitchell treats this subject in a more adequate manner, and points out Dr. Skene's errors in a convincing fashion. He does not think it a work of supererogation to give a full list of forty Kings of Pictavia from Drust, son of Erp, who was probably 'jugulated' in 453, to Drost, son of Ferat, who unsuccessfully contested the sovereignty of Kenneth Mac Alpin in 846. The strange obliquity of vision which led Dr. Skene to invent a theory as to Kenneth's place of origin, in direct contradiction of existing records, is thus exposed:—

Whence Kenneth came in the year 841 Dr. Skene has no difficulty in determining. He says:—'Kenneth emerged from Galloway where the last remnant of the Scots of Dalriada disappear from history nearly a century before.' If so, a most marvellous resurrection must now have occurred; and besides, it seems not a little wonderful that the entire subjugation of a nation could have been effected without its being definitely referred to by any early writer. But, indeed, Skene's contention raises many more difficulties than it solves. To bring the Scots into Galloway in 741, in an invasion of despair, and that without the authority of any record of such an invasion at that time; to leave them there though their King had been killed in the contest; to consign them for well nigh a hundred years to exile in that district, in spite of statements in the native and other chronicles which point to very different conclusions; and then to bring them forward after all these quiet years in 834 out of Galloway as invaders of Fifeshire rather than into Galloway as invaders of that district, as asserted in the chronicles, has not much to commend it to the ordinary reader, and while we would ask how we are to account for the reigns of Sedh and Feargus over Dalriada as testified by the *Annals of Ulster*, we may well further inquire how, if the Scots were so numerous and so influential in Galloway as to be able to come forth as a powerful people with a King of their own both in 834 and 841, we never hear anything in the future of the connection of Kenneth with his successors with that district.

This quotation, while it proves Dr. Mitchell's incisive method of dispelling figments of the historical imagination, also shows the weakness of his literary style. The last portentous, sesquipedalian sentence, with its involutions of Teutonic tortuosity, requires to be carefully studied before it can be apprehended. Macaulay would have chopped it up into ten staccato sentences, while Mr. Lang would certainly have interpolated a line of poetry or a verse from a ballad, greatly to the relief of the reader. But the matter is right, however imperfect the manner may be, and Dr. Mitchell's later treatment of the history of Kenneth Mac Alpin shows that he properly estimates the far-reaching influence of that King's reign.

While Dr. Mitchell clearly has the advantage over Mr. Lang in the matter of King Kenneth, the case is reversed in another instance to which reference may be made. Every one acquainted with the romantic history of the Hebrides knows the pathetic story of 'The Lady of the Rock,' which Thomas Campbell made the subject of his poem 'Glenara.' Surely this was an incident which might have attracted a lyrist like Mr. Lang, even had a staid historian like Dr. Mitchell passed it by without comment. But on this occasion the two writers exchange places. Dr. Mitchell describes the episode in impassioned language, while Mr. Lang drily dismisses the story by a passing allusion, and hints in a note that he doubts its authenticity, giving dates which flatly contradict Dr. Mitchell's narrative. The tale as narrated by Dr. Mitchell is as follows:—

Upon the west coast a highly dramatic incident occurred in 1527, which was in later years productive of much strife and bloodshed. The scene of it was a rock at the south end of Lismore, and the chief actors Lachlan Cattanach Maclean of Duart and his wife the Lady Elizabeth, sister of the then Earl of Argyll. The union of this couple proved unhappy, and as the eye of the chief fell upon a daughter of Maclean of Treshinish, a comely lady of his own clan, he conceived the idea of ridding himself of the Lady Elizabeth by exposing her on an isolated rock which at high water was deeply covered. With the aid of several clansmen the savage chief placed her on the rock in the evening hour, and on this place of certain death left her to her fate. But just as the waves were breaking over her a deliverance came, and she was rescued by the crew of a boat

sent out by one of the chief's body-guard, who had come to hear of the villainy that was being perpetrated. By these men the unhappy lady was taken to the mainland, and escorted to her brother's stronghold at Inveraray. Of the rescue Lachlan knew nothing, but communicated to the Earl the news of the death of his sister from natural causes and his desire that she should be interred in the tomb of her ancestors. For the time the Earl kept his counsel, and within a few days the tearful husband, accompanied by many followers, arrived at the Castle bearing a coffin containing a lay figure. But the tables were turned upon the thunderstruck monster when, on being ushered into the dining-hall where the family sat at dinner, he found the Lady Elizabeth seated at the head of the table. Cattanach was allowed to escape, and no dramatic catastrophe occurred, but the resentment of the Campbells at the odious act burned deeply into their souls. Many years afterwards, when Maclean was an old man of eighty years, that resentment found expression in his murder at the hands of Sir John Campbell of Calder, brother of the Lady Elizabeth. The deed of vengeance was perpetrated while the aged chief was resting in his bed in Edinburgh, to which he had come under letters of protection.

This story is related with so much circumstantiality, and is so thoroughly in the spirit of the times that at first sight it seems quite credible. But Mr. Lang puts on his doubting cap, and shivers the whole fabric by a cannonade of dates. His statement in the text is as bald as could be:—

Among the causes of all this conflict between the Campbells on one hand, and the Macdonalds and Macleans on the other, had been, tradition avers, the ill-treatment of Argyll's sister by her husband, Maclean of Dowart. He exposed his wife on a rock, the Lady Rock, near Lismore, whence she was rescued by a passing vessel. Campbell of Cawdor, therefore, the brother of Argyll, stabbed Dowart in his bed in Edinburgh (1523).

Not content with destroying the romance by describing it as a "tradition," Mr Lang artfully inserts the date 1523, which effectively wrecks Dr. Mitchell's pathetic legend; and then he deprives it of every shadow of credibility by one of his caustic notes:—

Mr. Hume Brown (p. 378) after giving the story of the Lady's Rock, and the murder of Maclean, in revenge, by Campbell of Cawdor, says, 'To avenge their chief, the Macleans at once took up arms, and it was at this juncture that James became master of his own person, and King in reality.' James did this in 1528, but Maclean was murdered by Cawdor, and twenty-four other Celts, *tempore proclamationis exercitus nostri apud*

*Werk*—that is October-November 1523. See the Remission for the murder granted to Calder on December 15, 1524. (*The Thanes of Cawdor*, p. 147, Spalding Club). The Pollok MS. dates the murder 'the tent day of November, 1523.' Mr. Cosmo Innes doubts the legend of the Lady's Rock. Whether the Campbell lady exposed on the rock was aunt or sister of Colin, third Earl of Argyll, I cannot say. Cawdor was brother of Colin, and, according to Mr. Hume Brown, of the lady in question, who can hardly have been aunt to one brother (Colin) and sister to another brother (John).

It is perfectly clear that a poet, however romantic in his inspired moments, is not to be imposed upon by any trumpery traditional fustian when in his war-paint as a bellicose historian. Cawdor could not have been pardoned for a crime four years before it was committed, if Dr. Hume Brown be correct; and Dr. Mitchell's 'many years after' 1527 as the date of Maclean's murder renders confusion worse confounded.

The contrasts afforded by these two works will have convinced the reader that the student of history who desires to be well-furnished will require both of them. Mr. Lang is at his best when dealing with the ethnology of the early inhabitants of Scotland, is less satisfactory when treating of the Scoto-Pictish period, but resumes wonted ease when he comes within the range of written history. Dr. Mitchell, on the other hand, gives a masterly and independent account of the separate kingdoms of the Picts and Scots, and as he confines himself to the history of the Highlands so far as it affects the general history of the country, his book contains much that cannot readily be obtained elsewhere. His volume covers the whole period 'from the earliest times till the close of the 'Forty-five,' while Mr. Lang's first volume terminates with the murder of Cardinal Beaton. It will be in the second portion of his work that Mr. Lang will come more immediately into contact with Dr. Mitchell, when the deeds of Montrose, his rival Argyll, Claverhouse, and the heroes and scoundrels of 1715 and 1745 are under discussion. Regarded as a whole, Dr. Mitchell's *History of the Highlands and Gaelic Scotland* is a most valuable contribution to the literature of the subject, and as it includes the results of the most recent research, it will likely remain an authority for many years to come. The author is a leal-

hearted Gael, tender towards the feelings of his countrymen, but never so much of a partizan as to pass uncensured such actions as honour and justice would condemn. Unquestionably his heart 'warms to the tartan,' and he would fain carry back the date of the origin of the kilt to the days of Magnus Bare-foot, towards the close of the eleventh century. His sketch of Celtic literature, condensed as it is, sufficiently shows his familiarity with the subject at first hand. The patient labour which he has bestowed upon the work, is worthy of high praise.

As Mr. Lang's 'History' covers a wider field, it involves him in thorny discussions upon oft-debated points. In several cases his clear insight and what one might call, in the language of Psychical Researchers, his 'supra-normal and subliminal power' has enabled him clear away by a few trenchant phrases the mists of battle raised by contending theorists around otherwise simple questions. Though he has not fully apprehended King Kenneth's position in history as the uniter of two races at enmity, Mr. Lang has completely understood the work of Malcolm Canmore as the first feudal monarch of Scotland. Christianity came from Ireland in the person of St. Columba, but feudalism and settled government was introduced from England by the fugitive Edgar Ætheling, while the primitive Culdee Church was reformed off the face of the earth by Malcolm's English wife, the sainted Margaret. Before Malcolm's time each landholder had to keep himself by his sword; the feudal system, by uniting separate forces under a common leader ensured protection from foes within and without the kingdom. The stream of civilization took a decidedly English course, and barbarism fled to the extreme north and to the remote Hebridean isles. But this same feudal system, excellent as it was within the realm, produced serious complications at a later date, for the Scottish Kings, by marriage or inheritance, often held lands in England for which they had to do homage to the English king. The spectacle of a Scottish king doing homage to his English over-lord naturally produced the notion in the minds of both sovereign and people that Scotland was a subject kingdom. Mr. Lang refrains from giving a definite opinion upon this subject,



but he carefully states the arguments advanced by leading debaters on both sides. The simplest way of looking at the matter is this: Previous to the capture of William the Lion by Henry II. in 1174, no king of England had any claim to Scotland by right of conquest. William was carried prisoner to Falaise, and there Henry extorted from him the unpatriotic Treaty of Falaise, whereby the English king was to obtain possession of the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, Berwick, Roxburgh, and Jedburgh; William, his brother David, his barons, and his clergy, were all to become vassals of Henry II.; and the English sovereign was to exercise the same control over Scotland as if he had conquered the country at the head of an army. The terms of this treaty are precise. Casuists might contend that such a deed, executed by a prisoner in duress and under threat of death, could not be binding. At a later date it was held that Queen Mary's abdication in Lochleven Castle, signed in fear of personal violence, was of none effect. But in William's case it is proved that the subjects whom he had bound by the treaty performed their parts so far as homage was concerned. This subjection to England continued till the death of Henry II. in 1189, and he was succeeded by Richard the Lion-hearted, who was then 'on fire to head a crusade,' and needed money. He sold back to William for 100,000 merks of silver the Scottish castles, and agreed generally to the abrogation of the Treaty of Falaise. Scotland thus regained her independence, for Richard's new treaty was a voluntary one. From that time (1189) until Edward I. in 1291 claimed to be Lord-Paramount in Scotland, no English king had asserted an administrative right over the northern kingdom. Mr. Lang points out that Mr. Freeman's assertion that Malcolm Canmore became the vassal of William the Conqueror at Abernethy in 1072, is not founded on credible evidence; and he also very pertinently remarks that as this superiority was not claimed by any English monarch until Henry II. had captured William the Lion, it may be dismissed as visionary. He might have added that if Henry had believed that he had an indefeasible hereditary right to the over-lordship of Scotland, he would never have 'extorted'

the Treaty of Falaise. And as that treaty was nullified by Richard I., and as William the Lion treated with King John on terms of equality, the notion of the subjection of Scotland had been exploded.

Nevertheless, this doctrine survived at the Court of England, and unquestionably Edward I. was trained to believe that the English Crown retained sovereign rights over Scotland. Perhaps Mr. Lang hardly does justice to the genius of Edward, and allows his Scottish nationality to warp his judgment in this respect. It is natural that a compatriot of Wallace should feel stirred with indignation against the preposterous claims of one whom he regards as an overbearing tyrant. This was not Edward's character. He was a dauntless soldier, a master in the art of warfare, and a far-seeing statesman, whose plans would have brought peace to Scotland three centuries before the Union of the Crowns. But he had not justice on his side; and when he sought to compel the Scots to submit to a yoke which they resented, the spirit of the nation revolted, and the War of Independence was the result. It is more reasonable, however, to conclude that Edward believed he had hereditary claims upon Scotland, than to think that, as in the wolf-and-lamb fable, he deliberately invented excuses for laying violent hands upon a neighbouring kingdom that had been deprived unexpectedly of its sovereign. Mr. Lang seems to think that only in the case of Scotland was Edward blameworthy:—

‘The greatest of the Plantagenets, the brave warrior, the open-handed friend, the true lover, the generally far-sighted politician, was not the false and cruel monster of early Scottish legend. But he was mortal. Clement by disposition and policy, his temper could be stirred into cruelty by opposition. He had in his nature, too, as we have said, that thread of the attorney which the good and wise Sir Walter Scott remarked in his own noble character. This element is undeniably present in Edward's dealings with Scotland. He took advantage of her necessities, and of the weaknesses and ambitions of her Anglo-Norman foreign leaders, to drive the hardest of all conceivable bargains. Having decided the pleas in favour of Balliol, as was just, it was now in Edward's power to support Balliol, and to treat him with generous and statesmanlike forbearance. That course, and that alone, might have merged Scotland with England in “a union of hearts and interests.” Edward took precisely the opposite course. “To Balliol the vassal he was uniformly lenient and just; to

Balliol the King he was proud and unbending to the last degree." Not satisfied with suzerainty, he was determined to make Scotland his property, his very own. The easiest way to do that was to goad even Balliol into "rebellion," and then to confiscate the kingdom of Balliol. This was what Edward deliberately did. The result was that, far from winning Scotland, Edward converted that nation into a dangerous enemy, and presented France with a serviceable ally. Edward's end to unite the whole island was excellent. The end, however, did not justify the means, for the means were to press in a pettifogging spirit every legal advantage to the extreme verge, or beyond the extreme verge of the letter of the law.'

It is not easy to see why Edward, with all the noble qualities that Mr. Lang admits that he possessed, should be the victim of a *lues Scotiæ*, and that the brilliant hero in camp and senate should become a mere 'pettifogger' towards, and only towards, Scotland. But just as it was difficult for Edward to cast off the notion of his right to rule Scotland, which had been drilled into him from boyhood, so it is an arduous task to make the modern Scot, trained by patriotic ballad-singers, to believe that Edward was aught save a ruthless tyrant, and that his son was 'a proud usurper.'

When dealing with the War of Independence, Mr. Lang brings out a fact which has been often overlooked. He shows that the banner of freedom was kept aloft and flying more by the ecclesiastics of Scotland than by any other class. It is true that they did so often at the expense of consistency and outraged conscience, for, as Mr. Lang remarks, 'the Bishops argued that to fight Edward was as meritorious as to take part in a crusade.' Lambertson, Bishop of St. Andrews, was thrice forsworn, and Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, broke his solemn oath eight times. Indeed, it seems as if these pious clerics never swore fealty without mental reservations; just as a modern Scottish Dissenting minister signs the Confession of Faith and then skulks behind a nullifying Declaratory Act. However they may have excused themselves, it is clear that from the time of Wallace till the Reformation of 1560, the patriotic spirit was kept alive chiefly by the ecclesiastics. These men were possibly unscrupulous in their methods, salving their consciences by the sophistry that they were doing evil that good might come; but, nevertheless, it was by

prelates like Wishart, Lamberton, Frazer, Kennedy, James Beaton, and David Beaton that Scotland was preserved from falling an easy prey to English astuteness and force. Their labours have not hitherto obtained the recognition which they deserve, probably because the historians of Scotland from John Knox onwards have been Protestants, who, unconsciously to themselves, looked askance upon Roman Catholic politicians. Mr. Lang has approached the matter with an unprejudiced mind, and, for the first time, perhaps, has given an unbiassed account of the services rendered by these much-abused patriots. The average Protestant historian writes as though the Reformation in Scotland were a kind of modern miracle; but Mr. Lang's account of it is eminently reasonable:—

‘In nothing has the character of the Lowland Scot since 1560 differed from the character of his southern kinsman of England so much as on the point of religion. The English Reformation began in the action of the Crown, and was carried through by the Crown, the new *noblesse*, the Bishops of Henry VIII., and the more wealthy and prosperous of the middle classes. What new doctrines were adopted came from Lutheranism rather than from any other foreign source, but were chiefly the result of English compromise. A Church was developed which worshipped in the ancient fanes, under the ancient order of Bishops, in the translated words of the ancient service-books, or in others not less beautiful. The assistance of the arts was not always rejected; common prayer was deemed more important than political and doctrinal harangues from the pulpit. Monasticism perished; purgatory, prayer to saints, pilgrimages, ceased to be recognised. There was a Revolution, but a Revolution which left many old things standing, and did not at once destroy all the pleasant popular holidays and practices which the ancient faith had consecrated to Christian use.

‘In Scotland the Reformation began not in the Crown, not immediately from personal and political causes, but from rational criticism developed in the ranks of the gentry, the junior branches of the great families, the Augustinian and Dominican Orders, some of the secular clergy, and the wealthier burgesses. The King could not, as in England, direct and instigate the movement, for had he done so he must have broken with Rome and with France, on which he leaned for support against his loving uncle, Henry VIII. He saw Henry first quarrelling with Rome in the interests of his private love-affairs; then proclaiming the Royal supremacy over the Church; then executing the best and bravest of his subjects, More and Fisher (1535); then robbing the monasteries; then authorising

(as a weapon against Rome) the translation of the Bible; destroying relics, and melting golden reliquaries; burning men who read his translated Bible in their own sense; and, finally, roasting for one sort of heterodoxy, hanging for another, and keeping the executioner at work on his Ministers and his wives. The Protestant programme, as evolved and carried out by Henry VIII., was not a programme which James could have adopted. No Scottish King was ever allowed to bloat into such a monster of tyranny as Henry VIII.'

This candid view of the Reformation will commend itself as sane and sensible to every one save the sectarian bigot. A mild-mannered King like James V. must have felt his soul revolting with horror against a heresy which produced such appalling atrocities, even though he had not been trained to venerate the Church of Rome from his childhood. Froude alone among the historians has striven to make a Protestant Saint of Henry VIII., and he has done so by perverting facts and regarding them with distorted vision. It may have been with a sincere desire to stem the tide of the 'Lutheran heresy,' which seemed inevitably associated with such enormities, that James V. consented to the extreme measures for stamping out this pestilence which his clerical advisers proposed. The contrast between the Tudors and the Stuarts was distinctly shown at this period. The Tudors ever were ruthless, selfish persecutors. Henry VII., despite Bacon's eulogium, was a self-seeking tyrant; Henry VIII. was an 'unspeakable Turk' in public and private life; his daughter Mary showed the taint of heredity by the Smithfield fires, kindled to overthrow the work of her father; and Elizabeth, though the best of the race, slew her faithful servants from feelings of petty spite and jealousy. Fortunately the Tudor strain in the blood of James V. and his hapless daughter, Mary, was not strong enough to poison the stream derived from Stuart sources, though they both suffered in consequence.

The Scottish Reformation, as Mr. Lang points out, came from the opposite pole of the body politic. The pioneers of learning—Elphinstone, Boece, Panter, Archbishop Stewart, and Johu Major—were all pupils, in a sense, of Erasmus, and were predisposed towards reform within the Church.

The character and qualifications of the leading ecclesiastics, on the other hand, had steadily deteriorated, and noble birth was deemed a better passport to high clerical offices than profound learning or sagacity. The Church was not well administered, and Sir David Lindsay, himself a Roman Catholic, was very outspoken in his complaints of the simony, incompetence, lust, and avarice that were then prevalent. The leaders of the Scottish Reformation had been trained in the democratic city of Geneva, and adopted the stern tenets of Calvin rather than the milder methods of Luther. They appealed to the populace—what Knox afterwards called the ‘raskail multitude,’ when he found them too strong for him to restrain—and the result was as overwhelming as it was destructive. Precisely as the French Revolution of 1789, which appealed to the unreasoning classes, developed into the Reign of Terror in 1792, so the Scottish Reformation, begun with perfect good faith, brought about the downfall of the Church to which Scotland owed all the civilisation it possessed. It is absurd to suppose that a Pentecostal spirit had miraculously converted the Scottish nation to Protestant principles, and made them earnest iconoclasts, determined to destroy the old Church in defence of truth and rectitude. The plain fact is that the latent devilry of the lower orders was awakened by the opportunities of plunder and devastation; and they neither troubled themselves about the supremacy of the Pope, nor the right of private interpretation, nor the intercession of saints, nor prayers for the dead, nor any one of the countless subjects which were fiercely debated by converted priests and supporters of the old Catholicism. George Buchanan maintained his equilibrium at first in the *bouleversement* that was general among his compeers. His original notion was that the Church, vitiated as it was, might yet be reformed from within, but reasons of State policy led him later to give up this attitude, and he went with the majority. The great figure of the time is John Knox. Mr. Lang’s first volume concludes with the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, and Knox comes only incidentally within his purview. But it is clear that,—almost for the first time in Scottish history,—we are to have from the

author a reasonable estimate of the man whom unthinking generations of Protestants have taken as their idol. To the unimpassioned and unsectarian student of history it has always been a puzzle to know why the partizan statements of Knox, written for special political reasons, and full of malversations of fact and perverse imputations of motive, should have been accepted as 'proofs strong as Holy Writ.' There is not in the whole range of literature another instance of a virulent partizan pamphlet such as Knox's so-called *History of the Kirk* being elevated to the position of an authority in matters historical. When Mr. Lang has to deal in his second volume with the story of Queen Mary he will find full confirmation of his low opinion of Knox as a historian. But that as yet, to use the author's favourite phrase, is still 'on the knees of the gods.' The death of Beaton made an epoch in the history of Scotland, and Mr. Lang aptly concludes his first volume thus:—'With David Beaton slain, and with Knox hurrying forward to assume a power greater than Beaton's, we may say of old Catholic Scotland, as said the dying Cardinal, "Fie, all is gone!"'

Mr. Lang's work may be estimated from two points of view—that of the historian and that of the general reader. The latter will be surprised to find that topics which he has hitherto considered as dry and uninteresting, have been made bright and attractive by a facile literary style, with a pronounced dash of modernity. The student of history will appreciate the fearless attitude taken up by Mr. Lang towards oft-debated points, and will be especially grateful for the light thrown by him upon the obscure origin of the early inhabitants of Scotland. To suppose that a work like this, which in many points runs counter to moss-grown traditions, and which destroys accepted conventionalities, will be at once received with acclamation, is to expect a miracle. But as Wagner wrote his 'music of the future' amid storms of derision and vituperation, calmly confident that it would ultimately prevail, so Mr. Lang may possess his soul in patience, believing that his book will be the 'history of the future,' and will survive when the twentieth century is suffering from senile decay.

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## ART. II.—THE KELMSCOTT PRESS.

*A Review and Some Statistics.*

FIVE centuries and a half have passed since the discovery of printing by means of movable types: moreover, only a very brief period divides the discovery from the first signs of degeneration—not, of course, from the commercial, but from the æsthetic point of view. As many think, it was left for William Morris late in the nineteenth century again to give dignity and importance to the craft. Cinquecento books are now so rare that relatively few persons come under the spell of pages, as pages, printed thus long ago. Admirable examples are to be found in the British Museum and elsewhere, but in general the study of these is regarded as dull, and visitors pass on to examine other objects, which for them possess more direct appeal. In large part, this explains why so few enter into Morris's feeling when, an Aldus book of about 1490 in his hands, he exclaimed enthusiastically, 'Ah! I wish I could get my books printed like that.' The causes that operated towards the degeneration of printing as an art are not far to seek. Up till the fifteenth century, as is well known, there was but one method of reproducing the words of a document or book: the caligraphist had to be requisitioned on every occasion. The amount of labour expended on a given piece of work was approximately fixed by its nature, and that of the demand. If it was merely a commercial document, copies would be made rapidly, with relatively little regard to appearance. But if, on the other hand, it was a Book of Hours, a Psalter, or some devotional work destined for a king, a church dignitary, or other person of high estate, no amount of care was thought to be ill spent. In a thousand monasteries scattered over Europe, more or less skilled scribes spent their lives in transcription. You have only, for instance, to enter San Marco in Florence, whose every cell bears a simple, devotional little fresco by its long-time inmate and brother, Beato Angelico, passing thence to the library with its hundred open scripts, to understand something of the spirit in which the scribes worked.



Shut off from ordinary affairs, assured of at least the necessaries of life, a touch of the stir and bustle in which we of to-day live, would have come to many of them as a welcome diversion. Perhaps a no more significant testimony to the tranquillity of mediæval monastic life is to be found than in these manuscripts, penned with such heed, painted and illuminated, many of them, so beautifully. Three score years and ten might yield a copy of but a single work ; thereafter, years were spent in decorating it with full-page miniatures against golden backgrounds, examples of which cause many collectors of to-day metâphorically to gnash their teeth and break the tenth commandment, until one at any rate is in their library. It is unnecessary to do more than recall that the first development in the direction of more expeditious reproduction is to be found in the Block Book. Here the design of the page having been traced, the characters were cut on wood, afterwards inked by means of the frotton, and damp papers laid on before placing in the hand press. Correction, of course, was difficult, and this difficulty resulted perhaps in the discovery of movable types, the principle upon which all modern printing is based.

The important point to remember is that when the Mazarin Bible, now worth about £5,000, and the Psalter no less valuable, were issued in the sixth decade of the fifteenth century, they entered into direct competition with the work of the scribes. It would seem that when Fust and Schoeffer issued the so-called Gutenberg Bible in 1456 or thereabouts, they desired to preserve secrecy as to the manner in which it was produced ; indeed, it is possible that copies were disposed of as the work of expert scribes. Two objects at any rate they must have kept in mind : one to produce a book comparable at least with a fine manuscript, the other not prematurely to arouse the opposition of that large class who earned perhaps a scanty livelihood by copying. It happens, then, that the Psalter issued in 1457, registers in many respects the high water mark of printing as an art. So confident of success were its executants, that they added their name and the date, thus challenging the caligraphists and all interested in the older method. Each character of this bold Gothic fount was carefully designed by the working partner, Fust being the

capitalist. Peter Schoeffer, if credence be given to a Strasburg manuscript penned by him in 1499, had studied at 'the most glorious University of Paris;' and to a fund of invention he added a taste for the beautiful. Produced as it must have been at enormous cost, the undertaking more than likely requiring subsidy, it is not surprising when the conditions of the time are taken into account, that this earliest printed Psalter should stand out in its kind as the most memorable book in the world. The reason why early printed books, in whatever country, remain unexcelled as examples of the craft, is because their merits were measured by a standard which by degrees has altogether disappeared: the standard, I mean, of the exquisitely written page, whose characters, conforming to well-selected types, were traced not on machine-made paper of cotton, but on vellum skins, so smooth to the touch, so attractive to the eye of the connoisseur.

Many persons ascribe the foundation of the Kelmscott Press solely to William Morris's so called mediævalism; but the fact that things ancient exercised a fascination over him in no way suffices to explain this project, by whose achievement, above all else it may be, he will hereafter be remembered. Rather it was, to use his own words, because 'I have always been a great admirer of the caligraphy of the middle ages and of the earlier printing which took its place. As to the fifteenth century books, I had noticed that they were always beautiful by force of the mere typography, even without the added ornament, with which many of them are so lavishly supplied. And it was the essence of my undertaking to produce books which it would be a pleasure to look upon as pieces of printing and arrangement of type.' To-day, few voices will be raised in protest against the assertion that the fifty-two works issued from the little house in Hammersmith, now turned into a granary, form one of the most remarkable contributions, not alone to the printing, but to the craftsmanship in general of the nineteenth century. Onward from the time when Morris was a fellow-student with Burne-Jones at Oxford, he delighted to turn over the pages of old manuscripts. Mr. F. S. Ellis tells how in his enthusiastic, simple-hearted way Morris was wont to recall hours passed in the Bodleian, where a special favourite was a fine Apocalypse dating

from the thirteenth century. Over and again those who knew him prior to the eighties, listened to incisive, maybe exaggerated, criticisms of the then-accepted methods of printing. So far from affording him pleasure, there is little doubt that the issue, through channels over which he had but limited control, of his own writings, in large part was mixed with pain—at best they were reasonably well printed, and that went for little with a man possessed of an overwhelming desire for excellence. Although as early as 1866, a special edition of the *Earthly Paradise* with illustrations, by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and type designed by Morris was projected, the thousand difficulties incident to becoming his own printer operated effectively for years. For one thing, his many-sided activity left scant leisure to devote to the scheme. If not in the way that William Morris hoped, *i.e.*, in the immediate reconstitution of society on a more satisfactory basis, his series of political speeches, delivered in many of the great towns of England, had as indirect outcome, perhaps, the fulfilment of his dream as a printer. During frequent absences from London, the conduct of 'Morris & Co.'s' well-known business devolved upon two men whose qualities were admirably fitted to the work. Responsibility in this direction lessened, many hitherto existing obstacles to the long wished-for founding of the Press were removed. Throughout his life Morris was a sceptic as to the worth of knowledge gathered other than at first hand. For this reason, among others, he began in earnest to bring together that fine assemblage of MSS. and early printed books, whose dispersal at Messrs. Sotheby's ranked as one of the chief events of 1898. Once before he had acquired some valuable and historically interesting examples by monastic scribes and early printers, which, much to his after regret, he disposed of before the idea of becoming his own printer had taken definite shape. Those who examined the Morris books will recall how indicative of swift insight, of loving and prolonged examination, were his pencilled comments on many a margin or title page. Every example by an early printer was acquired with the direct object of studying typography.

William Morris himself has put it on record that the problem, as it presented itself to him, of building up a book of beautiful

pages, was a four-sided one: 'the paper, the form of the type, the relative spacing of the letters, the words, and the lines; and lastly, the position of the printed matter on the page.' There are few men at the end of the nineteenth century who share in anything like equal degree Morris's dislike of and distrust in machinery, particularly as applied to the crafts. Even had it been otherwise, durability and appearance alike would have dictated the choice of a hand-made paper. Furthermore, he determined—and in this as in all other matters, considerations of cost were not allowed to interfere—that the paper should be wholly of linen, hard and well-sized; that it should be 'laid' and not 'wove,' the lines caused by the wires of the mould not to be so strong as to give a ribbed appearance. As confirming his own conclusions, independently reached, Morris found that on these points he was in agreement with the paper makers of the fifteenth century; hence he took as model a Bolognese paper of about 1473. As to type, it was rather by instinct than as the result of thought, Morris tells us, that he began by designing a fount of Roman characters. Before starting to design on his own account, he caused parts of the *Pliny* printed by Jenson in 1476, and of Arezzo's *History of Florence*, issued in the same year by Jacobus Rubeus, to be enlarged by photography, in order the more clearly to bring out their salient features. Not till he had traced each one of their characters over and over, thus mastering and becoming familiar with their every line, did he set out to make the eighty-one designs which go to form the now famous Golden Type, so called because the *Golden Legend* was to have been the first book printed therewith at the Kelmscott Press. The Gothic fount came later. Next as to spacing. In order to avoid white spaces between the letters, so large as to mar the unity of effect, Morris decided that the 'face' of the letter should be as nearly as possible conterminous with the 'body;' and that the lateral spaces between the words should suffice only to make a clear division, and should be approximately equal—modern printers, he noted, paid little or no heed to these essential points. 'Leads' he used sparingly, to avoid undue width of white between the lines, limiting himself, indeed, to a thin lead in the case of the pica Gothic, to a hair lead in the case of the

double-column *Chaucer*, and in the 16mo. books, dispensing altogether with leads. Perhaps, however, Morris regarded the position of matter on the page as the most important question in this kind. The inner margin, he affirmed, should invariably be the narrowest, the top somewhat wider, the outside again wider, and the bottom widest of all. In this respect, of course, he found himself at variance with modern practice, which tended to take a single page instead of the two pages, when opened, as the true unit. On the other hand, examination of works by mediæval printers is said to show that they observed a difference of 20 per cent. as between the narrowest inner margin and the deepest margin at the bottom. Of three Kelmscott books before me as I write, the respective measurements may be given in this connection :—

	Inner Margins (effect when bound)	Top Margin	Outer Sides	Bottom Margin
	inches.	inches.	inches.	inches.
<i>News from Nowhere,</i>	$\frac{7}{16}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{8}$
<i>Chaucer,</i> - - 1	1	$1\frac{3}{8}$	$2\frac{3}{4}$	4
<i>Aims of the Press,</i> - $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{9}{16}$	$1\frac{1}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{8}$

Doubtless, an examination of the entire series would give approximately the same result.

Ink plays a by no means unimportant part in the power of a page to delight the eye. Although Morris often spoke of making his own ink, this intention was never fulfilled. After many trials, he finally adopted an ink from Hanover, whose uniform blackness can hardly be surpassed. By general consent, the Edinburgh edition of Stevenson, now worth more than double its issue price, is, as a book, one of the best produced in this century; while special attention has been paid to every detail of the *editions de luxe* of Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. If, however, these books be compared with those issued from the Kelmscott Press, the ink looks relatively grey, it lacks the strength of that used by Morris. The founder had, too, his own ideas as to vellum. The six copies of the *Glittering Plain* of 1891, and two or three of *Poems by the Way* are printed on very fine vellum bought in Rome, of which, however, it was impossible to get more, every skin being required by the Vatican.

For binding purposes, Morris himself preferred to the pure white surface those skins which show the hair marks; hence many of his own copies are thus distinguished. In a word, every minute detail came under his personal consideration, even, for instance, to the red, blue, yellow, and green silk ties, which were specially woven and dyed. Apart, then, from the type and the decoration, Kelmscott books claim attention by virtue of what Mr. Ruskin might have called their righteousness. It will be long, probably, ere inclination and opportunity again concur in the case of a man so gifted as Morris, and without this conjunction a second Kelmscott Press is impossible. He was unhampered by questions of expense; he dared to put in practice his own theories of producing books as perfect in every way as he could make them.

As has been said, Morris had an idea of issuing a special edition of the *Earthly Paradise*, to be illustrated by his friend, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, as early as 1866. Many designs, indeed, were executed, and 44 of these for 'Cupid and Psyche' engraved on wood. Specimen pages were set up, moreover, in Caslon type. Later, the idea of an illustrated edition of *Love is Enough* took shape, marginal ornaments being designed. But neither of these plans reached fruition. Visitors to the exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society, held in the autumn of 1888, may recall Mr. Emery Walker's preface to the catalogue on the subject of printed books. William Morris shared his views, and as the outcome of many conversations *The House of the Wolfings* was printed at the Chiswick Press, with special type modelled on an old Basle fount, the same, by the way, that had been used earlier for the trial pages of *The Earthly Paradise*. In 1889 *The Roots of the Mountains* was similarly printed, a volume that its author at the time declared to be 'the best looking book issued since the seventeenth century.' Immediately after its appearance Morris set to work, in the way already alluded to, to design a fount of his own. He was anxious that Mr. Emery Walker should join him as partner in the printing business, and although formally this never became an accomplished fact, his advice and guidance were sought on every important point during the whole life of the Press. The Roman or Golden fount, modelled on the characters employed by Nicholas Jenson, 1470-6, completed, Morris

felt the want of a Gothic series. In the designing of this Troy type, which he preferred to either of the others, he was influenced primarily by that of Schoeffer, and by those of Mentelin of Strasburg and Zainer of Augsburg. These types, said Morris, 'avoided the spiky ends and undue compression which lay some of the later type open' to a charge of unreadableness; 'only the earlier printers (naturally following therein the practice of their predecessors, the scribes), were very liberal of contractions, and used an excess of 'tied' letters, which, by the way, are very useful to the compositor.' The designer's paramount aim was to make this Great Primer Gothic as easy to read as his Roman type of English size, by this time generally admired. Still later, the greatest of all his fulfilled projects, the double-column *Chaucer*, necessitated a pica Gothic, known as the Chaucer, which differs only from the Troy in point of size. In addition, no less than 384 initial letters, including 34 T's, and 57 different borders, were designed, and most of them engraved and used.

Without counting the two trial pages on vellum of Lord Berners' translation of Froissart's *Chronicles*—a projected work in two volumes folio which would probably have eclipsed the *Chaucer* in ornamentation and general importance—fifty-two works in sixty-six volumes were printed and issued at the Kelmscott Press. Initially, one hand press only was used for the books, but in November, 1891, a second was bought, and early in 1895 a third, specially adapted for printing the *Chaucer*. A trial page of the first book, *The Story of the Glittering Plain*, was pulled on January 1st, 1891—in May a copy of this page sold for £26 10s.—and the first sheet printed about a month later. The volume is dated April 4th, and was issued on May 8th, 1891. Full particulars as to type, number of copies, issue price, etc., will be found in the table appended, but it may here be noted that this is the only Kelmscott book with wash-leather ties, and that four of the vellum copies were specially bound in green vellum, three of these being given by William Morris to his friends. The text of *The Glittering Plain*, with but small variations, was first printed in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. In *Poems by the Way—Flores Atramenti* was the title originally in-

tended by the author—two colours of ink, red and black, are for the first time used; and there are in existence a few copies whose vellum covers were stained at Merton, red, yellow, indigo, and dark green, this experiment, however, not proving successful. Only two of the thirteen examples of *Poems by the Way* printed on vellum are on that procured from Rome. The third Kelmscott Press book, Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt's *Poems*, is the only one whose initials are printed in red, this at the author's express wish. The fourth volume is a reprint from the *Stones of Venice*, with a preface by Morris, of whom Ruskin said 'Morris is beaten gold.' Some peculiarity or point of special interest attaches to almost each work issued; a few only, however, can be alluded to here. The first four books were bound in stiff vellum, and in the fifth, *The Defence of Guenevere*, limp vellum was for the first time used. This book, again, is the only one whose title is inscribed on the back by hand. *The Golden Legend*, set up from a transcript of Caxton's first edition in the possession of the University of Cambridge, was to have introduced the press to the public, indeed fifteen pages were in type by May, 1891; but the size of the paper, at first bought in sheets 16 in. by 11 in., was found to be too small, and there was unforeseen delay in procuring the larger paper. This *Golden Legend* contains the first woodcut title designed by Morris. The Troy type appears for the first time in *The Recuyell*, issued on November 24th, 1892. About this re-issue of the first book printed in English, William Morris, with whom it was a great favourite, wrote for Mr. Quaritch's catalogue:—'As to the matter of the book it makes a thoroughly amusing story, instinct with mediæval thought and manners. For though written at the end of the middle ages and dealing with classical mythology, it has in it no token of the coming Renaissance, but is purely mediæval.' The smaller Gothic, or Chaucer type was used for the table of chapters and the glossary, and Morris designed many initials and ornaments for the work. *The Biblia Innocentium* was the last book issued with untrimmed edges, the first printed in 8vo. The next issue was Caxton's *History of Key-*



*nard the Fox*, taken from the edition of 1481—‘one of the very best of his works as to style,’ remarked Morris, and ‘being translated from a kindred tongue is delightful as mere language.’ As frontispiece to *News from Nowhere*, we have a view of Morris’ Thames-side home, the old manor house of Kelmscott, just such a home, he told a friend, as, before its acquisition, he had seen in dream. *The Order of Chivalry* marks the first use of the Chaucer type for the body of the text, and in *The History of Godfrey of Boloyne* we come upon the fifth and last of the Caxton reprints. It is, too, the first work published and sold at the Kelmscott Press, its forerunners having been disposed of by Messrs. Reeves and Turner, George Allen, or Bernard Quaritch. William Morris’ lecture on *Gothic Architecture*, set up at Hammersmith, was printed at the New Gallery during the progress of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in the autumn of 1893. It was the first 16mo book, and was twice reprinted at the Exhibition. Some 85 copies of *King Florus*, translated from the French by Morris, were bought by Messrs. Tregaskis to be bound in various parts of the world. This interesting collection was exhibited recently at the opening of the Rylands Library, Manchester. The *Psalmi Penitentiales* are taken from a MS. Book of Hours, penned at Gloucester early in the 15th century; according to Professor Skeat, it being probably a copy of a still older MS. Much might be said about the *Chaucer*, but it must suffice to mention that the original intention was to issue 325 copies with 60 woodcuts designed by Burne-Jones; three months later it was determined to add to the number of illustrations and cover the cost by printing a hundred extra copies of the book. In effect we have eighty-seven Burne-Jones illustrations, instead of ‘about sixty,’ as originally promised. The first of the fourteen borders was begun by Morris on February 1st, 1892; three days later the vine border for the initial page was commenced, this being finished in a week. Not, however, until the end of February, 1896, did Morris complete his designs, the last being the title page. The *Chaucer*, in addition to the eighty-seven illustrations designed by Burne-Jones and engraved by W. H. Hooper, has

the woodcut title, fourteen large borders, eighteen different frames for illustrations, and twenty-six large initial words especially designed by Morris. In the accompanying table it will be noted how frequently the founder of the press's name occurs as author or translator, and the works that he translated are hardly less indicative of his general outlook than are those he wrote. Had Morris' life not been cut short, Mr. Cockerell, to whose interesting bibliography I am indebted for a hundred particulars, tells us that we should have had Kelmscott volumes embracing the *Tragedies*, *Histories*, and *Comedies* of Shakespeare; Caxton's *Vitae Patrum*; the *Poems* of Mr. Watts-Dunton; a catalogue of the woodcut and early printed books and MSS. at Kelmscott House; and possibly other works, including the Bible.

There was for long grave doubt as to whether an enterprise involving so much money-expenditure, to say nothing of Morris' own time and talent, would prove a commercial success. A demand for books well printed on excellent paper had almost to be created; and many regarded the project as hopeless. But work after work was fully subscribed, with increasing alacrity, too, as time went on, and the Kelmscott Press became more widely known. In this connection one amusing incident may be related. Messrs. Macmillan, who published Tennyson's *Maud*, were somewhat disappointed with the sale of the five hundred copies, the price to the public of which was two guineas. Hence, to their after regret, they announced to the trade that some 200 copies, I think, would be sold as a 'remainder.' On the morning after the issue of the notice one enthusiast stationed himself at the firm's door at 6 A.M., there to wait patiently until the opening hour. By noon not a single copy, at anyrate at the 'remainder' price, was procurable. The joke against Mr. Macmillan will not soon be allowed to drop. Even commercially the Kelmscott Press proved a satisfactory undertaking, for the absorption by the public, during a period of some seven years, of 18,234 copies of 53 works, representing an aggregate sum of about £50,600—nearly £3 a volume—is a pre-eminently note-worthy achievement, which would have been deemed impossible even

Con. No.	TITLE.	Author, Translator, or Adapter.	Size.	Type.	Binding.
1	The Story of the Glittering Plain...	Wm. Morris	Small 4to	Golden	Stiff Vell
2	Poems by the Way .....	"	"	"	"
3	Love Lyrics and Songs of Proteus	W. S. Blunt	"	"	"
4	The Nature of Gothic .....	John Ruskin	"	"	"
5	The Defence of Guenevere.....	Wm. Morris	"	"	Limp Vell
6	Dream of John Ball.....	"	"	"	"
7	The Golden Legend .....	Wm. Caxton, T.	Large 4to	"	Half Holl
8	Recuyell of Historyes of Troye.....	"	"	Troy	Limp Vell
9	Biblia Innocentium .....	J. W. Mackail, Adp.	8vo	Golden	Stiff Vell
10	History of Reynard the FoXe .....	Wm. Caxton	Large 4to	Troy	Limp Vell
11	Poems .....	Shakespeare	8vo	Golden	"
12.	News from Nowhere .....	Wm. Morris	8vo	"	"
13	The Order of Chivalry .....	Wm. Caxton, T.	Small 4to	Chaucer	"
14	Life of Thomas Wolsey .....	G. Cavendish	8vo	Golden	"
15	History of Godefrey of Boloyne ...	Wm. Caxton	Large 4to	Troy	"
16	Utopia .....	Sir T. More	8vo	Chaucer	"
17	Maud .....	Lord Tennyson	8vo	Golden	"
18	Gothic Architecture.....	Wm. Morris	16mo	"	Half Holl
19	Sidonia the Sorceress .....	Lady Wilde, T.	Large 4to	"	Limp Vell
20	Ballads and Poems .....	D. G. Rossetti	8vo	"	"
20a	Sonnets and Lyrical Poems .....	"	"	"	"
21	King Florus and the Fair Jehane...	Wm. Morris, T.	16mo	Chaucer	Half Holl
22	Story of the Glittering Plain.....	"	Large 4to	Troy	Limp Vell
23	Amis and Amile.....	"	16mo	Chaucer	Half Holl
24	Poems.....	John Keats	8vo	Golden	Limp Vell
25	Atalanta in Calydon .....	A. C. Swinburne	Large 4to	Troy	"
26	Tale of the Emperor Coustans .....	Wm. Morris, T.	16mo	Chaucer	Half Holl
27	The Wood Beyond the World .....	Wm. Morris	8vo	"	Limp Vell
28	The Book of Wisdom and Lies .....	O. Wardrop, T.	"	Golden	"
29	Poetical Works.....	Shelley	"	"	"
29a	" .....	"	"	"	"
29b	" .....	"	"	"	"
30	Psalmi Penitentiales .....	"	"	Chaucer	Half Holl
31	Epistola de Contemptu Mundi .....	Savonarola	"	"	"

nr.	Issue Date.	No. of Copies.	Issue Price.	SALE PRICES.														
				April 5, or July 12, 1898.			Feb. 15, or Mar. 24, 1899.			July 7, 1899.			Nov. 23, 1899.			Record Prices. 1899-1900.		
				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
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33	Syr Perecyvelle of Gales.....		8vo	Chaucer	„
34	Life and Death of Jason .....	Wm. Morris	Large 4to	Troy	„
35	Child Christopher.....	„	16mo	Chaucer	Half Holl
36	Hand and Soul .....	D. G. Rossetti	„	Golden	Stiff Vell
37	Poems.....	Herrick	8vo	„	Limp Vell
38	„ .....	Coleridge	„	„	„
39	The Well at the World's End .....	Wm. Morris	Large 4to	Chaucer	„
40	Works.....	Chaucer	„	„	Half Holl.
41	Earthly Paradise .....	Wm. Morris	Med. 4to	Golden	Limp Vell
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41b	„ .....	„	„	„	„
41c	„ .....	„	„	„	„
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41e	„ .....	„	„	„	„
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	12 V.	2 gns.	.....																

by Morris himself in the initial stages of the enterprise. For it must be remembered that, while connoisseurs are ever ready to pay considerable sums for examples of ancient typography, relatively few were prepared to give what was at first regarded as the excessive sum per volume demanded for Kelmscotts.

Undeniably the short life of the Press, and the fact that its founts, now in the hands of Morris' trustees, can no longer be used save for special editions of his own writings, operated in favour of higher prices. As a fact, the wonderful appreciation in these books stands out as a feature of the 1899 auctions. The little *Biblia Innocentium* heads the list of increases, being now valued at almost twenty-seven times its issue price; Keats' *Poems*, originally to be procured for 30s., sell for £27; the 1891 *Glittering Plain* has made as much as £33 10s., although published at £2 2s.; and other hardly less striking examples might be cited. Perhaps, indeed, the fact that a high-priced book like the *Chaucer* is valued at more than thrice its first cost, £69 instead of £20, is the most significant testimony of all. If the unpriced Savonarola letter be estimated at £1 10s., and the magnificent Froissart pages, 160 copies on vellum only of which were printed, be included, the aggregate original cost of a set of Kelmscotts on paper was £144 14s. 6d. In March of this year the complete series realised £560 14s. 6d.

These extraordinary advances have been established, it must be remembered, in spite of no less than ten complete sets, not to count several hundred odd volumes, having passed through the London auction rooms during the past eighteen months. For the most part the purchases have been made by dealers, and hence the public is called to pay even higher sums.

As to whether these books will see a still further advance there is, of course, difference of opinion. On the one hand we have to remember that there is a small likelihood of books equally excellent being issued in the near future, that there is said to be a growing demand in America, and that the copies available for sale hereafter will almost certainly be markedly



fewer than those which have recently come under the hammer. Contrarily, one has to discount the force of a perhaps temporary vogue, and to estimate the permanent influence of William Morris as a printer. The appended table gives full particulars in order of issue, not, as will be remarked, in that of date, of each work printed at the Kelmscott Press, and it is hoped that this will prove useful alike for reference purposes and to the collector who desires full information before determining on special purchases. The final column gives the amount paid at auction for each work up to June 1901.

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ART. III.—SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE BLAIR ADAM ANTIQUARIAN CLUB 1817.\*

A FEW miles to the west of Loch Leven, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's *Abbot*, lies the mansion house of Blair Adam. In the summer of 1817 the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam of Blair Adam, invited Sir Walter Scott, who was not appear before this time to have been intimately acquainted with the district, to spend a few days with him at Blair Adam House. Along with Scott were also invited in the invitation two of his most congenial friends, Sir Adam Ferguson and Mr. W. Clark, son of Mr. Clark of Edinburgh, author of a well known essay on Naval Tactics, which first taught the practice of the manœuvre of breaking the line on *board* and *beat* principles. The little holiday party, we need scarcely say, spent a very pleasant time with their accomplished host and his son Rear-Admiral Adam—the first Sir Charles Adam.

They strolled through the Blair Adam garden and pleasure grounds—through the woods and groves. These had been

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\* The writer desires to express his obligations to Sir Charles E. Adam, Baronet, Blair Adam, for kindly placing at his disposal for consultation the Family Records of the Blair Adam Club.



laid out on the system of Shenston's Leasowes—the model after which Sir Walter Scott was then beautifying the policies of Abbotsford. In a quiet social hour, and in the heart of this scene of enchantment where the eye rested now on the gleaming surface of Lochleven and anon on the rugged basaltic brow of Benarty, with its historic pass winding round its base, Lord Adam entertained his distinguished visitor with a graphic description of the antiquarian and historic surroundings of Blair Adam. We narrate the incident in his Lordship's own words: 'I at this time told Sir Walter how singularly the place was environed with castles of great antiquity—many of them connected with historic matter of the highest concernment. That there were besides other objects of great beauty, curiosity and interest, all of them (even the most distant) within the reach of being thoroughly seen between breakfast and the evening—so that with a basket well supplied with cold meat and some bottles of good wine, we could explore the recesses of Castle Campbell (I believe the most distant), enjoy our refreshment, and return before the night set in. The places which I enumerated, beginning at the nearest, was my own little castle of Dewhill. To the west were the castles of Cleish, Aldie, Tullibole, Castle Campbell, the scenery of the Cauldron Linn and the Rumbling Bridge. To the north I mentioned the Castle of Balfour, Burleigh, and the Castle of Balvaird, the original seat of the Stormont family.

'I represented that on the east side is the royal palace of Falkland, and also of Leslie, with its superb trees and its ancient beautiful terraces, on the banks of the river Leven, and Christ Kirk on the Green, rendered illustrious by a royal poet. That, travelling westward, there were the Castles of Strathendric and of Arnot, and the ruined castle of drained Lochore, between the Lake and Blair Adam, was the *Castra Stativa Agricolaë* still to be traced. To the south was Dunfermline, where Bruce is buried, and James IV. drank 'the bluid red wine.'

'Last but not least was Loch Leven Castle, seen at every turn from the northern side of Blair Adam.'

This castle as well as its neighbourhood was ere long to be

invested with a new halo of romance on the publication of *The Abbot* in 1820.

The subject now introduced to his notice must have been congenial in no ordinary degree to the author of *The Antiquary* and the redactor of the *Border Minstrelsy*. Scott's mind has been compared by Lockhart to one of those antique Gothic fabrics with its rich imagery and tracery, half seen in the clear day light, and half by rays tinged with the blazoned forms of the past.

We do not wonder that we should be told that Scott was at once fascinated—and that the talk which ensued generated the idea of the formation of the Blair Adam Antiquarian Club. The scheme was—as follows. The select party then at Blair Adam were to be the members, with a few names of special friends to be added to the number.


They agreed to visit Blair Adam annually, arriving on the Friday in time for dinner, and leaving again for their duties in Edinburgh on the following Tuesday morning. This gave them two free days for their antiquarian excursions and explorations. On Sundays, besides going to the Parish Church of Cleish, they could ramble about the policies or stroll together to the wooded slopes of Benarty.

The time of the year chosen for these happy reunions was the summer solstice, when the days were brightest and longest.

The first visit of Scott to Blair Adam was not destined to pass without an incident of historic interest to the readers of the *Waverley Novels*. Their author was then the Great Unknown. Only three of these immortal works, *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and *The Antiquary*, had as yet been published. It was early on Tuesday morning, the Lord Chief Commissioner and Sir Walter were hurrying back to Edinburgh so as to reach the Court before nine o'clock. They had reached Queensferry. It was a delightful daybreak and the waters of the Firth were as smooth as glass. The two travellers baited for a short space at Hawes' Inn, waiting the arrival of their companions. 'An occurrence then took place,' says Lord Adam, 'which left little doubt on my mind that Scott was the author of *The Anti-*

quary, *Guy Mannering*, and *Waverley*, his only novels then published. Sir Walter Scott and I were standing on the beach enjoying the prospect. The porpoises on the beach were rising in great numbers when Sir Walter said to me, "Look at them, how they are shewing themselves. What fine fellows they are! I have the greatest respect for them. I would as soon kill a man as a phoca." I could not conceive that the same idea could occur to two men respecting this animal, and inferred that it could only be Sir Walter who made the phoca have the better of the battle with the Antiquary's nephew, Captain M'Intyre.' His Lordship saw other indications of Scott's authorship of *Rob Roy*, which was published the following autumn. 'But what, he says, 'confirmed me and was meant to disclose to me the author (and that in a very elegant manner) was the mention of Kiery Craigs, a picturesque piece of scenery in the grounds of Blair Adam, as being in the vicinity of the Keltj Bridge, the howf of Auchtermuchty, the Kinross carrier. At our first meeting after the publication of *The Abbot*, when the party was assembled on the top of the rock, the Chief Baron Shepherd, looking Sir Walter full in the face, and stamping his staff on the ground, said, "Now, Sir Walter, I think, we be on the top of the Kiery Craggs." Sir Walter preserved a profound silence, but there was a conscious looking down and a considerable elongation of the upper lip.'

The members of the Blair Adam Club thus happily inaugurated were:—The Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, Sir Charles Adam, Sir Walter Scott, Sir Adam Ferguson, Sir William Clark, Chief Baron Shepherd, Mr. Thomas Thomson (advocate), Rev. John Thomson (Duddingston), Mr. Anstruther Thomson Charleton (Lord Adam's son-in-law). The constituent members of the Blair Adam Club were thus nine—the number of the Muses—all told. But there were from time to time distinguished visitors such as Lord Abercromby, Lord Sydney Osborne, and Count Fl'ahault. To these fall to be added the names of some Kinross-shire squires who received the honour of an invitation to the Club dinner. The ladies of the respective families of the members were included in the social circle



to grace the symposia, and to join when they chose in the exploratory rambles.

It is not necessary that we should, within our narrow limits, discuss in detail the membership of this group of Scottish Antiquaries, with its variety of talent and social qualities. One only we must individualize in consistency with our design—the one man of it, along with the members of the Blair Adam family, whose name and fame, and even personal appearance, are deeply fixed to this day in the memories or imaginations of the surviving ancients of the district. Few, if any, can be alive who saw Scott in his rambles through the Blair Adam policies. The writer has spoken to a few of these, and well remembers one very aged dame who had often met the great man sauntering along the grounds seemingly not at the time in robust health. This must have been at the stage when declining strength obliged him to forego his more ambitious expeditions to the old castles, as it latterly constrained him to sever his connection with this loving fraternity.

So devoted was Scott to the amenities of club life at Blair Adam that during the entire period from 1817 to 1831, when his health failed, he never missed a single meeting.

The first of the Club excursions was in 1818, and its destination was Castle Campbell. This was a spot altogether to Sir Walter's mind. Among other associations, it was the scene of mortal feud between the Campbells and the Gordons, and of the devotion of the daughter of the house of Argyll, whose fate, at the burning of the Castle, is still commemorated in the old ballad:—

' They rowed her in twa bonnie white sheets,  
And tow'd her o'er the wa',  
An' ane o' the Yerl o' Gordon's men  
Keppit her on a spear sae sma'.  
They separated her head frae her bodye,  
Wi' tails o' yellow hair,  
An' they threw it up to her mither again ;  
But O, her heart was sair.'

Scott, with a few of the more adventurous members, descended into the dungeon of the Castle, and brought back the re-

port to their more cautious companions, in which, of course, they all agreed that it was well worth the labour and hazard. The day closed with a collation of great amusement at Rumbling Bridge Inn, where they were joined by the ladies.

Dunfermline and Cleish Castle were then visited in turn.

One of the most enjoyable of all these yearly excursions was that to Macduff's Cross, near Newburgh, in which Sir Walter Scott took a special interest, and which he had planned the preceding year.

This involved a journey of eighteen miles. In the course of it one of the two conveyances broke down under its weight of antiquarian lore, near the picturesque village of Damhead. They applied to the Damhead blacksmith for the necessary repairs, and it is noted as a fact worthy of record in their annals that the smith and his family were at morning prayers, and, like devout Christians, would not be disturbed till they were over.

Passing through the picturesque scenery of Glenfarg they had a sumptuous, overflowing breakfast at the residence of Mr. Murray of Ayton. Indeed, wherever we get a glimpse of the commissariat, we witness an abundance and joviality which reminds the reader of the Waverley Novels of Scott's own princely hospitality to all his progeny of *bona fide* travellers, good, bad, and indifferent.

Personally, Scott was free from the contagion of the drinking habits of his time. He was won't to say that he was devoutly grateful to the providence that had saved him from becoming the victim of intemperance. It was a frequent counsel of his to his young friends and acquaintances, 'Depend upon it, of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness.' In the *Abbot*, it will be remembered, he makes Adam Woodstock thus counsel Roland Græme: 'Thirdly and to conclude, as our worthy preacher says—Beware of the pottle pot, it has drenched the judgment of wiser men than you.'

The programme of that eventful day of the Damhead disaster, with its sidelight on the bygone habits of our Scottish peasantry, included the inspection of the Tower at

rnethy (similar to that at Brechin), Macduff's Cross, and Loch of Lindores. The principal attraction was Macduff's Cross or Stone. The result of their discoveries is given in the words of Sir Adam Ferguson, one of the exploring party:—

The members now, in the course of their antiquarian progress, reached the village of Newburgh, on the banks of the Tay, being then in search of a large stone called Macduff's Cross, in which, according to tradition, the standard of that great warrior and chieftain used to be placed as an arm post or place of rallying for his followers in arms. A member of the party (Sir Adam Ferguson) who, Sancho Panza like, was thinking more of the excellent repast which awaited him and his brother members (the same being ambulatory along with him), began making some enquiries of a youth touching the *locale* of the Cross, heartily wishing it, all the time, 'half o'er to Aberdour in fifty fathoms deep,' when the renowned author of *Waverley* stepped up and scouted the idea of Sir Adam expecting to get any information from a foolish boy. At the same time a very old and infirm man, leaning on his staff, was seen approaching the party; when Sir Walter, assuming a particularly knowing air, with his right hand in his waistcoat pocket, which had commenced the pursuit of a sixpenny piece, addressing himself to Sir Adam, said—"Permit me to know how to get at the springs of antiquarian knowledge. I will suck the brains of this ancient inhabitant of the place." So, with the sixpence secured between the forefinger and the thumb of his right hand, he demanded of the aged person if he knew anything of the Macduff Cross. The old man, keeping his eye steadily on Sir Walter's hand *en poche*, said he could tell him a'bout it. On this Sir Walter put the sixpence into his hand, which it no sooner reached than the old man sprang up into the air, like a youth of sixteen, and, twirling his staff round his head, commenced, in a most violent manner, a wild jargon of song, and nothing else could be got out of him. In fact, he turned out to be a vagrant idiot passing through the village, where his small degree of intellect had been rendered still less by a copious inhibition of alcohol, to use a technical medical phrase, and biding no longer question, danced back to the dram shop, as might be expected. Sir Walter's mortification at this incident,' adds Sir Adam, 'might be conceived, though it could not be well described.'

There was one spot which was often in their thoughts, and often the subject of their convivial talk, and which must have awakened no ordinary interest in the mind of Scott, now busy with the composition of *The Abbot*, the chief scenes of which lay before him every time he turned his eye towards Loch-

leven, the Vale of Kinross, and Benarty. This enchanted spot, we need hardly say, was Lochleven Castle.

Soon after the publication of *The Abbot*, but while Scott was still the Great Unknown, the Club spent a pleasant and quiet day on the Castle island. They talked about Mary, her apartments in the Castle, her escape and landing place, while Scott joined with a demure face in all their discussions and conjectures.

From the Castle island they proceeded to Burleigh Castle, inspecting its singularly interesting tower, the lower part of which is a circle and the upper part a regular square building. Here Scott selected some relics, and had them afterwards conveyed to Abbotsford. On this occasion they secured some capital Lochleven trout, and carried them home for dinner.

Sometimes the excursion took a wider range, and on one occasion the Club paid a memorable visit to Magus Moor—the scene of the murder of Archbishop Sharp—and to St. Andrews, where Patrick Hamilton, George Wishart, and other of our Scots worthies perished. Sir Walter, still the Great Unknown, discussed the history of these places and events with great freedom and energy. Other localities of Covenanting memories were visited in this neighbourhood, viz., the Church of St. Monan's, erected by David II. to fulfil a vow which he had made on his life being saved at the battle of Durham. They visited, also, a hiding place of the Covenanters east of Ely House, and also Macduff's cave, where he concealed himself until his escape from Macbeth across the Firth of Forth.

Sometime after the avowal of the authorship of the Waverley Novels, and the publication of *The Fair Maid of Perth*, 'the demure and solemn Club,' as Lord Adam playfully designates it, undertook an expedition to Falkland Palace, and other centres of interest over which the Wizard of the North was now throwing his magic spell. Scott talked freely of all the topics suggested by these

Among the last of the Club : one to C  
Abbey, where they were hospite by the  
prietor, Sir Robert Pr on, the ear. 5

*Sir Walter Scott and the Blair Adam Club.*

was a second visit to Castle Campbell, in which Scott, usual, was the life of the jovial party, though the burden bodily and other troubles was now beginning to press heavily upon him.

Such was the general character of the movements and exploits of the Blair Adam Antiquarian Club, the record of whose doings is preserved in the too brief review from the face of the Lord Chief Commissioner. Had a full record of its convivial gatherings, as well as its antiquarian transactions, been kept by the same competent hand, we should have had another volume of club life fit to take its place beside the famous *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, with this distinction that the Blair Adam Innocents were not so much the children of the night as of the day.

Towards the close of their gatherings, in the 'lang, lang days o' simmer,' the circle would form under some shady tree, like the classic swains of Virgil of the olden time, and, drawing inspiration from earth and air and sky, launch forth on a recital of past years. Such a social convivium—we had almost said conventicle—was a not unfit ending to the reunions of these joyous years.

The members of the Club were now none of them young, but there was, of course, a junior and a senior division, and the potent, grave, and reverend seigniors did not refuse to take their share in the common recital and confession of the escapades of earlier days. 'Shepherd and I,' says his Lordship, the Chief Commissioner, 'could tell of our circuit fooleries, as old Fielding (the son of the great novelist) called them—of circuit songs which Will Fielding made and sung, and of the grave Sir W. Grant—then a briefless barrister and bearing his part in these fooleries—enjoying our pranks with great zest, and who talked of them with delight to his dying day.'

Upon such a scene it is fitting that the curtain should now fall.

Scott had for some time been suffering from failing health, wearing out his life in the heroic effort to repair the great financial disaster which crushed so many of his hopes of the future.

He was about to set out on a journey to other lands in search of better health—unhappily a vain search. Before he left he



presented Lord Adam with a magnificent key of great size, which, he said, had been given him as the key of Mary's apartments in Lochleven Castle. As to his own personal belief in the bona-fide character of the relic, Scott said that if it was not the key it certainly deserved to be so from its elegance, strength, and structure.

The Lord Chief Commissioner closes his deeply interesting sketch with a reference to the characteristic harmony which pervaded all their intercourse.

There was no grim dictator with his 'Why, Sir,' and 'What then, Sir,' his 'No, Sir,' and 'You don't see your way through the question, Sir.' 'The topics,' says his Lordship, 'were multifarious, and the opinions of course various; but during the whole time of our intercourse for thirteen years there never was the least tendency to unruly debate, nor to anything that deviated from the pure delight of social intercourse.'

W. STEPHEN.

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#### ART. IV.—YIDDISH LITERATURE.

*The History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century.*  
By LEO WIENER. London: John C. Nimmo. 1899.

YIDDISH Literature is not a subject about which, in this country at least, much has been written, or about which much is generally known. To the ordinary reader the term 'Yiddish' is somewhat of a puzzle, though it is the term used to designate a language, or rather a jargon, which is spoken at the present moment by some five or six millions of people. Their literature is not a great literature like that of England, France, Italy, or Greece; still it is varied and living, and not without points of interest both on account of its contents and because of the people to whom it is addressed and for whose thoughts and aspirations it forms the literary medium of expression. Unlike most literatures, it can lay no claim to a

at antiquity. The sixteenth century is the furthest point which it can go back. Since then, however, it has grown and flourished, and suffered an almost total eclipse. At the present moment it is passing through a vigorous renaissance which promises to outlive the political conditions to which it owes its origin, if it does not itself acquire a much more enduring life.

It is with the history of this literature during its present renaissance that Mr. Wiener chiefly deals in the volume whose title we have placed above. So far as we know, Mr. Wiener's is the first attempt at a systematic treatment of the subject which has appeared in English. As for Mr. Wiener himself, he is the Instructor in Slavic Languages at Harvard University, and is in perfect sympathy with his subject. He is rather hard upon one or two of his foreign contemporaries who have treated of the same topic, but his own work bears abundant evidence of wide research and accurate information, and though a little wanting in method and sometimes tantalising because of its omissions, it is full of instruction and attractively written.

Strictly speaking, Yiddish is not a language nor a dialect, but a jargon—the jargon used by the Judeo-German communities dwelling chiefly in Germany and Russia. A jargon is a language in process of making from two or more, one of which forms the basis, animating and assimilating the borrowings from the rest. Or to use Mr. Wiener's definition, it is 'the chaotic state of a speech-mixture at the moment when the foreign elements first enter into it,' and the mixture, he goes on to explain, 'can never be entirely arbitrary, since it is subject to the spirit of one fundamental language which does not lose its identity.' The introduction of the foreign element, however, may be spread over a longer or shorter period, and until the fundamental language asserts itself by the assimilation of the foreign element the chaotic state or the jargon remains in a more or less developed condition.

Jargons did not arise among the Jews until the middle of the fifteenth century. Down to that period the mediæval Jews

were always bilingual, speaking and writing, often with great precision, in addition to their Hebrew, the vernacular of the country in which they lived. But, in the fifteenth century, when, in consequence of the continued expulsion of the Jews from their native lands, there was scarcely a Jewish congregation in the South of Europe in which there was not a large foreign element, Hebrew words—since Hebrew was the only language common to the race—began to be introduced into the vernacular. Many such words were also introduced through the practice, common among the Jews, of teaching young children the Hebrew names of ordinary domestic objects.\* Yiddish, however, came later, and may be said to owe its existence to the persecutions to which the Jews were subjected in Germany at the time of the Reformation. Its basis is High German; but though that is the case, it is not merely a mixture of High German and Hebrew; other elements go to form it. Graetz, whose attitude both towards the jargon and to those among whom it arose, is not altogether friendly, attributes its origin largely to an excessive study of the Talmud. After observing that the whole tendency of Jewish thought in Poland during the sixteenth century was turned in a wrong direction through this excessive study, he goes on to remark: 'The language of the Jews in particular suffered from this cause, degenerating into a ridiculous jargon, a mixture of German, Polish, Talmudical elements, becoming an unpleasant stammering, rendered still more repulsive by forced attempts at wit.' 'This corrupt speech, despising all forms,' he adds, 'could only be understood by Jews who were natives of the country.'†

Mr. Wiener gives a different and, in our opinion, a much more reasonable account of its origin. The paragraph in which he does so is somewhat long, but we shall venture to place it here because of its importance. 'Previous to the Sixteenth Century,' he says, 'the Jews in Germany spoke the dialects of their immediate surroundings; there is no evidence

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\* *Abraham's Jewish Life in the Middle Ages*, p. 359.

† *History of the Jews*, English Translation iv., 682.

ve any introduction of Hebrew words at that early age, although it must be supposed that words relating purely to Mosaic ritual may have found their way into the spoken language even then. The sixteenth century finds a large number of German Jews resident in Bohemia, Poland, and Rumania. As is frequently the case with immigrants, the Jews in those distant countries developed a greater intellectual activity than their brethren at home, and this is indicated by the prominence of the printing offices at Prague and Breslau, and the large number of natives of those countries who figure as authors of Judeo-German works up to the nineteenth century. But torn away from a vivifying intercourse with their mother country, their vocabulary could not be increased from the living source of the language alone, for their interests began to diverge. Religious instruction being given entirely in Hebrew, it was natural for them to make use of all such Hebrew words as they thus became familiar with. Their close study of the Talmud furnished them from that source with a large number of words of argumentation, while the native Slavic languages naturally added their mite toward making the Judeo-German more and more unlike the mother tongue. Since books published in Bohemia were equally current in Poland, and *vice versa*, and Jews perused a great number of books, there was always a lively interchange of thoughts going on in these countries, causing some Bohemian words to migrate to Poland, and Polish words back to Bohemia. These books printed in Slavic countries were received with open hands also in Germany, and their preponderance over similar books at home was so great that the foreign corruption affected the spoken language of the German Jews, and they accepted also a number of Slavic words together with the Semitic infection. This was further aided by the many Polish teachers, who, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were almost the only instructors of Hebrew in Germany.'

Essentially, therefore, Mr. Wiener argues, Yiddish or Judeo-German, is a German dialect group closely following in its many dialectic variations the High German dialects of the

Middle Rhine, with Frankfurt for its centre. The foreign elements at first introduced into it were Hebraic from the Talmud and Slavic from Poland and Bohemia. Subsequently, after the migrations into Russia, many Russian words were introduced. As a consequence of the wide extent of the Slavic countries, anything like uniformity was impossible, and many sub-dialects sprung up, with a tendency to divide themselves into two groups. 'The various sub-dialects of Poland,' as Mr. Wiener points out, 'differ considerably from the group which includes the north-west of Russia, while they resemble somewhat more closely the southern variety.' In the printed literature before the beginning of the present century nothing of this diversity appears. 'There,' Mr. Wiener observes, 'a great uniformity prevails, and by giving the Hebrew vowels, or the consonants that are used as such, the values that they have in the mouths of German Jews, we obtain, in fact, what appears to be an apocopated corrupted form of literary German. The spelling has remained more or less traditional, and though it becomes finally phonetic, it seems to ascribe to the vowels the values nearest to those of the mother-language and current in certain varieties of the Lithuanian group.' This older stage of the language is still familiar to the Russian-Jewish women through the 'Zeena Ureena,' or prayer-book, and the special prayers recited in Judeo-German. It is also used by modern writers in the composition of prayers.

The first to make use of the vernacular for literary purposes in the present century was Minchas Mendel Lefin, a Galician. He has since been followed by a whole crowd of writers in Russia, in whose hands the language has undergone considerable modifications. Most of these writers have written in one or other of the southern dialects, and their language, Mr. Wiener remarks, 'abounds in a large number of idiomatic expressions for which one would in vain look in the older writings;' words of Slavic origin that were used in everyday life were freely introduced, and the old diction was superseded by one that is entirely new. At first their spelling was quite phonetic. But as they were mostly under the influence of the Mendelsohnian School at Lemberg, their leaning towards German

soon led them into the unfortunate mistake of introducing orthography for their dialect, with the result that it is frequently impossible to tell from the form of a word what it may have been pronounced.' 'Add to this,' Wiener continues, 'the historical spelling of the Hebrew phonetic of the Slavic words, and one can easily see the chaos that prevails in the written language.'

When used for literary purposes the language has no standard norm. Most of the best writers employ slightly different dialects of Volhynia. The Lithuanian variety is also represented, and lately Perez has begun to write in his own vernacular. German influence which began to show itself early, has affected both the spelling and the vocabulary of the early Lithuanian writers. In America the literary language has come to resemble literary German. A number of new terms for familiar objects has been introduced, but the whole the language of the best writers in America is German. Wiener tells us, but little from that of their former

mother-tongue. Further, the language exhibits very considerable diversity. The main differences between it and the mother-tongue, as pointed out by Mr. Wiener in the concluding part of his chapter upon it, are these: 'Its vocalism has undergone a considerable change, varying from locality to locality. The German unaccented final *e* has, as in other varieties of German, disappeared; in declensional forms the *e* has almost entirely disappeared, while in the Lithuanian group, the dative has also coincided with the accusative; in Yiddish, Judeo-German has lost almost entirely the imperative; and the order of words is more like the English than the German.' These, he adds, in accordance with what he has called his main contention, are all developments for which parallels can be adduced from the region of Frankfurt, and Yiddish-German is not an anomaly, but a natural develop-

ment. It turns to the literature. As already said, it is varied and rich. It comprises folklore, folksongs, other poetry both printed and unprinted, allegories, dramas, essays, tales and

novels. Part of it consists of translations and borrowings from other literatures; part of it has a specifically didactic aim, being inspired by the movement initiated by Mendelssohn for the intellectual and moral elevation of the poorer communities of the race scattered throughout Germany and Russia; and a part of it owes its origin to a genuine literary spirit.

In folklore Yiddish is particularly rich, though scarcely so original as has sometimes been supposed. In the dissemination of folklore, the Jews, during the Middle Ages, were undoubtedly most potent agents. Great travellers, they were to be found in most quarters of the three continents, and 'became unwittingly the mediators of the intellectual life of the most remote lands.' Always possessed by an innate love for story-telling, their own religious and semi-religious stories were insufficient to satisfy their curiosity, and wherever they went they gathered up whatever stories they could, and repeated them in the ears of eager listeners on their return home and in the dwellings of the *diaspora* with whom they chanced to lodge during their travels. In this way the Jews of the Middle Ages became the possessors of a vast fund of folklore. Many of the stories it contained were written down for the use of women, and the books in which they were printed falling into hands outside Jewish circles, the Jews in this way became the medium through which much of the folklore of distant lands managed to become current in Europe.\* Little trouble has been taken in the way of editing these stories, and most of them remain, though printed over and over again, just as they were originally printed.

Their variety is immense. Speaking of the folklore of the Russian Jews, Mr. Wiener says: 'time and space are annihilated in it. Here one finds side by side the quaint stories of the Talmud of Babylonian, Persian, and Egyptian origin, with the Polyphemus myth of the Greeks, the English "Bevys of Hamptoun," the Arabic "Thousand and One Nights." Stories

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\* See on this point an excellent essay by Mr. Jacobs in his *Jewish Ideals*.

in which half a dozen motives from separate tales have been moulded into one harmonious whole, jostle with those that show unmistakable signs of venerable antiquity. Nowhere else can such a variety of tales be found as in Judeo-German; nor is there any need, as in other literatures, to have recourse to collections of the diligent searcher: one will find hundreds of them, nay thousands, told without any conscious purpose in the chapbooks that are annually issued at Wilna, Lemberg, Lublin, and other places.'

Besides these there is a vast number of stories of native growth, both written and unwritten, that involve the superstitions and beliefs of a more local character. Many of the tales may be traced back to the Talmud, and include a number of animal fables, stories of strange beasts, much imaginary geography, and a large number of apocryphal Bible stories. One of the most interesting series is that which contains the tales relating to the river Sambation—a river which, though seldom discovered by mortals, has always been the object of their lifelong quest. During the week it throws large rocks towards heaven, and rushes along with a deafening roar. On the Sabbath it rests, but resumes its activity at the close of the day. Beyond it live the Red Jews. The best story of this cycle is, in Mr. Wiener's opinion, one told by Meisach, of which he gives the following sketch:—

'An inquisitive tailor sets out in search of the Sambation river. Of all the Jews that he meets he inquires the direction that he is to take thitherward; and he makes public announcements of his urgent business at all the synagogues that he visits. But all in vain. Three times he has already traversed the length and breadth of this earth, but never did he get nearer his destination. Undaunted, he starts out once more to reach the tribe of the Red Jews. Suddenly he arrives near the awful river. Overwhelmed by its din, terrified by its eruptions, he falls down on the ground and prays to the all-merciful God. It happened to be a few minutes before the time that the river was to go to rest. The clock strikes, and, as if by magic, the scene is changed. The tailor finds a ford, passes on to the other side, and, exhausted from his wanderings, he lies down to sleep in the grass. The tribe of men that live there are a race of giants. One of them, noticing the intruder, takes him up and slips him into his spacious coat pocket. He proceeds to the bath-house to take his ablution, and thence to the synagogue, having the tailor all the while in his pocket.



The giant begins to pray. At the end, while a pause ensues, the pious tailor unconsciously exclaims, "Amen!" Astonished to hear that mysterious voice, the giant brings the tailor to light, and showers many signs of respect upon him, for even the giants know how to honour a pious man. The tailor liked it there so much that he never returned to his native home.'

Gulliver's Travels at once comes back to the memory, and one wonders whether Swift ever read this story, or was in any way acquainted with it. The central figures in another class of tales are Moses, David, and Elijah, all of whom are supposed to visit the unfortunate and distressed, and to help them. According to popular belief Elijah did not die. When he visits men, his presence is known only, if we may so say, when he departs, for he then usually leaves behind him a cloud of vapour. At the ceremony of circumcision a chair is always left unoccupied for him. David is supposed to preside over the repast at the conclusion of the Sabbath, when a song is recited in which his name is mentioned. While the presence of Elijah is always unknown, David's is recognised by the courtiers and musicians that always accompany him, and by the harp he holds in his hand.

Of the mediæval legends the majority cluster round the more or less famous among the Rabbis of Central Europe, and the cities of Amsterdam, Frankfort, Worms, Prague, and Cracow have all their special series of wonderful tales about the supernatural powers of these ancient worthies. The most famous among them is Maimonides, or Rambam, as he is called, and the stories about him are almost endless. Like Virgil, he has been transformed into a wizard who knows the hidden properties of plants and stones, is able to interpret dreams and to read the future, and has the power to annihilate space.

Other tales refer to the Lamed-wow-niks, the Thirty-six, or Hidden, Saints. These have been evolved in Slavic countries. The Saints are called 'hidden,' because it is characteristic of a to conceal both their sanctity and their power. No one dreams that they are anything more than ordinary human  
 4 As a rule they are tailors or shoemakers, who ply vocations unostentatiously, and to all appearance they

are common people, poor and mentally rather undeveloped. When their identity is made apparent, they vigorously deny that they belong to the chosen Thirty-six, and only admit the fact when the evidence against them is overwhelming. After performing some act, usually, by which a calamity is averted, they return to their ordinary manner of life, but in some other town or neighbourhood where they are not likely to be recognised. But for them, the sins of men it is supposed would long since have brought about the ruin of the universe. One of these is the old man Prochorovich who figures in Turgéniéff's story 'The Dog,' a translation of which recently appeared in the pages of this *Review* (April, 1899).

Local legends or legends relating to particular localities are especially numerous. 'There is hardly,' says Mr. Wiener, 'an inn on the highways and byways of Western Russia and Galicia that has not its own circle of wonderful tales. Every town possesses its remarkable Rabbi whose memory lives in the deeds that he is supposed to have performed. But none, except the town of Mesiboz, the birthplace of Balschem-tow, the founder of the sect of the Khassidim, can boast of such a complete set of legendary tales as the cities of Wilna and Cracow. In Wilna they will still tell the curious stranger many reminiscences of those glorious days when their Rabbis could arrest the workings of natural laws, and when their sentence was binding on ghosts as well as men. They will take him to the synagogue and show him a large dark spot in the cupola, and they will tell him that during an insurrection a cannon-ball struck the building, and that it would have proceeded on its murderous journey but for the command of the Rabbi to be lodged in the wall.' And many things more of the same kind they will tell him.

But the most numerous and marvellous of these legendary tales are those which are told by the Khassidim about the founder of their sect and his disciples. Israel Baalshem, the founder of the sect, was born about 1700 in Bukowina and died at Mesiboz in 1761. Most of his time he spent in travelling about and preaching to the Jewish communities in Wallachia, where he obtained an extraordinary reputation for

sanctity and marvellous power. Stories are told about the signs and portents that heralded his birth, the almost preternatural virtues of his parents, the miraculous annunciation of his nativity, and the exceptional circumstances by which his birth was attended. The signs and miracles he performed subsequently were, according to the legends, amazing. When he desired to cross a stream he used to spread his mantle upon the waters, and, standing upon it, pass over dryshod. Ghosts are represented as evacuating houses at the mere mention of his name. When alone in the forests on a wintry night, he had but to touch a tree with the tip of his finger and flames burst forth. He was wont, it is said, to travel through the angelic spheres, and there frequently obtained access to Paradise for millions of pining souls who had vainly waited through long thousands of years.\* Many other similarly wonderful stories are told both about Baalshem and his disciples, which, together with those derived from other sources, make the Yiddish folklore extremely rich and curious.

As might be expected, the folksongs of the Judeo-Germans are less numerous; still there is no scarcity of them. Strongly subjective, they have always more or less of a lyric tinge. Among them are to be found cradle songs, songs of children, love songs, songs of disappointment, of widowhood, of pain and suffering, and ditties in which the writer laughs at his own weaknesses or ridicules the credulity or superstition of the Khasidim. Songs of childhood are particularly numerous, and as a rule are much more practical in their tendency than those which are sung in Gentile nurseries. In most of them the serious aspects of life are dwelt upon, boys being reminded of their future calling and that they are to grow up orthodox Jews, and girls that it will fall to them to be wives and good mothers. The following Mr. Wiener tells us is probably the most popular song in Judeo-German, as it is sung from Galicia to Siberia, and from the Baltic provinces to Roumania.

‘Hinter Jankeles Wiegele  
Stäht a klär-weiss Ziegele :

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\* *Schechter's Studies in Judaic*— p. 12. 14

Ziegele is' gefähren handlen  
 Rozinkelach mit Mandlen.  
 Rozinkelach mit Mandlen  
 Sanen die beste S-chöre,—  
 Jankel wet lernen Töre,  
 Töre wet er lernen,  
 Briewelach wet er schreiben,  
 Un' an ehrlicher Jud'  
 Wet er af tomid verbleiben.'

'Behind Jacob's cradle there stands a clear white goat; the goat has gone a-bartering raisins and almonds. Raisins and almonds are the best wares,—Jacob will study the Law, the law he will study, letters he will write, and an honest Jew he will for ever remain.'\*

Here is one which is beyond the cradle stage and is full of tender recollections and beauty—

'Jahren kleine, Jahren schoene,  
 Was sent ihr aso wenig da?  
 Ihr sent nor gekummen,  
 Me hat euch schoen aufgenummen,  
 Un' sent nor gewe'n bei uns ein Scho!'

'Jahren junge, Jahren g' ringe,  
 Was sent ihr aso gich aweg?  
 Es seht euch nit kein Ängel,  
 Es derjagen euch nit die Voegel,  
 Ihr sent aweg gar ohn' ein Eck!'

"Little years, beautiful years, why are there so few of you? You had scarcely come, you were well received, and you stayed but an hour with us! Young years, light years, why have you passed so quickly? Not an eye can see you, not a bird can fly as swiftly, you have passed without return.'

Love ditties are numerous, but such were the social customs and conditions of the Jews that the romantic love of which young Gentiles dream, and which finds expression in their popular poetry, did not till quite recently flourish among them, and in the Judeo-German dictionary the word 'love' does not occur. Since the middle of the present century, Mr. Wiener tells us, they have become acquainted with the passion, and

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\* This and the following translations are Mr. Wiener's.

in default of a term of their own, whenever the passion or feeling has to be named the German word 'liebe' is employed. Here, for instance, is one of the older songs:—

'Schoen bin ich, schoen, un' schoen is' mein Namen ;  
 Redt män mir schiduchim vun grosse Rabonim.  
 Rabonische Tore is' sehr gross,  
 Un' ich bei mein Mamen a züchtige Ros'.  
 A Ros' is' auf'n Dach,  
 A lichtige Nacht  
 Wasser is' in Stub, Holz is' in Haus,  
 Welchen Bocher hab' ich feind, treib' ich ihm araus !  
 Fischelach in Wasser, Kräppelach in Puter,  
 Welchen Bocher hat mich feind, a Ruch in sein Mutter !

'Pretty I am, pretty, and pretty is my name ; they talk of great rabbis as matches for me. Rabbi's learning is very great, but I am a treasured rose of my mother's. A rose upon the roof, a clear night ; water is in the room, wood is in the house. If I love not a boy, I drive him away ! Fish in the water, fritters in butter—If a boy love me not, cursed be his mother !'

The following, as the language shows, is more modern:—

Schwarz bist du, schwarz, asō wie a Zigeuner,  
 Ich hab' gemeint, as du we'st sein meiner ;  
 Schwarz bist du, aber mit Cheen,  
 Für wemen du bist mies, für mir bist du schoen ;  
 Schoen bist du wie Silber, wie Gold,—  
 Wer's hat dich feind un' ich hab' dich hold.  
 Vun alle Fehlern känn a Doktor abheilen,  
 Die Liebe vun mein Herzen känn ich var Keinem nitderzählen.'

'Black you are, black as a gypsy, I thought you would always be mine ; black you are, but with grace—for others you may be homely, but for me you are handsome ; handsome you are, like silver, like gold,—let others dialike you, but I love you. Of all troubles a doctor can cure, the love in my heart I can tell to no one.'

Most of the love songs are by women ; love songs addressed by men to women are rare. Some of them are touched with a profound melancholy, especially those of them which tell of the distant lover, or in which the death of the betrothed is mourned. Pathetic, too, are those which describe the sufferings of the young bride in the house of her husband's parents

the hands of her mother-in-law, or of her desertion, or widowhood. The songs composed by men relate to the sorer incidents of life, and are often as tender and pathetic as their expressions of attachment as those composed by women. The Russian Jew, though by no means a coward, has a natural aversion to military service, at any rate in the Russian army, or in a country where he is hardly recognised as a citizen, and is an object of contempt and ill-treatment; and his aversion to it has found expression in a number of songs in which he bewails his separation from his friends, his forced absence from wife or bride or children, and gives utterance to his detestation for the service and his preference for the study of the Bible and its commentaries. Other poems and rhyming chronicles written by men narrate the persecutions to which they have been subjected, and the inhumanities practised upon their tribes. As may readily be supposed, the tone of most of these poems is the darkest pessimism. Still the more amusing side of life is not altogether neglected, and in the credulity and weaknesses of the Khassidim the orthodox Jew often finds much to laugh at and subjects for ridicule.

Besides the poetry which was spread orally, a number of songs and poems were circulated in manuscript. There is now, also, a considerable number in print. Many of these are translations from German, Hebrew, and Russian; but others of them are original. Between the years 1865 and 1878 the Galician, Wolf Ehrenkranz, brought out no fewer than five volumes. They include every variety of folksong known to Judeo-German literature, with the exception of those treating of historical and allegorical subjects. Many of them are songs of reflection, and dwell upon the sorrows and vanity of life; the inconstancy of fortune, etc. Others bear such titles as—'The Tombstone,' 'The Contented,' 'The Tombstone-Cutter,' 'The Precentor,' 'The Cemetery,' 'Think not of Death:' the cemetery, gravedigger, and funeral, being themes to which the Jewish popular singers are specially drawn. Some of the cleverest of Ehrenkrantz's poems are those in which he ridicules the Khassidim. The writings of two other Galicians are held in great esteem—David Apotheker and Bajrach Benedikt

Schafir. In Russia we have Inchak Joel Linetzki, who wrote 'The Evil-Tongued Wedding-Jester,' Michel Gordon, S. Berenstein, and Abraham Goldfaden, all of whom may be said to belong to the German school. Each of them was more or less acquainted with German literature, and hoped to substitute the German language for the Judeo-German. Goldfaden was the founder of the Jewish theatre. His poems, it is said, would fill several large volumes, but, unfortunately, they are scattered through various periodicals, and in the greater part of the dramas he wrote for the stage. The most esteemed of the popular singers among the Jews in Russia is, perhaps, Jehuda Loeb Gordon. He has written but nine or ten folksongs, but they are said to represent 'the highest perfection of the older school of the popular bard.'

As might be expected, Judeo-German poetry while abounding in folksongs, includes a considerable number of poems of a distinctly ethical character. Among the writers who may be mentioned in this connection before the eighties are S. Sobel, E. Zwi Zweifel, Abramowitsch, Goldfaden, M. Lew, and Epstein. In 1874 the first published his *Destiny* or *Discussions for Pleasant Pastime*, in which he endeavours to inculcate series of moral truths. Zweifel published a series of moral aphorisms in verse, which, like his prose works, are among the most cherished writings of the Russian Jews, and have often been reprinted. Abramowitsch, who became famous in other lines of literature, translated part of the Psalms, threw the Sabbath prayers into verse, and wrote *Judel: a Poem in Rhymes*, which is regarded in its way as the most remarkable work in the whole range of Judeo-German literature. It runs to about four thousand lines, and tells the story of Judel's unfortunate life. Like Goldfaden's 'Aristocratic Marriage,' it is an allegorical story of the historical vicissitudes of Judaism, and of the sufferings of the Jews. 'Not only,' says Mr. Wiener, 'is the story told unobtrusively, so that one does not at all suspect the allegory, but the wonderment increases when, upon a second and third perusal, one becomes aware of the wealth of Biblical allusions upon which alone the whole plot is based.' 'The future commentator of this classic,' he

goes on to add, 'will, when it shall be fully appreciated, find his task made much easier by the many references to Biblical passages which Abramowitsch has himself made in the foot-notes.' 'The value of this gem,' he further remarks, 'is still more enhanced by the refined language used in it.' Ten years later Goldfaden followed the example of Abramowitsch, and produced his *Schabssiel: a Poem in Ten Chapters*, running to about six hundred lines, in which the sufferings of the Jew are ascribed to his neglect of the law and desecration of the Sabbath. The plot is somewhat fantastic, but the work is full of fine passages, and is reckoned among his best productions.

In 1879 the whole of Krylov was translated into Judeo-German, and ten years later there appeared a volume of poems by Dr. Ettinger, the author of the comedy of 'Serkele.' The volume is made up of a number of fables and poems of various character. Half of them are translations from Lessing, Schiller, Blumauer, and others, while the rest are original.

The present renaissance may be said to date from the year 1884, while the terrible persecutions which broke out in Russia in 1881 were still fresh in the memory of the Jews, and when S. Rabinowitsch stepped into the field. He was followed, in 1885, by Frug, who had previously contributed to Russian poetry. Other writers also, such as Perez and Rosenfeld, who felt that so long as the persecution continued, their first duty was towards their own people, forsook the Russian tongue, and took to Judeo-German. The most distinguished among them is Leon Perez, poet and novelist, who, though less popular as a poet than Frug, is esteemed one of the greatest writers, not only in Judeo-German literature, but of literature in general at the end of the nineteenth century. 'If he had written nothing else but "The Sewing of the Wedding Gown," his name,' says Mr. Wiener, 'would live as long as there could be found people to interpret the language in which he sings.' His works fill several large volumes, and are in prose as well as verse.

Many of the writings of this period have been produced in America, whither vast numbers of Russian Jews emigrated in order to escape the political oppression at home. Among the



names mentioned there are the balladist, Reingold of Chicago; Zuser of New York, who 'has written some of the best poems in the New World;' Sharkansky, author of *Jewish Melodies* and *Songs of Zion*; Edelstadt, the poet of the Anarchist party; and Morris Winchevsky, who represents the Socialists. Goldfaden has also written some of his poems in America, while those of Rosenfeld, who is regarded as the most original poet among the Russian Jews of the New Continent, have been almost wholly written there.

It would take us too far to enumerate all the prose writers, who in spite of the less wise among the followers of the Haskala, have used the Judeo-German as their literary medium; and all we can do is to mention a few of them. The two books to set something like a standard were Hurwitz's *Discovery of America* and Mendel Lefin's *Translation of the Psalms*. The first was published at Wilna in 1824 and the other in the south of Russia in 1817. Both Hurwitz and Lefin were bitterly attacked for making use of the jargon, but their example was soon followed by Aksenfeld, Ettinger, Levinsohn, Gottlober, and others. The most prolific among them was Aksenfeld, at one time a Khassid, a man of great culture and great activity. Of the six and twenty books he is said to have written in the twenties, only five have been printed. The rest are said to be stored away in a loft in Odessa, where they are held as security for a debt incurred by the trustees of his estate. Of the five printed books one is a novel, the rest are dramas, all representative of Jewish life and character. Like the poetry of the period, most of the prose literature during the first half of the century is directed against the Khassidim, and for the most part originated in the desire to introduce among the Jews of Russia the more enlightened ideas of Western civilisation. Abramowitsch, who, if not so prolific a writer as Askenfeld, has published a larger number of works, was inspired by the same desire, and takes rank amongst the foremost Judeo-German writers of the century. Other writers prior to 1881 are Linitzki, the son of a Khassidic Rabbi, who, leaving the sect, treated of the weaknesses and foibles of its members in some of his earlier works, such as *The Polish Boy* and *The Maggot in the*

*Forseradish*, with a sort of Rabelaisian humour; Aisik Meier *Wick* who translated much and aimed at cultivating a higher literary taste especially among the poorer classes and Jewish women; Falkowitsch, and Zederbaum. Zederbaum established a Hebrew periodical, the *Hameliz*, in 1861, as an organ for advanced ideas of culture for those who still clung to the sacred language as the only medium for the advancement of secular knowledge. In 1863 he added to this Hebrew weekly supplement—the *Kol-mewasser*—in Judeo-German, and in 1881 he obtained the permission of the Government to issue a Judeo-German weekly, the *Jüdisches Volksblatt*. After an existence of ten years, during which it formed the rallying point for all who could write in Yiddish, the *Kol-mewasser* was suppressed by the Government. The *Volksblatt* had at first to struggle for existence, and literary topics were seldom treated in its pages, but in 1883 it was joined by Mordechai Spektor and Solomon Rabinowitsch, when it speedily obtained a wide popularity. Since then Spektor has written much both in the shape of short sketches and of extended novels. His scenes are drawn from the circles with which he is familiar, and all his men and women are Jews. In 1887 he settled in Warsaw and set up *Der Hausfreund*, a purely literary periodical, the first of its kind in Judeo-German. About the same time S. Rabinowitsch began to issue his annual, *Der Jüdische Volksbibliothek*, with which he was assisted by Frischmann, M. J. Rabinowitsch, Perez, Litinski, Drs. Skomarowski and Tscherny, and A. Schulmann. S. Rabinowitsch's own best work is *Stempenju*, a novel in which Stempenju, a violinist, marries a dull, prosaic woman and falls in love with another, who struggles through the temptation and finally comes out victoriously through the strength of her convictions of the sanctity of her marriage ties.

Mr. Weiner has an excellent chapter on the Jewish theatre, but we can only note that in Judeo-German literary activity was developed in other ways than those above indicated. The older ethical works still retain their power, and are still printed at Warsaw and Lublin; but of late other and similar works have appeared. Sermons as well as moral treatises have

been written in the jargon, and the dialect has been learned by missionaries both from the English and from the Greek Church. The old prayers have been translated, and new ones have been added. There is now a Russian-Judeo-German and Judeo-German-Russian dictionary. There is an elementary work on arithmetic, and another on letter-writing. Of the latter, which was intended as a guide for Judeo-German spelling and letter-writing for women and children, a hundred editions are said to have appeared. Spanish word-books and Arabic word-books are now in circulation. There is a translation of Graetz's *Popular History of the Jews* and another of Resser's *Universal History*. Translations of scientific books are particularly numerous, and Calendars, newspapers, and periodical publications are increasing among the diaspora and rapidly spreading among them knowledge and information of divers kinds. But for the Russian Government the jargon might have died out, but since 1884 it has taken a new start, and appears as if it meant to live not only in the mouths of those who use it for their daily intercourse, but also on the printed page.

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#### ART. V.—RECENT HITTITE DISCOVERIES.

THE Mission confided by the French Government to M. Ernest Chantre in 1893-4 has produced some most novel and important contributions to the early history of Western Asia. He has excavated at several of the chief towns of Cappadocia, and has collected tablets, bas reliefs, bronzes, and pottery, of high antiquity, which especially cast light on the earliest period of Cappadocian civilization, when conquerors and settlers were entering the country from Mesopotamia, and the Phoenicians also visiting the shores of Cilicia immediately to the south. His collection casts a new and important light on what is called the 'Hittite' question, and provides not only fresh

material, in rock texts and seals of this character, but also two new sources of information. First, the thirteen tablets written in cuneiform, which have been generally acknowledged to be in what is called the 'Mitanni language,' which was the same spoken by the Hittites, as had already been proved by the Narnia tablets; and secondly, a link between the national or 'Hittite' character, and the later syllabary known—as used by the Greeks in Cyprus—to represent the 'hieratic' forms of the original Hittite symbols.

Having thus a mass of new material, in known characters of which the sounds are certain, we possess a definite subject of study independent of any former theory; and though scholars who have not specially studied the old language of the Kassites and Akkadians call this an 'unknown tongue,' because it is certainly not Semitic and shows no resemblance to Aryan speech (Persian, Medic, Greek, or Armenian); yet considering how exactly it coincides in grammar and in vocabulary with dialects already well understood, between 3000 B.C. and 500 B.C., as found in Mitanni (Matiene), in Syria (in the single letter of Tarkhundara, King of Arzapi, who was a Hittite), in Babylonian Kassite texts, and in the old Akkadian inscriptions of Nippur and Tell Loh, as well as in the 'third language' of the Behistun inscriptions, there is no real reason to regard this speech as other than well known already. It is in fact the ancient language whence modern Turkish sprang, and though the latter has—like all other languages—undergone modification and development in time, yet the vocabulary and grammar remain almost unchanged to-day in the same regions where this tongue was spoken from the earliest known ages.

Scholars have unfortunately been engaged in seeking comparisons with the wrong parallels. Lenormant directed their attention to Georgian, and to other languages of the Caucasus, which are extremely mixed in character, combining Aryan and Mongolic dialects, just as the population is mixed, including Mongol Lazis, and other Tartars, as well as Armenians, Persians, and Georgians, whose speech is connected with the Aryan family of languages. Others have looked to the Vannic dialect of the ninth century, B.C., which is closely related to

Persian. Others have sought to find the key in Armenian—an European dialect akin to Slav languages; and in each case they have, on the one hand, failed to recognise the great antiquity of the Hittite remains—preceding the arrival of the Aryans in these regions—and on the other have ignored the evidence afforded by the known sounds of the Cypriote characters. The Hittite native texts of Cappadocia are supposed by M. Chantre to be at least as early as 2000 B.C., for which conclusion he gives good reasons; and he even suggests that the first settlers, whom he sees to have come from Mesopotamia, accompanied Sargon I. about 3800 B.C., when he extended his empire to the Mediterranean. Hence the Akkadian language is naturally that which would suit such a history, while the physical type of the people, as represented on these new monuments, is as closely similar to that of the Akkadians, as is the character of their art, or their religious symbolism.

It is to this race that the Bible appears to refer in speaking of the Cushites who lived in Asia, and who were not—as some have suggested—confounded by the Hebrew writers with the Kassites of Babylon, though the latter were a tribe of this race. In 1882 Mr. Pinches pointed out that Cappadocia appeared to be called *Kusa* or 'Cush' about 2000 B.C. In a very ancient tablet from Nippur, written in Akkadian and describing the conquests of an early king whose name is uncertain, but may be read *Sargana* or 'Sargon,' we find him described as *Tur-kusu*, 'Son of Cush.' The writer goes on to say that God had given to this monarch 'the kingdom of the whole land, established in the sight of the world, the multitudes of the lands being made submissive East and West, the land being that day widened, from the sea of the mountain by Tigris and Euphrates, to the Sea of Elam.' He was King of Akkad, Erech, Larsa, Nippur; and how far west his kingdom reached cannot be said. From these two separate notices we appear to learn that the sons of Cush, speaking the Akkadian language, had spread, long before Babylon was built, to the Persian Gulf and to Cappadocia.

In the Book of Genesis in like manner we read of Cush in connection with Chaldea at the earliest period of history (Gen. x. 7), and we also hear that one of the four great rivers of Paradise

compassed all the land of Cush (Gen. ii., 13). The other three rivers were Tigris and Euphrates and Pison, which latter ran to the gold-bearing regions. The region indicated as at the source of these rivers is clearly in Armenia, and Pison has been supposed to be the Araxes running towards the Caucasus and Caspian—to the land of gold according to Greek tradition—while Gihon which watered Cush is supposed to be the Halys, running through Cappadocia and Pontus to the Black Sea. This agrees with the notice of *Kusa* as a Cappadocian region; and the Bible and the monuments alike indicate a wide extension of this ancient Cushite race.

Some scholars however have argued that the Hittites had not reached Syria as early as M. Chantre now supposes. Dr. Jensen would place their monuments all as late as the eighth century B.C. Dr. Sayce suggests that they did not appear before the reign of Amenophis IV. (about 1400 B.C.). Dr. Hommel says the 'second millenium, B.C.,' and thinks that Hamath was not built till after the fourteenth century B.C., because it is unnoticed in the Amarna letters. It is, however, named much earlier by Thothmes III. about 1600 B.C., and the Hittites of Syria are noticed even earlier. There is no real objection to M. Chantre's view, and it is quite impossible that the texts should be as late as Dr. Jensen supposes; nor can the new ones be read by aid of Armenian, which is his theory—an assertion contradicted by all the known sounds.

Evidence also exists, quite independent of these inscriptions, showing the presence of a conqueror with a distinctively Hittite name in Cappadocia at a very early period. At Cæsarea (the ancient Mazaca or 'Shrine of Ma'), Sir C. Wilson found a rock-cut sculpture, representing a king in Babylonian dress, seated on a throne and accompanied by fan-bearers. Captives in the distinctive Hittite costume are brought before him, and he touches with a spear one who crouches at his feet. The accompanying text is written in old cuneiform characters, such as were used about 2000 B.C., and in the Babylonian language. It reads as follows:—*Mukh AN Targundimme mat Gozana mekhisa ame mat melama ali (ci) sarutam izzau Artes Sar Mat Erime.* 'Before the divine Tarkundimme of the Land of Gozan, smiter

of the tribe, all those of the royal city bring out Artes, King of the Land of Erime.' The victor came apparently from Gozan in the North of Mesopotamia, and the country near Cæsarea was called Erime. But the victor, though he had a text written in Semitic speech, was by his name evidently of the Hittite race. The characters are similar to those of the trading tablets of Cappadocia, which M. Chantre assigns to about 2000 B.C. The influence of Mesopotamia had thus extended into Cappadocia about the time of Abraham or earlier; and both the Semitic and the Akkadian race had reached this region. The silver sceptre-head, which is inscribed with both cuneiform and Hittite characters, speaks in its text of the same king. In the Semitic version he is called *Tarkudimme Sar Mat Erime*, 'Tarkutimme, King of the Land of Erime.' The Hittite emblems are six in all, reading (as confirmed by the Cypriote in two cases) (*Tar-ko-dimmi Eri-me*). The relation borne by this conqueror to the kings of Babylon is not explained, and our knowledge of history is meagre for this early period. But he is not called a 'King of Kings,' and may have been an ally, or even a subordinate of the Kassites of Babylon, who had reached the vicinity of Cappadocia (Kazalla), and had conquered Aleppo as early as the twenty-fourth century B.C.

The same name is found in Hittite texts at Gurun and at Malatiya in Armenia, and at Carchemish in Syria, but it may have been dynastic, for there was a Tarkodimotus in Cappadocia as late as the first century B.C., when a chief so named aided Antony as mentioned in his 'Life' by Plutarch. M. Chantre, however, has found a tablet in the Hittite language which agrees in a most remarkable manner with the text from Cæsarea above noticed, though written in both another script and another language. This tablet gives the more 'hieratic,' or running-hand, forms of the Hittite; and, out of about fifty-six emblems used (including numerals), at least forty-four occur in the Cypriote inscriptions. The sounds are thus established, and the language presents no affinity to either Aryan or Semitic speech, being clearly that used at Arzapi and in Matiene, as already described.

This text informs us that Tarkodimme (who is called *US*, that

is to say 'King' or 'Hero,' and who does not claim the title of 'Suzerain'—*Khakhan*) first captured *Tumulu*, which is evidently the present *Tumlo* North-East of *Tarsus*, near the borders of *Syria* and *Cilicia*, where he captured *Zaavan*—a king whose name may be Semitic (*Gen.* xxxvi. 27). He then marched to *Kareman*, the present *Karaman* in *Lycaonia*, north-west of *Tarsus*. He then ascended the Valley of the *Sarus*, past *Sis* towards *Zar* or *Sar*, the present *Shar*, which was a famous site on account of its great shrine to *Ma*, which was known even in Roman times as *Comana* or 'the abode of *Ma*,' whose worship *Strabo* describes at this temple. From *Comana* he went on to *Serevene*, equally well known as the later *Saravena*, famous for its hot baths—a site now called *Terzili Hammam* from the baths which are still celebrated, and where *M. Chantre* describes the great bath-house of the time of *Justinian*. This site is north-east of *Cæsarea*, and here, according to the new text, *Tarkodimme* had brought before him as a captive the king of the region, named *Eretes*. He seized his kingdom called *Erima*, and enslaved the inhabitants, setting up monuments of his victories in all the chief places, and opening the country to travellers, or in other words establishing the *Babylonian* traders, who have left so many of their commercial tablets in this region written in characters used in *Babylon* about 2000 B.C.

The comparison of this tablet with the text at *Cæsarea* is thus very complete. *Erima* is clearly the same as *Erime*, and *Eretes* as *Artes*. The name of the victor is the same, and the name of the chief of *Sis*, whom he also conquered, was *Tarkon*, also a Hittite name found on other monuments. We have thus a bilingual check on the translation of the Hittite, and definite means of establishing their language; for this tablet contains no less than thirty-nine lines of writing, and is perfect. It is clear that a text which can be so read, and which contains distinctive Hittite names, must be regarded as settling this question, because if it reads as Turkish it cannot possibly read as Armenian or Georgian—languages of quite another character and which, save for an occasional loan word, have nothing at all in common with Turkish or Akkadian.

This long historic text, in a script which is the long-needed



link between the Cypriote character and the Hittite emblem thus shows not only the language in use, but also proves the system of decipherment can be right unless based on the system known from the Cypriote. In any Hittite inscription, at two-thirds of the sounds can be so established, as a commonest signs occur in Cypriote; and when once the language is fixed it becomes easy to supply the remainder, especially there is a remarkable parallelism between the old Hittite and the old 'linear' signs of Akkadian texts. The Hittite belongs to the same family as the 'linear,' which in time became 'cuneiform' character; and, though not quite identical, they are practically separate developments of one original system quite distinct from that of Egypt. The whole system of writing in syllables, with a few 'keys,' and special signs for god, place, city, land, man, etc., is the same in Hittite and Akkadian and the two languages are but dialects of one tongue.

At Carchemish a text in eight lines—clearly written—contains the name *Tar-ko-dim-mi*, and may belong to the conqueror of Cappadocia, as his route evidently lay through Syria. He is described as 'Prince of the allied tribes,' and the words which follow may probably be read *Si sakh-me sak-ra UN Za-bu l khu sees ri-ke-gal-ven* 'an obedient prince was exalted by *Zabu*, head of the *Sakh* country.' If this is right, Tarkud was the contemporary of a suzerain well known, *Zabu* being of Babylon about 2200 B.C.—which agrees with the supposition of M. Chantre's texts. The sign *Sakh* represents 'sacred tree,' and the 'country of the sacred tree' is probably the country called *Tin-tir* in Akkadian, or 'land of the tree of life'—the old name of Babylon. This translation of *Tinti* has been disputed, because of other names given to Babylon, such as *Subat-Sulum* (in Semitic speech) 'the abode of peace.' In Akkadian this would be *Ki Kuru-na*, not *Tintir*, which is nothing else than 'life tree' (Akkadian and Turkish *tin* 'tree' and Akkadian *tir* 'tree trunk'—Mongol *derek* 'tree trunk') that the country intended in the Carchemish text is that in which an historic King *Zabu* ruled. We may fairly conclude that the suzerainty of Babylon was acknowledged in Goz during this period, for *Zabu's* predecessor, *Sumulan*, is known to

extended his kingdom so as to include Kasalla and Sippara. At no time probably could Gozan have been independent after about 2300 B.C., and it is difficult to suppose the cuneiform text of Cæsarea to be much older than the age of Zabû.

As regards Saravena, mentioned in the new tablet, and probably in another found by M. Chantre of later date, it is interesting to note that it is also named apparently on a Hittite seal published by Dr. Hayes Ward. The style of the design on this seal is very Babylonian. It represents a man who is probably a king or priest, by a stream springing from a group of rocks and trees. Behind him is a conventional pillar, or sacred tree. The Hittite text contains two common words and a proper name, and may be read *Si-ip-pi Kuru-khu Sa-ra-un ne*—‘Prince of the Land (or place) of *Saraun*.’ The spring represented is no doubt the famous hot spring of Saravena in Cappadocia.

The great temple of Eyük on the borders of Pontus, with its colossal sphynxes, double-headed eagle, and long procession of worshippers with sacrifices (headed by a priest with the lituus) which approaches a goddess—probably Ma, who was adored in Pontus, according to Strabo—has long been recognised as belonging to the so-called ‘Hittite’ art. M. Chantre found fragments of other figures, and a short text, *Zu-vu pies*, ‘worship of Zuvu.’ The latter god was the Kassite *Suvu* or *Sumu* (the *m* and *v* not being distinguished) who answered to the Assyrian Rimmon, god of rain, thunder, and air, whom the first Kings of Babylon, *Suvuabi* (‘child of *Sumu*’), and *Suvulan* (‘son of *Suvu*’) worshipped. These Kings wrote in Akkadian, and the later Kassite, Agukakrimi of the 3rd Dynasty, traced descent from them. There is absolutely no reason to suppose that they were Semitic, and the god of Pontus, Babylon and Cappadocia was then the same, the word meaning probably ‘rainer’ (Turkish *su* ‘water’ or ‘stream’)

Prof. Ramsay found south-west of Comana, a new text and sculpture of the same class, at Fraktin. In this case a king or god sits before an altar on which an eagle perches, and a priest stands before him pouring a libation. Three figures of Hittite type, and a small temple, are carved behind the king on the left. The inscription is *SI-UN SAR-UNU UN ZOVO*, ‘The

god Zovo, Lord of the place, the city Sar.' This was the old name of the modern Shar, with its temple of Comana, which lies not far away to the North-East. The god *Zovo* or *Suru* is probably here represented by his eagle, unless the seated figure be the god himself.

Among the new seals found by M. Chantre one bears the name of *Targon*, the enemy of Tarkudimme. Another (which has been printed upside down by mistake) represents a ship with sails and oars. The text appears to read *Us Tarsu-us-ne*, 'King of Tarsus,' and the maritime symbol of this seaside city in Cilicia is appropriate, and is at present unique. The seal was found at Sungurlu, in the centre of Asia Minor, but such objects are often found far from their original home.

Another great centre full of Hittite remains is at Malatiya, west of the Upper Euphrates in Armenia. Thence comes a seal which may be read, *Mu Si-pi Makh Zabura dim a*: 'This is the seal of Zabur, prince of the place.' There are two other texts here, one of which contains probably the name of Tarkudimme. Both are short, and in both the first eight emblems are the same and occur in the same order, thus giving a clear indication of the beginning of certain words which follow and which are different. Both of these texts may have belonged to the same series of sculptures, but the site still awaits serious excavation. One represents a seated king-priest with a lituus and a cup in his hands, and an altar with offerings in front. Opposite him is a prince or king standing, and holding a sceptre and cup. The text may be read as follows: *Ka-ni-ne E-si UN Kas-ka Ud-ga Un-ip tur-lu du-ga SI-Aka-ka Kas-ye-lu a-ne-ka Ka-ak te-ka* 'Here is the Kaska Lord (?) the King \* having come with his son, sacrificing to the high place performs the worship thereof. The Kaska tribe, it may be remarked, are known to have lived close to Malatiya, as mentioned in later Assyrian texts.

The second text from the 'Lion mound' close by, connects Tarkudimme once more with Zabur, in as far as the seal of the latter has been found on the spot. The copy available is not

\* *Ud-ga* or *Tam-ga* may be a proper name, or may mean 'on the day of conquest,' or again 'to the sun. The second sign is not quite clear.'

quite clear, but appears to read: *Ka-ni-ne E-si Un Kas-ka Ip-ra-a Khu-un du-lu Khul-pi dim-gam, Tarko-dim-us Us su Kar-man-ni La bi (tar?) su ne gar-lu-ke-ka*, 'He here before the temple the Kaska lord being King of the region, as having conquered the foe, *Tarkodimus* the strong man of *Karman*, fixes this tablet, causing the inscription to be cut.' This may be explained either to mean that the Kaska lord had conquered *Tarkodimus* of *Karman* (*Karaman* in *Lycaonia*) and was sacrificing on return; or the foe may be unnamed, and *Tarkodimus* be himself the worshipper, and the 'hero' of *Karman* on account of his victory there, as before noticed.

It is remarkable that the antiquities which have recently been dug up at *Tell es Safi*, in *Philistia*, by *Mr. Bliss*, are in some cases very closely similar to those found by *M. Chantre* in *Capadocia*, and seem to be quite as old. Seals with designs showing gods and sacred trees, in the *Akkadian* style, have been here recovered; and the pottery presents the same patterns, including bird forms and a sort of *Maltese cross*, which mark the pottery excavated at *Eyuk* and elsewhere, and are attributed to the *Hittite* race of the north. At *Lachish*, also, a seal occurs, in connection with *Egyptian* seals of about 1500 B.C., and bearing a clear *Hittite* text: *Nun Mo-tur dim-pi*, 'The seal of Lord *Motur*,' This name is well known as a *Hittite* name in the time of *Rameses II*. From these discoveries we may conclude that the same *Hittite* civilisation which existed in the North was found also in the South, at an early period—probably before 1600 B.C., when *Thothmes III*. drove the *Hittites* north after the victory of *Megiddo*, where the King of *Kadesh* was conquered. This agrees with the *Bible* statement that *Hittites* lived in *Hebron* in *Abraham's* time (*Gen. xxiii. 5*); and the seals which have been described as 'Babylonian' are probably *Canaanite* work, though none of them, unfortunately, bear any inscription to make this clear. It is possible, however, that, any day, such inscriptions in cuneiform, or in *Hittite*, may be found in *Philistia* in ruins of such antiquity, and there is every reason to suppose that the *Mongol* population extended to *Egypt* itself, where the *Hyksos* kings worshipped no *Egyptian* god, but only *Set*, the *Hittite* god of 'fire.' The old name of

Jerusalem (Jebus) appears to be Hittite. The Amorites called the place *Uru-Salim*, 'the abode of peace,' as early as the fifteenth century B.C., but *Yeb-us* meant the same in Akkadian—from *Eb*, 'house,' and *us*, 'safety;' the Turkish *Eb*, 'house,' and *üs*, 'confidence.' From at least 2300 B.C., the Semitic and Akkadian races appear, all over Western Asia, to have lived side by side under Mongol kings.

These conclusions may be further supported by the names of kings mentioned at Merásh and at Hamath. In the first case we find notice of *Zo-mo-s-bi*, probably the Babylonian *Suvubi* or *Sumuabi*. In the second place we find the name *Zovelun*, which may be compared with that of *Suvulan*, the son of the preceding. These texts are, in appearance, among the oldest Hittite inscriptions, and appear to belong to the twenty-third century B.C. The shortest of the Hamath texts may be read as follow :—

' *Bis-me Na-ve-me-lu En-u Kas-sa-lu ka.*  
*Ke-gam-ven ne-ak. Nun ko ne-gu gu ke-man*  
*mo-ka-gu. Nun-pi mo ak re-ka En-u ak*  
*a-ne-re. Nun-Nun Zo (MELUN) til-ka ke-e-ke-me.'*

' With salutation uttered to the conquering Lord, as being his conquest, speaking for the King being told so to say, for the sake of the King whose servant I—a lord serving him—am, King *Zomelun*, this is carved.

This is given as a specimen of many other texts which can be read quite consecutively; and from others at Hamath it appears that the name of the Prince, who thus erects votive inscriptions in honour of the second King of Babylon, was *To-tar*, which is well known from Egyptian sources to have been a Hittite name. The new discoveries of M. Chantre agree perfectly with the date and the conditions thus suggested, and wherever the copy is reliable there should be little doubt as to the general meaning of a Hittite text. At Aleppo, for instance, a text, now destroyed, contained very clearly the name of the writer, *Eri-Aku* but it would be too much to assume that this was the Arioc

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\* *Tilka*, rendered 'for the sake,' is literally 'for the life.' This is a common expression in the Kassite texts of Nippur, meaning that the God is implored to preserve the life of the person stated.

whom Amraphel finally defeated, since it was probably a common name. The date, however, suggests that it is not impossible, as the Kings of Elam were 'Lords of the West' in the twenty-second century B.C. A Hittite seal from near Merásh, published by M. Hogarth, reads very clearly, *Am-mi-za-du-ga Nun Ba-bi-lun*, 'Ammizaduga, the Babylonian King;' and as there is reason to suppose that this King conquered even Damascus about 2000 B.C., it is not surprising that his name should occur in Syria. In this case the writing is of later character than that of the Hamath texts, which are some three centuries earlier, if the names of the kings are rightly read. The use of the cuneiform by the Hittites dates from at least the fifteenth century B.C., when they seem to have abandoned their old script in favour of one commonly used in that age all over Western Asia, and known also in Egypt; which again confirms the antiquity of the texts, as the cuneiform was in turn superseded by the alphabet in the tenth century B.C. or earlier.

The alphabet itself appears to have grown out of the later form of the Hittite script, as adopted by the Phœnicians who dwelt among these Syrian tribes of Mongol race, but who were themselves Semitic. They used only twenty-two letters, whereas the Greeks had originally twenty-seven, and the Lycians even thirty-three, most of which are pretty easily traced to the signs of the Hittites in M. Chantre's new text. So permanent was the result of the simple forms thus developed, that the Roman letters are still the same that are recognisable in the syllables of the new Hittite tablet from Cappadocia, in the instances of E, Z, H, K, and T, and are easily recognised by tracing them through the early Greek in other cases. The Greeks had many alphabets, some derived directly from Phœnicia; but they clearly took their extra letters from some other source—as the names show—and, like the Etruscans (whom Dr. Isaac Taylor has shown to have been of Mongolic stock), they derived these from non-Semitic script. The great Ionian alphabet, which finally superseded other Greek systems, sprang up in Asia Minor itself, and was taken directly from the native script, and not from the Phœnician. Thus the Greek letters sometimes pre-

serve the original forms more closely than the Semitic alphabets, and the same may be said of the Etruscan. The Greek names for letters often differ entirely from the Phœnician, yet both preserve the meaning of the original sign in the Akkadian tongue. Thus *ā* is the old word for 'bull,' which in Phœnician was *aleph*, and *ab* for 'house'—Phœnician *Bitu*. The letter G was a 'crook,' which in Phœnician was *geemel*, but in Akkadian, *gam*, whence the Greek *gamma*. The sign for L was originally a yoke; and in Akkadian *Lam-da* means the 'plough-yoke.' The letter S was called *shin* ('tooth') in Phœnician, but in Greek *sigma*—the Akkadian *sig-ma*, 'that which bites,' and the original emblem in Hittite is a tooth; and the same principle applies throughout; for when the Greek names differ from the Phœnician they follow the Akkadian name of the sign, showing how much the Mongol population must have influenced Greece—a conclusion to which many scholars have of late been driven, by the similarity between the native art and that of the oldest remains found at Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Troy.

The history of Hittite speech is further traceable in the letter of Tarkhundara, King of Arzapi, found in the Tell Amarna collection, and dating from the fifteenth century B.C., being addressed to Amenophis III. of Egypt. The land *Arzapi* is supposed to represent Rezep, north of Palmyra, and near the Euphrates. This is confirmed by the notice of the land *Ikatai* in the same letter; for we have an independent mention of this region by a writer of the time of Rameses II. in Egypt. He speaks of it in connection with Aleppo, and with the land of the Hittites, so that it clearly lay near Rezep, in north-eastern Syria. It is mentioned, also, in other letters of the age, and the fact that this letter is Hittite is shown by a distinct notice in it of the tribute sent by 'the prince ruling the Hittites.' The language is exactly the same found in all M. Chantre's new tablets, and the translation appears to be somewhat as follows:—

'This letter is to Amenophis III., the great King, King of Egypt, from Tarkhundara, King of Arzapi. My region is at peace. My cities, my wives, my sons, my officers, my soldiers, my cavalry, all that is mine in the lands let them be at peace. To say also let there be peace likewise, to thy cities, thy wives, thy sons, thy officers, thy soldiers, thy cavalry.'

to whatever is thine in thy lands, let there be peace. To thee, my Lord, the chief *Irsappa* is sent by me, a messenger in speed, protecting thy daughter, O My Sun God, the Lady I have to send. The subject chief is sent again to-day, behold. My Lord, he bears a bag of gold as a peace offering to the King of this region. For this reason he was despatched by me, hereafter to say to the ruler of the region what I have given him. This messenger also is trusted to make haste, after being sent with speed, with that which I have to give him. To thee, the Sun-King, I have to send her whom I send ; as a protector thus of thy daughter, the messenger I send thus is protecting thy messenger ; any great person in a city of mine—one of my princes—expediting the women folk to a land subject to thee. So may they be sent on. The Hittite King commanding the Land of *Ikatai* sends thee the precious wood which is (due ?) to the ruler of the region (As hersin much grows ?). *Irsappa*, the swift messenger, bears a bag of gold ; by weight of . . . shekels, twenty Manahs of gold ; three pounds of ivory, three pounds of (copper ?), three pounds of . . . eight pounds of . . ., one hundred pounds of beaten tin ; one hundred pounds of . . ., one hundred pounds of . . . ; four very precious stones, six precious stones . . . of good brilliance, three thrones of *Pana* wood. . . . ten chairs of strong wood, polished . . . all which . . . ten wooden . . . he bears.'

This probably refers to the sending on of Tadukhepa, the daughter-in-law of Amenophis III., through Syria from her father's home in Armenia, with presents from the intermediate Hittite chief of Rezep, who addresses the Pharaoh, as usual at that time, as a 'Sun God,' and apparently owns his suzerainty, Syria having been conquered a century earlier by Thothmes III., although the Hittites of Merásh, further north, seem never to have been entirely subdued. A letter of no less than 508 lines, in the same language, also exists, sent at the same time by Dusratta of Matiene, in Armenia—Tadukhepa's father—to Amenophis III., when she was despatched to Egypt. It contains about four hundred words of the language common to the Hittites and Kassites, and Armenians in this age, and describes all the political arrangements connected with the marriage, including the boundary drawn between Dusratta's kingdom and the Empire of Egypt in Syria, which left Rezep and Ikatai within the limits of the latter. This letter thus forms a vocabulary most valuable for study of the Hittite and Cappadocian texts.



These arrangements were upset in the next few years, by an invasion of Phœnicia by the Hittites of Merásh and the Amorites, after the death of Amenophis III. A former invasion had been joined by Artasumara, Dusratta's brother, by the Kassites of Babylon, and by the Amorites, but after extending to Sidon had been defeated, by the alliances made by Amenophis III. with the new king of Matiene—Dusratta, and of Babylon—Burnaburias, who were both allied to him by marriage. In the later revolt, which coincided with the appearance of the Hebrews in Palestine within some few years, the Merásh Hittites were unaided by Armenia or Babylonia, but were joined by Edugama, the Hittite King of Kadesh on Orontes, and advanced to Damascus, and to the countries *Am* and *Uba*, probably the Ham and Hobah of the Bible, near that city. Fighting near Ashtaroth-Karnaim in Bashan is mentioned, and Palestine was lost by Amenophis IV. Thus, as noticed in the Bible, the Hebrews found the Amorites established—in consequence of this revolution—not only in Bashan and Gilead, but even in Moab, where they had defeated the Moabites, driving them into Edom south of the Arnon.

The Hittites remained independent for a century, until attacked by Rameses II., with whom the King of Kadesh made an alliance which lasted in Mineptah's reign. We hear nothing of them for some three centuries except in the Bible, where we learn that they still ruled in Kadesh on Orontes down to the age of David, and were powerful in North Syria in the time of Solomon. The next chapter of their history is found in Assyrian records, and in thirteen tablets recovered by M. Chantre at Pterium in North Cappadocia, written in their own language, but, like Tarkhundara's letter, in the cuneiform writing. To understand these we must glance at the history of Assyrian conquests.

In the 12th century B.C. the Semitic Assyrians became powerful. About 1130 B.C. Tiglath Pileser I. acceded in Nineveh; and Nebuchadrezzar I., who was apparently of the Assyrian royal family, had established himself in Babylon, by defeat of the Kassites, in 1154 B.C. The former subdued the Mongol tribes

of Armenia—the Kaska, aided by the Moschians and Hittites. He reached the Mediterranean after taking Carchemish, but in his later years was defeated by Marduk-nadin-akhi, son of the successful Nebuchadrezzar I. A gap occurs in the history, and the next known attack on Syria occurred in 883 B.C., when little resistance was made. Half a century later Shalmaneser II. yet more completely subdued Syria, and advanced through the country of the *Guai*, or ‘highlanders’ north of Antioch, into Cilicia. He drove the *Kati*, or ‘northerners,’ who lived in *Katbad-uka* (Cappadocia) ‘the land of the northmen,’ to their mountains, and marched as far as Tarsus. It is probably to this period—830 B.C.—that the tablets found by M. Chantre may be ascribed.

These tablets were excavated in a very broken condition, but they are of high historic value; and, being written in a known character, the sounds of the words are certain, and the translation easy when they are compared with the letters of Tarkhundara and Dusratta, which had already given so large a vocabulary of the same language. They represent the *Kati* in a period of decay, struggling against the Assyrians; and a letter from the Hittites, who were powerless to resist Shalmaneser II., asks help from all the ‘distant cities of the *Kati*’ country.

There was, about this period, no central authority in the west. The tribes called Kaska, Gamgums, Ligyas, Hittites, Khatinai, Guai, Kati, and the Kiti or ‘lowlanders’ of Cilicia, were still Mongol, but the younger races were pushing them out of power. On the south the Phœnicians had established themselves at Samalla, north of Antioch, and the princes of Hamath, and of all the towns to its south, were apparently of the Semitic race of the Syrians who ruled Damascus. On the west the Lydians were rising, who were so strong two centuries later that Croesus destroyed the cities of Cappadocia, and ruined Pterium where so many of the so-called ‘Hittite’ remains are found. On the east not only were the Assyrians breaking in, but in Matiene the older race was superseded in power by the Medes, whose texts are found near Lake Van. The long tablet from Pterium, which will be found in M. Chantre’s volume duly transliterated but

untranslated, represents an alliance, which may have been as early as 1130 B.C., but perhaps as late as 830 or later. The six Syrian tribes of Tokat, Zembus, Ain Tab, Alatis, Amanus, and Alalana, write for assistance to Cappadocia 'against the official bearing sway there, a foreigner—an Assyrian.' The letter is sent to 'the royal abode, the city of *Arinas*,' which appears to be the present *Iranes* west of Cæsarea-Mazaca; and it was apparently to be circulated through some forty cities, reaching Pterium in the far north last of all. Among these towns—most of which have broken names—we may distinguish probably Saravena, Sis, and Sar (Comana) already mentioned so often, and also Bor, Yuzgat. Tshorum, Pterium, Budrum, Sara, Hemetiya, and Dedik, all in Cappadocia, and bearing (except Pterium) their old Kati names unchanged almost in the modern Turkish nomenclature of the country.

The remaining tablets of this series are very short letters and reports, by officials and astrologers, which are for the most part much damaged. In No. 2 a certain *Ismuz* ruling Adlana (or perhaps *Adduna*, the modern Adana north of Tarsus), writes a complimentary letter to the King, and states that his city is being re-fortified: 'it having been your desire, he has done this, doubly extending the ramparts of the city, having decided so to increase security: the fort by the river is being enlarged, a mound is about to be raised opposite the city.' Nos. 3, 7, and 8 are 'Omen Tablets,' or reports of the omens taken in expectation of a war. In the first of these bad weather is predicted, in the second the sign is unfavourable, in the third it is uncertain. The Kati, it may be noted, retired before the Assyrians to their mountains, and these omens may have decided them to do so. No. 4, in the same language, is a commercial transaction, recording that the debtor had borrowed 60 shekels, and owed 22 in interest on the amount. He sends 80, and says, 'take them as the total.' His correspondent evidently understood the Kati language, of whatever race he may have been. No. 5 text, from *Astas* to *Azanas*, records a victory, and mentions a town called Katna. No. 6 again speaks of success, at *Zara*, a town in the north. But the remainder of the series speak of revolt and misfortune. No. 9,

from *Katas*, says the local chief is unreliable. No. 10 reports a corrupt official. No. 11 asks for help against a rising in a city called, probably, *Ugma*. No. 12 is a longer letter as to affairs at *Bor* (Tyana), where either a rebellion had broken out, or an attack had driven out the native inhabitants. Reinforcements are demanded, to defend the place whence the letter was sent. No. 13 is much broken, but speaks of a Hittite who fled, whether from or to the Kati is not clear. He may have been an enemy, or a refugee from the tyranny of Assyria.

All these new sources of information tally with one another, and confirm the conclusions reached by aid of the sounds already known for Hittite emblems through the Cypriote script, which has been too much neglected by students of Hittite. The main difficulty now is to obtain thoroughly reliable copies of the texts. Those mentioned already are clearly written, but there are many which are decayed and broken, and which have been badly copied. It is remarkable, on comparing two or three drawings of one inscription, to see how differently they are executed, being the work of explorers who were not artists, and who did not know the character familiarly. Many of the published copies are quite wrong in parts, and represent emblems quite unknown in any other cases. The Hittite script consists of one hundred and sixty signs, and as each new text is discovered these signs are found repeated, and many words, common on all the inscriptions, can be now studied in several repetitions, representing various cases of the nouns, and parts of the verb. Some of the early conjectures which scholars have made as to such words or syllables are now shown to be incorrect, and no system which adheres to these disproven ideas can be considered any longer to require consideration. Dr. Jensen's work is not in accord, for instance, with the new indications. It consists entirely in arbitrary assumptions, which Dr. Sayce and Dr. Hommel condemn, and the language required proves not to be Armenian as Jensen had supposed. The texts are some eighteen centuries older than he thought, and the translations which he offers do not give any information which it was worth while to record.

As M. Chantre's work is likely to encourage further explora-

tion, we may yet recover more striking remains than even he has found; but the questions of the Hittite language, of their nationality and history, must now be considered to be practically laid at rest by the information contained in his tablets, and by the confirmation of the longest of these, as read in the Kassite dialect, through comparison with the personal and geographic names and records of events found on the rock sculpture of Cæsarea, as above explained. The language of the Hittites was similar to that of the Kassites, and consisted mainly of very short words, capable of being expressed by two or three syllables at most, and in the commonest cases by monosyllables. Thus a single sign was both a word and a syllable, and could be used for either. *Ma* or *Mi*, 'earth;' *Ta*, 'beat;' *Ga*, 'crook;' *Ko*, 'high;' etc., etc., are words easily traced as Mongolic, and easily recognised as sounds applying to appropriate emblems in Hittite. They are not Aryan or Semitic words, and the Hittite system must have originated among a people speaking a language in which these monosyllabic nouns and verb roots were common. Such a language we find among the neighbouring Kassites and Akkadians, and we find it nowhere else. Hittite was not *sui generis*, but a dialect of a well known and widespread tongue, used by a tribe of a well known and widespread race. Attempts to make an artificial system, distinguishing Hittite from other languages, have always failed because they have been arbitrary, and have run counter to the true comparative method of study, by which alone in this, as in other cases, can results finally acceptable be established.

C. R. CONDER.

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## ART. VI.—ADMIRAL BAILLIE.

WHEN a man emigrates and enters foreign service, however distinguished his career, it is the rare exception if his country remembers him any more; and it can scarcely be held that such an exception is furnished by the subject of this memoir, the Scotchman Baillie, who died in the Russian service in 1826. There are special reasons why in the present case this forgetfulness should be terminated, for recent discoveries show that at one of the most critical moments of Nelson's history Baillie played a far more important part than has hitherto been dreamt of. Before entering into this field, however, it will be as well to recapitulate the brief sketch of his life, kindly extracted for me by the Keeper of the Archives of the Ministry of Marine at Moscow.

Baillie, we find, was born in 1756, and entered the Russian navy in 1783. He presently obtained the order of S. Vladimir (4th class), and in 1787 was raised to the rank of captain. Early in 1799 he was serving under Admiral Ouschakoff in the Archipelago, and having taken a prominent part in the capture of Zante, Cephalonia, etc., he was rewarded with the order of S. Anne (2nd class). After some operations on the east coast of the Kingdom of Naples, he was despatched with a force of four hundred (afterwards raised to six hundred) to co-operate with Cardinal Ruffo in the royalist recovery of the capital. He gained surprising success against superior forces at Foggia, Troja, Avellino, and finally the capital fell. Baillie's attention was then directed against the forts. 'Castles Nuovo and dell'Uovo were compelled to capitulate under the fire of the batteries.' In conjunction then with troops landed by Nelson he assisted in the reduction of S. Elmo, his services being rewarded with the orders of S. John of Jerusalem, of S. Ferdinand (from the Sicilian King) and S. Anne (1st class). Nelson wrote to Italinsky, the Russian minister at the Sicilian court, praising Baillie's conduct, and that of his troops, as heroic. For two and a-half years he remained in Naples supporting the royal power. In 1806 we find him again at sea, his successes being rewarded by the order

of S. George (4th class). Then came a period of honourable retirement when there was trouble between Russia and England. And in 1816 he was raised to the rank of Admiral.

Such is the all too brief Russian record of the man who countersigned the much debated capitulation of Castles Nuovo and dell 'Uovo, and, as we shall see, took the most prominent part in carrying that capitulation into execution. Though, as Prince Golitzyné informs me, two diligent searches have been recently made, no supplementary material has been discovered in the Archives of the Foreign Office, either in Moscow or St. Petersburg. That Baillie made a report about the capitulation, either to Italinsky or Ouschakoff, is almost certain, but it seems equally certain that that report has perished.

It is a fortunate thing, then, for Baillie's reputation, that matter has recently come to light in Italy which to some extent supplies the deficiency, proving conclusively, as it does, that of whomsoever the dark shadows of the Naples affair fall, Baillie's conduct was perfectly honourable and straightforward all through. The picture left is a fragmentary one, but there is sufficient of it to be quite intelligible.

Some days after the fall of Naples the garrisons of Nuovo and dell 'Uovo opened negotiations for surrender on the basis of an amnesty. Those who chose were to be at liberty to return to their homes unmolested, and the others were to sail to Toulon in transports specially provided. The evacuation of the forts was to take place as soon as the transports were ready. The garrisons further stipulated that in their capitulation the representatives of the *allied powers* should participate, 'for they did not trust sufficiently in Cardinal Ruffo, or the King.\*' Baillie raised no objection to the terms, or to countersigning them.† Far from having received any instructions from his superiors, Italinsky and Ouschakoff, prohibiting a composition with the republicans, he must have been aware that such injunctions as had been given from St.

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\* So says Nardini in his *Memorial*, written in 1799. This was published in Paris three years later under the title *Mémoires par B. N. témoin oculaire*. *Vide* p. 199.

† *Arch. stor. nap.* XXIV. Fasc. IV., p. 457.

Petersburg were on the side of mildness and clemency.\* The massacring and pillaging that were going on in Naples (for Ruffo's Calabrians and the lazzaroni were altogether beyond control); the incendiary fires; the threats, no vain ones, of undermining and explosion from the besieged republicans, some of whom were desperate and rabid; still more, the imminent danger of the arrival of the French fleet,—all these circumstances left the representatives of the allied powers little ground, even if they had the inclination, of raising objection † when the above-mentioned terms had been accepted by Ruffo, the King's viceroy, and also by Micheroux, who was acting in the capacity of diplomatic plenipotentiary. Accordingly, after several conferences, and due consideration, ‡ Captain Baillie and his colleagues (Commodore Foote for England and Achmet, leader of a Turkish contingent) set their hands to the terms which Ruffo and Micheroux had agreed to.

The task of carrying out the evacuation was, by special arrangement with the garrisons, entrusted to Baillie and his six hundred Russians, who were already on the spot.§ This was natural, for the Russian troops were the only ones available whose discipline could be relied upon.

On the morning of June 23rd—the exact dates are now becoming crucially important—the capitulation was completed, and, in accordance with articles 8 and 9, the hostages in the castles

\* *Vide Maresca's Micheroux*, p. 209.

† *Arch. stor. nap. XXIV. Fasc. IV.*, p. 458.

‡ One may notice in passing that a totally unwarranted attempt was made by Nicholas in the forties (and his attempt has recently been repeated) to prove that Foote did not intend to sign as a principal, and showed this by his carelessness in not sending a delegate to take part in the negotiations. The truth of the matter seems to be that he attached such importance to the affair that he, like Baillie, attended in person (*Arch. stor. nap. XXIV. Fasc. IV.*, p. 459). In his *Vindication* he did not mention this conference for the simple reason that no such charge of carelessness had yet been thought of. And for the same reason it would seem that he passed over some correspondence with Micheroux (*Arch. stor. nap. Fasc. IV.*, pp. 457-8). The argument from silence is proverbially precarious.

§ *Vide Maresca's Micheroux*, p. 193.



(except four sent to St. Elmo) and the English prisoners were at once released. The number of transports ready was not yet sufficient, but while the exodus of the non-emigrants was going on, and preparations were being made for departure, the garrisons probably felt the need of protection from the Calabrians. Accordingly 'they requested that the Russian troops should invest and surround all the approaches of Nuovo and the (adjoining) Palace.'\*

On the 24th Micheroux wrote to Admiral Ouschakoff acknowledging the invaluable services rendered by Baillie, praising the admirable humanity and discipline of his troops, and announcing the successful issue:—'We are masters of all the forts except St. Elmo. . . . At this moment the fleet, under Admiral Nelson, comes into Port.'† Nelson, as soon as he arrived, declared his disapproval of the terms that had been granted as injurious to the royal dignity. Rightly or wrongly, he held that Ruffo had exceeded his powers, and that the capitulation, was consequently illegal. He declared his intention of forcing the garrisons to surrender at once unconditionally.

Baillie's condition was now intolerable. He believed that in signing the capitulation as he had done, he had acted well within his power; moreover, he knew that its terms had been partly executed, and that it was in consequence of the capitulation that he was in strategical possession of Nuovo. Under these circumstances he and his co-signatory, Achmet, wrote to Nelson, protesting that in their judgment the capitulation was 'useful, necessary, and honourable to the arms of the allied powers;' that, 'as it was solemnly concluded by the representatives of the said powers, it would be committing an abominable outrage against public faith if it should not be executed exactly;' and declared that 'they were firmly resolved to execute it religiously.'‡ Nelson contented himself with replying that he

\* *Arch. stor. nap. XXIV.*, Fasc. IV., p. 459. cf. *Pepe's Memoirs, I.*, p. 105, and *Botta's Storia d'Italia, III.*, p. 402.

† British Museum Add. MSS. 34912.

‡ *Sacchinelli*, p. 251.

would have the same respect for the Czar's honour as for that of his own Sovereign. And his next steps made it clear in what sense his words were to be understood. He sent in a note informing the garrisons that he would not permit them to embark or return to their homes. They must surrender to the royal mercy. And he gave Ruffo his written opinion that the capitulation 'ought not to be carried into execution without the approbation of his Sicilian Majesty.'

Baillie, however, stuck to his position firmly. In his eyes the capitulation was still 'sacred and inviolable.'\* Such being the case, Ruffo wrote into Nuovo reminding the garrison that though Nelson could prevent their embarking, he could not prevent their leaving by land.† Baillie's co-operation was obviously implied; but the garrison refused the offer. The fact seems to have been that those who did not wish to emigrate had quitted the castle already.

One more resource still remained to Baillie. If Nelson chose to impede the capitulation and coerce the *capitolati*, obviously it was only right that the *status quo* should be restored. Accordingly, at about 8 A.M. on the 26th, Ruffo and Baillie sent in a joint note to both garrisons informing them of the position of affairs, and announcing that under the circumstances the Russian troops were being withdrawn. Accompanying this note, that the garrisons might make no mistake about the situation, was a copy of Nelson's above-mentioned 'opinion.'‡ At the same time Ruffo sent a sort of ultimatum to Nelson, announcing what he

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\* *Sacchinelli*, pp. 252-3.

† *Ibid.*

‡ In the *Athenæum* of April 21, I notice that Professor J. K. Laughton confounds this joint note of Baillie's and Ruffo's (which was sent in at 8 A.M. on the morning of the 26th in order to open the eyes of the garrisons, and divest the senders of responsibility) with the minatory note which, as said before, Nelson, acting entirely on his own account, had sent into the castles on the 25th. The mistake is not unimportant, for, when the true facts are recognised, it is obvious that we have here a proof that Baillie and Ruffo were anxious to prevent any misunderstanding on the part of the garrisons, and to act towards them in every respect fairly and squarely.

was doing, and adding that in order to restore the *status quo* he would make further withdrawals.\*

And now comes the really critical point in the whole transaction — critical for the reputation of everyone concerned. Whether it was the withdrawal of the Russians, or the frightful panic that consequently broke out in Naples, or the news of the disaster to the Royalist arms at Capua, which rendered immediate expedition necessary—whatever was the cause, in two hours or thereabouts a complete change had come over the situation. ‘At about 10 A.M.,’ writes Micheroux, ‘his Eminence wrote to me that Lord Nelson, having consented to put the capitulation in effect, I must replace the Russian troops in the evacuated positions. In proof of this, his Eminence sent me as urgent the enclosed documents of Lord Nelson’s for the security of the garrisons.’ †

What these documents were is a question belonging rather to Nelson’s biography than Baillie’s. Suffice it here that as far as one can judge they appeared quite satisfactory to Micheroux. His demeanour was such that the garrisons did not ask to see them, but trusted to his mere word. ‡ Presumably they also appeared satisfactory to Baillie, for he returned to his previous commanding position, and presently proceeded to accord the departing garrison of heroes the honours of war in accordance with article 3 of the capitulation.§

‘Some friends were breakfasting with me at Chiaja,’ so relates an anonymous reporter, presumably to be identified with a certain Mr. Harriman, ‘when the Commander of the Russian forces was announced (his name I think was Baillie, and he was nephew of a Scotchman who commanded the Russian Navy). He informed us that Nelson appeared more calm and quiet, and had directed him to carry out the capitulation according to the terms agreed upon, at which we all rejoiced; but this proved to be only a *ruse*, for the ships on board of which the garrisons had

\* *Sacchinelli*, p. 254.

† *Arch. stor. nap.* XXIV., Fasc. IV., p. 460.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ H. M. Williams’ *Sketches*, II., pp. 320-1. Cf. *Ragguaglio storico-critico*, by D. G. Vivencio, Naples 1799, p. 9.

*Admiral Baillie.*

embarked in the expectation of being taken to Toulon, we fastened astern of the English ships.\*

Such authority is too weak to justify us in concluding that Nelson communicated with Baillie directly. The latter may simply have got his orders through Micheroux. But there is this important fact to be borne in mind, that as Nelson had been forced to send in his note to the garrisons by himself (Ruffo having definitely refused to act as an intermediary), so, now that there was a change of plan, and embarkation not preceded by an act of surrender was to be no longer opposed, it was necessary to communicate directly with them again if a misunderstanding were to be avoided. But it is as certain as certain can be, from the whole subsequent attitude of the capitolati, that though Nelson's two delegates, Captains Troubridge and Ball, did visit the castles on the 26th, they gave no intimation that the change of plan was merely formal, and that, though permitting them to embark, Nelson would not permit them to sail.

Thus there was good reason for Baillie to be deceived, as well as the republicans themselves. And further evidence that this was the case is furnished by what followed. On June 29 the republican leaders memorialised him and the other signatories of the capitulation as to the infraction that was taking place, infraction of a capitulation which in their view had been conclusively executed on the 26th;† and though Baillie's response is not forthcoming, yet we still have a notice which indicates what must have been his sentiments. For on August 17, 1799, we find the Neapolitan Diarist writing:—'To-day it is said that the Russian Commandant has announced that either the capitulation must be respected, or that he would retire with his troops, for he could

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\* *The Nelson Coat*, edited by Evans, 1846. I should not venture to quote from such an untrustworthy source (for the editor only claims that his materials were 'furnished by a gentleman (anonymous) who had them from the (anonymous) eye-witness himself,' and the narrative is mostly absurd; but as there was no printed source in 1846 from which the rôle played by Baillie could have been deduced, it seems probable that here we have a genuine reminiscence, however suspiciously it filtered down.

† *Sacchinelli*, pp. 262-4.

not permit the execution of people who, trusting in his word, had surrendered and capitulated.' \*

Such is the story of Baillie, unhappy in being not only signatory, but also prime executor of the violated capitulation. On whom the shame of the whole transaction rests, and whether the misunderstanding under which the garrisons evacuated their forts was the result of bungling or design, are questions recently discussed at length in my pamphlet *Nelson at Naples*, and I desire here to raise nothing that is in any way controversial. My aim has only been to record facts about a brave sailor whose career was brilliant enough to merit something other than oblivion, and whose name deserves to be freed from any suspicion of duplicity or dishonour.

F. P. BADHAM.

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ART. VII.—THE REDUNDANCY OF SPINSTER  
GENTLEWOMEN.

*The Modern Marriage Market* (a Symposium). 2nd Edition.  
London: Hutchinson & Co.

AMONG the many social questions of the day, which are exercising the imaginations and pens of our modern army of writers, there is one which seems latterly to have aroused considerable interest, especially in the feminine world. This is the alleged growing redundancy of unmarried gentlewomen in this country. In the present paper I propose to discuss (1) the asserted fact, (2) admitting the fact, the apparent or probable causes which have brought it about, and (3) whether this redundancy can be anywise remedied or diminished.

That there is a great and increasing numerical disproportion between the sexes in the *monde* of to-day, concomitantly with a

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\* *Arch. stor. nap.* XXIV. Fasc. III., p. 282.

certain decline of marriage, is without doubt a belief very widely disseminated. It is taken for granted in many of the women's periodicals. And we shall quote some statistical figures, which unquestionably seem to bear out the general impression, as to, at all events, the surplusage of unattached gentlewomen.

In an able paper contributed a few years ago to a leading monthly,\* Miss Clara Collet worked out some curious comparisons of sex numbers founded upon the census of 1881. At that time, it would appear, for every 100 males, there were in England and Wales 105, and in London as a whole, 112 females.† But in Kensington, a quarter of the metropolis where the well-to-do classes so largely congregate, the increased proportion of women is startling. Here (disregarding the decimals), between the ages of twenty and twenty-five in either sex, the percentage of females was 196, or nearly double the number of males. From twenty-five to thirty years of age, the ratio was 187, and between thirty and thirty-five it was 172 women, to 100 men. Coming now to the relative numbers of married and unmarried women, we find that while over all England and Wales the spinsters *en masse* stood as 178 to 100 women married, in Kensington the disproportion rose to 256 per cent. Continuing the comparison of wedded and unwedded into groups per age, the figures become still more significant. For, while naturally in the first lustre after quitting their teens, our all-England maidens would still largely predominate over their married sisters—(the ratio was a little over two to one)—in Kensington they were 540 unwed to 100 wives, or more than five to one.

Among those aged in the next decade, twenty-five to thirty-five years, the proportion, of course, takes a great jump down. Here it is only 134 spinsters for 100 married, but even so in this period of life the West End bachelor-women still considerably outnumber the married. In the succeeding crucial ten years, when a woman has reached middle life and, if single, has nearly exhausted her

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\* *Prospects of Marriage for Women*, by Clara E. Collet. *XIXth Century*, April, 1892.

† According to Mr. Holt Schooling, the 1891 Census gives the same number for London, but 106 females for England and Wales.

matrimonial expectations, the contrast between the spinsterhood of the country generally and that of the Kensingtonian suburb is intensified. For during this age-term there were in England and Wales only twenty single women to every hundred wives, while in Kensington the proportion of the former was more than trebled, standing at 62 to 100 of the latter! These figures certainly seem to point to a serious disproportion of the sexes, or to other anomalous conditions, or to a mixture of both.

But these numerals do not, till we come to analyse them, represent the real import of the case, or the actual overplus of gentlewomen in the West End. Miss Collet clearly demonstrates that in the educated middle-class the surplus of women over men is far above the average. She takes Shoreditch and Bethnal Green in London as fairly representative of a working-class district without any upper middle-grade. In these two parishes, the proportions being almost alike for each, for every hundred married women there are only eleven to twelve spinsters. Now note the remarkable contrast in the West End. Of the population (270,000 in 1881) of Kensington, including Paddington, seventy per cent. are estimated to belong to the working class. This leaves thirty per cent. of better-class families, with their domestic servants. But we saw above that this district contains within the age 35-45 sixty-two spinsters to every hundred married women. How many, then, of these sixty-two must we apportion to the upper and middle rank, and how many to the ranks below? We may put it thus. The Kensington wives stand in the ratio of seventy working-class to thirty of the higher class. Taking the Shoreditch figures for the operatives' grade, eleven and a-half single to 100 married, it results, roughly speaking, that to every seventy working-class wives in Kensington we may assign eight spinsters. Consequently, to the remaining thirty wives of the middle and gentle orders we must perforce assign the unmarried balance, that is, 54 spinsters! So then, in the age between thirty-five and forty-five there are fifty-four single women inhabiting the Kensington district, to set against thirty of their sisters who have entered into wedlock. Even excluding count of the domestic servants, at that age the number of spinsters in the servant-employing (*i.e.*, the lower middle and

upper middle) classes of Kensington exceeds the number of married women.

Take yet a further comparison—the relative number of bachelors and spinsters aged thirty-five to forty-five in different localities of our great metropolis. Shoreditch, a poor man's habitat, shows the numbers about equal. In the Stepney and Poplar quarters the men outnumber the women. Ascending in the social scale, the females of Islington are 165 per cent. of the males, in Camberwell 200, in Hackney 230. In Lewisham the percentage of women rises to 325, in Hampstead to 366; while in Kensington, the highest average given, for every hundred unmarried men there are no less than 378 unmarried women.

Another curious fact is supplied by Miss Collet, bringing out the regrettable prevalence of early marriages among the poorer London folk. This is the percentage of girls married under twenty-one years of age. In Hampstead these number only nine per hundred; in Kensington thirteen; while in Mile End Old Town and Bethnal Green, both resorts of the meaner sort, the proportion mounts respectively to twenty-six and thirty-five per hundred. The compiler of these statistics notices the complaint of some that self-supporting women are less attractive than they otherwise would be, but urges in fair retort that it is somewhat ridiculous 'to expect a hundred women to devote their energies to attracting fifty men!'

Mr. Holt Schooling in his 1891 census enumerations gives us one or two further figures, which may interest the lady readers of these pages. Out of every thousand spinsters who marry, more than half do so between the ages of twenty and twenty-four. One-fourth of the thousand wed within the next five years, twenty-five to thirty. After thirty to this side of thirty-five the number drops heavily, being only seventy-three per thousand. In the succeeding quinquennate it sinks to twenty-six; and after forty years of age there are but twenty spinsters in every thousand, or one in fifty, who reach matrimony. He further finds that bachelors ranging in age from twenty-five to thirty-four prefer to marry women between twenty and twenty-nine, while men aged from thirty-five to thirty-nine, and in the



latter half of the fifties, incline to women ten years younger. So much for statistics.

One might quote many women-writers who accept the fact of the redundancy of women in the upper social strata of our country. We are, writes Lady Jeune, 'a community where the female element is largely in excess of the male.' 'Take a middle-class family of girls,' says Mrs. Flora Steel, 'nice girls, good girls, pretty girls. Half of them cannot hope to marry.' Over twenty years ago Mrs. Sutherland Orr, remarking on the then large class of supernumerary women and the increasing rarity of marriages, warned us that 'the falling-off in the possible number of English husbands is itself a complex fact deeply rooted in the conditions of our modern English life.' Another lady, the Hon. Coralie Glynn, recently advanced the view 'that Nature has her nuns as well as the Churches, and that these women are at present a largely increasing body.' She rather hails the advent of 'these Nature's nuns, this race of physically passive and of mentally neutralised women, which form such a feature of our modern womanhood.' 'In those Bee and Ant communities,' she adds, 'whose excellent laws are ever being held up for our admiration, we know that the neuters—*i.e.*, the non-child-bearing insects—perform many of the most indispensable duties of the commonwealth. And may not our latter-day women draw a not unfitting parallel from them?'

Accepting, then, the fact of the redundancy of the female sex among our better classes, it almost follows as a corollary that marriage in these classes must be falling off. That is to say, the redundancy and the decline of marriage may be viewed as interdependent facts. And so we are led to ask ourselves the probable causes at the root of this dual disorder in the body politic, for that both these conditions constitute a grave social disorder and anomaly is hardly disputable. Most of us will agree with Sir Walter Besant that 'everything is bad in an economic sense which tends to prevent marriage, it being the great safeguard of our national life.'

There is, to begin with, the increasing dearth of marriageable males. In these days, young men of the better classes are finding it more and more difficult to get employment at home.

Every father and mother of a family in the professional and upper-middle walks of life will tell you the same tale as to this. Of our sons many go to India. Others in large numbers find their way to the colonies, where the average young gentleman from the fatherland seeking work may be thankful if he succeeds in earning one-half the wage of a skilled artisan. But go over-sea he does all the same. And there he may remain for years or altogether; or should he float home again like a fragment of broken driftwood, as so many do, it is all one as far as his marriageable utilities to the community are concerned. For in the former case he is one male unit abstracted from society, and in the latter he only returns to his relations to swell the ranks of the 'detrimentals,' to whom matrimony is a barred luxury.

In this country, again, the rates of living and the style of living conventionally imposed upon the young Benedict are so high that the bachelor has now begun to count the cost and to abstain from offering himself in marriage. Besides, the competition for the various branches of work an educated gentleman starting in life cares to accept is enormous. The artistic avenues are all terribly overcrowded. Except for a successful few at the top there is barely a living, and that a precarious one, to be made out of literature, music, pictorial art, or the stage. With the more part of the votaries of these callings, it is an incessant struggle for existence and daily bread. Barristers are largely briefless, and can seldom reckon on obtaining a marriageable competency till well on into middle life. The clergy are worse off still, though somehow they manage to wive on the most attenuated resources, partly on the plea (which is probably in a measure true) that the usefulness of a parish pastor is enhanced by his being wed. Young gentlemen employees of the Government offices are notoriously an impecunious class. And so for the most part are the officers of the army and navy. Their habits of life, too, are unhappily much more costly than their scanty pay, plus allowances from parents, warrants; and they are constantly being moved about from place to place, which means heavy expense to the married. Consequently they of the 'Services' are compelled usually to eschew matrimony, and prefer to amuse themselves with the maidens of the

many well-placed families into which they are bid welcome or preferentially with the younger married sirens, whose 'a homes' largely depend for their success upon the presence of these wearers of Her Majesty's uniform. Moreover, it is being sorrowfully brought home to us that in modern warfare this or that country may have to sustain heavy and disproportionate losses among the flower of its manhood, which again is a factor affecting the marriageable ratio of the sexes. Probably the lawyers, doctors, and what are known as 'business men,' stockbrokers, accountants, bank officials, partners and managers in mercantile houses, and such like, soonest amass money, and are most addicted to matrimony. But, at best, it results that a large proportion of the males of the more cultured class in these isles find the standard of their requirements for maintenance such that marriage is not of their reach, except they light upon a woman possessed of substantial means of her own. 'The higher standard of comfort,' writes Lady Jeune, a well-known authority on social topics in the treatise named at head of this article, 'which modern society requires, without any superfluities, makes marriage more difficult than formerly.'

Another point which makes for bachelorhood is the elaboration of the modern system of club life. Living in apartments, with all the conveniences, not to say luxuries, of his club, or even with the cuisine of any of the superior restaurants available in our larger towns, our young professional gentleman with a very moderate income can command a good average of comfort. In an age when dining has been elevated into a fine art, and public resorts of amusement are multiplied, he has acquired the critical tastes of a *bon vivant*, and a craving for out-of-home diversions, into the nature of some of which it is perhaps best not to pry too closely. An income triple or quadruple what he now spends on himself as a bachelor sybarite would hardly suffice to run a married establishment on the same easy plane of luxurious *bien-être*. For, the irreducible minimum demanded of the Society married man in the way of menage is costly; and even within the last few years, says an authoritative London daily, 'manners have changed, and the love of pleasure and luxury has grown

with the rapidity of Jack's beanstalk.' The Horatian maxim—*Quae virtus et quanta sit vivere parvo*—may be all very well to preach to rustics and the meaner folk, but who of the well-to-do in these days live up to it ?

All this, it is clear, operates against the modern gentle-spinster, and tends to reduce the available supply of men likely to ask her in marriage. It is in fact too true, as a lady put it to me the other day with much point—that in our class of life 'there are not prospective husbands enough, even indifferent ones, to go round.' Hence ensue two results among the young women. One is an intense competition to secure male partners, which is bad both for the competitor and the competed for ; the latter over-appraising himself and prone to lose not only his head but his manners. The other result is seen in those ladies who for one reason or another fail in the competition. These are given to put on an affectation of exaggerated independence, an air of indifference to what the male sex may think of them by way of self-defence to cover their failure.

Mainly out of these causes, it seems probable, has sprung the modern athletic young woman of the leisured classes, almost wholly given up to outdoor pastimes of a more or less robust and muscular character. In despair of shining socially on her feminine side, or from malaise, or what not—in a few cases perhaps from an unnatural preponderance of the sheer masculine in her blood—she casts aside the usual role of woman, and tries to take on that of the other sex. Moreover, it is to be noted by the observant that this silly assimilation of male manners and male sports is more cultivated among the young damsels whose personal attractions are not their strong point, and who have troubled themselves but little with genuine feminine accomplishments. Most of the portrait-groups of specially athletic women one sees in the pictorial periodicals illustrate this. In fact, the very exercise of muscular achievements suitable only for men has the effect of hardening and roughening the feminine exterior ; while it is too often associated with a strident voice, a self-assertive manner, a brusque and abrupt address to malekind, and a general lapse of attractive-

ness. All of which attributes tend to damp a man's matrimonial intents, and to throw him back into the inmost recesses of his bachelor shell. For it is perfectly palpable that there is a large following of women in the *classes* as distinguished from the *masses*, who are departing more and more from the loveable type of woman which has been so dear to mankind in all past ages of the world. So that here we have yet another factor operating, we may feel sure, against the chances of matrimony to so many of the smart young women of to-day. To this point we will return presently.

Thus far, then, we have dealt with marriage from the modern male's point of view, and have seen why it is he has become shyer of proposing himself for partnership with the 'new' young gentlewoman. We will now consider the matter from the platform of the woman herself, as she is interpreted by certain of her sex, cultivated and informed women, who have written most about her.

Three main causes of the alleged growing distaste on the part of women for the risks and responsibilities of marriage are stated by female writers to be these. (1) The increased liberty, individualism, and choice of careers, accorded to the sex, make them less disposed to merge their freedom in matrimony. (2) The deterioration of the average Society man, the inanity of his talk to women, his self-absorption, his lack of urbanity to the other sex, and so forth. (3) The asserted decay of the love sentiment, the disparagement of marriage and of the home ideals, the general dethronement of the Lares.

As to the present-day independence of the better-class women, we have abundant and incessant testimony. 'We agree,' says Lady Jeune, distinctly a believer in the modern young gentlewoman, 'that women are much more mannish than formerly; and that has grown out of the greater freedom and independence they now enjoy. It may have taken away some of the dependence and softness of women, but it has given them a strong individuality, strong opinions. . . . Girls think and act for themselves.' Further, touching the effect of this upon matrimony. 'Every year the increased independence which girls

enjoy, and the feeling of the time in which they live, make them less anxious to marry, or to marry so early.\*

'Girls are now highly educated,' writes the Countess of Malmesbury, 'so far as book-learning can make them so; they are allowed freedom undreamt of twenty years ago, and the superficial knowledge of life they thus acquire is one of the most dangerous elements in their present condition. An attitude of independence, an indisposition to listen to advice, combined with total ignorance of the real situation they are bent on creating for themselves, is a spectacle which would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy to those who know by experience the difficulties which beset a woman's life, even under most favoured conditions.' Authority, she adds, is 'admittedly obsolete.†

At the 1898 Conference of Women Workers, Mrs. Rendall spoke of the recent wider opportunities and the higher education in which women have so fully shared. 'This change,' she says, 'in circumstances and outlook—increased liberty and enlarged range of professions—is common to girls of all classes.' But, observes Mrs. Frances Steinthal at the same Conference, 'the general outcry to-day from our large towns is that the girls will not be interested in good works, that they will not sacrifice themselves for the good and happiness of others less favoured than themselves.' 'The surplus of females in the population,' says Miss Sproule, an Inspector to the West Riding County Council, 'has forced on women in all ranks the necessity of working for their ~~daily bread~~. . . . The old idea that a woman's goal is marriage is fast disappearing.' According to Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon, 'it is, primarily, the almost complete downfall of Mrs. Grundy that makes the modern spinster's lot in many respects an eminently attractive one. Formerly, girls married in order to gain their social liberty; now, they more often remain single in order to bring about that desirable consummation.'

Next, as to the alleged deterioration of the modern median and upper-class male. Truth compels us to admit that here the

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\* *The Modern Marriage Market*, pp. 80-82.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 161-2.

female complainant has something by way of a grievance, though it may be a pertinent question how far she is herself responsible for the falling off in the old-world politeness. In a former number of this *Review* I ventured to descant upon the latter-day decay of manners in English society, including those of the younger men towards the other sex.\* What was then said is only too easy to reinforce.

Miss Hepworth Dixon claims among the reasons why women are ceasing to marry, the more critical attitude of her sex towards their masculine contemporaries. The present generation of young women, she asserts, are apt to perceive in their suitors certain

‘Of the least endearing qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race; those qualities, it may be whispered, which, though eminently suitable for the making of empire, are not always entirely appreciated on the domestic hearth. . . . At present we are in a transition stage, and there is now-a-days a certain amount of misunderstanding between the sexes which makes marrying and giving in marriage a somewhat hazardous enterprise.’

The force of this indictment, however, is a little broken by the subsequent remark: ‘This shyness at being caught in the matrimonial net is largely a characteristic of the modern English maiden, for widows, like widowers, usually show an extraordinary eagerness to resume the fetters of the wedded state.’ The modern male, after all then, must prove in general a satisfactory mate, else why should the widow, after her experience of him, be so keen to re-endue herself with the fetters, and re-embark upon the hazards, of wedlock.

An American lady, writing some time back in the *XIXth Century*, tells us she considers young English gentlemen greatly inferior to their transatlantic congeners in respect of deferential politeness shown to women, but in all that goes to make up the polished gentleman, the faithful true-hearted friend, she prefers the typical middle-aged, elderly Englishman. Strange to say, we find that arch-priestess of female emancipation, who gave us *The*

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\* See Article, ‘The Vaunts of Modern Progress’—*Scottish Review*, July, 1898, pp. 101-2.

*Heavenly Twins*, decrying the university graduate, while eulogising in contrast the military type of young man. From *her* it comes as the unexpected to learn of the latter that

'To the women of his own family he is usually charming. . . His favourite pursuits are refined; he abhors low company, and is not, as a rule, to be found in bars, public billiard rooms, or music halls. When he does appear at such places he remembers that he is a gentleman. . . . His education has generally been sound . . . but whatever his attainments, he is modest about them. . . . Both in public and private he is a more agreeable person to deal with than the academic man. . . . He has his deficiencies. . . . But whatever his short-comings, if only he extended to women at large the chivalrous consideration he shows to the women of his own family, there would be very little fault to find with him. . . . One could wish for all young men something of the soldier's training.'

I fear this is not the estimate of the British *militaire* most in vogue with the female trumpeters of their sex's claims. Though possibly the splendid heroism of our officers and soldiers so recently exhibited in warfare may have somewhat opened their eyes to his virtues.

There remains our third alleged plea adverse to marriage, the discrediting of the Penates combined with a certain aloofness from the old-fashioned love-ideal now affected by the modern gentlewoman. A well-known writer on women's work, Miss Frances Low, has described the decay of domesticity with much force and candour.

'It is the fashion now-a-days to regard the special kind of work which only a woman can do supremely well, and surpass a man in the doing, with dislike and contempt, and to magnify the achievements, in which women manage to keep a footing with no particular consequence to the welfare of mankind or progress. The *domestic* woman has become a term of reproach with a certain section of women, who have not the wit or the grace to see that the perfect mistress of a house has faculties, qualities, and talents, as fine, as rare and as valuable to the race, as those manifested in any other notable department of intelligent human activity.

'This contempt of the most important of womanly arts has inevitably influenced all classes of Society, and the present serious domestic service problem is due in a great measure, I have no hesitation in asserting, to the attitude which has been taken up by educated women, and which is tacitly maintained in every High School throughout the Kingdom, where athletic sports of the most pronounced masculine description are now accounted



part of the education of English girlhood, whilst cookery, sewing, and the housewifely arts, which every woman, no matter what her social position, is upon occasion required to know, have no place in the time-tables.\*

'The period of the highest female culture in England,' says Mrs. Orr, 'was certainly not that in which women were less devoted to domestic work. . . . 'The wider spread of education and the ambitions which it creates tend visibly to the worse more unwilling performance of all the lower kinds of work.' The New Woman movement, wrote the late Mrs. Lynn Linton,

'Is due to the new conditions of society and domestic economy, whereby restlessness has been created, and the home occupations which once absorbed the sex have been superseded by general and special providers.' Thus 'the home naturally becomes monotonous, and girls and married women stream out of it to the club and the shop for the excitement home cannot afford them. . . . Women cry out in two languages. On the one side they fall foul of the work that falls to the lot of their sex, the house-keeping, the child-bearing and subsequent care of the children, without which life could not go on at all, nor society hold together. On the other, they demand to share in all the occupations of men.'

'The domesticated and home-loving woman,' wrote Lady Violet Greville near the middle of the present decade, 'is now a thing of the past, and home life *par excellence* is extinct.' 'In the house of life,' says Mrs. Devereux, 'there is only an attic now for Cupid, instead of a great wide room. . . . In the original woman, the impulse toward motherhood was spontaneous and almost invariable.' But now, 'hampered by her enormous majority, the English maid has no certainty of an eventual maternity, even if she desired it, which she frequently does not.' 'Love,' writes a clever lady-novelist ('George Paston') 'may once have been a woman's whole existence, but that was when a skein of embroidery silk was the only other string to her bow. In the life of the modern woman, blessed with an almost inexhaustible supply of strings, love is no less episodal than in the life of a man. It may be eagerly longed for, it may be tenderly cherished, but it has been deposed from its proud position of "lord of all."'

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\* *Profitable Employments for Educated Women. The Woman at Home*, May, 1899.

It will be seen by the reader that I have so far confined myself to women's utterances about women, as being more convincing to the majority of the sex than what might be deemed the biased views of men. Not, however, that men have been silent on the subject, or blind to the modern influences adverse to matrimony in the leisured classes. A well-known Italian writer, Guglielmo Ferrero, has given us his ideas thereupon in his recent work, *L'Europa Giovane*. The emancipated modern Englishwoman, belonging to a sort of 'terzo sesso' or third neuter sex, as he styles it, is finding marriage more and more difficult. The class of voluntary celibates, male and female, is, he thinks, assuming alarming proportions. The increasing preponderance of the spinster in Anglo-Saxon society strikes Signor Ferrero as a fact of the gravest significance. The competitor who now meets man at every turn is a creature like the working bee, in whom the desire to be a wife or a mother has been atrophied.\*

'English Society,' as he caustically puts it, will probably differentiate itself into two classes with different functions: one of women designed for the humble duty of preserving the species; the other of sexless creatures, intelligent, learned, industrious, but barren, living solely by the brain, with heart and senses petrified. Thus, the higher education of women, far from completing man's felicity, and adding a new splendour to the solution of the problem of love, will be a cause of fresh disappointment, bitter conflicts, and worse complications.

Note that this writer and Coralie Glynn, while agreeing as to the rise of this new class of sexless-minded women, differ materially in their appreciation of them.

We have reached, then, in this discussion, the following conclusions: That there is an increasing surplusage in this country of spinster gentlewomen: That there have been a recent evolution and growth of certain currents in that social rank running counter to marriage and thus tending to enlarge this surplusage.

And now we will hark back to that other factor, of which I have already spoken, and which, assuredly, must and does count

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\* . . . 'potremmo paragonare' he says, 'questa classe di donne alle api operaie-sesso neutro di femmine in cui gli organi sessuali si sono atrofizzati' . . . p. 321.

in this direction among the better-class British bachelorhood. Yet it is something curious that so little notice has been taken of this matrimonial handicap by our modern writers on the feminist movement. Quite lately, however, it has been in a manner connoted by one lady treating of that section of her sex who give themselves chiefly to athletic pastimes. To be sure, her main contention is the injurious effects, mental and physical, that are bound to ensue from the prevailing excess of athletics among young gentlewomen. But between the lines of her admirable essays on the subject one reads also the inevitable dethronement of the true womanly ideals, the lowering effect upon man's worship of his goddess, and a certain loss of attractiveness which such women must suffer in the eyes of manly men. And so, all unconsciously perhaps, our *Mulier Musculosa* is placing another barrier between herself and her chances of matrimony. The outburst of athletics among the middle and gentlefolk circles, is scarcely over a dozen years old. But meantime it has so bitten these classes that apart from the present war troubles little is talked, little is done, little has a chance of being cared for, among them, save muscular sports of one kind or another. Boisterous bodily exertion is enshrined in the modern young lady's creed and ambitions, as at once 'the correct thing' and the chief thing in life worth living for. Of this insane muscle-worship we see not yet the ultimate consequences; but Miss Arabella Kenealy, doctor of medicine, with a large grasp of the subject and a potent pen, has diagnosed the disease and its mischievous results in a marvellously convincing manner.

In the first of her two essays on 'Woman as an Athlete,' which recently appeared in the columns of the *Nineteenth Century*, Miss Kenealy begins by asking certain pregnant questions concerning 'this flood of new activity which fills our illustrated papers with portraits of feminine prize-winners, and our sporting journals with female records.' She proceeds to show that in endeavouring inordinately to add to her muscle-power, the modern woman is doing so at the expense of her womanly faculties. Her athletic pastimes have not conduced to her usefulness, nor has her new physical energy been expended in the service of her associates. 'The energy but urges her to greater muscular

efforts in the pursuit of pleasure, or to her own repute.' In the old days the average young woman accomplished much that was unambitious but most practically useful in the house. Now she finds no time for any of these ministrations. She considers herself 'splendidly fit,' 'as hard as nails,' but her mother, 'though she rejoices in her young Amazon's augmented thews and sinews,' cannot but sigh for the loss to the home. Unfortunately, materfamilias misconstrues the daughter's muscle capability as evidence of improved health, and, while she laments its results, regards it as her maternal duty to be glad. But here Dr. Arabella Kenealy bluntly steps in and disturbs the mother's complaisance. For she says:—

'It is a physiological fact that muscle vigour is no test even of masculine health. A man in training, a man that is at the height of his muscular capacity, is the worst of all subjects for illness. He has little or no resistant power; his recuperative quality is small. Athletes die proverbially young. . . . And this, which is true of the sex whose province it is to be muscular, is essentially more true of the sex whose province it is not.'

Miss Kenealy next shows how this muscle-cult deteriorates the woman in more ways than one.

'I dare but hint,' she says, 'at a group of important functions, by the physical deterioration and decadence of which the abnormal activities of modern women are alone possible. Of what consequence, it may be asked, is this to a race which views motherhood with ever-increasing contempt? Of vital consequence, I answer, seeing that apart absolutely from the incidence of motherhood, all the functions of the body—and some in immense degree—influence and modify the mind and character. . . . And it must be understood that such decadence and deterioration show mainly in the loss of the very highest qualities of sex.'

This is plain speaking, but coming as it does from a lady and a physician, such a warning should be no light matter of reflection for the class of women who seem to glory in breaking the physiological bounds of their sex. 'One cannot possess,' says our essayist, 'all the delicately evolved qualities of woman together with the muscular and mental energies of man.' Of course not, albeit *Mulier Musculosa* and her abettors would make us believe she can. 'This modern woman, who, instead of serv-

ing for a terrible warning, is in danger of proving her example, is restless, clamorous, is only satisfied when in evidence is assertive, and withal is eminently discontented. She can get enough, for the reason that the thing she asks is nothing to satisfy her nature.' The up-to-date female is lacking 'her power of sympathy, a quality which is in the inverse ratio to the habit of assertiveness.' And assertiveness, says Miss Kenealy, is the blemish of the modern woman. 'The haze and colour of the higher womanly emotions—sympathy to understand, attention to be fond, imagination to idealise—are being absorbed in the mere violence of movement physical and mental.' How absolutely true all this is, how self-evident to most of us, yet how purblind to it seems the average young society woman, intent only upon qualifying to be 'excellent woman-fellow' to man mimicking his outdoor sports, even rough-and-tumble ones, as upon constituting herself as we have seen, 'hard as nails.'

Dr. Kenealy lays special stress upon the injury to women's physique and aspect produced by the muscular over-exercise in fashion among them to-day, and urges her point with a frankness and emphasis a man could hardly venture to adopt in discussing such a theme. She is contrasting a new-muscular representative of her sex with what the same girl was a year or two before when as yet she had not physically hardened herself. Then, 'her complexion was sensitive and variable;' there was a mysterious and nameless something about her only to be described as 'charm.' Now, she is still perhaps a good-looking girl; her complexion is possibly too strong in its contrasting tones; her glance is unswerving and direct.

'Where before her beauty was suggestive and elusive, now it is defined. . . . The haze, the elusiveness, the subtle suggestion of the face are gone; it is the landscape without atmosphere. . . . She inclines to be, and in another year will be, distinctly spare; the mechanism of movement is no longer veiled by a certain mystery of motion which gave her formerly an air of gliding rather than of striding from one place to another. In her evening gown she shows evidence of joints which had been adroitly hidden beneath tissues of soft flesh, and already her modiste has been put to the necessity of puffing and padding. Nature had planned the tenderest and most dainty of devices. Her movements are muscular and less womanly. Where they had been quiet and graceful,

now they are abrupt and direct. Her voice is louder, her tones are assertive. She says everything—leaves nothing to the imagination.'

Could anything well beat this for a portrait to the life? It is unmistakeable. We have the woman before us in all the panoply of mannish mail with which she has encrusted herself.

In a second article, Arabella Kenealy emphasises with further telling illustrations the points she had previously made. She distinguishes in woman's anatomy between the *voluntary* muscles the athletic woman is so desirous to develop, and the *involuntary*, and explains how the latter 'are worked by means of an extensive nervous network known as the sympathetic nervous system.' This nerve-system it is—

'Which determines the beautiful and wonderful evolvment of the girl into a woman. . . . The straight up-and-down lines of the girlish frame, which subserved the locomotive energies essential to growth, evolve into graceful curves and dignities. Her eyes are illumined with a new and tender light.'

'Now,' she says, 'watch this development thwarted by athletics. . . . Instead of a regeneration there is a degeneration. Instead of physical enrichment there is but physical impoverishment. She loses the charm of childhood without gaining another. She remains unlovely or grows coarse. She stops short at the puerile stage with the straight up-and-down lines of the puerile type, or she assumes the stout and sturdy, it may be gross, lines which are a degeneration from it. And it is this puerile type, or the degeneration from it, which is increasing largely among our modern women.'

Those of us with seeing eyes have long taken note of this from the female object-lessons around us.

The foolishness of women's muscular ambitions is thus further enforced.

'When Nature had given impetus sufficient for the girl's bones and muscles in those earlier years of unrestrained activity, she set a check upon these by investing her with special disabilities—the added width and weight of hip, for example, which (when these exist) must always be a bar to muscular achievement. For Nature had other uses than merely muscular for this fine beautiful creature she had proudly evolved—moral, spiritualising, tender, and dainty uses wherein muscular abilities have little portion.'

The woman who has assumed the *masculine* variation from the puerile stage of life may be an 'excellent fellow,' but as a

feminine human creature she is a failure. She has not reached her proper full development. 'She will never be the inspiration of any man's life.'

Nevertheless, Miss Kenealy is careful to say that in itself she has no objection to the bicycle for women, as a means of taking air and wholesome exercise. Where, she says, the danger lies is that this locomotor is apt to convert itself into a hobby-horse, which may ride its master, and still more its mistress, to physical destruction. So, of course, with other more distinctively manly pastimes which our modern women are misguided enough to take up. The significance of the old Greek phrase—*φέρεσθαι ἔκτος τῶν ἐλαῶν*. to race beyond the olives—is lost sight of. Too often, whatever the form of bodily exertion, they will go too far.

Our author points this moral, too, by suggesting from concrete examples in her own experience the superiority of the offspring of women of the quiet, emotional, but intensely feminine type over those of the more muscular and more robust mothers who have rejoiced in 'that robustness which is degeneration from the womanly type.' . . . 'The muscular reformer sees as woman's highest goal her capacity for doing things that men do, whereas her true value lies in her capacity for doing things men cannot do.' This is admirably put, and one would have thought a self-evident truth. For, as she otherwise points out, 'masculinity not being proper to women, is a thing with no relation to the fine thing called manliness, as effeminacy in a man is no very noble rendering of the noble thing called womanliness.'

'Finally,' says Miss Kenealy, 'one grows ashamed and weary of the perpetual vaunt of emergence and emancipation. Now for the first time we are Women—free to use our down-trampled powers—is our modern boast; whereas, if the truth be told, we are in no way nobler, finer, or more suited to our age than were the women who have gone before us.'

Elsewhere Dr. Arabella Kenealy is to the full as emphatic. She is deeply disappointed that the so-called woman's movement should have resolved itself mainly into a cult of muscularity. The athletic female, instead of using her modern

privileges for the evolvment and enrichment of her womanhood, has devoted them 'to the development of the masculine within her.' She cannot expend two-thirds of her nerve-forces upon her muscles, and yet have more than a third left for other faculties. We are told, says Miss Kenealy, that the modern English girl has grown tall as well as muscular, and has made a distinct approach in figure to the male model. 'The new type of English girl,' says one of her champions, 'owes her increased height to an increased length of leg,' whereas anatomists have always taught us that 'a woman's legs should be shorter in proportion to her height than are a man's legs. . . . Her proportions are now very nearly the same as those of a man.'

To this opponent, Arabella Kenealy aptly replies:

'Had this writer been a physiologist, he would have known that so marked a change as he describes, and which has, in fact, occurred, could only have happened at the expense of loss elsewhere. We cannot acquire the characteristics of men without losing our own. It would not be just that one sex should possess the capabilities of both. And it is from degeneration of her especial physical organisation that woman has acquired the greater length of limb.' . . . , 'It is the duty—and should be the cherished privilege—of women to hold some of their forces in reverent reserve. . . . This she can never do by expending all her forces in athletics, or in social exhaustion, or in spoiling that especial organisation which alone enables her to advance the human type.'

Miss Kenealy declares she has 'never known any woman who, after two years of athletics, retained any pretension whatsoever to charm.' . . . 'The athletic woman (and by the term I mean women accustomed to strong, but not necessarily extreme exercise) passes through the human epochs of love-making, marriage, and motherhood with the most astounding insensibility. She has lost her capacity for idealising.'\*

Thus and thus argues Arabella Kenealy with trenchant directness, and in a literary style at once powerful, dignified, and impressive. I cannot recall anything that has been written on the modern mannish woman so searching in its exposure of

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\* *Woman as Athlete*, by Arabella Kenealy, L.R.C.P. *Daily Telegraph*, 17th June, 1899.



her foolishness, or more instinct with sober, sane practical truth. It were well if a short digest of the dicta from which we have quoted could be printed, framed, and hung up over the toilette-table of every young woman of the better classes in the English-speaking world. For our modern masculine-feminine sees not yet the aftermath of her athletic antics. 'No me digas oliva, hasta que me veas cogida,' shrewdly runs the Spanish proverb; and it may be a generation or more ere the full fruitage of her cult of muscularity is made manifest.

What, then, is the bearing of the foregoing views of our lady-doctor on the present unnatural surplusage of spinster gentlewomen? Manifestly, that our 'hard as nails' girls of to-day are handicapping themselves for betrothal no less than for matrimony. In a sense they have turned themselves into monstrosities. They fall short of being men, and do not attain to being, in the proper loveable acceptation, women. It is well nigh impossible for a man to make a lode-star of a woman of the modern muscular type. A distinguished London Daily gauged the situation accurately in a leader on Miss Kenealy's first article.

'Men,' we there read, 'have not dared for a long time past to explain why it was that, while they held out the right hand of friendship to the "jolly good fellow" into whom some other man's sister had developed as the result of bicycling and golfing, they still had hidden regrets for the dear delightful woman she might have been had she just clung to the duties and pleasures that sufficed to fill her mother's life. . . . They took these new healthy girls as good friends, and cycled with them, and played golf with them, and they never dreamt of marriage except when they were alone, and took to exercising their imagination. Then they remembered what their elders had told them, or let them guess, of the delights of wooing a maiden in the old days, and all the dear uncertainties.'\*

The younger men in society, following the passing fashion, may affect interest for a time in your girl-votaries of muscular games, and occasionally be drawn into marrying them, but deep down in his heart of hearts the manly man knows well enough that it is not with the Amazon or tomboy class of woman that his sympathies lie.

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\* *Morning Post*, 31st March, 1899.

Amazonia, too, herself knows there is something wrong, and has a shrewd uneasy suspicion that her man-comrade is more and more shirking matrimony; and that consequently spinster Gentlewomen are an increasing quantity. But touching the muscle cult she is somewhat myopic, and does not suspect her own attitude to him and the incongruity of her pursuits as any-wise responsible for the situation. She fancies her physical stature has increased, and so she thinks to herself what Rosalind (for a temporary purpose) says to Celia in *As You Like It*,

‘ Were it not better  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?  
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman’s fear there will—  
We’ll have a swashing and a martial outside,  
As many other mannish cowards have  
That do outface it with their semblances.’

There is little doubt many of our modern Antiopeas and Maresias would, if only fashion led the way, return to woman’s masculine mimicry of the days of Imperial Rome, when gentle-born ladies were wont to patronise charioteering and gladiatorial pastimes. Efforts have been made by certain emulous ladies to annex for their sex the game of polo, but this supreme folly has so far been spared us. Fencing among them, it seems, is growing in popularity, and some of us may live to see a New Woman’s *pentathlon* introduced as the natural evolution from women’s cricket, hockey, football, and the like. The feminine passion for athletics in Juvenal’s time synchronised with woman’s emancipation from restraints and with a decline in marriage, which last became unfashionable among the wealthier classes. The Latin satirist comes hard down on the lady athlete, who goes in for feats of strength and flies from her sex (*quae fugit a sexu*). We see her wrappers of Tyrian purple; her unguents; the gladiatorial belt, gauntlets, crest, and half-covering for the left leg; which she has assumed. We hear the blows she inflicts on the training post as she goes through her pancratic exercises. ‘*Aspice quo fremitu*’ exclaims the poet, ‘*monstratos*

perferet ictus.' ('See with what a cry she drives home thrusts that have been shown her). Truly, he adds, a word most worthy of the trumpet of the Floralia! Could we not lay hands to-day upon scores, ay hundreds, of young matrons, maidens, whose ambitions are pretty much summed up in the trumpeting of our modern Floralia, or, let us say, Olympia? These are they, a numerous band, who would fain wear the lion's skin of Herakles, and are for ever seeking some new Pindar in the periodicals to sing pæans to their muscular achievements.

Even that eminently fair-minded publicist, Mr. Lecky, in his latest work, *The Map of Life: Conduct and Character*, is constrained to admit (p. 228) 'that amusements which have no kind of evil effect on men often in some degree impair the graces & character of women,' and that one sex cannot with impunity try to live the life of the other.

What then can one suggest by way of antidote or check in some measure to the growing redundancy of spinsters in our upper and middle grades of society?

Much assuredly might be done by more serious efforts to set up agencies whereby our unmarried gentlewomen might be induced without losing caste to emigrate to our Imperial dependencies, where the cultured male element is at present enormously in excess of the female. Much again—and this is a real practical possibility lying at our hand—might be effected by a reform in the super-sumptuary habits of the day already descanted upon: by a return, in short, to households and menages conducted with more simplicity and economy. 'Let life be simplified all round,' a lady writer has sensibly put it. 'Let early marriages on modest incomes become the rule and not the exception, as they used to be, and they still are in the lower middle ranks of society. But, for this to be effective, the set of custom and the seal of fashion must lean that way; of which at present there is no sign, but mischievously the reverse. For to-day we are most of us in thralldom to the fetich 'that one must live up to the times, or to one's neighbours, or to one's social obligations and what is expected of us.'

And lastly, if she would diminish the disproportion of the country, the young damsel of the **Bachelorhood** of the country, the young damsel of the **Classes** must turn over a new leaf, and in her thoughts, words and works give some heed, not alone to the advice of the **maturer and more discerning of her own sex**, but likewise to the **average man's opinion of her**. The wisest woman, distinguished author, is she who suspects that men are As to some things this is probably a true saying, notably in respect of the male instinct concerning the manner of mate would desire to live his life with. At present, the ordinary man regards the Amazonian girl of epicene tendencies rather as one views a freak of nature, only that the freak in this case is not Nature's, but an artificial social product. He looks at her critically, sorrowfully, while in the matter of matrimonial leanings towards her he too often holds his peace and goes his way. It may be, could he get behind her mannish mask, the starved modicum of genuine woman within her might reveal itself, and be weaned back to tread the dear old paths of enchantment. But she cannot have her bread buttered on both sides. She must not expect to go in for the role of the male, and yet exact his deference or win his devotion.

I say our girls of the social midlands and higher levels must reconsider their position and their ways, if they would check one of the contributory causes of the augmenting bachelorhood and spinsterhood within their ranks. The frantic pursuit of mere outdoor personal amusement must be abandoned. The delights of hockey, with its occasional incidents of bandaged heads, broken teeth, and bruises, must be left to the virile sex which has to do for the most part the rough-and-tumble work of the world. The feebleness of adult girls' cricket, their farcical attempts at football, the overstrain of their bicycling (not its moderate use), with all the diverse forms of sport and muscular exertion unsuited to the female, and so constantly overdone, must be discarded. And still there will remain for the sex healthful outdoor recreation in plenty. Manners must be mended. The use of men's slang; sporting and stable talk; the growing

habit of ladies' smoking ;\* the mannish stride, the swagger, the knock-you-down demeanour, the strident self-assertive voice tones—all must go. The sweetness and refinements, the sympathetic atmosphere, the graciousness and grace of woman's genuine nature—after our mothers' pattern—must return into favour. That this will come about before our new century is half over I firmly believe. The swing of the social pendulum will by that time have done its work. Woman travestying as athlete, like the New Woman of evolution and of bygone revolutions, has not come to stay. She will pass; and her sisters of the future will look back and marvel what bad dream it was which for awhile possessed so many of the sex. For men's views of woman must in the long run tell, and help to bring her back to ways of sense and sanity. And men's impassioned regards will ever turn, not to her muscularity, not to her self-sufficiency, but to her beauty and gentleness and amiability and daintiness, till the heavens fall and the sea gives up its dead.

T. P. W.

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\* From the latest literature about ladies' clubs in London, we learn that there is one which boasts a special smoking room where a lady can ask a male guest to smoke a cigar with her. And most of these clubs, it seems, provide a smoking-room for their members. Lady Jeune has recently noted with deprecation the growth of smoking among 'smart' women.

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## ART. VIII.—THE FUTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

**N**OW that the Republican forces have abandoned, one after another, their much-vaunted strongholds, and our army has gained a footing in the Transvaal, there is some colour in the reports which are becoming current of the formation of a peace party in the Boer Councils, and the probably early collapse of the war. It may be remarked in passing that there is a precedent for such a course of events. In 1842, the emigrant farmers of the Republic of Natalia resisted the troops sent to carry out the British occupation of the territory; and in the first encounters gained considerable advantage over them. For a month they held the troops closely invested at Berea, beside Durban. In the meantime King had made his famous ride to Grahamstown, reinforcements were despatched with all haste, and they arrived in time to relieve their comrades. The transports crossed the bar under a heavy fire from the enemy, at short range, when all resistance ceased. Next day the farmers were in retreat; desertions took place from their ranks wholesale, and so bitter was the dissension and recrimination in their councils that the better among them recognised, perforce, the futility of further resistance, and entered into negotiations with the British representatives. As detailed in the pages of Theal, or of Cloete, who was an eye-witness of the later scenes, this episode offers a curious parallel to the events of the present time. There are the same preliminary negotiations; the same ill-concealed purpose to avoid coming to terms on the Boers' side, tempered by a strangely expressed conviction of the righteousness of their cause; the same military errors on our part, and the same breaking up of the Boer resistance on the arrival of British reinforcements. It is noteworthy that Lord Roberts has never had a pitched battle to fight since he began his advance. The main body of the Boer army has practically abandoned in succession each of the positions where it was expected to make a stand, as soon as the opposing force got into contact with it. As in Natal sixty years ago, so now on the borders of the two republics dissensions are

breaking out, and the opinion is freely expressed in Colonial circles that active resistance will soon be at an end.

Prophecy before the event is dangerous ; but in some way or other, with or without a final effort by the Boers, the end is sure to come soon. In these circumstances, it will be well to look forward and consider some of the problems which will have to be faced after the war. These are really the heart of the South African question ; though they appeal less to the popular fancy, they are in a sense far more serious than all the alarms and sacrifices of a campaign, and their solution will demand no less watchfulness, endurance, and perseverance.

First and foremost, the status of the Republics. The Colonial Secretary is reported to have stated that they will be governed as Crown Colonies. This is as it should be. Loyalist feeling in South Africa has all along dreaded the possibility of a repetition of the weakness of 1881, by which the disaffected elements in South Africa would still be left with a rallying point. It may be remarked that the writer has heard the opinion freely expressed that a policy similar to that now announced might well be pursued with regard to Cape Colony. It is thought that the freedom from political excitement which would result from such a course would give the country time to settle down ; and for their part, loyalists would count any temporary loss of political privileges as more than compensated for by a period of quietness and prosperity. To that end, however, the destruction of the hegemony of the Transvaal ought to be sufficient. If all reports are true, the agitation with which the Afrikaner Bond is commonly credited, was fostered from Pretoria. The 'race-feeling,' of which certain Dutch prints make so much, dates from 1881, as does also the open avowal of forming a united South Africa under its own flag. Pretoria was, as it were, the Mecca of the Dutch Afrikaner. It is said that in many districts the machinery of the Bond was to have been used as a quick and secret way of gathering its members round the invaders' flag. Why it failed at the critical moment, whether the Dutchman's care for his own interests, or other influences, came into play, and prevented a general rising of the Dutch population from taking effect, is probably more than we shall ever know. But

doubtless the same reasons which have already been operative, will be still more so in the future, and the disloyal Dutch element will go quietly. The annexation of the Orange River Colony must dissipate any lingering dream of British magnanimity being prevailed on by their entreaties. When their hopes have been so signally disappointed there can be little left to aspire to, and in course of time even the most unreasoning of them must come to see the uselessness of working for the unattainable. They have staked everything and have lost. They have been made to see that South Africa is not *ons Land*, the peculiar preserve of the Dutch, but a part of the Empire, and it surely will not be lost on them that every community of British descent or allegiance has aided in impressing the fact upon them. The Imperial Government is evidently at one with the people in the determination that the disturbing element in South African affairs shall be rendered powerless for evil. The danger in future does not lie with the Afrikanders, but with ourselves. There must be no weakness or relenting in carrying out the pacification of the country, no getting the ear of ministers or a party, no sentimental or pedantic following of political axioms out of season. If the loyalists are willing to disfranchise themselves for the sake of the common weal, there can be no reason for restoring any measure of political liberty to those who have been open enemies or secretly disaffected, until they have placed their repentance and amendment beyond question.

In Cape Colony and Natal there are districts where a large portion of the inhabitants made common cause with the enemy. In their case a demand has been made for general disfranchisement. Here, again, the loyalists would willingly forego their rights for a time. Probably if any great number of the rebels are brought to book, the result would be to secure a preponderance of loyalist votes. A conviction for treason entails disfranchisement for five years. Whichever course is followed, we may probably look for a loyalist majority in the Legislative Assembly of Cape Colony for the next few elections, which will give time for things to take a decided course. Over and above this, there is the prospect of a large number of the more moderate Afrikanders forsaking the Bond, and casting in their lot with the



Imperialists. Some organs of opinion count largely on this, and declare that the day of the Bond is now past. Says one, 'With the overthrow of Bond influence, which is the chief source of disloyalty in the Western Province, there will be a revulsion of feeling among Afrikanders. They will see the mistake of setting themselves against everything English; they will see that an Englishman can be a good and a desirable neighbour.' Apart from his politics, the Dutch Afrikander, such at least as the writer has met in the Colony, is a reasonable enough being. From his circumstances, he is a man of few ideas, to which he adheres through thick and thin, and is too much under the influence of his cleverer and unscrupulous compatriots, but he and the English farmers about manage to live in peace, and have dealings with each other. They are not, perhaps, often very intimate, but they are friendly and neighbourly with each other.

As to the chances of a prolonged military occupation of the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal, the present writer is of opinion that it is not likely to be necessary. Past experience has shown that the Dutch are amenable to a sound beating. If they are made to realize that they are thoroughly beaten this time, they will have no desire to try the fortunes of war again. Even an overwhelming police force will hardly be necessary. The Boer is, true to his name, essentially a farmer, and desires nothing more than to be left in peace to follow out his occupation. If it can be brought home to him that his farm is as much his own under the Queen's government as under the Volksraad, he will soon settle down into a peaceable subject. Now he will know the hopelessness of open rebellion, and if he can further be made to know that failure can only result in confiscation of his farm, he will, like a prudent man, refuse to run the risk.

While writing this, the report of the People's Congress at Graaf-Reinet has come to hand. At this, which was simply a gathering of the members of the Bond under a change of name, much talk was indulged in about the iniquity of annexing the Republics, and gloomy vaticinations were indulged in as to the future of South Africa. We may be excused for thinking that they are for the most part mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. The average Dutch Afrikander has too strong an

instinct of self-preservation to embark on anything like rebellion unless he is sure of success.

The most interesting side of the race question—which, after all, is the kernel of the South African problem—is not its political but its social side. The decisive battle for the supremacy of the Dutch or British factor in the population will be fought out, not on the hustings, but in commerce, in agriculture, and in the professions. What the Dutch dread is that they will either be forced to the wall, or become assimilated to the other race in the country. Before the outbreak of the war, one of them was reported to have said that they must withhold from the Outlander the franchise and everything that would induce him to settle in the Transvaal, or else they would be swamped and would see their children become ‘poor whites,’ as had happened in the Colony. There is some ground for this dread. The struggle between modern ideas and those of the seventeenth century can have only one termination. And in many respects the typical Boer is a couple of centuries old in his ideas. There are strong men who will not go outside of nights for fear of ghosts. The present writer has heard most circumstantial accounts of ghosts which have been seen and felt. One particularly well-attested story had its scene laid in the bedroom which he occupied on a farm. They make no secret of employing remedies which the writer never saw mentioned elsewhere than in sixteenth-century manuals, the blood of puppies, sheeps’ entrails, decoctions of lice, and other broth of abominable things. A charm against toothache was found on the body of a Boer after a recent skirmish. These things must have come with the earliest settlers in the country. In many other respects their ideas are equally antiquated. It will be remembered that the first railway in the Transvaal was opposed on the ground that it was impious and unscriptural. Even so devoted an admirer of the Boers as Mrs. Schreiner represented one of her characters as saying that it is sinful to use soda for soap-making when God had put the lye-bush on the veldt. Their piety exhibits the same peculiarity. It is a strange reading of Scripture, unconsciously twisted to fit the narrow circle of their ideas. They are the chosen people who have reached the land foretold after many

wanderings. Like the Old Testament characters, they lead out their flocks and herds, they have contentions about pastures and wells, the locusts, the drought, and the murrain of Scripture still are visited upon them, and, true to old-fashioned ideas, they regard these things not as provocations to resource and energy, but as visitations which it would be impious to do aught else than endure. One result, among others, of such an attitude is that, while in Australia sheep scab has been stamped out, in the flocks of South Africa it is continually recurring.

Such a mental equipment is hardly enough to enable its possessor to hold his own with men who come from centres where modern ideas prevail. He must go to the wall, and see others more adventurous and resourceful than himself prosper by means which never entered his head. So it proved in the Transvaal. Had the Transvaalers been left to themselves, it is safe to say they would never have worked the mines for generations. They have not enough of the spirit of association and enterprise which is necessary to working the deep level mines through refractory rock. Of all the companies, not one is a Boer venture; or if there is one, it is not of any great name. Johannesburg has been described as more English than Cape Town. Its trade and professions were in the hands of Europeans; even its Boer officialdom was officered largely by Hollanders. It was no place for the genuine Boer. He knew it only by report as a den of wickedness—a new Babylon he would no doubt have called it. In reality it was a centre of ideas and activities utterly beyond him. He might exact tribute, but could never become a partner of them.

A speaker at the People's Congress echoed an opinion which even English Colonials often repeat. 'They cannot do without the Dutch as pioneers. Rhodesia is waiting to be settled, and there we are indispensable.' A paragraph to the same effect went the round of the newspapers recently. According to it the Boer is the man of the land. He can live amid arid surroundings on the produce of his flocks, while, as the writer put it, the Englishman must have tinned beef, tinned jam, and a thousand other imported delicacies—all the luxuries of the Saltmarket, as Bailie Nicol Jarvie would have said.

It is to be feared that the converse of this is true, not that the country cannot do without the Dutch as pioneers, but that the Dutch are nowhere without room to pioneer in. North America and Australia have been pioneered much better than South Africa, without their aid. Generations of a nomadic life with all the country to trek in have produced a section of Dutch society well nigh unfit for any other existence. The 'poor white' class is entirely recruited from their ranks. Dutch farms present the same picture as the small properties of France or the crofts of our Scotch Highlands. Farms have been subdivided till they are only enough to keep life alive in men and cattle. Every Dutch farm has its *bywooner* or poor dependant, often more than one. Some of them resemble small villages. Out of many cases which have come to his hearing or observation, the writer may refer to one. A few miles off at the foot of the mountains, he can see a large farm steading. The farm is in one of the best districts of the Colony. It is extensive, and at a distance looks a comfortable and prosperous place. The real owner is an old man of more than eighty years. His eight sons have each a portion of the farm assigned to them. They are married and have families, who in their turn have descendants, so that on a very moderate computation the place is burdened with sixty or seventy persons. They have no stock, and live from hand to mouth on the produce of their lands and by training oxen and horses for their more prosperous neighbours. From one of them a neighbour rented his share of the veldt, and makes £100 a-year from what costs him fifteen or sixteen. Add to this the intermarriage so common in such cases and its consequent degeneracy and idiocy, and one has some idea of the state of affairs. The old man holds tight to his property; the sons are waiting for his death. Then the farm will be put on the market. Each will receive three or four hundred pounds as his share of the proceeds, and will go into the nearest village and live like a lord for a time, after which he will be left without hope or resource. In former times when land was abundant, and huge farms were practically given away, such things could scarcely happen. Now, unless the Dutch Colonist chooses to go into the Transvaal or Rhodesia, or some other part where

there is unoccupied land, he must either find some new occupation, or linger on a patch of ground not enough to support a few hundred sheep. This land question, as it would be called at home, is not the result of the land passing into a few hands, but of simple overcrowding and improvidence. Farms are overstocked with men and animals till some day Nature will make a clean sweep. Much has been said about the African farmer's lot, persevering against drought and pestilence and a thousand other difficulties; but the fact remains that hitherto he has done little to remove or obviate these difficulties, and those who would have done so, have had to attempt it single-handed. The Dutch farmer's ideal is to trust his flocks to Providence, to make enough to retire and live in a *doorp*, and possibly purchase farms for his sons. The land-hunger is strong on them. A farm can be bought by a penniless man. The banks will advance the price on mortgage, and the purchaser poses as the owner of the place which he really holds at pleasure of the bond-holder. Thus he has no more the opportunity than the inclination to improve his farm, to fence, to build dams, to try and devise some way of overcoming the natural disadvantages of the country. The agrarian party have been peddling for years at protective duties, and free this and that to the farmer, and have allowed the Orange River and thousands of tons of rainfall to run to waste. Had half the energy and money of the Bond been spent on one thorough irrigation scheme, the country would have been better served by them than it has.

To return to the farmers: that there are swarms of cumberers of the ground is not the result of *latifundia*. In such parts of the Colony as the writer knows, very few of the huge old farms remain entire. Farms of from 15,000 to 20,000 morgen (a morgen is a couple of acres) are now divided into two or three. But the old state of affairs is gradually coming back. Those farmers who do prosper, find their stock become too many for their ground, and gradually hire or purchase from less industrious or prosperous neighbours. One case in particular the writer knows where a farm has been hired in portions by farmers some fifty miles distant, and used as relief stations for surplus stock. These and many others have prospered simply by attending to

their business. To talk of the natural disadvantages of the country is unfair. Of course, where the pasture is reckoned to support about a sheep for every half-dozen acres, one does not expect a paradise, but the country is good, and every judicious investment tells.

The time is coming when it will no longer be enough to do with things as they are—which is, in reality, the extent of the Dutchman's excellence as a pioneer. The consciousness of a need, a properly directed discontent, is, after all, the incentive to progress. The reactionaries who have been content to go on as their forefathers did, and leave things worse rather than better, must either join the progressives or be crushed out by them. The opinion is general that after the war South Africa will enter on a new era of prosperity, the progress that has been delayed so long will then have a fresh start, and those who represent the energy and ability of the country will at last have their say. A well-known writer recently used words to the effect that it was a land that had been shamefully starved. That is the case. Here there is nothing to show such as has been accomplished under similar conditions in Australia, or even in Mexico. A comparison with the former is instructive. Mining there has none of the hindrances which have convulsed the Transvaal. Cape wool fetches about half the price of Australian. The Australian export wine trade is increasing steadily, that of the Cape is a thing of the past.

The Cape at one time supplied horses to the Indian Government, now they are got from Australia. Australia has a fruit trade, the Cape has none. Australian butter, and eggs, and meat find their way to the Cape market. Yet taking all things together, the initial advantage lies rather with the Cape. There the droughts are nothing like those that sweep off the Australian's stock by thousands. The Cape is nearer the great markets of the world, and from the Zambesi to Simonstown there is every variety of situation and climate. Some explain the difference by saying that there are no Dutch in Australia to keep things back. Farmers complain of the way things are kept back, and from various quarters quaint stories come of the

opposition to not very daring proposals for improving various villages.

Call it by what name we will, an influence there certainly has been which has kept the country in little better than a state of nature. Here and there, where more advanced ideas have had scope, there is evidence that much can be done to make it second to none. The opinion prevails that after the war this state of affairs will find an end. New political conditions should give the party of progress their opportunity; and now that the shadow of coming struggle has been dispersed, after hanging over the world for so many years, the population should receive accessions of new-comers with energy and experience, which will be as so much fresh blood infused into it. The Imperial idea, of which so much has been said recently, should also count for something. Translated into everyday practice it means that men are no longer content to regard their own narrow circle and hug their own few ideas, but are ready to join in the activities of the greater world, and to consider and discuss all that it can teach them. Much is said of the rush there will be for South Africa after the settlement of the country; and if all that is said be true, many of those that intend living in it are precisely the men required. Hitherto what immigration there has been has been purely urban. Kimberley and Johannesburg in their turn have attracted nine-tenths, if not more, of those who made their way to the Cape. With great stretches of country lying open there has of late years been no attempt to foster immigration such as are made by Australia and Canada. One reason is that immigration to agrarian pursuits in South Africa would require very careful management; the other, and chief one, is that the Dutch element did not wish to encourage it, but to keep the territories for their pioneering abilities, of which they speak so complacently. A recent immigration return issued by the Cape Government is ludicrous. The year's total was between two and three hundred, composed almost entirely of persons who had come out to the Government railway and other services, with their wives and families. The Rand has already been referred to. The remainder of the settlers in South Africa are invalids. In the interior it is remarkable what a number of men

in all walks of life, business men, farmers, and especially doctors, have come out originally because of their health, and have elected to stay permanently. It must be remembered, too, that a very large proportion of those who came out to push their way, have never become firmly attached to the country. When they make a sufficiency many of them return to their native land. Thus, between one thing and another, there is some ground for the Dutch sneer that the Englishman is a townsman and a mere bird of passage, while the Dutch are the real sons of the soil, and the land is their land. As for the towns the Dutchman is crowded out of trade by the English and the Germans; and as to the latter part of the statement, it is doubtful whether it is borne out by the facts. In the Colony the better the district the greater the proportion of English farmers. And no doubt, if immigration were encouraged the proportion would become greater all over.

There are two ways in which an addition to the English element will likely take place in the immediate future. For one, many of the Colonial volunteers who have come to our aid, are said to have come to spy out the land. It is more than likely that many of these are men who will not join the ranks of those who go to the mines or engage in business, but men who are accustomed to country pursuits, and intend to pursue them here. They ought to be an element of incalculable value. The great towns in South Africa, the seaports, Johannesburg and Kimberley are progressive enough. The backward parts are the country and its villages. Here the Australian will find conditions not dissimilar to those to which he has been accustomed, and some share of the energy and intelligence which have made Australia what it is, should, let us hope, prove contagious among his new neighbours. The sheep farms and cattle farms of the interior, the vineyards and orchards of the upper country, the wheat districts of the Cape and the Conquered Territory, should all afford opportunities to him. There are dams to build, and water to be bored for all over the arid parts of the country. What South Africa has suffered from more than from aught else has been the want of combination. Men have been content to live on their farms out of sight of a neighbour's house. They have refused to look



beyond the most local and immediate interests. Measures such as the Scab Acts have been bitterly opposed. One party has thwarted the proposals of the other quite irrespective of their merits. What steps have been taken in the way of improving the country have in many cases been undertaken in a niggardly and penny-wise fashion. What is wanted is not intermittent doles of free dip, or grants for building small and useless dams, but schemes proportioned to the size of the country, largely conceived and patiently carried out. The more men who can be induced to come to it with other and wider experience and enterprise, the better for the country.

The other proposal which has been mooted is that as many as possible of the Reservists now serving in South Africa should be induced to stay. The scheme has been made public by Mr. Arnold Forster, and has been appreciatively noted by the Cape Press. The proposal recalls the plan adopted by Lord Bathurst in 1820, when a large number of British settlers were settled along what was then the Eastern boundary of the Colony. Their descendants are now the occupiers of the Eastern Province, in all respects the most progressive and loyal portion of the Colony. If the present proposal is carried out, many of the settlers will no doubt follow the occupations they did at home. Some will no doubt be settled on the land, and others drafted into a militia or police force. The scheme is an excellent one, both for the country and for the men themselves. If carried out it will mean that a considerable number of men with trades and, what we hope may never be called on again, military training and experience, will be distributed over a country where, with ordinary conditions, they should have a much better chance of improving their condition than at home. There are two things to be guarded against. Men must not be given grants of land at haphazard; the conditions here are widely different from those say in Canada or Queensland. And care must be taken that men do not do as they have already done in similar cases, sell their grants for next to nothing and come to no good. With the restoration of peace the tide of private immigration should set in once more. The mines of the Transvaal will continue to attract a constant stream of newcomers, and further north there

are other places which promise to become centres of population. Whether anything in the nature of a South African Emigration Scheme will be attempted remains to be seen.

The writer has dwelt on the rural aspect of South Africa's future, partly because it is the side with which he is most conversant, partly because, as has already been said, the country and the country districts are the portions which stand in need of fresh blood. Rural life in South Africa has never loomed large in the popular eye. The country has been looked on as a place to make fortunes in, the pleasure seeker has summed it up in Kimberley and Johannesburg, and all beyond has been dismissed as an arid and hopeless wilderness, abandoned to wild beasts, Boers, and sportsmen. Yet the fact is that farm life is the best of South Africa. There seems a fascination in the free life on the broad plains amid daily sunshine. In spite of insular prejudices, the people are not different from those in the old country. The means of communication are good. A post-cart reaches every corner of the country, and, what to the new-comer seems a most wise provision, the postal system of the whole country hinges on the English mail. Books and magazines, and all the etceteras of civilisation, are to be found everywhere. There should be opportunities for men who care to take to this kind of life, when the Cape cannot supply enough agricultural produce for its own wants, when thousands of square miles are only half developed, and new centres of population are springing up every year.

In a recent address the High Commissioner warned us against expecting that the war would be followed by a boom. In his own opinion the progress of South Africa will be sure but gradual. Owing to the nature of the country it cannot be otherwise. Socially, the work of assimilation of various races, and the gradual levelling up of backward sections, will not be accomplished in one generation or two. And the material problems which have to be solved, will not be worked off in a day, but will require much energy and capital to be sunk before they begin to offer any return. It was a shrewd Afrikaner who said, 'Wait a bit, and all will come right.'

## ART. IX.—A FATHER OF HISTORY.

SELDOM has the personal ambition of one man had more remarkable consequences than those which followed from the determination of Harald the Fair-haired to make himself sole king over Norway. Whatever truth there may be in the old story that it was a proud woman who impelled him to imitate Eirik, the Swedish, and Gorm, the Danish king, or in the record of his vow neither to cut nor comb his hair till either Norway or death was his, the aim was one that he carried out to the end; the after-results were such as he could not foresee. With the Battle of Hafsfirth in 872 his object was accomplished, and the only choice left to the great men who still survived was to bow to the new regime, or seek other lands where they might be their own masters as before. To those—and they were many—who took the latter alternative, the discovery of Iceland opened up a welcome refuge. For fifty or sixty years a steady stream of colonists from Norway poured into the new country, either directly or in some cases by way of Scotland and Ireland; and it is no wonder if the ferment of this movement brought many remarkable men to the front—men whose deeds were to live in tradition and become cherished memories among their posterity. In another fifty or sixty years came an important change; the old religion, which had already lost much of its hold, was by special legislation set aside in favour of Christianity (in the year 1000), and while Icelanders still continued to play a manly part in the affairs of Norway, their own island soon became more commonplace in its doings than it had been in the days of their fathers. Many of its prominent men found more delight in the book than in the sword; they were attracted to the Church for the sake of the learning it brought with it, and without becoming real ecclesiastics, or in any way giving up their temporal position and authority, they were ordained as priests, and with remarkable zeal devoted themselves to study.

The desire of reading was not long in being followed by the wish to write, and a certain natural tendency in the Ice-

landic mind made it almost inevitable that the subject should be history. To know what had happened in bygone times, and to learn as soon as possible what was happening at the moment, whether in Iceland or in the outside world, was the chief intellectual employment of the average Icelander, and a tenacious tradition had preserved a mass of facts relating not only to the early settlers and their descendants, but to events in Norway, Denmark, and elsewhere, both before and after the colonizing days. To this bent of the Icelandic mind we owe almost all our knowledge of the early history of the other Scandinavian countries, which in time completely forgot their own story, and had to learn what they could of it from the traditions preserved in that remote island of the Atlantic. The very name of Harold the Fair-haired would barely be known, to say nothing of his exploits, were it not for the men who proudly left their own country to him, not finding it large enough for both.

It is to this fondness for tradition that we owe the great body of literature commonly lumped together under the title of the 'Icelandic Sagas.' The term is vague enough, and its vagueness probably accounts for the prevalent misconceptions as to what the 'Sagas' are. When even professed literary men can write articles on the subject which have almost the effect of nightmares (*e.g.*, that in Dr. Brewer's *Readers' Handbook*), the ordinary man may well be excused for believing that the sagas are poems. A saga is a 'story' in prose, and the subject-matter of the tale may be anything between veracious history and the wildest fiction; it is very much as if the works of Professor Freeman and Rider Haggard were included under the common title of 'narrative.' The common feature of most sagas, however, is the prominence of the biographical element; the persons are the real centre of interest rather than the affairs in which they are engaged, and the picturesque or dramatic element is strongly marked.

History shades off into fiction by imperceptible degrees, and it is a curious point in Icelandic literary history that the latter gradually mastered the former. As we shall see, the foundations of the literature were laid in a strict weighing of tradi-

tion, a careful sifting of proved fact from specious legend, and the example thus set was worthily followed for a time. But the fund of genuine tradition was not inexhaustible, and the taste for the marvellous steadily increased, fed partly by saints' legends and partly by foreign romances. The mythical periods of Scandinavian history began to attract the writers of sagas, and when even these were spun out to the last thread, the web of pure fiction continued to unfold its lengthening course till it lost all freshness of colour or pattern, and saga-writing became almost a mechanical art. The sagas which are really valuable, both for style and for matter, were all written within a remarkably short period, approximately from 1170 to 1230 A.D., and later specimens, with few exceptions, show a steady descent in both linguistic and historic feeling.

So remarkable is the work done in this golden age of Icelandic literature, that it is of great interest to note particularly the groundwork upon which it rested. The matter of course was traditional, and the exact historic value of the tradition varied greatly according to the subject and the locality. Even of the most notorious facts there would very often be discrepant versions, and minor inconsistencies and contradictions would inevitably exist in many a tale. To remove or reconcile these, and to fit the indefinite tradition into an exact historic framework, was the task which fell to the lot of each saga-writer, and the way in which he accomplished it was to no small extent the measure of his genius. For the gatherer of local traditions, however, there existed a safe historic guide in the work of the man to whom, so far as can now be ascertained, classic Icelandic literature owed its character and origin. By a rare piece of good fortune, the man with the combining mind came at the beginning, and laid down a comprehensive scheme which served to guide the later writers who worked out the separate details.

This 'Father of History,' as he well deserves to be called (though the title of the 'Icelandic Herodotus' would more aptly apply to another) was a western Icelander named Ari Thorgilsson, sometimes surnamed 'the priest,' and sometimes

'the learned,' not seldom both epithets are combined.\* Ari was born in the year 1067, and his ancestry was sufficiently distinguished to encourage any natural tendency in his mind to a study of the past. On his father's side he was a descendant of Olaf the White, who in the latter half of the ninth century was Norse king in Dublin. Olaf's son, Thorstein the Red, made league with Earl Sigurd of the Orkneys against the Scots; 'they won Caithness and Sutherland, Ross and Moray, and more than half of Scotland. Thorstein was king over this, until the Scots played him false and he fell there in battle.' Thorstein's wife, a remarkable woman, left Scotland after this and became one of the most famous among the early settlers in Iceland; from her son, Olaf Feilan, Ari was the sixth in descent. To trace his relationship to other men and women of note would be tedious, but it is worth mentioning that his great-grandfather, Thorkell, was one of the husbands of that Gudrun round whom the chief interest of *Laxdøla Saga* centres, and that his mother's father had taken part in the battle of Clontarf. A knowledge of the adventures of his own forefathers would in itself have been enough to establish Ari as an authority in biography and history.

Ari's father, Thorgils, was drowned in Broadfirth while still a young man, and the child was left to the care of his grandfather, Gellir, who lived at Helgafell on Snæfellsness.† But in a year or two Gellir went abroad, and made a pilgrimage to Rome; on his return journey he was taken ill in Denmark, died there, and was buried at Roskilde. Besides this personal loss, his family had also to regret that of the sword Sköfnung, which, it was said, had been taken out of the grave-mound of Hrólf Kraki—another indication of the atmosphere of ancient legend in which Ari was reared.

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\* *Ari prestr enn fródi Thorgilsson*; the adj. *fródr*, which in its general sense means 'knowing,' or 'learned,' commonly implies the possession of great historical knowledge, and is a regular epithet of the early Icelandic historians.

† The great promontory on the west coast of Iceland, separating Faxaflói from Broadfirth.

At the age of seven (in 1074) Ari passed into the household of Hall Thórarinsson, who had his home in Haukadal in Southern Iceland, a spot now famous for the great Geysir and other hot springs, which are never mentioned in the old literature, perhaps did not even exist then. Hall was already a man of eighty, and had been settled in Haukadal for half a century, but in his younger days he had been in partnership with Olaf Haraldsson, that king of Norway who fell in civil feud at Stiklastad, and is better known as Olaf the Saint. To Hall's great age, wide experience, and marvellous memory, the young Ari owed much of the historical knowledge he then acquired, either directly or through another foster-son of Hall's, Teit the son of Bishop Isleif. As Ari says himself:—'Teit was fostered by Hall in Haukadal, that man of whom it was universally said that he was the most generous and noble character to be found among the unlearned\* men of this country. I came to Hall when I was seven years old, the year after the death of Gellir Thorkilsson, my grandfather and fosterer, and I was with him for fourteen winters.' Teit, however, was so much older than Ari, that the latter even calls him his foster-father. 'He taught Ari,' says Snorri Sturluson, in the prologue to his *Heimskringla*, 'and told him many historical facts which Ari wrote down afterwards.' How far back Hall's own recollections went is emphasized by Ari himself—'Hall told me so, and he was both truthful and had a good memory. He remembered his own baptism by Thangbrand when he was three years old—that was the year before Christianity was adopted by law in this country' (*i.e.*, in 999).

Hall Thorarinsson died in 1089, and remarkably little is known of Ari's life after that date. He was one of those 'men of rank who studied and were ordained as priests;' he was on terms of intimacy with the great men of his age, such as the Bishops of Hólar and Skálholt, but even his place of abode is uncertain, though the probability is that he lived at Stad on Snæfellness. The exact date of his death is known; it was Nov. 9, 1148.

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\*The adjective of course only means that Hall had not studied: ignorant he certainly was not.

Gifted with a genius for historical research, Ari seems to have devoted his life to collecting, comparing, and sifting the traditions and recollections of the most credible and capable informants that he was able to come in contact with. The actual scope of his written work has been much discussed,\* and some points will probably always remain obscure, but the value of his researches into Scandinavian history is a fact as fully recognised by his own age as by modern scholars. Snorri Sturluson, in the prologue to *Heimskringla*, gives the following eloquent testimony to the work of his predecessor :

‘ Ari the learned, son of Thorgils, son of Gellir, was the first man in this country who wrote in Icelandic both ancient and recent history ; in the beginning of his book he wrote chiefly about the colonization of Iceland and legislative measures, then about the law-speakers, how long each of them held office, and gave the number of years, first to the date when Christianity came to Iceland, and then right on to his own days. He included also many other things, as the lives of the Kings in Norway and Denmark, and even in England. or great events which had happened in this country, and the whole of his account seems to me most notable. He had great knowledge, and was so old that he was born the year after the death of Harald Sigurdsson.† He wrote (as he says himself) the lives of the Kings of Norway after information given by Odd, son of Koll, son of Hall of Sida ; and Odd got it from Thorgeir, an intelligent man, and so old that he was living in Nidarnes, when Earl Hákon the Mighty was slain.’ (995).

Snorri then speaks of Hall Thorarinsson, Teit Isleifsson, and other authorities whom Ari quotes, and ends with the words :

‘ It was no wonder though Ari was well informed with regard to historic events both here and abroad, for he had learned them from old and intelligent men, and was himself both eager to learn and had a good memory.’

While the whole of Ari’s work has, unfortunately, not come down to us in the shape in which Snorri knew it, the first part of his description of Ari’s ‘ book ’ agrees in every detail with

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\* In recent times chiefly by the following writers :—Konrad Maurer in *Germania*, XV. and XXXVI. ; Björn Magnusson Olsen in *Aarbøger for nordisk Oldkyndighed*, 1885 and 1893 ; and in *Tímarit hins ísl. Bók. X.* ; Finnur Jónsson in *Den oldislandske Litteraturs Historie*, II., 354.

† Who fell at Stamfordbridge in 1066.



what we still possess. That even this remains to us is a rare piece of good fortune, comparable to the lucky chances which have preserved the *Beowulf* or *Gawain and the Green Knight* in our own literature. Ari's results had been so carefully absorbed by later saga-writers that his own work apparently fell into neglect, and was no longer copied. One old vellum, however, survived till the seventeenth century (then believed to be by Ari's own hand), and came into the possession of Bishop Brynjólf Sveinsson, whose interest in the old literature led him to get it carefully and exactly copied by his scribe, Jón Erlendsson. For some reason or other Jón made two copies of it, one slightly better than the other, and, as the original is now lost, these transcripts are the sole authority for the text of Ari's work. As Jón was plainly at considerable trouble to reproduce exactly the orthography of the old vellum, the loss is less serious than it might have been, though still one to be deeply regretted.

The treatise thus preserved is headed *Schedæ Ara prests froda*, but Ari's own name for his little primer of Icelandic history was *Íslendingabók*, or 'Book of Icelanders.' In a short prologue, which has caused much misunderstanding and discussion, the historian explains how his pamphlet came to have its present form:—

'The 'Book of Icelanders,' I made first for our bishops Thorlák \* and Ketill, † and showed it both to them and to Sæmund ‡ the priest; and according as it pleased them to have it so (as it was), or to add to it, I then wrote this on the same subject, but omitting the lives of the Kings and the genealogies, and adding whatever new information I had got, so that certain things are more clearly told in this than in my former work. But whatever is wrongly told in this history, it is our duty to accept the version that is proved to be the most correct.'

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\* Thorlák Runólfsson, born 1087, became bishop of Skálholt in 1118, and died 1133. His grandfather was brother to Hall Thórarinnsson, Ari's foster-father.

† Ketill Thorsteinsson, second Bishop of Hólar, held the see from 1122 to 1145.

‡ Sæmund 'enn fródi' (1056-1133), also a great authority on historical matters, but if he wrote on the subject it must have been in Latin. The idea that the poetic 'Edda' was compiled by him is a myth of the seventeenth century.

A comparison of this somewhat obscurely worded preface with Snorri's account quoted above, makes it pretty clear that the first recension of the *Íslendingabók* contained much matter which was omitted in the second. On this point scholars are now pretty generally agreed, but there is still difference of opinion as to what Ari did with the omitted portions. Some hold that the first version, with the King's Lives and Icelandic genealogies, still remained in circulation; others believe that Ari expanded both of these sections into separate works, which then formed the basis for the *Konunga Sögur* and *Landnámabók* respectively. However this may be, it is certain that Ari's researches were of great value to the compilers of these last-named works, and beyond this it is perhaps impossible to go.\*

When Ari had thus got rid of much extraneous matter, his treatise contained the following chapters:—

I. The Colonizing of Iceland; II. The First Settlers and the First Laws; III. The Institution of the Al-thingi; IV. The Calendar; V. The Division of Iceland into Quarters; VI. The Colonization of Greenland; VII. The Coming of Christianity to Iceland; VIII. Foreign Bishops; IX. Bishop Isleif; X. Bishop Gizurr.

These titles indicate clearly the main lines of Ari's work: he wished to give in brief compass the chief facts relating to the political and ecclesiastical history of his country. These facts were selected from a mass of tradition with a critical taste which infallibly seized on what was really important, without being drawn aside by what was merely picturesque. We have no ground to assume that Ari did not appreciate the strongly dramatic and romantic element which is one of the chief merits of the best sagas, but this was not the place for it: here he was all for fact. The frame of a window is not concerned with the colours of the stained glass which the artist puts into it, and Ari was the maker of the frame—an opera-

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\* References to Ari in later writers are collected by Finnur Jónsson in *Den oldislandske Litteraturs Historie*, II., 370-372. It has been suggested that Ari omitted the 'Lives of Kings' because Sæmund had dealt with that subject in a (Latin) work of his own, and there may be some truth in this.

house. So Hall Órækjason said. The murdered man's name was Kol; after him is named the cleft called Kols-gjá, in which the body was found. That land then became public property, and the settlers devoted it to the holding of the Al-thingi; for that reason every one has the right to cut wood in the forests there, and to pasture his horses on the hills, during the assembly. Úlfhedin told me this.' (Chap. II.)

By this time (930 A.D.) the colonising period had come to an end, and the island was fully settled. The first law-speaker, or president of the Al-thingi, was appointed 'sixty winters after the death of King Edmund, or two before the death of King Harald, according to the calculation of clever men.'

In Chapter IV. Ari gives an interesting account of how the Icelanders reformed their calendar. They had been reckoning the year at 364 days,\* and in the course of time they began to see that the summer of the almanac was moving back into spring-time. No one could clear up the problem, until Thorstein Surt puzzled it out. He dreamed that he was at the law-hill; in the midst of a numerous assembly, and that he was awake while all the rest were asleep, but presently *he* slept and all the others woke up. This dream he told to Osvíf Helgason, an ancestor of Ari himself, and Osvíf interpreted it to mean that there would be general silence while he spoke at the law-hill, and general applause when he ceased speaking. At the following assembly Thorstein proposed to amend the calendar by intercalating a week every seventh year, and 'seeing how that would work.' The proposal was supported by various prominent men, and was adopted there and then. Ari then explains the matter thus:—

'By correct computation there are in every year 365 days, or 366 in a leap year; by our reckoning there are 364, and if every seventh year in our reckoning is increased by a week, and no addition made in the other style, then seven years are the same length in both calendars.'

There seems to be an error here; either Ari has forgotten the leap-year which would necessarily fall among the seven, or the intercalated week must have been one of eight days.

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\* 'Four days of the fourth hundred' is how Ari phrases it; the hundred being 120, three of these make 360, to which is added 4 'of the fourth hundred.'

The Icelandic division of the year has always remained a peculiar one, but naturally enough Ari does not enter into particulars of this, as it was not a matter of history, but of common knowledge.\* After a chapter (V.) in which the reasons for, and constitution of, local assemblies in the four districts of the island are explained (on the authority of the law-speaker Ulfhedin Gunnarson), Ari has a short account of an interesting event, the discovery of Greenland.

‘The land called Greenland was discovered and colonized from Iceland. Eirik the Red, of Broadfirth, was the name of the man who went out there from here, and took land at the place since called Eiriksfirth. He gave a name to the country, and called it Greenland, saying that the fact of the land having a good name would make men eager to go there. They found traces of human occupation both in the east and west of the country, and pieces of boats and stone vessels, from which one may infer the former presence of the race that inhabited Vínland, whom the Greenlanders† call Scraelings. The date at which he began to occupy the country was fourteen or fifteen winters before Christianity came to Iceland, as one who went out with Eirik the Red reckoned up to Thorkell Gellison ‡ in Greenland.’

To one who, like Ari, had profited so much by the new learning introduced by the Church, the coming of Christianity into Iceland was naturally a matter of the greatest interest. The great change had taken place at a time not very remote from his own days: it fell within the lifetime of his foster-father Hall, though he was only four years old at the time. It is not unnatural, therefore, that the longest chapter in the book is the one dealing with this theme. With his usual disregard of extraneous matters, Ari says nothing of the two early attempts which failed, but seizes at once upon the fact that the conversion of Iceland was due to King Olaf Tryggvason. The King, full of a Christianising zeal which often led him into somewhat un-Christian acts, sent to Iceland a priest named Thangbrand, who was a true specimen of the Church Mili-

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\* An interesting account (with table) is given in the preface to Jón Thorkelson's *Obituaría Islandica*, 1896.

† *i.e.*, the Icelanders in Greenland, who gave the Eskimo the name of Scraelings.

‡ Ari's uncle.

tant, and not only baptized a certain number of the leading men, but killed two or three who opposed his preaching and made him the object of their satire. When Thangbrand returned to Norway and reported that his mission had been on the whole a failure, Olaf seized all Icelanders then in Norway, and threatened to make them suffer for the obstinacy of their countrymen. This incident forms a striking section in *Laxdala Saga*, but Ari merely mentions that the king's wrath was appeased by Gizurr the White and Hjalti Skeggjason, two of those who had accepted the faith through the preaching of Thangbrand. They offered to do what they could in the matter, and in the following summer (1000 A.D.) they sailed to Iceland; 'they reached Vestmanna-eyjar,' off the south coast, 'when ten weeks of summer had passed, and all had gone well with them; Teit said that he learned this from one who was there.' In spite of the fact that Hjalti had been outlawed for blasphemy against Odin and Frey, both he and Gizurr went to the Assembly, and there spoke eloquently in favour of the new religion. Their action brought matters to a crisis; Christians and heathens solemnly renounced each other's laws. Then the Christians asked Hall of Sída to proclaim laws suitable to their religion, but Hall transferred the task to the law-speaker, Thorgeir, who was still a heathen. The Assembly broke up for the day, and all went to their booths or temporary dwellings. When Thorgeir reached his, he lay down with his fur-cloak over his head, and remained in that position all the rest of the day and the following night, without uttering a word. Next morning he rose up, and summoned the Assembly to the Law-hill. There he disclosed the results of his silent deliberations, pleading that it was impossible to have two sets of laws in the country, as such a division would only lead to continual enmity and strife. 'I think it best,' said he, 'not to let those who are most determined on either side have it all their own way, but to mediate between them so that both sides shall gain some of the points they contend for. Let us all have one law and one religion, for it is perfectly certain that if we split the laws we shall also split the peace.' His hearers agreed to this,

and left the decision in his own hands. 'Then,' says Ari, 'it was made a law that all men should be Christians and receive baptism, but the old laws about exposing children and eating horseflesh should remain in force. Men might sacrifice to the heathen gods privately if they chose, but it was a matter of outlawry if any were witness to it. But within a few years these heathen practices were also abolished. This is the account which Teit gave me of how Christianity came to Iceland. Olaf Tryggvason fell that same summer, according to Sæmund the priest. . . . That was 130 winters after the slaying of Edmund, and 1000 after the birth of Christ.'

As has been already remarked, the new religion was not long in transforming the character of Icelandic life. The stormy times of the tenth century were succeeded by a period of comparative calm, and the eleventh century offered to Ari no great historical event beyond those directly connected with the Church or with the law. There is thus a distinct falling-off in general interest in the later chapters of the *Íslendingabók*, although they contain several interesting passages, and some of great importance, as showing how much care Ari took to get the most reliable authority possible for his statements.

The list of foreign bishops who had been in Iceland is a mere roll of names, and the rest of Chapter VIII. only continues the catalogue of the Law-speakers, with a few words concerning one of them, Skapti, who died in the same year as Olaf the Saint (1030). Ari next gives some particulars relating to the first Icelandic bishop, Isleif, the father of Ari's own instructor, Teit. Then come the Law-speakers again, and the interesting note, 'in these days (1076) came Sæmund Sigfusson to this country from France, and afterwards took priest's orders.' Sæmund was at this time twenty years old, and how long he had been in France it is impossible to say, but later tradition maintained firmly that his studies there were mainly in the Black Art; in Icelandic folk-lore Sæmund occupies the same position as Virgil in that of Italy.\* Probably

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\*The various legends relating to him are collected in Jón Arnason's work, I., 485-502.

much of Sæmund's learning was on different lines from that common among his countrymen, but it is clear that Ari was attracted to him mainly on account of his interest in history.

Isleit's son, Gizur, also became a bishop, two years after his father's death. In the following year Markus Skeggjason became law-speaker, and we now learn how Ari obtained the list of these presidents of the Assembly,—a list which forms the chief basis of his chronology. 'From the account given by Markus are written the lives of all the law-speakers in this book who lived before my own day: his brother Thorarin and his father Skeggi and other intelligent men had told him about those who were before his time, after the account given by his grandfather Bjarni, who remembered Thorarin the law-speaker, and six of his successors.'

While the few remaining pages of the *Book of Icelanders* are not without their interest, enough has probably been quoted to show the strictly critical way in which Ari dealt with the traditional information available to him. When he closes his treatise with the death of Gizurr, however, he makes a supreme effort in comparative chronology, which is worth giving in full:—

'In that same year died Pope Paschal the second (earlier than Bishop Gizurr), and Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, and Arnald the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Philip, King of the Swedes. Later in the same summer died Alexis, King of the Greeks; he had by that time occupied the throne at Constantinople for 38 years. Two years later was the end of a lunar cycle. In that year Eysteinn and Sigurd had been for 17 years kings in Norway after their father Magnus, son of Olaf Haraldsson. That was 120 winters after the fall of Olaf Tryggvason, and 250 after the slaying of Edmund the English king, and 516 after the death of Pope Gregory, who introduced Christianity into England. He died in the second year of the reign of the emperor Phokas, 604 years after the birth of Christ, according to the common reckoning. That makes in all 1120 years. *Here ends this Book.*'

In spite of the emphatic statement with which this paragraph closes, the old vellum copied by Jón Erlendsson adds another two sections, one of which gives the genealogies of four Icelandic bishops, while the other contains Ari's own family-tree. The latter starts with Yngvi, King of the Turks,

and comes down through Swedish and Norwegian kings and Icelandic yeomen, till No. 36 is reached: this is 'Gellir, father of Thorkell (the father of Brand) and of Thorgils, my father, and my name is ARI.' Scholars are now agreed that these two sections are really part of the first recension of the *Islendingabók*, happily preserved in this copy of the later version, but having no real connection with it. In fact, they are specimens of the genealogies which Ari expressly says that he had omitted.

As to the date at which Ari's little book was written, there have been some differences of opinion, but the manner in which the year 1120 is emphasized at the close makes it probable that Ari wrote within a very few years of that date. Later than 1133 it cannot well have been, for in that year died Bishop Thorlák, to whom Ari submitted the first recension of his book.

That in the first quarter of the twelfth century, and in a country so remote from literary centres as Iceland, a man should have arisen with so clear an idea of the criteria of historical evidence, with so little inclination to accept what was legendary and fabulous, and with so strong a sense for what was of real importance in the history of his country, is a fact that becomes only the more surprising by comparison. If we set Geoffrey of Monmouth's ambitious *Historia Britonum* beside Ari's modest *Islendingabók*, we see at once the difference between the true historian and the uncritical or unprincipled romancer. There can be no doubt that Ari was well enough acquainted with the legendary history of Norway and Sweden, such as we have it in the early pages of *Heimskringla*. The list of his own ancestors is sufficient to establish that fact, but Ari also knew perfectly how broad a gulf there was between fact and fiction, and while he may have enjoyed the latter he clearly preferred to write about the former. The weighing of historical evidence, the demand that only original authorities shall be used, is not a new device of historians, though more prominent in late years than formerly. Ari's work is a proof that these principles were as authoritative then for one who had to glean his facts from the mouths of men as they are now



for the student who spends his days in the Record Office or the Register House. In what is greatest and most attractive in Icelandic literature, Ari has certainly no immediate share, for the great sagas belong to the century following on his death; but, on the other hand, some of these sagas would rest on even more unstable foundations than they do, were it not that their authors guided themselves by Ari's dates. When a saga-writer can say 'So said Ari,' he plainly feels that he is on safe ground; and though the excellence of a saga depends more on the literary genius of its author than on its historic value, yet it is largely due to him that the two merits are often found together. Even if the only copy of his treatise had perished, the references in the sagas would of themselves have vindicated for Ari the position of a 'father of history.'

W. A. CRAIGIE.

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ART. X.—THE THIRD CHAPTER OF THE WAR.

**H**OSTILITIES continue, but the war is virtually over. The Vierkleur has been hauled down at Pretoria, and the Empire has escaped the two great dangers which threatened it from opposite quarters in South Africa. Dutch Afrikanerism has passed into the land of lost causes, and the greater though less immediate evil of an Anglo-Saxon republic in the Transvaal has been rendered impossible. The British Government is to be congratulated that it has succeeded in putting down the one, and failed in its endeavour to set up the other. If it be but moderately wise in the settlement of the conquered territories, we may depend upon the South African Dutch to become eventually the staunchest supporters of the Imperial connection. In process of time, when the bubble of political independence has fairly burst, and they find themselves, instead of governing, permanently in the minority of the Colonial Parliaments, they will naturally turn to the supreme government for the protection of their property and privileges from local encroachments, and will shrewdly

appreciate the right of appeal to the British Cæsar as the sheet anchor of their vested interests. As to the English settlers in the Transvaal, never more will they be invited to renounce their birth-right for a share in the fortunes of an alien community, and their children and their children's children will enjoy the noble heritage of the British people in a land which has been happily saved from becoming the asylum of polyglot rascality, and the dumping ground of the world's refuse.

And now that we are about to take the *quondam* Republics unto ourselves, for better or for worse, it would be as well if the British would go to the trouble of acquiring some knowledge of the South African Dutch as they really are, and not as they have been depicted in accordance with various and dissimilar notions of expediency and patriotism. How it may be north of the Tweed I will not pretend to say, but south of it, at any rate, the accepted portraits of the typical Boer—there are two of them—have been painted strictly to order, and though possibly works of art, are both most curiously unlike the original. Those who go to Church, and vote with the brewing interest, hold him to be a swarthy half caste, cunning and ferocious, of unsavoury habits, and unmentionable morals. Those, on the other hand, who attend Chapel, and are for free trade in vaccination, have made him into a Protestant hero—Admiral Coligny turned farmer, in fact—of law-abiding instincts and primitive simplicity. This would be all very well in the commonwealth of a debating club, but we are dealing with the affairs of an Empire, and it behoves us to take the Boers seriously, for to-day they are our foes in the field, and to-morrow we would have them our friends and fellow-subjects.

Now in sober truth the Boer, if we must make an abstraction of him, is neither saint nor sinner. He is not in the least like a Huguenot noble, and he certainly is not a black man, nor related to one.\* He is, in fact, a very ordinary

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\* Mistakes in this respect may have arisen from the custom at the Cape of calling every one Dutch who is not distinctly English, and the habit of applying the term "Afrikander" to a population of half-caste servants and Christianised Kaffirs, which has grown up since the abolition of slavery.

individual, with nothing at all sensational in his composition, and more notable for his deficiencies and limitations than for any predominating qualities of his own, good or bad. As the outcome of a society having no aristocracy, and no leisured class, he is at his best only a well-to-do yeoman, manly and hospitable, but uncultured and narrow-minded. At his worst, he is a coarse peasant, often morose, rather avaricious, and given to the letter, more than to the spirit of truthfulness. Country gentlemen and sportsmen generally get on well with the Boers, but townsmen of the middle class are intolerant of the survival in them of ideas and customs altogether out of date in Western Europe.

It has often been said that the South African Dutch have much in common with the lowland Scotch of eighty or ninety years ago. It may be so, but the resemblance is, I think, rather superficial. This, at least, is certain—the Boers have no grand history to evoke their enthusiasm; no folk-lore to nourish their imagination; no national poetry to quicken their emotions, nor music all their own to bind it upon their hearts. All this, and more, the Scotch have long possessed, and such things are potent elements in the making of human beings.

In one point, however, the Boers are undoubtedly like the Scotch of days gone by, and that is in their sober and severe view of the present life, and their intense convictions as to the life to come. It is a very common thing for English people to speak of the Boers as hypocrites, not because they are so, but because English people fail to understand the peculiar influence which dogmatic religion has upon their thoughts and modes of action. Brought up ourselves in easy toleration of every conceivable creed, many of us have got to think of religion as mainly the subjective concomitant of benevolent effort, and are unable to credit the existence of a theology capable of obtruding itself upon the everyday affairs of an entire people, including those even who are personally devoid of devotional feeling. Yet so it is; and we have to face the paradox that a Boer may lack piety and yet possess religion.

Take an example. The Boer, who sells his land, may rob the Englishman who buys it, as much as the latter will presently the British public; but there the similarity ends, for

the Boer, much as he may dislike it, believes in an ever intervening supernatural government of the world, and this he does, not by effort of faith, but absolutely as a Londoner believes in the Mansion House; consequently, though the dishonest Boer may prosper, he will live ever in fear of sudden vengeance, and look forward gloomily to future judgment. The English rogue, in contrast, will feel no discomfort. To such as he religion is but a graceful hobby, much like picture fancying or landscape gardening; therefore he will eat and drink, esteeming himself a man of worth, and as for the future, will look forward cheerfully to a seat in Parliament.

Another case. A Boer may love and sin as recklessly as any Frenchman, and as men have loved and sinned since ever the world was; but again the coincidence ends, for the Boer's environment and religious bias will sooner or later prove too strong for the blindness of passion. His madness will be of short duration, and he will take infinite pains to keep the knowledge of it from friends and neighbours. Not so the brilliant *enfant de siècle*. Mentally perfumed, and aesthetically adorned, ten to one he will announce himself the votary of a sublime cultus, and, secure in the sympathy of an admiring circle, will publish his hymn to Eros, put a flower in his button-hole, and glory in the excitement of fresh adventures.

Now, in both instances the men have behaved alike, but from the point of view of a military leader or civil governor, their characters will call for a widely different estimate, and this matter of character—the outcome of religious influence, or shall we say domination—is exactly what we must take stock of in our future policy. Had we done so from the first, we should have been more successful in our South African ventures. In the war now ending, for example, we should hardly have attempted to dazzle the Boers by the glamour of our Imperial prestige, and when it came to actual fighting, we should have known that the enemy, though they would deem it unlawful to murder their prisoners, outrage women, or maltreat the wounded, would assuredly take every advantage for which they could find a possible precedent in Old

Testament history, and would utterly scorn our conventional ideas of military honour, and of chivalry in warfare. We should have known, moreover, that they would certainly adopt the methods they had learned in their native wars, and we should have, therefore, prepared to meet them, instead of wasting words in angry remonstrance.

Without doubt the Boers have been irritating enemies. They have not only looted to supply their wants, but have wantonly demolished, and have caused us serious losses by their inexcusable *ruse* of feigned surrender under the white flag. For these and other acts of military vandalism, they have richly deserved far sharper reprisals than we have condescended to make; still, when we come to consider of what materials their army has been composed, including foreign adventurers, Dutch criminals, and British renegades, what is really surprising is that we have not had even more to complain of. If one calls to mind some of the doings of regular armies in times not remote, and still more, those of revolutionary levies, one cannot well say that the Boers have been pre-eminent in the way of atrocities. Have not towns been burnt, and non-combatants massacred in modern Europe? Do we not remember how Hungarian women were flogged in '48, and how franc-tireurs in '70 were exhorted to kill the German soldiers by bullet, knife, poison, or trap—no matter how—*so the pigs might be destroyed*? In America are not strange stories still whispered of dark deeds in the civil war? and in Ireland—but perhaps the less said of Ireland the better in this connection.

However, a judicial mind is rare in war time; and after all, a little honest wrath against the public enemy is not unwholesome, for it goes far to reconcile to the necessities of the moment many whose hearts are too tender to endure in cold blood the thought of deliberately inflicted suffering.

And this rather naturally leads on to the question, so often debated by conscientious Liberals—Was the war unavoidable? It was, for the Boers made it so; but it might have been far otherwise, if they had but acted differently in the early days following the retrocession. Had they then given their thanks to God, and their right hand to England; had they dropped the

memory of Majuba, and appointed Conciliation Day as the national holiday; had they erected in Pretoria a statue of William Gladstone—in his hand an olive branch—its marble base adorned with carved figures of Justice and Mercy extinguishing the torch of war; had they placed their militia in perpetuity at the disposal of the British Government in case of foreign invasion, and given preferential privilege to British trade—had they done these and like acts of prudence, they might with impunity have disallowed the naturalisation of aliens, and restricted the ownership of immovable property, thus establishing their political isolation beyond the reach of strangers friendly or unfriendly. Then would the Transvaal have become a Franco-Dutch family estate, under the protection of Great Britain, to be developed by its conservative owners, at their own pleasure, in their own good time, and would no doubt have prospered exceedingly, undisturbed by the tumultuous roar of the competing nations, and the distracting vicissitudes of the great world outside its quiet borders. But the Boers had neither eyes to see nor ears to hear. They revelled in self-conceit, they insulted the British Colonials, and insanely prated of the way they had defeated the British Army. Then they found gold, and in their awakened greed made haste to use and then despoil the British Capitalists. Finally they intrigued against the British Nation in its own colonies, and in a last paroxysm of madness flung themselves, armed, against the power of the British Empire. They have now before them a long repentance, relieved, if they are wise, by thankfulness that it is the British and no other power they have to deal with, and by the knowledge that, though they have for ever forfeited their independence, their personal liberty is still secure, and that they may hope, after due probation, to regain a reasonable measure of self-government and of influence.

The third chapter of the war ending with the fall of Pretoria was an eventful one, but I do not propose to describe the military operations at any length. The history of the second of Lord Roberts' great African campaigns will in due time have its place in the classic literature of the military profession, but for general readers the interest of it is confined to its results, and

this for the simple reason that the campaign was, from first to last, an unbroken series of successes.

If a North Sea trawler goes to pieces within sight of Scarborough, the entire public concerns itself with the tragedy, and every faddist has his say concerning light-house management and life-boat construction; but who knows, or wants to know how the great Cunarder, arriving so punctually at Liverpool, has managed to weather the Atlantic hurricane, or escape destruction from the icebergs in the dismal fog? As long as everything goes smoothly, no one cares how or why, and thus Lord Roberts is, at the present moment, not nearly the hero he would have been in popular estimation, had he treated the crowd to a good stand-up fight on his way to Johannesburg, and so appealed to their imagination by a brilliant and dramatic finish. Some commanders we have heard of would have taken care to do this, but Lord Roberts is a great soldier, not a political General, which makes all the difference.

After the taking of Bloemfontein a longish pause was necessary to rest the troops, repair the railway, renovate the units, obtain fresh horses for all branches, gather supplies, and bring the transport up to the requirements of the long and severe trial that awaited it. This occupied exactly six weeks, and when completed was a greater triumph of organisation even, than the famous month's preparation which ushered in the first Campaign; for, be it remembered, we had as yet possession of scarcely a third of the Orange State, and not a foot of ground in the Transvaal; and what was about to be done was the conquest and military occupation of another hundred thousand square miles of territory, by a continuous advance on the track of a broken-up railway, through a country denuded of supplies, and in the teeth of an active and resourceful enemy. But, so far, no one, not even the Divisional Generals, knew what was in the mind of the Field Marshal, and the public at home, anxious to advance the flags upon their toy war maps began to be impatient.

About this time several things occurred to increase the reaction, which was only natural after the carnival of rejoicing which followed the relief of Ladysmith. First of all came the ugly

mishap of Koorn Spruit, involving the loss of a great convoy and two invaluable Horse Artillery Batteries. This happened on 1st April, and was the first intimation of a general advance of the Boers, some 10,000 strong, between Bloemfontein and the Basuto border; then followed the disaster at Reddersburg with loss of six companies of Infantry on 4th April; after that the reoccupation of Thabanchu by the enemy, and then the isolation of Wepener and its garrison under Colonel Dalgety, on 7th April. The importance of these and some other minor rebuffs was greatly magnified in England, and compared to them a seemingly small success at Boshof, when de Villebois-Mareuil was killed, seemed but a trifling set-off.

The state of public opinion during the month of April is a striking example of the defective sense of proportion so generally exhibited in connection with the war. Critics and experts, no less than the multitude, have run with eyes upon the ground, and in their exaggerated attention to minutiae, have signally failed to appreciate the larger features of the situation. For this the multitude are not to be blamed, but surely the experts might have done better.

It was on the 17th of April, when the reaction just referred to was at its height, that the Government, with characteristic British tact, thought fit to make public what are known as the Spion Kop dispatches. It is a story of blunders, the greatest being its publication, and I refer to it on account of its notoriety, not because of its interest. This is in brief what happened:— Sir Redvers Buller, in his report on the second attempt to relieve Ladysmith, found no little fault with Sir Charles Warren, who carried out the operations under his general orders. Warren, in his own defence, represented that Buller, by interfering with the Divisional command, while the operations were in progress, had taken the responsibility for what was done, upon his own shoulders. Lord Roberts, having looked into the matter, came to the conclusion that both Generals were more or less to blame, and he reported in this sense to the Secretary of State for War when he forwarded the correspondence. So far there was nothing unusual. Armies are like public schools, and other big institutions, having a direct chain of authority; mistakes and misunderstand-



ings often occur in the management, and the chief has to report on the doings of his subordinates, but the governing committees adjust such matters with a minimum of fuss, and take care to keep their own counsel with outsiders. In like manner, it was for the Secretary of State either to displace one or both of the officers censured, or else to leave them in their commands, carefully abstaining from any act or word calculated to weaken their authority. Neither course was, however, adopted, but to the surprise of every one possessed of common sense and good feeling, these dispatches, or rather parts of them (for they were not complete), were published in the *London Gazette*, weeks after they were received, and when the officers concerned had just rendered new and important services to the country, and had had their share in brilliant victories for which the bells had been rung, and the flags had been waved, and the people had cheered from John o' Groat's to the Land's End.

There were, of course, abundant excuses put forward. The War Department had, it was said, been only too anxious to separate the confidential from the narrative before publication—but there were difficulties. Naturally there were. Why, then, publish at all? Why not file away these as many other dispatches had already been filed away?

Who the real culprit was in this affair we shall probably never know, but as figure-head, the Secretary of State had to bear the blame. If the incident had occurred in France, we should have accounted for it at once by the wire-pulling of intrigue, and the personal jealousies of those who would have gladly broken up the harmony of the command at the seat of war, and divided the public at home into partisans of rival Generals. In England, however, though intrigues and jealousies are by no means unknown, we have not yet sunk to the Continental level; therefore we may comfort ourselves that, bad as was the precedent set, it is not likely to be followed in a hurry; that, thanks to the good feeling in the army in South Africa, it did no great harm; and that it was really due to nothing worse than the honest, though great stupidity of *some person or persons unknown*.

While Lord Roberts was busy sharpening his sword at Bloemfontein, the Boers were by no means wasting their time.

On the 17th March, ten days after their defeat at Poplar Grove, a council of war was held at Pretoria, at which the Presidents, Kruger and Steyn, and the dying Joubert were present, and which was attended by about forty of the leading commanders, including De Wet, the younger Botha, and de Villebois-Mareuil. It was then decided—

1st. That in future less reliance must be placed on fortified positions, and that it would be well to operate with small commandoes dispensing, for the sake of mobility, with waggons and heavy guns.

2nd. That in the coming campaign the British should be delayed by the defence of the strategic positions north of Bloemfontein, in succession—avoiding decisive battles, however—and that while this was being done, there should be continual demonstrations against the British line of communications, with special attention to small bodies of troops employed to guard them in exposed situations.

It was in pursuance of this policy that a small left wing was left to detain Buller in Natal, and a small right wing to meet any advance towards Mafeking, while the bulk of the forces were kept to oppose Lord Roberts. Strong positions were occupied at Brandford and Kroonstad, while a general advance, already mentioned, was made, *via* Thabanchu, into the eastern portion of the Orange State, to threaten the British communications south of Bloemfontein. Botha, now Commandant General, no doubt expected that the English would keep up their reputation for lack of originality in warfare, and felt certain that they would make no move while any armed Burghers were south of them; he also reckoned that they would be certain to advance systematically, first securing the district between the Modder and the Zand, then that between the Zand and the Vaal. In these suppositions Botha would have been perfectly right, had he been opposed to ninety-nine out of a hundred English Generals. In that case we might have reached the Vaal at the earliest by Christmas, and perhaps have got to Pretoria by April, 1901, by which time it would have been fully garrisoned and provisioned for a two year's siege. As it was, the Commandant General had not taken his enemy's true measure, and so it happened that

while Botha was guessing incorrectly what the Field-Marshal would presently do, the Field-Marshal correctly divined the incorrect guess that Botha was making. Therefore, when the Boers demonstrated along the Basuto border, the British merely closed up the gaps in their protective lines, and Wepener was left to take care of itself for a short time, until Brabant made shift to relieve it. To borrow a simile from the game of chess—Botha gave check, thinking to draw the Queen, but Roberts advanced a pawn, and stood to win as before.

It is characteristic of commanders of the highest order that they leave nothing whatever to be done in the field which can possibly be done in camp or quarters, and that they never give any sign of what their intentions are till the moment comes for carrying them out. Never did an army seem more inactive than the British, at or about Bloemfontein, towards the end of April, and the Boer commandants might well imagine that Lord Roberts was waiting upon affairs to the east of him. Yet that was the very moment he was about to strike. Very quietly were Waterworks reoccupied, and the bridge at Krautz Kraal secured; then suddenly the British advanced. Delaney was surprised at Brandfort, May 3rd, and with Divisions east, west, and south of him, he retreated rapidly to the north, as might have been expected. On the 6th the passage of the Vet was forced, and on the 10th that of the Zand, then on the 12th the Boers evacuated the great central position at Kroonstad. Still the ball was kept rolling: on the 24th the Vaal was passed, on the 31st Johannesburg was occupied, and on 5th June Pretoria capitulated.

Meanwhile, Mafeking had been relieved, after a sharp struggle, by Plumer's Rhodesians, strengthened by a flying column from the south under Colonel Mahon, and by the Canadian Artillery of Sir Frederick Carrington's expedition. Mahon crossed the Harts on the 8th of May, and, evading the Boers, pressed forward by forced marches, which enabled the combined force, of which he took command as senior officer, to enter Mafeking on the 17th May, just one day sooner than Lord Roberts had named for the relief.

The *rationale* of all these operations was this:—Lord Roberts

had at his disposal a force greatly superior in numbers and equipment to any that could be opposed to him, but a large portion of it was, for various reasons, ill fitted to cope with the Boers in the minor tactics for which they were so justly renowned. He therefore made up his mind to use the army boldly in strategy of the first magnitude, disregarding the counter attacks of the enemy.

To carry the war into the heart of the Transvaal, to get immediate possession of Johannesburg and Pretoria, liberate several thousand prisoners of war, and while so engaged to relieve Mafeking; to seize the railway junctions, and paralyse the enemy's interior communications; to render their position in Natal useless, and their presence in the Orange State most precarious—these were the ends which Lord Roberts set before him, and which, when accomplished, may be fairly said to have overturned the military power, and terminated the political existence, of the federated Republics, by the same means, and at the same time.

With such a programme in hand, of what consequence was the loss of a battalion or two captured by the enemy, or a few miles of railway destroyed, or of telegraphs cut? Lord Roberts accepted the worst that the Boers could do in minor enterprises, and the result amply justified the principles upon which he acted.

As distinct from the strategy by which so much was accomplished, the tactics of the great march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria were only commonplace. All the same they were sufficiently effective, and most economical of life. The army marched on a very broad front, the cavalry and mounted infantry leading. The Boer positions were not assaulted, but invariably *turned*. This manœuvre, which is one only possible when the advancing army greatly outnumbers its opponent, is executed by putting a force in front of the position, equal at least to that of the defenders, and at the same time sending other troops round each end of it, so as to give the enemy no choice but to remain and be surrounded, or to retreat without delay. The Boers, who dreaded a similar fate to that of Cronje and his army, invariably retreated, though not without a certain amount of fighting on each occasion. Over and over again, they endeavoured

without success to reproduce the conditions which had been so favourable to them in Natal and in Methuen's Kimberley Campaign. Nothing, however, could have brought this about for them unless it had been a pass to hold between two inaccessible mountain ranges, and that, unluckily for them, was not available; consequently they were compelled continually to fall back, meditating no doubt upon the wisdom of the recommendation of the council of war not to rely any more upon fortified positions.

How it came about that Pretoria was abandoned we do not yet know for certain. Enormous sums of money had been lavished on its fortifications and its armaments, both of which were of the newest type, and it was understood, at the beginning of the war, that stores had been accumulated there for a siege of at least twelve months. The only reasonable explanation appears to be this—that guns and stores of every kind had been diverted to the requirements of the armies in the field, and that the final advance of the British was so rapid, that there was not time to get the guns back and mount them in the works, or to replace the stores expended.

As to operations elsewhere in the theatre of war, the key to them must be sought for in the strategy of the main army. In Natal no movement was permitted till the advance from Bloemfontein had developed. Then Sir Redvers Buller began to push the enemy, and finally as we know cleverly drove them out of the British Colony. Had he stirred at an earlier date, the possibility of his forcing the passes might have increased the concentration of Boers at Kroonstad, which would have been exactly what it was desirable to avoid. The Boers imagined they were keeping Buller south of the Biggarsbergen; actually, it was he who was detaining the Boers in Natal.

Similar considerations explain the activities of Sir Archibald Hunter. These served to attract a large force of the enemy to where it could do no one any harm, and dexterously drew off attention from the flying column, which was secretly proceeding by forced marches to the relief of Mafeking. The same may be said of the despatch of Sir Frederick Carrington to Rhodesia, though that may have had more immediate connection with schemes not yet disclosed.

What is remarkable in all this, as in everything else that Lord Roberts has done, is the unmistakable evidence of design, extending even to minute details. It was no mere accident, we may be sure, that Kimberley and Mafeking were relieved at the exact dates promised, and it speaks volumes for the prevision exercised, that it was possible to fix a time limit for operations, in which the enemy's doings, as well as our own, had to be thought out. Seldom in warfare has anything been done as perfect, in neatness and economy, as the relief of Mafeking, by movements auxiliary to the Pretoria campaign, and it will remain a standard example of how to obtain secondary objects by the machinery devised for primary ends.

The following table, showing some of the distances over which the military operations extend in the Orange State and Transvaal, may be useful for reference :—

Bloemfontein to Boshof,	70 miles, approximately.
"    "    Wepener,	60 "    "
"    "    Thabanchu,	40 "    "
"    "    Brandfort,	35 "    "
"    "    Kroonstad,	125 "    "
"    "    Johannesburg,	265 "    "
"    "    Pretoria,	290 "    "
Kimberley    "    Mafeking,	220 "    "
Pretoria    "    Mafeking,	160 "    "
Laing's Nek    "    Pretoria,	211 "    "
Ladysmith    "    Laing's Nek,	110 "    "
Pretoria    "    Lydenburg	180 "    "

The statistics of the period continue to shew a marked decrease in killed and wounded on the British side, thus :—

Total British casualties from the taking of Bloemfontein to the fall of Pretoria.	
Killed,.....	400 Of these 235 were officers.
Wounded, .....	1650
	<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> 2050

But it is deeply to be regretted that while such economy has been effected in respect to losses in battle, there has been a constantly increasing loss of life by sickness, chiefly owing to the ravages of

enteric fever and dysentery. The total number of officers and men who died of disease from the beginning of the war to the 9th June, was over three thousand seven hundred, and of late the mortality from this cause has been proceeding at the rate of a thousand a month, so that the deaths by disease are already greatly in excess of those by battle. How far defective medical and sanitary arrangements are to blame for this, is as yet an open question, and as it is to be the subject of a Parliamentary enquiry, it would be out of place to discuss the subject at present.

With respect to the casualties in battle, it is to be noticed that the proportion of officers to men has gone up again, and is at the rate of one officer for every eight men. Since the ratio is no longer affected by any difference of dress or appearance in the two classes, these figures represent a very serious condition of affairs, which ought to be carefully looked into at an early date; for it is plain, either that the officers expose themselves to unnecessary risks, or that the fighting discipline of the rank and file is not what it should be.

Summarising the military situation, as it stands now, at the beginning of July, we see that—

1. We have entirely freed the original British territory of rebels and invaders.
2. We have undisputed possession of all the Orange State, except a small portion at the North-East corner, in which there are still several roving Commandoes capable of harassing our troops, but incapable of directly opposing them.
3. We have conquered the entire Transvaal, except the Eastern section, bordering upon Swaziland and the Portuguese territory.

On the other hand, we see that the Boers, though they have lost the means of carrying on a regular warfare much longer, have still large forces in the field, probably 30,000 well armed and well mounted men, and have not suffered any defeat sufficiently crushing to utterly demoralise them. They are still buoyed up, it would seem, by the hope that the foreign policy of England

may lead it into war with one or more of the great Powers, and they are said to be preparing to defend themselves *à l'outrancé* in the mountains round about Lydenburg, their temporary Capital.

How long hostilities may continue, it is impossible to say. Much will depend upon the attitude which the English assume towards the defeated Burghers. In dealing with Colonial rebels, we appear to have adopted a wise mixture of severity and conciliation—American fashion—in opposition to the sanguinary precedents of our own civil wars, the rebellion of 1745, for example. There seems, however, some danger of our running off the track of sound policy with respect to the belligerent republicans. The device of a paper annexation, followed by treating the enemy still in arms as rebels and traitors, is loudly recommended by thoughtless persons in England, and still more by many in South Africa. It is an expedient old as the hills, but ever ineffective, for it merely brings it about that, while the superior army holds the cities, the inferior one maintains itself in the rural districts, and, breaking up into bands of desperate men who have nothing further to lose, throws back indefinitely the peaceful development of the country. Let us trust that our military administration in South Africa may see its way to measures worthy of statesmen, and take care that England, which, for a whole century, has hectored, lectured, scolded, and preached at every nation under the sun, shall not be made ridiculous in the eyes of the world, by slipping unawares into the very methods it denounced in days gone by, when, in company with Thomas Campbell and *Freedom*, we shrieked over Kosciusko, or in later times, when we fought for Greece, fêted Kossuth, canonised Garibaldi, and loudly bewailed the sorrows of Bulgarian patriots, Circassian warriors, Armenian Christians, and Russian Jews.

And now that the British public has so confidently discounted the issue of the war, and can find but little that is interesting, and still less that is understandable, in the marches and counter-marches reported day by day; attention is being more and more concentrated upon two questions, which will have to be dealt with in the near future, namely:—the reorganisation of the army, and the final settlement of South Africa. Neither of



these subjects are suitable for discussion, *inter alia*, in an article devoted to military operations, yet a word or two concerning them may perhaps be admissible in advance of fuller consideration.

As to the first question, I would say to those—and they are many—who feel perfectly confident to deal with it off hand; would it not be convenient to define the essential desiderata before elaborating the details? What, for instance, are we to understand by the expression, ‘reorganisation of the army’? Do we aim at the improvement of what now is, or do we propose the creation of military forces of a new kind, expressly designed to meet Imperial requirements and obligations hitherto unrecognised? If the latter; what are these requirements and obligations?—because we only beat the air if we try to satisfy conditions not yet determined. If, on the other hand, it is merely *improvement* that is wanted—what are the defects to be remedied? Are they organic or administrative? In other words, have we a bad system strictly enforced, or a good one badly carried out? Again, have these defects, whether organic or administrative, been notorious for years past, or are they known as defects now, for the first time, in consequence of what has occurred in South Africa?—because if the lessons of the Boer war are to be made use of, it would be advisable to begin by ascertaining exactly what those lessons really are? At present we know actually nothing beyond the bare outline of all that has been done, and until we have established our data, we cannot proceed to draw our conclusions. Tons of literature have, we know, been reeled off on the subject since October last, but how many ounces of truth there may be in the entire series, is more than any one at present in this country is in a position to say. When the army has come home, the information wanted will come with it; but it is very doubtful, even then, how much of it will be allowed to reach the light of day.

With regard to the final settlement of South Africa, that too is a matter upon which much data is required before a correct judgment can be delivered, still it is not difficult to state broadly the principles to be kept in view by the nation:—

*The Third Chapter of the War.*

First. We must do our duty by the British Colonials, but in mind, however, that the loudest speakers are not most worthy of attention.

Second. We must do our duty by the Anglo-Dutch, forgetting how many were loyal when it was hard to be so.

Third. We must do our duty by the natives, and by the coolies, remembering that the helpless deserve the most consideration.

Fourth. We must do our duty by the conquered Boers, acknowledging that *might* is not of necessity *right*.

Fifth. We must do our duty by ourselves, recollecting the price we have paid for South Africa.

Of these points, curious to say, the last seems most in danger of neglect, so the sooner the British people speak out in their own interests, the better for everyone. We have given our heart's blood for the South Africans of *to-day*, let us make sure that the South Africans of *to-morrow* shall not forget the debt they owe us. Let no such scandal be possible as cent. per cent. dividends from Johannesburg mines, while British labourers in their poverty are still paying taxes for the war, and let it be put for ever beyond the powers of local legislation to discourage British trade by prohibitive tariffs, or put restrictions upon British emigration.

Above all, let it be clearly understood that South Africa shall not be made the prey of any group of monopolists—home born or Colonial—who would fain make private property of a land which belongs, not to the first comers, but to all generations of Britons and which should be held in perpetual trust for the surplus population of the Empire.

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## II.—THE FUTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

the Republican forces have abandoned, one after another their much-vaunted strongholds, and our army has been victorious in the Transvaal, there is some colour in the air. There are becoming current of the formation of a peace conference, and the probably early collapse of the Boer Republics. He remarked in passing that there is a precedent for such a course of events. In 1842, the emigrant farmers of the Cape of Natal resisted the troops sent to carry out the British occupation of the territory; and in the first encounters they were defeated with considerable advantage over them. For a month they were closely invested at Berea, beside Durban. In the end, however, they had made his famous ride to Grahamstown, reinforced by reinforcements despatched with all haste, and they arrived in time to meet their comrades. The transports crossed the bar of the bay, and were safe from the enemy, at short range, when all

Next day the farmers were in retreat; and they were driven from their ranks wholesale, and so bitter was the feeling of anger and recrimination in their councils that the Boers were recognised, perforce, the futility of further resistance, and entered into negotiations with the British representatives. As detailed in the pages of Theal, or of Cloete, and in the fitness of the later scenes, this episode offers a striking parallel to the events of the present time. There are the same negotiations; the same ill-concealed purpose to break up the Boers on the Boers' side, tempered by a strangely exaggerated notion of the righteousness of their cause; the same breaking up of the Boers on our part, and the same breaking up of the Boers on the arrival of British reinforcements. It

Lord Roberts has never had a ~~single~~ day when he began his advance. The Boers have abandoned their positions, and expected to be able to retreat into the interior.

breaking out, and the opinion is freely expressed in Colonial circles that active resistance will soon be at an end.

Prophecy before the event is dangerous ; but in some way or other, with or without a final effort by the Boers, the end is sure to come soon. In these circumstances, it will be well to look forward and consider some of the problems which will have to be faced after the war. These are really the heart of the South African question ; though they appeal less to the popular fancy, they are in a sense far more serious than all the alarms and sacrifices of a campaign, and their solution will demand no less watchfulness, endurance, and perseverance.

First and foremost, the status of the Republics. The Colonial Secretary is reported to have stated that they will be governed as Crown Colonies. This is as it should be. Loyalist feeling in South Africa has all along dreaded the possibility of a repetition of the weakness of 1881, by which the disaffected elements in South Africa would still be left with a rallying point. It may be remarked that the writer has heard the opinion freely expressed that a policy similar to that now announced might well be pursued with regard to Cape Colony. It is thought that the freedom from political excitement which would result from such a course would give the country time to settle down ; and for their part, loyalists would count any temporary loss of political privileges as more than compensated for by a period of quietness and prosperity. To that end, however, the destruction of the hegemony of the Transvaal ought to be sufficient. If all reports are true, the agitation with which the Afrikaner Bond is commonly credited, was fostered from Pretoria. The 'race-feeling,' of which certain Dutch prints make so much, dates from 1881, as does also the open avowal of forming a united South Africa under its own flag. Pretoria was, as it were, the Mecca of the Dutch Afrikaner. It is said that in many districts the machinery of the Bond was to have been used as a quick and secret way of gathering its members round the invaders' flag. Why it failed at the critical moment, whether the Dutchman's care for his own interests, or other influences, came into play, and prevented a general rising of the Dutch population from taking effect, is probably more than we shall ever know. But

doubtless the same reasons which have already been operative, will be still more so in the future, and the disloyal Dutch element will go quietly. The annexation of the Orange River Colony must dissipate any lingering dream of British magnanimity being prevailed on by their entreaties. When their hopes have been so signally disappointed there can be little left to aspire to, and in course of time even the most unreasoning of them must come to see the uselessness of working for the unattainable. They have staked everything and have lost. They have been made to see that South Africa is not *ons Land*, the peculiar preserve of the Dutch, but a part of the Empire, and it surely will not be lost on them that every community of British descent or allegiance has aided in impressing the fact upon them. The Imperial Government is evidently at one with the people in the determination that the disturbing element in South African affairs shall be rendered powerless for evil. The danger in future does not lie with the Afrikanders, but with ourselves. There must be no weakness or relenting in carrying out the pacification of the country, no getting the ear of ministers or a party, no sentimental or pedantic following of political axioms out of season. If the loyalists are willing to disfranchise themselves for the sake of the common weal, there can be no reason for restoring any measure of political liberty to those who have been open enemies or secretly disaffected, until they have placed their repentance and amendment beyond question.

In Cape Colony and Natal there are districts where a large portion of the inhabitants made common cause with the enemy. In their case a demand has been made for general disfranchisement. Here, again, the loyalists would willingly forego their rights for a time. Probably if any great number of the rebels are brought to book, the result would be to secure a preponderance of loyalist votes. A conviction for treason entails disfranchisement for five years. Whichever course is followed, we may probably look for a loyalist majority in the Legislative Assembly of Cape Colony for the next few elections, which will give time for things to take a decided course. Over and above this, there is the prospect of a large number of the more moderate Afrikanders forsaking the Bond, and casting in their lot with the

Imperialists. Some organs of opinion count largely on this, and declare that the day of the Bond is now past. Says one, 'With the overthrow of Bond influence, which is the chief source of disloyalty in the Western Province, there will be a revulsion of feeling among Afrikanders. They will see the mistake of setting themselves against everything English; they will see that an Englishman can be a good and a desirable neighbour.' Apart from his politics, the Dutch Afrikander, such at least as the writer has met in the Colony, is a reasonable enough being. From his circumstances, he is a man of few ideas, to which he adheres through thick and thin, and is too much under the influence of his cleverer and unscrupulous compatriots, but he and the English farmers about manage to live in peace, and have dealings with each other. They are not, perhaps, often very intimate, but they are friendly and neighbourly with each other.

As to the chances of a prolonged military occupation of the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal, the present writer is of opinion that it is not likely to be necessary. Past experience has shown that the Dutch are amenable to a sound beating. If they are made to realize that they are thoroughly beaten this time, they will have no desire to try the fortunes of war again. Even an overwhelming police force will hardly be necessary. The Boer is, true to his name, essentially a farmer, and desires nothing more than to be left in peace to follow out his occupation. If it can be brought home to him that his farm is as much his own under the Queen's government as under the Volksraad, he will soon settle down into a peaceable subject. Now he will know the hopelessness of open rebellion, and if he can further be made to know that failure can only result in confiscation of his farm, he will, like a prudent man, refuse to run the risk.

While writing this, the report of the People's Congress at Graaf-Reinet has come to hand. At this, which was simply a gathering of the members of the Bond under a change of name, much talk was indulged in about the iniquity of annexing the Republics, and gloomy vaticinations were indulged in as to the future of South Africa. We may be excused for thinking that they are for the most part mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. The average Dutch Afrikander has too strong an

instinct of self-preservation to embark on anything like rebellion unless he is sure of success.

The most interesting side of the race question—which, after all, is the kernel of the South African problem—is not its political but its social side. The decisive battle for the supremacy of the Dutch or British factor in the population will be fought out, not on the hustings, but in commerce, in agriculture, and in the professions. What the Dutch dread is that they will either be forced to the wall, or become assimilated to the other race in the country. Before the outbreak of the war, one of them was reported to have said that they must withhold from the Outlander the franchise and everything that would induce him to settle in the Transvaal, or else they would be swamped and would see their children become 'poor whites,' as had happened in the Colony. There is some ground for this dread. The struggle between modern ideas and those of the seventeenth century can have only one termination. And in many respects the typical Boer is a couple of centuries old in his ideas. There are strong men who will not go outside of nights for fear of ghosts. The present writer has heard most circumstantial accounts of ghosts which have been seen and felt. One particularly well-attested story had its scene laid in the bedroom which he occupied on a farm. They make no secret of employing remedies which the writer never saw mentioned elsewhere than in sixteenth-century manuals, the blood of puppies, sheeps' entrails, decoctions of lice, and other broth of abominable things. A charm against toothache was found on the body of a Boer after a recent skirmish. These things must have come with the earliest settlers in the country. In many other respects their ideas are equally antiquated. It will be remembered that the first railway in the Transvaal was opposed on the ground that it was impious and unscriptural. Even so devoted an admirer of the Boers as Mrs. Schreiner represented one of her characters as saying that it is sinful to use soda for soap-making when God had put the lye-bush on the veldt. Their piety exhibits the same peculiarity. It is a strange reading of Scripture, unconsciously twisted to fit the narrow circle of their ideas. They are the chosen people who have reached the land foretold after many



wanderings. Like the Old Testament characters, they lead out their flocks and herds, they have contentions about pastures and wells, the locusts, the drought, and the murrain of Scripture still are visited upon them, and, true to old-fashioned ideas, they regard these things not as provocations to resource and energy, but as visitations which it would be impious to do aught else than endure. One result, among others, of such an attitude is that, while in Australia sheep scab has been stamped out, in the flocks of South Africa it is continually recurring.

Such a mental equipment is hardly enough to enable its possessor to hold his own with men who come from centres where modern ideas prevail. He must go to the wall, and see others more adventurous and resourceful than himself prosper by means which never entered his head. So it proved in the Transvaal. Had the Transvaalers been left to themselves, it is safe to say they would never have worked the mines for generations. They have not enough of the spirit of association and enterprise which is necessary to working the deep level mines through refractory rock. Of all the companies, not one is a Boer venture; or if there is one, it is not of any great name. Johannesburg has been described as more English than Cape Town. Its trade and professions were in the hands of Europeans; even its Boer officialdom was officered largely by Hollanders. It was no place for the genuine Boer. He knew it only by report as a den of wickedness—a new Babylon he would no doubt have called it. In reality it was a centre of ideas and activities utterly beyond him. He might exact tribute, but could never become a partner of them.

A speaker at the People's Congress echoed an opinion which even English Colonials often repeat. 'They cannot do without the Dutch as pioneers. Rhodesia is waiting to be settled, and there we are indispensable.' A paragraph to the same effect went the round of the newspapers recently. According to it the Boer is the man of the land. He can live amid arid surroundings on the produce of his flocks, while, as the writer put it, the Englishman must have tinned beef, tinned jam, and a thousand other imported delicacies—all the luxuries of the Saltmarket, as Bailie Nicol Jarvie would have said.

It is to be feared that the converse of this is true, not that the country cannot do without the Dutch as pioneers, but that the Dutch are nowhere without room to pioneer in. North America and Australia have been pioneered much better than South Africa, without their aid. Generations of a nomadic life with all the country to trek in have produced a section of Dutch society well nigh unfit for any other existence. The 'poor white' class is entirely recruited from their ranks. Dutch farms present the same picture as the small properties of France or the crofts of our Scotch Highlands. Farms have been subdivided till they are only enough to keep life alive in men and cattle. Every Dutch farm has its *bywooner* or poor dependant, often more than one. Some of them resemble small villages. Out of many cases which have come to his hearing or observation, the writer may refer to one. A few miles off at the foot of the mountains, he can see a large farm steading. The farm is in one of the best districts of the Colony. It is extensive, and at a distance looks a comfortable and prosperous place. The real owner is an old man of more than eighty years. His eight sons have each a portion of the farm assigned to them. They are married and have families, who in their turn have descendants, so that on a very moderate computation the place is burdened with sixty or seventy persons. They have no stock, and live from hand to mouth on the produce of their lands and by training oxen and horses for their more prosperous neighbours. From one of them a neighbour rented his share of the veldt, and makes £100 a-year from what costs him fifteen or sixteen. Add to this the intermarriage so common in such cases and its consequent degeneracy and idiocy, and one has some idea of the state of affairs. The old man holds tight to his property; the sons are waiting for his death. Then the farm will be put on the market. Each will receive three or four hundred pounds as his share of the proceeds, and will go into the nearest village and live like a lord for a time, after which he will be left without hope or resource. In former times when land was abundant, and huge farms were practically given away, such things could scarcely happen. Now, unless the Dutch Colonist chooses to go into the Transvaal or Rhodesia, or some other part where

countries at Rome.—Several smaller articles close the *Review*.—(June 1).—A. Fogazzaro contributes an article on 'Sorrow in Art.'—The present instalment of the story of Bianca Capelli and Francesco I. of Medici is entitled 'An Unforeseen Catastrophe.'—D. Conti discourses on the 'Good and Evil of Art.'—'Iolande' commences a novel entitled 'Under the Rose-coloured Lamp-shade.'—C. Secrétant has something interesting to say about 'The Perruque in Venice.'—Signora E. Bertolini compares the religious sentiment in Manzoni and in Chateaubriand.—The usual letters from Paris and reviews of politics and literature close the number.—(June 16).—C. Manfroni describes the aims of the Italian Naval League as proposing to encourage the development of the military and the mercantile marines; to instruct the inhabitants of Italy, both inland and on the coasts, in the enormous value to Italy of the sea and all that belongs to it, and in the necessity of having a strong fleet to protect the extended coasts, and to spread the influence of Italy in foreign countries.—F. F. Airoli describes the last voyages and death of Christopher Columbus.—P. E. Pavolini contributes a lecture on the love-poets of India.—I. Stanza discourses on agricultural affairs; and P. Procacci gives many useful statistics of the post and telegraph services in Italy.—'Milan,' by A. M. Cornello; and 'Two Mysteries,' by F. Rubini, are political papers of the moment.—A. M. Ferretti reviews the book, *The Siege of Rome in 1900* by P. Moderni.—The number closes with articles on the behaviour of the Intransigents during the last elections; and a paper on 'The Eve of the Twenty-first Legislation.'

GIORNALE STORICO DELLA LITTERATURA ITALIANA (Vol. XXXV., fasc. 1)—Contains learned articles by F. Fabriani on 'Polifilo'; by D. Ferrero, on 'Two Philippics by A. Tassoni'; and by V. Cran on an hitherto unknown rhymed codex in the Vulgate belonging to B. Castiglione.—Dr. R. Garnett's *History of Italian Literature* is discussed at length by A. Galletta in the bibliographic review at the close of the number, and there are, besides, many notes and communications of various kinds.—In fasc. 2 and 3 are continued L. Renier's interesting votes on the culture and literary friends of Isabella d'Este, comprising a vast assembly of famous Italian authors.—A. della Torre describes the first embassy of B. Bembo to Florence.—In the 'Varieties' we have 'Moral Science,' by Paget Toynbee; 'The First Knowledge of the Divine Comedy in Sicily,' by V. Labate; and an ancient politico-humanistic review of one of Petrarch's sonnets.

their business. To talk of the natural disadvantages of the country is unfair. Of course, where the pasture is reckoned to support about a sheep for every half-dozen acres, one does not expect a paradise, but the country is good, and every judicious investment tells.

The time is coming when it will no longer be enough to do with things as they are—which is, in reality, the extent of the Dutchman's excellence as a pioneer. The consciousness of a need, a properly directed discontent, is, after all, the incentive to progress. The reactionaries who have been content to go on as their forefathers did, and leave things worse rather than better, must either join the progressives or be crushed out by them. The opinion is general that after the war South Africa will enter on a new era of prosperity, the progress that has been delayed so long will then have a fresh start, and those who represent the energy and ability of the country will at last have their say. A well-known writer recently used words to the effect that it was a land that had been shamefully starved. That is the case. Here there is nothing to show such as has been accomplished under similar conditions in Australia, or even in Mexico. A comparison with the former is instructive. Mining there has none of the hindrances which have convulsed the Transvaal. Cape wool fetches about half the price of Australian. The Australian export wine trade is increasing steadily, that of the Cape is a thing of the past.

The Cape at one time supplied horses to the Indian Government, now they are got from Australia. Australia has a fruit trade, the Cape has none. Australian butter, and eggs, and meat find their way to the Cape market. Yet taking all things together, the initial advantage lies rather with the Cape. There the droughts are nothing like those that sweep off the Australian's stock by thousands. The Cape is nearer the great markets of the world, and from the Zambesi to Simonstown there is every variety of situation and climate. Some explain the difference by saying that there are no Dutch in Australia to keep things back. Farmers complain of the way things are kept back, and from various quarters quaint stories come of the

opposition to not very daring proposals for improving various villages.

Call it by what name we will, an influence there certainly has been which has kept the country in little better than a state of nature. Here and there, where more advanced ideas have had scope, there is evidence that much can be done to make it second to none. The opinion prevails that after the war this state of affairs will find an end. New political conditions should give the party of progress their opportunity; and now that the shadow of coming struggle has been dispersed, after hanging over the world for so many years, the population should receive accessions of new-comers with energy and experience, which will be as so much fresh blood infused into it. The Imperial idea, of which so much has been said recently, should also count for something. Translated into everyday practice it means that men are no longer content to regard their own narrow circle and hug their own few ideas, but are ready to join in the activities of the greater world, and to consider and discuss all that it can teach them. Much is said of the rush there will be for South Africa after the settlement of the country; and if all that is said be true, many of those that intend living in it are precisely the men required. Hitherto what immigration there has been has been purely urban. Kimberley and Johannesburg in their turn have attracted nine-tenths, if not more, of those who made their way to the Cape. With great stretches of country lying open there has of late years been no attempt to foster immigration such as are made by Australia and Canada. One reason is that immigration to agrarian pursuits in South Africa would require very careful management; the other, and chief one, is that the Dutch element did not wish to encourage it, but to keep the territories for their pioneering abilities, of which they speak so complacently. A recent immigration return issued by the Cape Government is ludicrous. The year's total was between two and three hundred, composed almost entirely of persons who had come out to the Government railway and other services, with their wives and families. The Rand has already been referred to. The remainder of the settlers in South Africa are invalids. In the interior it is remarkable what a number of men

in all walks of life, business men, farmers, and especially doctors, have come out originally because of their health, and have elected to stay permanently. It must be remembered, too, that a very large proportion of those who came out to push their way, have never become firmly attached to the country. When they make a sufficiency many of them return to their native land. Thus, between one thing and another, there is some ground for the Dutch sneer that the Englishman is a townsman and a mere bird of passage, while the Dutch are the real sons of the soil, and the land is their land. As for the towns the Dutchman is crowded out of trade by the English and the Germans; and as to the latter part of the statement, it is doubtful whether it is borne out by the facts. In the Colony the better the district the greater the proportion of English farmers. And no doubt, if immigration were encouraged the proportion would become greater all over.

There are two ways in which an addition to the English element will likely take place in the immediate future. For one, many of the Colonial volunteers who have come to our aid, are said to have come to spy out the land. It is more than likely that many of these are men who will not join the ranks of those who go to the mines or engage in business, but men who are accustomed to country pursuits, and intend to pursue them here. They ought to be an element of incalculable value. The great towns in South Africa, the seaports, Johannesburg and Kimberley are progressive enough. The backward parts are the country and its villages. Here the Australian will find conditions not dissimilar to those to which he has been accustomed, and some share of the energy and intelligence which have made Australia what it is, should, let us hope, prove contagious among his new neighbours. The sheep farms and cattle farms of the interior, the vineyards and orchards of the upper country, the wheat districts of the Cape and the Conquered Territory, should all afford opportunities to him. There are dams to build, and water to be bored for all over the arid parts of the country. What South Africa has suffered from more than from aught else has been the want of combination. Men have been content to live on their farms out of sight of a neighbour's house. They have refused to look

beyond the most local and immediate interests. Measures such as the Scab Acts have been bitterly opposed. One party has thwarted the proposals of the other quite irrespective of their merits. What steps have been taken in the way of improving the country have in many cases been undertaken in a niggardly and penny-wise fashion. What is wanted is not intermittent doles of free dip, or grants for building small and useless dams, but schemes proportioned to the size of the country, largely conceived and patiently carried out. The more men who can be induced to come to it with other and wider experience and enterprise, the better for the country.

The other proposal which has been mooted is that as many as possible of the Reservists now serving in South Africa should be induced to stay. The scheme has been made public by Mr. Arnold Forster, and has been appreciatively noted by the Cape Press. The proposal recalls the plan adopted by Lord Bathurst in 1820, when a large number of British settlers were settled along what was then the Eastern boundary of the Colony. Their descendants are now the occupiers of the Eastern Province, in all respects the most progressive and loyal portion of the Colony. If the present proposal is carried out, many of the settlers will no doubt follow the occupations they did at home. Some will no doubt be settled on the land, and others drafted into a militia or police force. The scheme is an excellent one, both for the country and for the men themselves. If carried out it will mean that a considerable number of men with trades and, what we hope may never be called on again, military training and experience, will be distributed over a country where, with ordinary conditions, they should have a much better chance of improving their condition than at home. There are two things to be guarded against. Men must not be given grants of land at haphazard; the conditions here are widely different from those say in Canada or Queensland. And care must be taken that men do not do as they have already done in similar cases, sell their grants for next to nothing and come to no good. With the restoration of peace the tide of private immigration should set in once more. The mines of the Transvaal will continue to attract a constant stream of newcomers, and further north there

are other places which promise to become centres of population. Whether anything in the nature of a South African Emigration Scheme will be attempted remains to be seen.

The writer has dwelt on the rural aspect of South Africa's future, partly because it is the side with which he is most conversant, partly because, as has already been said, the country and the country districts are the portions which stand in need of fresh blood. Rural life in South Africa has never loomed large in the popular eye. The country has been looked on as a place to make fortunes in, the pleasure seeker has summed it up in Kimberley and Johannesburg, and all beyond has been dismissed as an arid and hopeless wilderness, abandoned to wild beasts, Boers, and sportsmen. Yet the fact is that farm life is the best of South Africa. There seems a fascination in the free life on the broad plains amid daily sunshine. In spite of insular prejudices, the people are not different from those in the old country. The means of communication are good. A post-cart reaches every corner of the country, and, what to the new-comer seems a most wise provision, the postal system of the whole country hinges on the English mail. Books and magazines, and all the etceteras of civilisation, are to be found everywhere. There should be opportunities for men who care to take to this kind of life, when the Cape cannot supply enough agricultural produce for its own wants, when thousands of square miles are only half developed, and new centres of population are springing up every year.

In a recent address the High Commissioner warned us against expecting that the war would be followed by a boom. In his own opinion the progress of South Africa will be sure but gradual. Owing to the nature of the country it cannot be otherwise. Socially, the work of assimilation of various races, and the gradual levelling up of backward sections, will not be accomplished in one generation or two. And the material problems which have to be solved, will not be worked off in a day, but will require much energy and capital to be sunk before they begin to offer any return. It was a shrewd Afrikaner who said, 'Wait a bit, and all will come right.'



## ART. IX.—A FATHER OF HISTORY.

**S**ELDOM has the personal ambition of one man had more remarkable consequences than those which followed from the determination of Harald the Fair-haired to make himself sole king over Norway. Whatever truth there may be in the old story that it was a proud woman who impelled him to imitate Eirik, the Swedish, and Gorm, the Danish king, or in the record of his vow neither to cut nor comb his hair till either Norway or death was his, the aim was one that he carried out to the end; the after-results were such as he could not foresee. With the Battle of Hafsfirth in 872 his object was accomplished, and the only choice left to the great men who still survived was to bow to the new regime, or seek other lands where they might be their own masters as before. To those—and they were many—who took the latter alternative, the discovery of Iceland opened up a welcome refuge. For fifty or sixty years a steady stream of colonists from Norway poured into the new country, either directly or in some cases by way of Scotland and Ireland; and it is no wonder if the ferment of this movement brought many remarkable men to the front—men whose deeds were to live in tradition and become cherished memories among their posterity. In another fifty or sixty years came an important change; the old religion, which had already lost much of its hold, was by special legislation set aside in favour of Christianity (in the year 1000), and while Icelanders still continued to play a manly part in the affairs of Norway, their own island soon became more commonplace in its doings than it had been in the days of their fathers. Many of its prominent men found more delight in the book than in the sword; they were attracted to the Church for the sake of the learning it brought with it, and without becoming real ecclesiastics, or in any way giving up their temporal position and authority, they were ordained as priests, and with remarkable zeal devoted themselves to study.

The desire of reading was not long in being followed by the wish to write, and a certain natural tendency in the Ice-

landic mind made it almost inevitable that the subject should be history. To know what had happened in bygone times, and to learn as soon as possible what was happening at the moment, whether in Iceland or in the outside world, was the chief intellectual employment of the average Icelander, and a tenacious tradition had preserved a mass of facts relating not only to the early settlers and their descendants, but to events in Norway, Denmark, and elsewhere, both before and after the colonizing days. To this bent of the Icelandic mind we owe almost all our knowledge of the early history of the other Scandinavian countries, which in time completely forgot their own story, and had to learn what they could of it from the traditions preserved in that remote island of the Atlantic. The very name of Harold the Fair-haired would barely be known, to say nothing of his exploits, were it not for the men who proudly left their own country to him, not finding it large enough for both.

It is to this fondness for tradition that we owe the great body of literature commonly lumped together under the title of the 'Icelandic Sagas.' The term is vague enough, and its vagueness probably accounts for the prevalent misconceptions as to what the 'Sagas' are. When even professed literary men can write articles on the subject which have almost the effect of nightmares (*e.g.*, that in Dr. Brewer's *Readers' Handbook*), the ordinary man may well be excused for believing that the sagas are poems. A saga is a 'story' in prose, and the subject-matter of the tale may be anything between veracious history and the wildest fiction; it is very much as if the works of Professor Freeman and Rider Haggard were included under the common title of 'narrative.' The common feature of most sagas, however, is the prominence of the biographical element; the persons are the real centre of interest rather than the affairs in which they are engaged, and the picturesque or dramatic element is strongly marked.

History shades off into fiction by imperceptible degrees, and it is a curious point in Icelandic literary history that the latter gradually mastered the former. As we shall see, the foundations of the literature were laid in a strict weighing of tradi-

tion, a careful sifting of proved fact from specious legend, and the example thus set was worthily followed for a time. But the fund of genuine tradition was not inexhaustible, and the taste for the marvellous steadily increased, fed partly by saints' legends and partly by foreign romances. The mythical periods of Scandinavian history began to attract the writers of sagas, and when even these were spun out to the last thread, the web of pure fiction continued to unfold its lengthening course till it lost all freshness of colour or pattern, and saga-writing became almost a mechanical art. The sagas which are really valuable, both for style and for matter, were all written within a remarkably short period, approximately from 1170 to 1230 A.D., and later specimens, with few exceptions, show a steady descent in both linguistic and historic feeling.

So remarkable is the work done in this golden age of Icelandic literature, that it is of great interest to note particularly the groundwork upon which it rested. The matter of course was traditional, and the exact historic value of the tradition varied greatly according to the subject and the locality. Even of the most notorious facts there would very often be discrepant versions, and minor inconsistencies and contradictions would inevitably exist in many a tale. To remove or reconcile these, and to fit the indefinite tradition into an exact historic framework, was the task which fell to the lot of each saga-writer, and the way in which he accomplished it was to no small extent the measure of his genius. For the gatherer of local traditions, however, there existed a safe historic guide in the work of the man to whom, so far as can now be ascertained, classic Icelandic literature owed its character and origin. By a rare piece of good fortune, the man with the combining mind came at the beginning, and laid down a comprehensive scheme which served to guide the later writers who worked out the separate details.

This 'Father of History,' as he well deserves to be called (though the title of the 'Icelandic Herodotus' would more aptly apply to another) was a western Icelander named Ari Thorgilsson, sometimes surnamed 'the priest,' and sometimes

'the learned,' not seldom both epithets are combined.\* Ari was born in the year 1067, and his ancestry was sufficiently distinguished to encourage any natural tendency in his mind to a study of the past. On his father's side he was a descendant of Olaf the White, who in the latter half of the ninth century was Norse king in Dublin. Olaf's son, Thorstein the Red, made league with Earl Sigurd of the Orkneys against the Scots; 'they won Caithness and Sutherland, Ross and Moray, and more than half of Scotland. Thorstein was king over this, until the Scots played him false and he fell there in battle.' Thorstein's wife, a remarkable woman, left Scotland after this and became one of the most famous among the early settlers in Iceland; from her son, Olaf Feilan, Ari was the sixth in descent. To trace his relationship to other men and women of note would be tedious, but it is worth mentioning that his great-grandfather, Thorkell, was one of the husbands of that Gudrun round whom the chief interest of *Laxdøla Saga* centres, and that his mother's father had taken part in the battle of Clontarf. A knowledge of the adventures of his own forefathers would in itself have been enough to establish Ari as an authority in biography and history.

Ari's father, Thorgils, was drowned in Broadfirth while still a young man, and the child was left to the care of his grandfather, Gellir, who lived at Helgafell on Snæfellsness.† But in a year or two Gellir went abroad, and made a pilgrimage to Rome; on his return journey he was taken ill in Denmark, died there, and was buried at Roskilde. Besides this personal loss, his family had also to regret that of the sword Sköfnung, which, it was said, had been taken out of the grave-mound of Hrólfr Kraki—another indication of the atmosphere of ancient legend in which Ari was reared.

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\* *Ari prestr enn fródi Thorgilsson*; the adj. *fródr*, which in its general sense means 'knowing,' or 'learned,' commonly implies the possession of great historical knowledge, and is a regular epithet of the early Icelandic historians.

† The great promontory on the west coast of Iceland, separating Faxaflói from Broadfirth.

At the age of seven (in 1074) Ari passed into the household of Hall Thórarinsson, who had his home in Haukadal in Southern Iceland, a spot now famous for the great Geysir and other hot springs, which are never mentioned in the old literature, perhaps did not even exist then. Hall was already a man of eighty, and had been settled in Haukadal for half a century, but in his younger days he had been in partnership with Olaf Haraldsson, that king of Norway who fell in civil feud at Stiklastad, and is better known as Olaf the Saint. To Hall's great age, wide experience, and marvellous memory, the young Ari owed much of the historical knowledge he then acquired, either directly or through another foster-son of Hall's, Teit the son of Bishop Isleif. As Ari says himself:—'Teit was fostered by Hall in Haukadal, that man of whom it was universally said that he was the most generous and noble character to be found among the unlearned\* men of this country. I came to Hall when I was seven years old, the year after the death of Gellir Thorkilsson, my grandfather and fosterer, and I was with him for fourteen winters.' Teit, however, was so much older than Ari, that the latter even calls him his foster-father. 'He taught Ari,' says Snorri Sturluson, in the prologue to his *Heimskringla*, 'and told him many historical facts which Ari wrote down afterwards.' How far back Hall's own recollections went is emphasized by Ari himself—'Hall told me so, and he was both truthful and had a good memory. He remembered his own baptism by Thangbrand when he was three years old—that was the year before Christianity was adopted by law in this country' (*i.e.*, in 999).

Hall Thorarinsson died in 1089, and remarkably little is known of Ari's life after that date. He was one of those 'men of rank who studied and were ordained as priests;' he was on terms of intimacy with the great men of his age, such as the Bishops of Hólar and Skálholt, but even his place of abode is uncertain, though the probability is that he lived at Stad on Snæfellness. The exact date of his death is known; it was Nov. 9, 1148.

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\*The adjective of course only means that Hall had not studied: ignorant he certainly was not.

Gifted with a genius for historical research, Ari seems to have devoted his life to collecting, comparing, and sifting the traditions and recollections of the most credible and capable informants that he was able to come in contact with. The actual scope of his written work has been much discussed,\* and some points will probably always remain obscure, but the value of his researches into Scandinavian history is a fact as fully recognised by his own age as by modern scholars. Snorri Sturluson, in the prologue to *Heimskringla*, gives the following eloquent testimony to the work of his predecessor :

‘ Ari the learned, son of Thorgils, son of Gellir, was the first man in this country who wrote in Icelandic both ancient and recent history ; in the beginning of his book he wrote chiefly about the colonization of Iceland and legislative measures, then about the law-speakers, how long each of them held office, and gave the number of years, first to the date when Christianity came to Iceland, and then right on to his own days. He included also many other things, as the lives of the Kings in Norway and Denmark, and even in England. or great events which had happened in this country, and the whole of his account seems to me most notable. He had great knowledge, and was so old that he was born the year after the death of Harald Sigurdsson.† He wrote (as he says himself) the lives of the Kings of Norway after information given by Odd, son of Koll, son of Hall of Sida ; and Odd got it from Thorgeir, an intelligent man, and so old that he was living in Nidarnes, when Earl Hákon the Mighty was slain.’ (995).

Snorri then speaks of Hall Thorarinsson, Teit Isleifsson, and other authorities whom Ari quotes, and ends with the words :

‘ It was no wonder though Ari was well informed with regard to historic events both here and abroad, for he had learned them from old and intelligent men, and was himself both eager to learn and had a good memory.’

While the whole of Ari’s work has, unfortunately, not come down to us in the shape in which Snorri knew it, the first part of his description of Ari’s ‘ book ’ agrees in every detail with

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\* In recent times chiefly by the following writers :—Konrad Maurer in *Germania*, XV. and XXXVI. ; Björn Magnusson Olsen in *Aarbüger for nordisk Oldkyndighed*, 1885 and 1893 ; and in *Tímarit hins ísl. Bók. X.* ; Finnur Jónsson in *Den oldislandske Litteraturs Historie*, II., 354.

† Who fell at Stamfordbridge in 1066.

fifth part.—The number for July opens with ‘Les Boers de l’Afrique Australe.’ The author is M. J. Villarais, who, taking Theal’s five volumes as his guide, sketches in this instalment the history of the Boers from 1652 to 1795.—M. Paul Stapfir contributes ‘Les idées littéraires de Victor Hugo, et sa satire des pédants,’ an interesting article and useful to students of the author criticised.—‘En plein air’ is brought to a conclusion, and the rest of the articles are continuations.—There are the usual ‘Chroniques,’ which form, as need hardly be said, one of the features of this Review.

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

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW (April, 1900).—This number opens with an account of the Boston meeting of the American Historical Association, which opened on the 27th December last, and of which Association this *Review* is practically the organ. The most valuable and interesting papers in the number are Mr. G. T. Lapsley’s ‘Problems of the North,’ and Mr. F. W. Williams’ ‘The Chinese Immigrant in Further Asia.’ The first deals with an obscure problem, and Mr. Lapsley in his treatment of it brings much information to light.—The other articles are by Mr. A. C. McLaughlin and Mr. E. G. Bourne; the first taking for his subject the ‘Social Compact and Constitutional Construction,’ and the second writing on the United States and Mexico during the years 1847-48.—‘Document’ contains a memorandum of Moses Austin’s Journey, 1796-97, the journey being from the lead mines of Wythe, in Virginia, to the lead mines of Louisiana West.—The ‘Notices of Books’ are, as usual, numerous and carefully written.

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A comparison of this somewhat obscurely worded preface with Snorri's account quoted above, makes it pretty clear that the first recension of the *Íslendingabók* contained much matter which was omitted in the second. On this point scholars are now pretty generally agreed, but there is still difference of opinion as to what Ari did with the omitted portions. Some hold that the first version, with the King's Lives and Icelandic genealogies, still remained in circulation; others believe that Ari expanded both of these sections into separate works, which then formed the basis for the *Konunga Sögur* and *Landnámabók* respectively. However this may be, it is certain that Ari's researches were of great value to the compilers of these last-named works, and beyond this it is perhaps impossible to go.\*

When Ari had thus got rid of much extraneous matter, his treatise contained the following chapters:—

I. The Colonizing of Iceland; II. The First Settlers and the First Laws; III. The Institution of the Al-thingi; IV. The Calendar; V. The Division of Iceland into Quarters; VI. The Colonization of Greenland; VII. The Coming of Christianity to Iceland; VIII. Foreign Bishops; IX. Bishop Isleif; X. Bishop Gizurr.

These titles indicate clearly the main lines of Ari's work: he wished to give in brief compass the chief facts relating to the political and ecclesiastical history of his country. These facts were selected from a mass of tradition with a critical taste which infallibly seized on what was really important, without being drawn aside by what was merely picturesque. We have no ground to assume that Ari did not appreciate the strongly dramatic and romantic element which is one of the chief merits of the best sagas, but this was not the place for it: here he was all for fact. The frame of a window is not concerned with the colours of the stained glass which the artist puts into it, and Ari was the maker of the frame—an opera-

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\* References to Ari in later writers are collected by Finnur Jónsson in *Den oldislandske Litteraturs Historie*, II., 370-372. It has been suggested that Ari omitted the 'Lives of Kings' because Sæmund had dealt with that subject in a (Latin) work of his own, and there may be some truth in this.



by the earliest lords of the soil of these islands. To those who have been in the habit of regarding the Welsh people as unquestionably Celts, this last conclusion will be somewhat surprising. But here we must let Professor Rhys speak for himself: 'Should it, then, be asked,' he says, 'what the Welsh of the present day are, Aryan or not Aryan, the answer must be, we think, that, on the whole, they are not Aryan; that, in fact, the Aryan element forms, as it were, a mere sprinkling among them.' 'This,' he continues, 'is by no means surprising, as will be seen on comparing the case of France. . . . For the French of the present day, with the exception of the Teutonic element in the north-east of France, are, in the main, neither Gauls nor Aryans of any description so much as the lineal representatives of the inhabitants whom the Aryans found there. In fact, the Gauls were not very numerous, even when they ruled the whole country. It has been estimated, on the basis of the particulars given by Cæsar as to the numbers of the cavalry which the different Gaulish tribes were able to place in the field to meet the Roman legions, that the Gaulish aristocracy formed a surprisingly small proportion of a population whose numbers ranged somewhere between three and six millions. There seems to be no reason to suppose that the dominant Celts in this country were relatively more numerous than in Gaul. They formed a ruling class, and led their dependents in war. . . . If a competent ethnologist were to be sent round Wales to identify the individual men and women who seemed to him to approach what he should consider the Aryan type, his report would probably go to show that he found comparatively few such families, and that these few belonged chiefly to the old families of the land-owning class: the vast majority he could only label as probably not Celtic, not Aryan.' The case for France was argued some time ago by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville in his *Premiers Habitants de l'Europe*, where he estimates the entire aggregate of Gauls, inclusive of women and children, at 60,000, a somewhat too low figure, we should say. Recently, however, his theory has been challenged by Mr. W. H. Hall in his *Romans on the Riviera*. In the chapter on the 'Pictish Question,' our authors, or probably Professor Rhys, returns to a number of questions passed over in the first chapter, and discusses at considerable length the laws of Pictish descent and metronymic designation. The chapter on Roman Britain is admittedly taken for the most part from Professor Rhys' well-known and valuable little book on Celtic Britain. The history of Wales from the earliest times down to 1282 is succinctly traced, and a chapter is intercalated on the Ancient Laws and Customs, based for the most part, as need hardly be said, on Aneurin Owen's edition of the Laws of Howel, and is in every way a valuable exposition. The chapter on the history of land tenure is from the pen of Mr. Seebohm, and is transferred here from the Commissioners' Report. The chapter entitled 'The Religious Movement' has more to say of the past than of the present, and is in some respects a brief summary of the evidence taken before the Commission. The language of the Welsh is treated of at great length, but the treatment of their literature is decidedly disappointing. In the chapter headed 'Language and Literature,' the old literature is disposed of in four pages; we might almost say in a single paragraph. Space is devoted to the translation of the Bible and Sunday School literature; a strong plea is made for the Eistedfods, both national and local; and the remark is made that no English dialect seems any longer to possess the secret of spreading itself in Wales, a state of matters exactly the reverse of what is happening in the Highlands, where Gaelic is apparently dying out as the railway and steamers advance. Of the four appendices in the volume, the most important is the second, in which Mr. Morris Jones discusses the question of

It will be noticed here that Ari, with his usual caution, does not profess to give the exact year in which the colonization of Iceland began, but confines himself to the statement (for which he is careful to quote his authorities) that it was contemporaneous, more or less, with the death of St. Edmund in 870. Further, he says nothing about the first *discoverers* of the island (of whom *Landnámabók* has a good deal to say), but prefers to bring into prominence the first real *colonist*, Ingolf, of whom *Landnámabók* says that he was 'the most famous of all the early settlers.' Ari then mentions four other important colonists, and indicates the families descended from them, after which he proceeds to explain how the new country was kept in order:—

'When Iceland had been widely settled, an eastern \* man, whose name was Úlfjót, first brought laws out here from Norway; so Teit told me. They were called Úlfjót's laws, and most of them were adopted from those of the Gula-thing, † with additions, omissions, and alterations suggested by Thorleif the Wise. Úlfjót lived east in Lón; it is said that Grfm Geitskor was his foster-brother, who explored all Iceland by his advice, before the place of yearly assembly was decided on. Every man in the country gave him a *penning* ‡ for that, but he afterwards gave the money for religious purposes.'—(Chap. II.)

For centuries the yearly assembly, the *Al-thingi*, was the great centre of political and social life in Iceland, and its importance was clearly recognised from the first by the settlers. Hence the anxiety to have the place of meeting carefully selected, and hence the minuteness with which Ari enters into the point.

'The Al-thingi was set where it now is, by the counsel of Úlfjót and all the men of the country, but before that there was a yearly assembly at Kjalarness. § . . . . A man who had land in Bláskógar was outlawed for the murder of a thrall or freedman; his name was Thord kroppin-skeggi, and his daughter's son was Thorvald kroppin-skeggi, who afterwards went to the East-firths, and there burned his brother Gunnar in his

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\* 'Eastern' and 'Eastman' usually denote a native of Norway.

† *i.e.* The yearly assembly held on the island of Gul in North Hórdaland (the Bergen-district of Norway).

‡ The value of the *penning* varied greatly.

§ North from Reykjavík.

house. So Hall Órækjason said. The murdered man's name was Kol; after him is named the cleft called Kols-gjá, in which the body was found. That land then became public property, and the settlers devoted it to the holding of the Al-thingi; for that reason every one has the right to cut wood in the forests there, and to pasture his horses on the hills, during the assembly. Úlfhedin told me this.' (Chap. II.)

By this time (930 A.D.) the colonising period had come to an end, and the island was fully settled. The first law-speaker, or president of the Al-thingi, was appointed 'sixty winters after the death of King Edmund, or two before the death of King Harald, according to the calculation of clever men.'

In Chapter IV. Ari gives an interesting account of how the Icelanders reformed their calendar. They had been reckoning the year at 364 days,\* and in the course of time they began to see that the summer of the almanac was moving back into spring-time. No one could clear up the problem, until Thorstein Surt puzzled it out. He dreamed that he was at the law-hill; in the midst of a numerous assembly, and that he was awake while all the rest were asleep, but presently *he* slept and all the others woke up. This dream he told to Osvíf Helgason, an ancestor of Ari himself, and Osvíf interpreted it to mean that there would be general silence while he spoke at the law-hill, and general applause when he ceased speaking. At the following assembly Thorstein proposed to amend the calendar by intercalating a week every seventh year, and 'seeing how that would work.' The proposal was supported by various prominent men, and was adopted there and then. Ari then explains the matter thus:—

'By correct computation there are in every year 365 days, or 366 in a leap year; by our reckoning there are 364, and if every seventh year in our reckoning is increased by a week, and no addition made in the other style, then seven years are the same length in both calendars.'

There seems to be an error here; either Ari has forgotten the leap-year which would necessarily fall among the seven, or the intercalated week must have been one of eight days.

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\* 'Four days of the fourth hundred' is how Ari phrases it; the hundred being 120, three of these make 360, to which is added 4 'of the fourth hundred.'

The Icelandic division of the year has always remained a peculiar one, but naturally enough Ari does not enter into particulars of this, as it was not a matter of history, but of common knowledge.\* After a chapter (V.) in which the reasons for, and constitution of, local assemblies in the four districts of the island are explained (on the authority of the law-speaker Ulfhediu Gunnarson), Ari has a short account of an interesting event, the discovery of Greenland.

‘The land called Greenland was discovered and colonized from Iceland. Eirik the Red, of Broadfirth, was the name of the man who went out there from here, and took land at the place since called Eiriksfirth. He gave a name to the country, and called it Greenland, saying that the fact of the land having a good name would make men eager to go there. They found traces of human occupation both in the east and west of the country, and pieces of boats and stone vessels, from which one may infer the former presence of the race that inhabited Vínland, whom the Greenlanders† call Scraelings. The date at which he began to occupy the country was fourteen or fifteen winters before Christianity came to Iceland, as one who went out with Eirik the Red reckoned up to Thorkell Gellison ‡ in Greenland.’

To one who, like Ari, had profited so much by the new learning introduced by the Church, the coming of Christianity into Iceland was naturally a matter of the greatest interest. The great change had taken place at a time not very remote from his own days: it fell within the lifetime of his foster-father Hall, though he was only four years old at the time. It is not unnatural, therefore, that the longest chapter in the book is the one dealing with this theme. With his usual disregard of extraneous matters, Ari says nothing of the two early attempts which failed, but seizes at once upon the fact that the conversion of Iceland was due to King Olaf Tryggvason. The King, full of a Christianising zeal which often led him into somewhat un-Christian acts, sent to Iceland a priest named Thangbrand, who was a true specimen of the Church Mili-

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\* An interesting account (with table) is given in the preface to Jón Thorkelson's *Obituaría Islandica*, 1896.

† *i.e.*, the Icelanders in Greenland, who gave the Eskimo the name of Scraelings.

‡ Ari's uncle.

Trevelyan points to the gloomy and powerful description in *Piers Plowman* rather than to the works of Chaucer. His own picture of the times, though dark, is well corroborated by official documents and contemporary writers. He fully appreciates the significance of the decay of England's power at sea, and indicates the effect it had upon the commercial and social, as well as political, condition of the country. The course of the Peasant's Rising is traced with great minuteness, and in a supplementary volume, edited by Mr. Powell in conjunction with Mr. Trevelyan, a number of interesting and important documents, hitherto unpublished, is printed in connection with it. Altogether the work, as we have said, is a substantial addition to historical literature, and claims the attention both of the student of English history and of all who take an interest in the affairs of men.

*The Campaign of 1815—Ligny, Quatre Bras, Waterloo.* By WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS, Sometime Scholar of Oriol College, Oxford. London: Grant Richards. New York: S. P. Dutton & Co. 1900.

In spite of all that has been written on the Campaign of 1815, there is still a number of points on which our information is imperfect. On some of them it is probable that it will remain so always. But so long as new facts continue to crop up and fresh side lights are thrown upon the conduct of the chief actors in that terrific drama, the military critic will always find something in the existing narratives upon which to exercise his ingenuity, and the final narrative will remain unwritten. In the handsome volume before us Mr. O'Connor Morris, who is well known by his volumes on Hannibal, Napoleon, and Moltke, as a writer of military biography, has set before him the task of combining a succinct but complete narrative of the Campaign with a careful running commentary on its military operations, in the hope of satisfying the requirements both of the general reader and of the real and scientific student of war. The hope is an ambitious one, but no unprejudiced reader will rise from the perusal of his volume without feeling that Mr. Morris has good and substantial reasons for believing that he has fulfilled it. The narrative is lucid to a degree, the different stages and turns in the campaign are brought out with distinctness, the points in dispute are fairly argued, the author's conclusions are sustained by a sufficient array of authorities; and by a happy avoidance of technical terms, the whole is as intelligible to the lay as to the military reader. As a necessary introduction to his narrative, Mr. Morris gives an account of the condition of France under the Bourbons and during the Hundred Days. Here of course he dwells upon Napoleon's escape from Elba, the attitude of the Powers towards him, his desire for peace, and the many and grave difficulties both political and military he had to cope with. The opinion of Jomini and others that if Napoleon had allowed the passion of the French multitude its way and revived the Reign of Terror, the nation would have rallied to his side and the coalition against him defeated, Mr. Morris disputes and points out that the attempt to revive the Reign of Terror would have provoked civil war, and been sufficient of itself to lead to his ruin. As to the army the Emperor managed to collect and place on the field, the remark is made that there were in it few signs of the exulting fervour of 1792-93 or of the prodigious effort made in 1813, but there was not the general despondency of 1814. Its chief weakness arose from a not ill-founded suspicion among the rank and file of the ability and fidelity of the subordinate commanders. In Napoleon himself

and left the decision in his own hands. 'Then,' says Ari, 'it was made a law that all men should be Christians and receive baptism, but the old laws about exposing children and eating horseflesh should remain in force. Men might sacrifice to the heathen gods privately if they chose, but it was a matter of outlawry if any were witness to it. But within a few years these heathen practices were also abolished. This is the account which Teit gave me of how Christianity came to Iceland. Olaf Tryggvason fell that same summer, according to Sæmund the priest. . . . That was 130 winters after the slaying of Edmund, and 1000 after the birth of Christ.'

As has been already remarked, the new religion was not long in transforming the character of Icelandic life. The stormy times of the tenth century were succeeded by a period of comparative calm, and the eleventh century offered to Ari no great historical event beyond those directly connected with the Church or with the law. There is thus a distinct falling-off in general interest in the later chapters of the *Íslendingabók*, although they contain several interesting passages, and some of great importance, as showing how much care Ari took to get the most reliable authority possible for his statements.

The list of foreign bishops who had been in Iceland is a mere roll of names, and the rest of Chapter VIII. only continues the catalogue of the Law-speakers, with a few words concerning one of them, Skapti, who died in the same year as Olaf the Saint (1030). Ari next gives some particulars relating to the first Icelandic bishop, Isleif, the father of Ari's own instructor, Teit. Then come the Law-speakers again, and the interesting note, 'in these days (1076) came Sæmund Sigfusson to this country from France, and afterwards took priest's orders.' Sæmund was at this time twenty years old, and how long he had been in France it is impossible to say, but later tradition maintained firmly that his studies there were mainly in the Black Art; in Icelandic folk-lore Sæmund occupies the same position as Virgil in that of Italy.\* Probably

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\*The various legends relating to him are collected in Jón Arnason's work, I., 485-502.

much of Sæmund's learning was on different lines from that common among his countrymen, but it is clear that Ari was attracted to him mainly on account of his interest in history.

Isleif's son, Gizur, also became a bishop, two years after his father's death. In the following year Markus Skeggjason became law-speaker, and we now learn how Ari obtained the list of these presidents of the Assembly,—a list which forms the chief basis of his chronology. 'From the account given by Markus are written the lives of all the law-speakers in this book who lived before my own day: his brother Thorarin and his father Skeggi and other intelligent men had told him about those who were before his time, after the account given by his grandfather Bjarni, who remembered Thorarin the law-speaker, and six of his successors.'

While the few remaining pages of the *Book of Icelanders* are not without their interest, enough has probably been quoted to show the strictly critical way in which Ari dealt with the traditional information available to him. When he closes his treatise with the death of Gizurr, however, he makes a supreme effort in comparative chronology, which is worth giving in full:—

'In that same year died Pope Paschal the second (earlier than Bishop Gizurr), and Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, and Arnald the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Philip, King of the Swedes. Later in the same summer died Alexis, King of the Greeks; he had by that time occupied the throne at Constantinople for 38 years. Two years later was the end of a lunar cycle. In that year Eysteinn and Sigurd had been for 17 years kings in Norway after their father Magnus, son of Olaf Haraldsson. That was 120 winters after the fall of Olaf Tryggvason, and 250 after the slaying of Edmund the English king, and 516 after the death of Pope Gregory, who introduced Christianity into England. He died in the second year of the reign of the emperor Phokas, 604 years after the birth of Christ, according to the common reckoning. That makes in all 1120 years. *Here ends this Book.*'

In spite of the emphatic statement with which this paragraph closes, the old vellum copied by Jón Erlendsson adds another two sections, one of which gives the genealogies of four Icelandic bishops, while the other contains Ari's own family-tree. The latter starts with Yngvi, King of the Turks,

and comes down through Swedish and Norwegian kings and Icelandic yeomen, till No. 36 is reached: this is 'Gellir, father of Thorkell (the father of Brand) and of Thorgils, my father, and my name is ARI.' Scholars are now agreed that these two sections are really part of the first recension of the *I'slendingabók*, happily preserved in this copy of the later version, but having no real connection with it. In fact, they are specimens of the genealogies which Ari expressly says that he had omitted.

As to the date at which Ari's little book was written, there have been some differences of opinion, but the manner in which the year 1120 is emphasized at the close makes it probable that Ari wrote within a very few years of that date. Later than 1133 it cannot well have been, for in that year died Bishop Thorlák, to whom Ari submitted the first recension of his book.

That in the first quarter of the twelfth century, and in a country so remote from literary centres as Iceland, a man should have arisen with so clear an idea of the criteria of historical evidence, with so little inclination to accept what was legendary and fabulous, and with so strong a sense for what was of real importance in the history of his country, is a fact that becomes only the more surprising by comparison. If we set Geoffrey of Monmouth's ambitious *Historia Britonum* beside Ari's modest *I'slendingabók*, we see at once the difference between the true historian and the uncritical or unprincipled romancer. There can be no doubt that Ari was well enough acquainted with the legendary history of Norway and Sweden, such as we have it in the early pages of *Heimskringla*. The list of his own ancestors is sufficient to establish that fact, but Ari also knew perfectly how broad a gulf there was between fact and fiction, and while he may have enjoyed the latter he clearly preferred to write about the former. The weighing of historical evidence, the demand that only original authorities shall be used, is not a new device of historians, though more prominent in late years than formerly. Ari's work is a proof that these principles were as authoritative then for one who had to glean his facts from the mouths of men as they are now



for the student who spends his days in the Record Office or the Register House. In what is greatest and most attractive in Icelandic literature, Ari has certainly no immediate share, for the great sagas belong to the century following on his death; but, on the other hand, some of these sagas would rest on even more unstable foundations than they do, were it not that their authors guided themselves by Ari's dates. When a saga-writer can say 'So said Ari,' he plainly feels that he is on safe ground; and though the excellence of a saga depends more on the literary genius of its author than on its historic value, yet it is largely due to him that the two merits are often found together. Even if the only copy of his treatise had perished, the references in the sagas would of themselves have vindicated for Ari the position of a 'father of history.'

W. A. CRAIGIE.

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ART. X.—THE THIRD CHAPTER OF THE WAR.

**H**OSTILITIES continue, but the war is virtually over. The Vierkleur has been hauled down at Pretoria, and the Empire has escaped the two great dangers which threatened it from opposite quarters in South Africa. Dutch Afrikanerism has passed into the land of lost causes, and the greater though less immediate evil of an Anglo-Saxon republic in the Transvaal has been rendered impossible. The British Government is to be congratulated that it has succeeded in putting down the one, and failed in its endeavour to set up the other. If it be but moderately wise in the settlement of the conquered territories, we may depend upon the South African Dutch to become eventually the staunchest supporters of the Imperial connection. In process of time, when the bubble of political independence has fairly burst, and they find themselves, instead of governing, permanently in the minority of the Colonial Parliaments, they will naturally turn to the supreme government for the protection of their property and privileges from local encroachments, and will shrewdly

only daughter Isabel, Lady of Clun, who married William Fitz-A Governor of Shrewsbury and elder brother of Walter the High Stew Scotland. She died in 1199, and by his descent from her the Duke of Norfolk inherits the barony of Clun. The first appearance of a de Say in Scotland belongs to the reign of Alexander I. in the person of Robert Saher de Say, who fled thither for refuge from Henry I. of England, against whom he had rebelled. Alexander bestowed upon him certain lands which were named after him Say-ton, which was gradually transformed into Seyton or Seton. From him descended all the Lords Seton, Earls of Winton, etc. Saher de Say's son and successor was known as Dougall de Sayton or the 'Black Stranger (lord) of the town of Say' because of the Norman coat of mail he wore. He married Janet, daughter of Robert de Quincy, and was succeeded by his son Seher de Setoune, who was followed by his son Philip de Setoune. Philip married Helen or Alice, only daughter of Waldeve or Waltheof, fifth Earl of Dunbar and March. The charter he obtained from William the Lion confirming to him certain lands is one of the oldest Scottish charters in existence, and is now in the possession of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton. Alexander, who succeeded Philip, married Jean, daughter of Walter Berkeley, Lord High Chamberlain, and subscribed a charter given by Secher de Quincey, Earl of Winchester, his kinsman, to the Church of St. Mary of Newbattle. The charter is interesting as containing the earliest reference to coal mining in Scotland. This was in the thirteenth century, and two centuries later Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., when writing of his visit to Scotland says—'A sulphurous stone dug from the earth is used by the people for fuel.' Dr. Seton of course writes at length of the part which the Setons took in the war of independence. He is careful, also, to point out the faculty they had for making prudent, or at least profitable, marriages. He has paragraphs also upon the four Maries, and tells an almost infinite number of things in connection with his family, all of which are more or less interesting and important. The Setons of Scotland, and specifically the Setons of Parbroath, he is careful to point out, 'are the only representatives of the once great House of Say in unbroken male descent.' It is to the Setons of Parbroath that the Setons of New York belong. 'The Setons of Parbroath,' Dr. Seton writes, 'are the earliest offshoot from the main trunk of our family tree. They are therefore the senior cadets of the House of Winton, and are not the least among the genealogical juniors.' They are descended from the Sir Alexander Seton who so valiantly defended Berwick against the English in the first half of the fourteenth century. The lands of Parbroath, through the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Nicholas Ramsay of Parbroath, fell to John, the fourth son of the Governor of Berwick. Sir John, we are told, lived happily with his wife, by whom, as a woman could not perform a knight's service, he became, *jure uxoris*, one of the Lesser Barons of Scotland. Their descendants were well married, and became in this way related to many of the best families in Scotland. After being in the family for three centuries the estate of Parbroath, which lies about four and a-half miles from Cupar, Fife, was sold to the Lindsays in 1633, and now belongs to the Hopes. The Setons of New York are descended from James Seton, grandson of Sir George Seton, eighth and last Baron of Parbroath. As might be expected, Dr. Seton has many interesting things to say about them. One may be mentioned. Elizabeth Seton, who belonged to the New York Setons, married Robert Berry, and was the mother of the famous Miss Berrys. Of his own nearer relations, Dr. Seton has many things to say, some of which while doubtless of great interest to himself, are of little general interest, and will probably be classed by some

individual, with nothing at all sensational in his composition, and more notable for his deficiencies and limitations than for any predominating qualities of his own, good or bad. As the outcome of a society having no aristocracy, and no leisured class, he is at his best only a well-to-do yeoman, manly and hospitable, but uncultured and narrow-minded. At his worst, he is a coarse peasant, often morose, rather avaricious, and given to the letter, more than to the spirit of truthfulness. Country gentlemen and sportsmen generally get on well with the Boers, but townsmen of the middle class are intolerant of the survival in them of ideas and customs altogether out of date in Western Europe.

It has often been said that the South African Dutch have much in common with the lowland Scotch of eighty or ninety years ago. It may be so, but the resemblance is, I think, rather superficial. This, at least, is certain—the Boers have no grand history to evoke their enthusiasm; no folk-lore to nourish their imagination; no national poetry to quicken their emotions, nor music all their own to bind it upon their hearts. All this, and more, the Scotch have long possessed, and such things are potent elements in the making of human beings.

In one point, however, the Boers are undoubtedly like the Scotch of days gone by, and that is in their sober and severe view of the present life, and their intense convictions as to the life to come. It is a very common thing for English people to speak of the Boers as hypocrites, not because they are so, but because English people fail to understand the peculiar influence which dogmatic religion has upon their thoughts and modes of action. Brought up ourselves in easy toleration of every conceivable creed, many of us have got to think of religion as mainly the subjective concomitant of benevolent effort, and are unable to credit the existence of a theology capable of obtruding itself upon the everyday affairs of an entire people, including those even who are personally devoid of devotional feeling. Yet so it is; and we have to face the paradox that a Boer may lack piety and yet possess religion.

Take an example. The Boer, who sells his land, may rob the Englishman who buys it, as much as the latter will presently the British public; but there the similarity ends, for

the Boer, much as he may dislike it, believes in an ever intervening supernatural government of the world, and this he does, not by effort of faith, but absolutely as a Londoner believes in the Mansion House; consequently, though the dishonest Boer may prosper, he will live ever in fear of sudden vengeance, and look forward gloomily to future judgment. The English rogue, in contrast, will feel no discomfort. To such as he religion is but a graceful hobby, much like picture fancying or landscape gardening; therefore he will eat and drink, esteeming himself a man of worth, and as for the future, will look forward cheerfully to a seat in Parliament.

Another case. A Boer may love and sin as recklessly as any Frenchman, and as men have loved and sinned since ever the world was; but again the coincidence ends, for the Boer's environment and religious bias will sooner or later prove too strong for the blindness of passion. His madness will be of short duration, and he will take infinite pains to keep the knowledge of it from friends and neighbours. Not so the brilliant *enfant de siècle*. Mentally perfumed, and aesthetically adorned, ten to one he will announce himself the votary of a sublime cultus, and, secure in the sympathy of an admiring circle, will publish his hymn to Eros, put a flower in his button-hole, and glory in the excitement of fresh adventures.

Now, in both instances the men have behaved alike, but from the point of view of a military leader or civil governor, their characters will call for a widely different estimate, and this matter of character—the outcome of religious influence, or shall we say domination—is exactly what we must take stock of in our future policy. Had we done so from the first, we should have been more successful in our South African ventures. In the war now ending, for example, we should hardly have attempted to dazzle the Boers by the glamour of our Imperial prestige, and when it came to actual fighting, we should have known that the enemy, though they would deem it unlawful to murder their prisoners, outrage women, or maltreat the wounded, would assuredly take every advantage for which they could find a possible precedent in Old

Testament history, and would utterly scorn our conventional ideas of military honour, and of chivalry in warfare. We should have known, moreover, that they would certainly adopt the methods they had learned in their native wars, and we should have, therefore, prepared to meet them, instead of wasting words in angry remonstrance.

Without doubt the Boers have been irritating enemies. They have not only looted to supply their wants, but have wantonly demolished, and have caused us serious losses by their inexcusable *ruse* of feigned surrender under the white flag. For these and other acts of military vandalism, they have richly deserved far sharper reprisals than we have condescended to make; still, when we come to consider of what materials their army has been composed, including foreign adventurers, Dutch criminals, and British renegades, what is really surprising is that we have not had even more to complain of. If one calls to mind some of the doings of regular armies in times not remote, and still more, those of revolutionary levies, one cannot well say that the Boers have been pre-eminent in the way of atrocities. Have not towns been burnt, and non-combatants massacred in modern Europe? Do we not remember how Hungarian women were flogged in '48, and how franc-tireurs in '70 were exhorted to kill the German soldiers by bullet, knife, poison, or trap—no matter how—*so the pigs might be destroyed*? In America are not strange stories still whispered of dark deeds in the civil war? and in Ireland—but perhaps the less said of Ireland the better in this connection.

However, a judicial mind is rare in war time; and after all, a little honest wrath against the public enemy is not unwholesome, for it goes far to reconcile to the necessities of the moment many whose hearts are too tender to endure in cold blood the thought of deliberately inflicted suffering.

And this rather naturally leads on to the question, so often debated by conscientious Liberals—Was the war unavoidable? It was, for the Boers made it so; but it might have been far otherwise, if they had but acted differently in the early days following the retrocession. Had they then given their thanks to God, and their right hand to England; had they dropped the

memory of Majuba, and appointed Conciliation Day as the national holiday; had they erected in Pretoria a statue of William Gladstone—in his hand an olive branch—its marble base adorned with carved figures of Justice and Mercy extinguishing the torch of war; had they placed their militia in perpetuity at the disposal of the British Government in case of foreign invasion, and given preferential privilege to British trade—had they done these and like acts of prudence, they might with impunity have disallowed the naturalisation of aliens, and restricted the ownership of immovable property, thus establishing their political isolation beyond the reach of strangers friendly or unfriendly. Then would the Transvaal have become a Franco-Dutch family estate, under the protection of Great Britain, to be developed by its conservative owners, at their own pleasure, in their own good time, and would no doubt have prospered exceedingly, undisturbed by the tumultuous roar of the competing nations, and the distracting vicissitudes of the great world outside its quiet borders. But the Boers had neither eyes to see nor ears to hear. They revelled in self-conceit, they insulted the British Colonials, and insanely prated of the way they had defeated the British Army. Then they found gold, and in their awakened greed made haste to use and then despoil the British Capitalists. Finally they intrigued against the British Nation in its own colonies, and in a last paroxysm of madness flung themselves, armed, against the power of the British Empire. They have now before them a long repentance, relieved, if they are wise, by thankfulness that it is the British and no other power they have to deal with, and by the knowledge that, though they have for ever forfeited their independence, their personal liberty is still secure, and that they may hope, after due probation, to regain a reasonable measure of self-government and of influence.

The third chapter of the war ending with the fall of Pretoria was an eventful one, but I do not propose to describe the military operations at any length. The history of the second of Lord Roberts' great African campaigns will in due time have its place in the classic literature of the military profession, but for general readers the interest of it is confined to its results, and

this for the simple reason that the campaign was, from first to last, an unbroken series of successes.

If a North Sea trawler goes to pieces within sight of Scarborough, the entire public concerns itself with the tragedy, and every faddist has his say concerning light-house management and life-boat construction; but who knows, or wants to know how the great Cunarder, arriving so punctually at Liverpool, has managed to weather the Atlantic hurricane, or escape destruction from the icebergs in the dismal fog? As long as everything goes smoothly, no one cares how or why, and thus Lord Roberts is, at the present moment, not nearly the hero he would have been in popular estimation, had he treated the crowd to a good stand-up fight on his way to Johannesburg, and so appealed to their imagination by a brilliant and dramatic finish. Some commanders we have heard of would have taken care to do this, but Lord Roberts is a great soldier, not a political General, which makes all the difference.

After the taking of Bloemfontein a longish pause was necessary to rest the troops, repair the railway, renovate the units, obtain fresh horses for all branches, gather supplies, and bring the transport up to the requirements of the long and severe trial that awaited it. This occupied exactly six weeks, and when completed was a greater triumph of organisation even, than the famous month's preparation which ushered in the first Campaign; for, be it remembered, we had as yet possession of scarcely a third of the Orange State, and not a foot of ground in the Transvaal; and what was about to be done was the conquest and military occupation of another hundred thousand square miles of territory, by a continuous advance on the track of a broken-up railway, through a country denuded of supplies, and in the teeth of an active and resourceful enemy. But, so far, no one, not even the Divisional Generals, knew what was in the mind of the Field Marshal, and the public at home, anxious to advance the flags upon their toy war maps began to be impatient.

About this time several things occurred to increase the reaction, which was only natural after the carnival of rejoicing which followed the relief of Ladysmith. First of all came the ugly

mishap of Koorn Spruit, involving the loss of a great convoy and two invaluable Horse Artillery Batteries. This happened on 1st April, and was the first intimation of a general advance of the Boers, some 10,000 strong, between Bloemfontein and the Basuto border; then followed the disaster at Reddersburg with loss of six companies of Infantry on 4th April; after that the reoccupation of Thabanchu by the enemy, and then the isolation of Wepener and its garrison under Colonel Dalgety, on 7th April. The importance of these and some other minor rebuffs was greatly magnified in England, and compared to them a seemingly small success at Boshof, when de Villebois-Mareuil was killed, seemed but a trifling set-off.

The state of public opinion during the month of April is a striking example of the defective sense of proportion so generally exhibited in connection with the war. Critics and experts, no less than the multitude, have run with eyes upon the ground, and in their exaggerated attention to minutiae, have signally failed to appreciate the larger features of the situation. For this the multitude are not to be blamed, but surely the experts might have done better.

It was on the 17th of April, when the reaction just referred to was at its height, that the Government, with characteristic British tact, thought fit to make public what are known as the Spion Kop dispatches. It is a story of blunders, the greatest being its publication, and I refer to it on account of its notoriety, not because of its interest. This is in brief what happened:— Sir Redvers Buller, in his report on the second attempt to relieve Ladysmith, found no little fault with Sir Charles Warren, who carried out the operations under his general orders. Warren, in his own defence, represented that Buller, by interfering with the Divisional command, while the operations were in progress, had taken the responsibility for what was done, upon his own shoulders. Lord Roberts, having looked into the matter, came to the conclusion that both Generals were more or less to blame, and he reported in this sense to the Secretary of State for War when he forwarded the correspondence. So far there was nothing unusual. Armies are like public schools, and other big institutions, having a direct chain of authority; mistakes and misunderstand-





On the 17th March, ten days after their defeat at Poplar Grove, a council of war was held at Pretoria, at which the Presidents, Kruger and Steyn, and the dying Joubert were present, and which was attended by about forty of the leading commanders, including De Wet, the younger Botha, and de Villebois-Mareuil. It was then decided—

1st. That in future less reliance must be placed on fortified positions, and that it would be well to operate with small commandoes dispensing, for the sake of mobility, with waggons and heavy guns.

2nd. That in the coming campaign the British should be delayed by the defence of the strategic positions north of Bloemfontein, in succession—avoiding decisive battles, however—and that while this was being done, there should be continual demonstrations against the British line of communications, with special attention to small bodies of troops employed to guard them in exposed situations.

It was in pursuance of this policy that a small left wing was left to detain Buller in Natal, and a small right wing to meet any advance towards Mafeking, while the bulk of the forces were kept to oppose Lord Roberts. Strong positions were occupied at Brandford and Kroonstad, while a general advance, already mentioned, was made, *via* Thabanchu, into the eastern portion of the Orange State, to threaten the British communications south of Bloemfontein. Botha, now Commandant General, no doubt expected that the English would keep up their reputation for lack of originality in warfare, and felt certain that they would make no move while any armed Burghers were south of them; he also reckoned that they would be certain to advance systematically, first securing the district between the Modder and the Zand, then that between the Zand and the Vaal. In these suppositions Botha would have been perfectly right, had he been opposed to ninety-nine out of a hundred English Generals. In that case we might have reached the Vaal at the earliest by Christmas, and perhaps have got to Pretoria by April, 1901, by which time it would have been fully garrisoned and provisioned for a two year's siege. As it was, the Commandant General had not taken his enemy's true measure, and so it happened that

while Botha was guessing incorrectly what the Field-Marshal would presently do, the Field-Marshal correctly divined the incorrect guess that Botha was making. Therefore, when the Boers demonstrated along the Basuto border, the British merely closed up the gaps in their protective lines, and Wepener was left to take care of itself for a short time, until Brabant made shift to relieve it. To borrow a simile from the game of chess—Botha gave check, thinking to draw the Queen, but Roberts advanced a pawn, and stood to win as before.

It is characteristic of commanders of the highest order that they leave nothing whatever to be done in the field which can possibly be done in camp or quarters, and that they never give any sign of what their intentions are till the moment comes for carrying them out. Never did an army seem more inactive than the British, at or about Bloemfontein, towards the end of April, and the Boer commandants might well imagine that Lord Roberts was waiting upon affairs to the east of him. Yet that was the very moment he was about to strike. Very quietly were Waterworks reoccupied, and the bridge at Krautz Kraal secured; then suddenly the British advanced. Delaney was surprised at Brandfort, May 3rd, and with Divisions east, west, and south of him, he retreated rapidly to the north, as might have been expected. On the 6th the passage of the Vet was forced, and on the 10th that of the Zand, then on the 12th the Boers evacuated the great central position at Kroonstad. Still the ball was kept rolling: on the 24th the Vaal was passed, on the 31st Johannesburg was occupied, and on 5th June Pretoria capitulated.

Meanwhile, Mafeking had been relieved, after a sharp struggle, by Plumer's Rhodesians, strengthened by a flying column from the south under Colonel Mahon, and by the Canadian Artillery of Sir Frederick Carrington's expedition. Mahon crossed the Harts on the 8th of May, and, evading the Boers, pressed forward by forced marches, which enabled the combined force, of which he took command as senior officer, to enter Mafeking on the 17th May, just one day sooner than Lord Roberts had named for the relief.

The *rationale* of all these operations was this:—Lord Roberts

had at his disposal a force greatly superior in numbers and equipment to any that could be opposed to him, but a large portion of it was, for various reasons, ill fitted to cope with the Boers in the minor tactics for which they were so justly renowned. He therefore made up his mind to use the army boldly in strategy of the first magnitude, disregarding the counter attacks of the enemy.

To carry the war into the heart of the Transvaal, to get immediate possession of Johannesburg and Pretoria, liberate several thousand prisoners of war, and while so engaged to relieve Mafeking; to seize the railway junctions, and paralyse the enemy's interior communications; to render their position in Natal useless, and their presence in the Orange State most precarious—these were the ends which Lord Roberts set before him, and which, when accomplished, may be fairly said to have overturned the military power, and terminated the political existence, of the federated Republics, by the same means, and at the same time.

With such a programme in hand, of what consequence was the loss of a battalion or two captured by the enemy, or a few miles of railway destroyed, or of telegraphs cut? Lord Roberts accepted the worst that the Boers could do in minor enterprises, and the result amply justified the principles upon which he acted.

As distinct from the strategy by which so much was accomplished, the tactics of the great march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria were only commonplace. All the same they were sufficiently effective, and most economical of life. The army marched on a very broad front, the cavalry and mounted infantry leading. The Boer positions were not assaulted, but invariably *turned*. This manœuvre, which is one only possible when the advancing army greatly outnumbers its opponent, is executed by putting a force in front of the position, equal at least to that of the defenders, and at the same time sending other troops round each end of it, so as to give the enemy no choice but to remain and be surrounded, or to retreat without delay. The Boers, who dreaded a similar fate to that of Cronje and his army, invariably retreated, though not without a certain amount of fighting on each occasion. Over and over again, they endeavoured

round to die: "Adieu; farewell; it came with a lass and it will pass with a lass," . . . and looked and beheld all his nobles and lords about him, and gave a little smile of laughter, then kissed his hand and offered the same to all his nobles round about him; thereafter held up his hands to God, and yielded his spirit to God.' The sweet and dignified presence of St. Margaret—feeding the 'nine little orphans utterly destitute,' whom she made her care, with 'soft food such as children at that tender age like,' or receiving from the hands of her rugged Malcolm the books which he could not himself read but loved to have crusted with gold and gems for her use—hallows the ruined palace of Dunfermline. At Donibristle the bonny Earl o' Moray was done to death. Rossend Castle, perched above Burntisland harbour, was the scene of the foolhardy Chatelâr's escapade, and his shade seems still to be faintly singing how:

'The fairest rose that in Scotland blows  
Hangs high on the topmost bough.'

Wemyss saw the first meeting of Mary and Darnley. At Largo the inward eye yet beholds the breezy old Admiral, Sir Andrew Wood, sailing down the canal which he caused to be dug from his tower to the kirk, because it fitted not with his dignity to walk. Forgotten little Lingo, buried behind its hedges on the upland pastures where the bee-orchids blow, enshrines a tangible tradition of 'Bluidy Dalzell.' His great riding-boots are there, hung as a relic over the chimney-piece, and quaking midnight watchers may yet hear them creaking *their lane* up and down the narrow staircase. In a parlour at Balcarres the sprightly Lady Anne is writing 'Auld Robin Gray.' At Kellie the old Earl who was *out in the '45* hides in the great beech tree in the garden from a not very rigorous pursuit, while he longs for his faithful butler to bring him his dinner.

At these and many more we can but glance and pass on, to reach at last, a *bittock* on the hither side of the little town of Crail, a pitiful, gaunt house, 'an old, cold huddle of grey stones,' which looks across the corn-fields, far away over the wide waters of the Forth.

*The Love Story of Drummond of Hawthornden.*

‘The sweetest names,’ says Elia, speaking of bygone poets ‘and which carry a perfume in the mention, are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden and Cowley,’ and it is with memories of Drummond of Hawthornden that this forlorn old house of Barns is still redolent. For this was the home of Euphame Cunningham, the girl to whom he was betrothed, who died on the eve of their intended wedding day, and who, alive and dead, was the inspiration and the motive of all that is best in his poetry.

There had already been Cunninghams at Barns for more than two hundred years when Euphame was born, and they remained there nearly as long again (1376–1743). Then the place passed into other hands and the Cunninghams disappeared, trackless, as families do when they lose their grip upon the land. None among them had attained to eminence, but they seem to have been ‘well-favored prettie gentlemen and in good repute where they lived,’ and the names of successive lairds appear and reappear, as principals or as witnesses, in the Instruments, Tacks, Decrees, and Charters which have been preserved among the records of the burgh of Crail. Typical Fife lairds, probably, and with the Fife laird’s proverbial inheritance: *A pickle land, a lump o’ debt, a gangin’ plea, and a doo-cot.* The doo-cot, at any rate, is still there, with its solid walls and deep crow-steps, watching the old house like a sentinel from the field to the north. Once again, towards the end of the seventeenth century, the light of history flashes upon Barns. The then laird, John Cunningham, married Isabel, daughter of the murdered Archbishop Sharp; she who had been with her father in the coach and six which started to drive across Magus Moor that May afternoon.

Alexander Cunningham of Barns was married in 1596 to Helen, daughter of Thomas Myrton of Cambo, only a mile or two away, and Euphame was probably born in the following year. The world her eyes looked out upon was a marvellously different world from that which lies around us now, and yet there are some main features which change so little with the changing years that by keeping fast hold of them we can partly recon-

struct the setting of her life. The sea and the sky and human nature have much in common, for though they are for ever fluctuating, varying, renewing themselves in part and in accident they yet remain in essence eternally the same. That great stretch of cloud and water which is the distinctive charm of this wind-swept region, lay then as now before the windows of the house of Barns. On clear days from many points near at hand the eye can follow the line of the opposite coast from St. Abb's Head till it is arrested by Edinburgh, lying like a cloud, but in those days a smaller cloud, at the feet of her crag-lion. The Bass Rock is in the lee of the land, straight across, and a little to the left, a mile or two from Crail, the green Isle of May rears its abrupt basaltic cliffs from the water. The May belonged to Barns, and it was Alexander Cunningham who, in 1636, first lit a beacon of coals upon it, feeble fore-runner of the lights which now flash out upon the night and warn the sailor, still too often in vain, of the cruel rocks that stud the shores of the Forth.

The dwellers in the East Neuk knew and dreaded, then as now, the blighting *ha'ar* which so often creeps up and up until it enfolds all things in its sombre veil. But they also knew the 'vital feelings of delight' when in the early morning, or at sunset after a dreary day, the veil is rent and begins to gather itself together and to fleet away like some sad, forgotten dream. A rift in the sky lets a great flood of gold fall like a glory on the May; a line of glistening silver steals along the opposite shore, a sheen and a glamour spread themselves over the land and over the sea, and

' Heaven puts off her hodden grey  
For Mother-o'-Pearl.'

The beauty of this region is not so prodigal, so obvious, as that of Highland lochs and mountains, or of more luxuriant Southern lands. It has to be lived with, to be wooed, to be waited for, before it reveals itself, and there are those to be found to whom it never reveals itself at all. But to the devout, the patient lover, the revelation comes again and again, and these delicate blues and pearly greys and tender half-lights have a charm all

may lead it into war with one or more of the great Powers, and they are said to be preparing to defend themselves *à l'outrancé* in the mountains round about Lydenburg, their temporary Capital.

How long hostilities may continue, it is impossible to say. Much will depend upon the attitude which the English assume towards the defeated Burghers. In dealing with Colonial rebels, we appear to have adopted a wise mixture of severity and conciliation—American fashion—in opposition to the sanguinary precedents of our own civil wars, the rebellion of 1745, for example. There seems, however, some danger of our running off the track of sound policy with respect to the belligerent republicans. The device of a paper annexation, followed by treating the enemy still in arms as rebels and traitors, is loudly recommended by thoughtless persons in England, and still more by many in South Africa. It is an expedient old as the hills, but ever ineffective, for it merely brings it about that, while the superior army holds the cities, the inferior one maintains itself in the rural districts, and, breaking up into bands of desperate men who have nothing further to lose, throws back indefinitely the peaceful development of the country. Let us trust that our military administration in South Africa may see its way to measures worthy of statesmen, and take care that England, which, for a whole century, has hectored, lectured, scolded, and preached at every nation under the sun, shall not be made ridiculous in the eyes of the world, by slipping unawares into the very methods it denounced in days gone by, when, in company with Thomas Campbell and *Freedom*, we shrieked over Kosciusko, or in later times, when we fought for Greece, fêted Kossuth, canonised Garibaldi, and loudly bewailed the sorrows of Bulgarian patriots, Circassian warriors, Armenian Christians, and Russian Jews.

And now that the British public has so confidently discounted the issue of the war, and can find but little that is interesting, and still less that is understandable, in the marches and counter-marches reported day by day; attention is being more and more concentrated upon two questions, which will have to be dealt with in the near future, namely:—the reorganisation of the army, and the final settlement of South Africa. Neither of





First. We must do our duty by the British Colonials, bearing in mind, however, that the loudest speakers are not the most worthy of attention.

Second. We must do our duty by the Anglo-Dutch, not forgetting how many were loyal when it was hard to be so.

Third. We must do our duty by the natives, and by the coolies, remembering that the helpless deserve the most consideration.

Fourth. We must do our duty by the conquered Boers, acknowledging that *might* is not of necessity *right*.

Fifth. We must do our duty by ourselves, recollecting the price we have paid for South Africa.

Of these points, curious to say, the last seems most in danger of neglect, so the sooner the British people speak out in their own interests, the better for everyone. We have given our heart's blood for the South Africans of *to-day*, let us make sure that the South Africans of *to-morrow* shall not forget the debt they owe us. Let no such scandal be possible as cent. per cent. dividends from Johannesburg mines, while British labourers in their poverty are still paying taxes for the war, and let it be put for ever beyond the powers of local legislation to discourage British trade by prohibitive tariffs, or put restrictions upon British emigration.

Above all, let it be clearly understood that South Africa shall not be made the prey of any group of monopolists—home born or Colonial—who would fain make private property of a land which belongs, not to the first comers, but to all generations of Britons and which should be held in perpetual trust for the surplus population of the Empire.

U. U.

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## SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

## GERMANY.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (No. 3, 1900).—This number opens with an article by Dr. Julius Ley, of Kreuznach, 'Charakteristik der drei Freunde Hiobs und Wandlungen in Hiobs religiösen Anschauungen.' In the first section of his essay he deals with the first of these two points. Though these friends of Job occupy very much the same standpoint, and assume that Job's sufferings were the result and proof of some previous sin or sins which he had committed, each of the friends has his own peculiarity of diction, his own way of making good his assertion, and of tendering to Job his counsel. Dr. Ley brings out here these distinguishing characteristics, beginning with those of Eliphaz, the oldest and most prominent of them, then of Bildad, then of Zophar. The speeches of each are analysed in order to exhibit how their idiosyncracies are illustrated in them. In the second section Dr. Ley traces the changes which the poem reveals in the ideas and convictions of the sufferer himself, under the influence of the arguments of these three friends, and of his own experiences. The essential facts are given in chapter i. 3-10, and xlii. 10-17. The development of the drama lies between these two points, and the struggle in Job's mind in which the old ideas as to suffering pass into those entertained by the author of the drama is artistically detailed. The stages in the transition are set forth by Dr. Ley in nine sections.—Professor Victor Ryssel, of Zurich, discusses in an elaborate article what might now perhaps be described as the question of the hour in the field of Biblical lore, viz., the Hebrew fragments of Ben Sirach, and their claim to be the original form of the text, 'Die neuen hebräischen Fragmente des Buches Jesus Sirach und ihre Herkunft.' Dr. Ryssel is the translator and editor of the Book *Ecclesiasticus* in the recently published version of the Jewish Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha, issued under the direction of Professor Kautsch, of Halle. *Ecclesiasticus* appears in that edition as *Die Sprüche Jesus, des Sohnes Sirachs*. When Dr. Ryssel prepared that translation, and discussed its literary and theological value and its authorship, etc., only the first of the fragments had been discovered and made public property. Since then many new fragments have been brought to light, and

much controversy has arisen regarding them. It is not with that controversy itself that our author here concerns himself, but with the text of the fragments. He translates them each by itself, and compares them with the Greek text which he had before him when preparing his work for Dr. Kautsch's edition. The discussion of the question as to whether these fragments represent or not the original text, is reserved to a future paper.—Herr Pfarrer Rietschel, of Leipzig, presents and discusses at considerable length Martin Luther's views regarding the visible and invisible church.—Herr Pfarrer G. Traub furnishes a paper dealing with the history of the doctrine of Justification by Faith.—The first volume of Dr. G. Rietschel's, *Lehrbuch der Liturgik* is reviewed by Dr. R. Drews.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (May, June, July).—'Neid' is the title of the story which runs through two of these numbers. It is by Ernst von Wildenbruch, and is a powerfully drawn and written narrative of the efforts of an old man to inculcate the dire effects of envy on character and conduct.—Erasmus as a satirist and his satirical writings are the subject of a descriptive and critical essay by Ivo Bruns.—Dr. Vambery takes occasion from the proposed visit of the Shah of Persia to Europe to descant on his favourite theme—the rivalries of the Powers in Politics and Commerce in the East, and of course here in the Empire of the Shah. He describes the effect on these of the Bagdad Railway projected and financed by German engineers and capitalists. The title of his article is 'Die Europäische Rivalität in Persien und die Deutsche Bagdadbahn.'—Emil Munsterberg, whose official position gives the weight of experience and authority to all he says on the subject on which he here writes, deals with the ubiquitous problem of Beggary. 'Das Bettelwesen in Gross-städten.' It is not with the poverty that abounds everywhere that he specially deals, but the forms which greed as well as need, or greed, idleness, and vice, rather than need, resort to to provide for bodily wants. Begging flourishes most in large cities because in them the individual beggars are unknown to the citizens, whereas in small villages or sparsely populated districts, everybody is well known and their circumstances are common property. Herr Munsterberg distinguishes between 'Bitten' and 'Betteln,' using the latter term to denote fraudulent asking. He describes the begging fraternities in various countries, in Russia, China, and elsewhere, and the rules by which they are governed, and the methods they adopt in the carrying out of their 'profession.' Examples of their resourcefulness are also given, but volumes could not exhaust that

subject. The lessons to be learned from what he here brings before us are reserved for a future article.—Carl Krebs furnishes a biographical and memorial notice of Carl Ditters, of Danneberg, a musician of note in last century (1739-1799), whose memory has somewhat faded in this, and needs, and, Herr Krebs thinks, deserves, to be revived.—Major Otto Warts has an article on ‘Die strategische Bedeutung von maritimen Stationen und unterseeischen Kabeln.’—Lady Stanbury writes on ‘Shakespeare in Frankreich,’ reviewing two recent books—viz, M. J. J. Jusserand’s *Shakespeare en France sous l’ancien régime*, and M. Joseph Texte’s *Jean Jacques Rousseau et les origines du Cosmopolitisme littéraire*.—‘Die Berliner Theater,’ ‘Die Berufs und Gewerbezahlung von 1895,’ with the Political and Literary *Rundschau* complete this number.—June.—Theobald Fischer opens this number with a series of ‘Reiseindrücke aus Marocco.’ This distressful country has been the object of his attention for the last twenty years. The impressions given here are chiefly those during a journey made in Marocco for about four months in 1899.—‘Die sieben Infanten von Lara’ gives us a sketch of the poem, or rather epic, of Count Angel de Saavedra on the tragedy that befell the House of Lara in Spain in the tenth century. That tragedy has been the subject of several poets before, but Angel de Saavedra took considerable liberties with the story. Herr Heinrich Morf, the author of this article, gives the facts of the story so far as it is possible now to recover them, and extracts from Saavedra’s version of them. Dr. Bernhard Dessau gives a brief sketch of the history of electric telegraphy, and describes its later developments in wireless transmission of messages. ‘Die elektrischen Schwingungen.’ He discusses the question, too, of the limits of electric currents upwards as well as the distances within which they can be controlled.—In connection with the recent Jubilee of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, Herr Wilhelm Dilthey, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin, furnishes the first of two articles on ‘Die Berliner Akademie der Wissenschaften, ihre Vergangenheit und ihre gegenwärtigen Aufgaben.’ The rest of this number is devoted to book reviews and notices.—(July)—This number opens with a novelette, ‘Die Verfluchte Stelle,’ by Ilse Frapan. The scene is laid in the naphtha district of the Caucasus, Balachani. At least it is there that the disillusionment of Tigran, lured there by the lust of gold, takes place, and the tragedy ends.—It is followed by a series of letters from General Blücher to his oldest son, Major Franz von Blücher, found by Herr Alfred Stern in the Record Office in London, who publishes them here and edits them.

They were written in 1809, and throw valuable light on General von Blücher's hopes as to co-operation with England in connection with the troubles arising from Napoleon's ambitions, as also on the personality of Blücher himself.—J. T. Von Eckhardt describes the efforts that have been made within the century now closing to effect reforms in Islamic policy so as to realise the better the aim its leaders have had always in view—viz., to make it the religion of the world.—‘Bibelkenntniss in vorreformativischer Zeit,’ by Herr E. von Dobschütz, discusses the condition of things as to the knowledge of Scripture in scholarly circles, as well as with the German people as a whole, prior to the time of Martin Luther and the issue of his translation of the Bible. That condition was not quite so bad as might be inferred from Luther's sweeping assertion as to it. That is here demonstrated.—Herr Wilhelm Dilthey continues his article on the ‘Berlin Academy of Sciences.’ In this section he details, or describes, its fortunes during the reign of Frederick the Great.—Herr Heinrich Schneegans contributes an interesting study on ‘Das Wesen der romantischen Dichtung in Frankreich.’ The roots of the movement are traced back into the eighteenth century, and its threefold characteristics, democratic, sentimental, and individualistic, are well illustrated. There follow a ‘Phantasie,’ by Marie von Bunsen, ‘Noli me tangere;’ a notice of the *Mainzer Festschrift*, written in celebration of the 500th anniversary of the birth of Johann Gutenberg, by Professor O. Hartwig; an article by M. von Brandt on ‘Colonial Politische Fragen;’ and the political and literary *Rundschaun*.

#### R U S S I A .

THE RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW (*Voprosi, Philosophii i Psychologii*, No. 50) opens with a paper on M. B. N. Tchichérin's *Philosophy of Right*, Book Fourth, on Human Covenants or Agreements; of which the first chapter deals with the essential elements.—This article is followed by a continuation on ‘Turgenev as a Psychopathologue,’ in which the author, B. Th. Schish, takes occasion to speak of *Clara Militch* as one of the best productions of this well-known writer. Above all, he notices its poetical character, from which he thinks that it is hard to believe that it was written in Turgenev's seventy-fourth year. The critic next proceeds to compare the plot and denouement with the conclusions which circulate in society about the origin of the work and its constitution, and then to compare the characters with others. Two compared in this way are Militch and Aratoff. As Psychopaths we learn that there are some things not quite in order about them,

and the author or critic goes into the question of their preliminary history. Then the falling in love of these psychopathical characters is discussed, and we have Hamlet and Ophelia brought from Shakespeare for purposes of comparison! The relations of the two psychopaths are spun out into two lengthy sections, and the responsibility of Turgenev for them is discussed. In the second part, a fresh psychopath is discussed, a youth of ten years, whose fortunes are considered to be hardly germane to the occasion, and we are accordingly, in a new section, treated to a narrative about the father of Alecksea, also a psychopath, as we are given to understand; but presently we go back to Jacob! In the fifth part we have a serious love-poem, written in 1881, while *Clara Militch* was written in 1882. Both pieces have much in common. Two other chapters follow, whose only attraction to the reader can be the fame of the writer.—The paper succeeding this is the concluding one on ‘Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, and his Historical Significance.’ The paper is by M. Nicolai Ivantsoff, who comes forward to exalt and demonstrate the excellence of the new Philosophy as leading, in a very true and unmistakable way, to new discoveries, to new methods, and a more perfect Science.—The Editor follows with an article on ‘The Real Unity of Consciousness,’ which is continued from a former number, in which M. Lopatine takes a former paper by M. V. C. Solovieff, written in 1897, as the basis of his observations.—The last paper in the number is from the pen of M. V. Solovieff, on the question of the Form of Reason, or, as he otherwise puts it, ‘The Reason of Truth.’—(No. 51)—is practically a Memorial number in honour of the late much lamented Editor and leading contributor, Professor Grot, of the Moscow University. As we have already in a previous number referred to the esteem in which Professor Grot was held, there is the less need of making abstracts of these papers. The first is an outline of his life and professorial activity. The writer speaks of the sorrow and pain which naturally arise when we remember the great service Grot has rendered, and think of the loss and regret which will long continue to be felt. Ivanoffsky takes the lead in the tributes in his honour. He is followed by M. D. V. Victoroff, who speaks of his Life and Times and his services as Professor. M. I. I. Aichenbald then discourses on Professor Grot’s Ethical views. Besides these, we have in this Memorial number, To his Memory as Professor: while M. Sokoloff writes on his powers as a Thinker.—This is followed by a new Section of M. B. N. Tchichérin’s articles on the ‘Philosophy of Right,’ containing Chapter V. and Chapter VI. The first

treats of the Church; the second of the State; the third of International Relations.—This is followed by a paper by M. P. J. Zhitetskie on William von Humboldt and the History of the various attempts towards forming a Philosophic Language. We have references to Plato, Leibnitz, Harris' Hermes, Sussemihl, Herder, Tilemann, Hamann, and Kant.—Miss Vera Johnstone, who dates from New York, writes a paper on Dr. Paul Deussen and his translation of sixty of the Upanishads of the Veda.—This is followed by the usual Reviews of Books and Bibliography.—Finally we have the reports of the Moscow Psychological Society and the Protocols of the St. Petersburg Philosophical Society.

## ITALY.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA.—(May 1st.)—G. Carducci commences with a sufficiently dry and abstruse article on the 'Rerum Italicarum Scriptores' of L. A. Muratori, being an extract of an important work to be shortly published.—'The Public Hygiene in Italy,' as is fitting in these days of Congresses and Exhibitions all tending to that end, is further discussed by G. Bizzozero and E. Zabban; the latter writer treating the same subject more in detail in his paper on 'Naples and the Exhibition of Hygiene.—A. Graf continues the tale, *Resuscitated*.—Professor Rava, of Bologno, writes at length on workmen's pensions in other countries; and A. Frauchetti gives a careful and critical review of a new translation of Goethe's *Faust*, by G. B. White, not on the whole highly eulogistic.—C. P. Beri writes on Santa Caterina da Siena, and his times, anticipating by her article a contribution by herself on the same subject in the *Pantheon of Illustrious Italians and Foreigners*, shortly to be published.—The concluding papers are dedicated to the 350th anniversary of the University of Messina, and the War in the Orange River State.—(May 16).—In 'Recollections of Infancy' Professor De Amicis gives many interesting reminiscences of his early years.—Follows the conclusion of the first part of the article on 'Public Hygiene in Italy,' by G. Bizzozero.—'Petrarch and the Jubilee of 1350,' is an interesting historical article by C. Segré.—The deputy, Signor Luzzati, narrates the effect of thirty-seven years of co-operative propaganda, in a long statistical paper. He says the result of the movement revives hope for the well-being of the country.—Follows the first of a series of letters by A. Pratesi, written from Hankow at the end of last year; they are interesting at the present crisis, for the writer, who explored the river Han in Captain MacSwiney's house-boat,



though he thought the Chinese 'good' people, says that they loved to cheat and squeeze the Europeans, and at Sha-si he found the population ready to begin a tumult on the slightest pretence, and that Sha-si has the name of 'The terror of the Yang-tze.' The letters contain many particulars about the works carried on to repair the banks of the Han, and the wages paid to the labourers, etc.—A. Fazzari writes on the parliamentary parties.—(June 1st)—R. Capelli recounts the career of General Count di Robilant.—De Amisis continues his 'recollections.'—D. Melegari contributes the first two chapters of the first volume of a trilogy, *The Three Capitals*, now issuing from the press. This first portion is 'The Fort City' (Turin). It is written in the form of a romance, and the epoch is April, 1861. The idea of this cycle of modern Italian cities seems to have been inspired by Zola.—Follows a monograph on the late president of the Italian Press Association, by L. Luzzatti.—The excursions in China are continued, describing the province of Houan.—Follows a pretty sketch by O. Grande, the title being the name of a woodland bird, the *Re di Macchia*, or King of the Grove.—The deputy, M. Ferraris, here publishes one of his original and practical articles, his subject being tourist in Italy (*Il movimento dei forestieri in Italia*). He opines that the concourse of foreigners in Italy occupies so large a place in the economy of the country that it is advisable to imitate Switzerland and organise a professional society of hotel-keepers, and a national association of all who are directly or indirectly interested in the question. Besides the hotels there is a great category of institutions and citizens who derive advantage from the concourse of foreigners—railway and steamship companies, banks, theatres, artists, cafés, restaurants, hackney-coachmen, tramways, boatmen, shop-keepers, etc., etc. And there are other bodies which derive notable benefit from foreigners, though this is little noticed, that is specially the State itself and the municipalities, and after them the chambers of commerce and the provinces. About 20 per cent. of the money spent by foreigners in Italy goes into the public purse, and the State and the municipalities receive annually about seventy million francs from this source alone.

LA RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (May 1st).—P. Molmenti writes with his customary erudition on the 'Ancient Venetian Industries,' with special reference to what will be shown at the Paris Exhibition. The history of these various branches of industrial art is specially interesting to us, who can find in it much useful inspiration for our own Schools of Art and crafts now-a-days.

The cloth of gold and silver, the richly gilded leather, the iron and bronze castings, and goldsmiths' work, with the inlaid work in wood and marble, the porcelain manufacture, and, above all, the renowned glass and lace industries, are all touched upon in succinct but vivid style by the renowned historian.—Savonarola and Alexander VI. are contrasted in their political opposition by an anonymous writer.—L. Bonzi writes on the new duties of the Liberal Conservative party; and E. Mozzoni treats of the cultivation of tobacco in Italy.—A. Rossi commemorates the anniversary of the Duke of Abruzzi's departure for the Polar Seas in an article expressing surprise that such an undertaking was allowed by King Humbert, after the rash project of Andrée seems already to have met the fate it courted. The article really treats more of Nansen, whose work lies before us to read and comment upon, while the success or failure of the young Italian prince had yet to be recorded. But the latter's previous feats in ascending the Himalayas are related, and give some idea of the ardour which inspires the latest Polar navigator.—An article on the 'Parliamentary Tumults and the Conservative Party' is warmly recommended to the readers of the *Review* by a footnote by the Editor.—There is a translation of Bishop Spalding's speech at the inauguration of the New University of the Order of the Holy Cross at Washington.—(May 16).—G. Prato has an article on the 'Italian Workmen's Aid Societies in foreign countries,' advocating a greater extension and more complete organisation of those already existing, and noting the especial aims and objects they have kept in view.—A. Norsa writes on the new way of access to Italy *via* the Simplon Railway and Tunnel, in which the author shows the comparative importance for North Italy of new communication which would open up the line to Geneva, and render that place a centre of railway traffic, whereas at present it is rather off the main line.—E. Cini has a novelette, 'The Unknown One,' placed in the time of mediæval Rome; and G. Scerbo a dissertation on the spirituality of language, as a mental result of the memory, rather than a physiological effort of the vocal organs.—N. Guarise reviews Professor L. Pastor's third volume of the *History of the Popes*; and R. Mazzei has a short article on 'The Catholic Idea of Liberty'; 'One Should Not Play with Fire' is concluded.—I. del Lungo contributes a short notice of the Dante centenary.—E. Sigismondi, reviewing *Quo Vadis*, seeks to show the reason of its immense popularity in its appearance just when a redoubled fervour for Christianity has been kindled by the Holy Year and the great concourse of pilgrims from all

Library Reviews.

... articles close the *Review*.  
... article on 'Sorrow  
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... Unforeseen Cata-  
... and Evil of Art.'—  
... Under the Rose-  
... something interesting  
... Signora E. Bertolini  
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... of B. Bembo to  
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... and an ancient politico-humanistic  
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FLEGREA—(April 20th)—M. Pantaleoni gives an individual opinion as to the probable prevailing altruism of the twentieth century.—The Duke of Carafa discusses politics outside parties.—L. Capuana commences a romance, entitled 'Resignation.'—(May 5th)—Here is a commemoration of the battle of Adua, by C. Fortunato.—D. Angeli contributes five poems on Heliogabalus.—C. Giorgiere-Contri sends a pathetic little tale, called 'The Small Deceiver.'—P. Molmenti contributes an interesting essay on the origins of Venetian art.—R. Ortez sends the first part of an essay on the poetry numbered cclxi. to cclxviii. in the Vatican Codex 3793, attributed to Ciaccio dell' Anguillara.—(May 20th)—C. de Lollis, under the rubric of 'Foreign Poets,' reviews the work of G. A. Becquer.—E. Corradini has a short story, 'The Mother.' It is strange that almost all Italian short stories are tragic.—E. Maddalena, under the title of 'A devilry of titles and numbers,' discusses the number and names of Goldoni's comedies.—G. de Lorenzo describes the magic practised in the Buddhist religion.—(June 5th)—G. Fortunati explains the parliamentary regime of the 20th Italian legislation.—S. Fraschetti gives an account of the frescoes of the sacraments in the church of the *Incoronata*.

RIVISTA D'ITALIA (June).—C. Chiarini edits the letters of Ugo Foscolo to the beautiful and learned Isabella Teotochi-Abrizzi, remarkable for her genius, eccentricity, and poverty. The letters were written between 1802 and 1824. Though the two correspondents were lovers, the letters are of more interest as relating many facts of Foscolo's life, with criticisms on books and art. They rank among the best-written letters of the 19th century.—F. Flamini writes on Dante and the 'new style.'—A. della Seta sends the first part of a review of Count von Platen's Diaries.—P. Mascagni contributes a monograph on Nicola Picciuni.—C. Bertacchi has a short memoir of the Italian scientist, Giovanni Marinelli.—A. Valeri writes in an interesting manner on the origin of jubilees and pilgrimages, with illustrations from old engravings.—Geographical, dramatic, and political reviews close the number.

ARCHIVIO STORICO PER LE PROVINCE NAPOLETANE (Year 25, fascicle 1)—Here are concluded the unedited Vatican documents relating to Pope Gregory and Queen Johanna of Naples. E. Bertaux discusses the triumphal arch of the Aragon in Castel Nuova, Naples.—G. Ceci contributes some facts connected with the deaths of Ascanid and Clement Filorino, from the memoirs of the Duke della Torre.—The number contains, besides, copious reviews and notes.

God, Heaven, etc., and in this way shows that there is really little or nothing to support the contention of the upholders of a primitive monotheism with the ancient Chinese.—M. E. Doutté continues his 'Notes sur l'Islam Maghribin, Les Marabouts.' The fact of Saint Worship among the followers of Mohammed in Algeria and Morocco having been demonstrated by our author in his last article, and the forms that worship takes there having been described, he sets himself here to discuss the precise meaning to be attached to the names applied to those saints who are so honoured—viz., *marabout*, *sidi*, *cherif*. He takes these terms in that order. The etymology commonly accepted of the first of these he declares to be erroneous. He traces its derivation to *ribat*, an Arabic name given to fortresses built on the frontiers of Musselman kingdoms and garrisoned by devoted volunteers. He gives here the history of the word through all its stages of transition, so as to show how it came to be applied to the saintly ones of the Islamic faith. *Sidi*, again, or *seyyid*, is a title very generally given to these same, and to all who command reverence. It is given to those who bear the revered name of Mohammed. The title *cherif* or *sherif* is the most coveted of them all. It is given to those who can trace their lineage to Mohammed through his daughter Fatima-et-Zohra, or whose pretensions to have her blood in their veins are admitted.—(No. 2, 1900)—M. L. Leger continues in this number his 'Etudes de Mythologie Slave.' His previous articles were devoted to the deities of the Slav pantheon, and this one is on the same lines. The deities dealt with here, and whose characters, or characteristics, are described, are—Zeernoboch, Rinvit, Turupid, Puruvit, Pisamas, and Tiernoglav. Goddesses and some inferior deities are also reported of here. M. Leger then describes the cult practised.—M. C. Fossey has a short paper on Professor Jastrow's identification—in his recent work, *The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria*—of the goddess Aruru with Ishtar of Erech. M. Fossey regards that identification as erroneous, and states the grounds on which he does so very clearly.—M. A. Barth continues his 'Bulletin des Religions de l'Inde,' giving summaries of all important works recently issued on Buddhism, and appreciations of their several merits. M. A. Reville continues too here his summary and criticism of Professor Tiele's second series of Gifford Lectures in the University of Edinburgh. Both these numbers are rich in notices of books bearing on the province of religion and folk-lore; and the 'Chronique' in both numbers is as usual very full and comprehensive.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE—(May, June, July).—M. F. le Dantec has the first place in the May number with a long dissertation on 'Homologie et Analogie.' He reviews in it the methods of classification of animal and vegetable species which were followed by the older generation of naturalists, and contrasts them with the methods followed by the present generation, and the careful and minute observations and experiments instituted by the latter with a view of tracing the modifying effects of climatic influences, cross breeding, etc., etc., on animals and plants alike. The trust placed in former times on analogy has given way before the claims of morphological study of the homologous parts and functions of similar species. This study is now carried forward by elaborate experiments conducted under the strictest scientific principles and by the most carefully trained observers.—M. G. Varet furnishes a paper on 'La Psychologie objective,' on, that is, the study of other men's minds rather than of our own, as exhibited by the actions which we see them do, or the facial and other forms of expression by which they manifest themselves. The value of such a study depends on the observer's ability to interpret aright the external signs of psychological phenomena, and that ability comes only from what we see and feel in ourselves.—M. Ed. Claparède furnishes a brief criticism of an article which appeared in last number, by M. Daubresse, on 'L'Audition coloree.' M. G. Richard writes on 'Les Devoirs de la critique en matière sociologique.' His article has reference to a little bit of controversy between him and Professor Vaccaro as to the former's work, *Les Bases sociologiques du droit de l'Etat*.—A considerable part of this number is given over to the review of recently issued works on philosophy, criminology, sociology, and esthetics.—(June)—M. F. Paulin follows up his recent article in this *Revue* on 'Analysis et les Analystes,' by another complementary to it on 'Les Esprits Synthétiques.' As in the former paper he showed how, when the analytic element predominated in men, there are necessarily defects in their judgments of things, so here he shows that the same or similar errors follow from the undue predominance of the synthetic element. The way in which he illustrates and exemplifies the evil effects of the undue exaltation of either, makes his papers extremely informing and interesting. His illustrations are drawn from all branches of art, as well as letters.—M. L. Dugas deals with the subject of 'Fanatisme et Charlatanisme.' Human action in its normal state is a mean between two extremes—the pure idea and the pure action. Neither exists in reality. The ideas of men and the means by which they seek to realise them are influenced by such a variety of mental and

other conditions that practical life is at best a compromise between possibilities. M. Dugas enters at length into the distinguishing characteristics of the visionary, the fanatic, and the charlatan. None of them is necessarily insincere, not even the latter. Illustrative instances are given in abundance.—M. A. Calinon writes on 'Geometrie numerique.'—M. E. Blum reviews several works bearing on the science of teaching, under the title, 'Le mouvement pédologique and pédagogique.'—The general reviews include Professor Tiele's *Edinburgh Gifford Lectures*, by M. Marcel Mauss; Mr. G. S. Fullarton's *Spinozistic Immortality*; and Dr. John Watson's *Outline of Philosophy*.—(July.)—M. B. Bourdon, under the title, 'La perception des mouvements par le moyen des sensation tactiles des yeux,' gives some interesting experiments made by Herr H. Aubert, Herr E. von Fleischl, and others, to determine the velocity of the movements of objects on the retina of the eye, and his own testing of these, with the results of that personal observation of their value. He gives also experiments of his own, intended to determine the relative sensitiveness of the outer and inner circles of the retina.—M. L. Dauriac furnishes an article, 'Criticisme et monadisme.' It is suggested by the appearance of a work from the pen of M. Ch. Renouvier, *La Nouvelle Monadologie*, and discusses that writer's present position with respect to Kantian doctrines in comparison with his earlier attitude towards them as seen in his *Essais critique generale*.—M. C. Bois writes on 'Les croyances implicites,' showing that no act of the intellectual life lacks the element of faith, that 'la croyance est coextensive de notre vie psychique et que croyances explicites sont peu de chose auprès de nos croyances explicites.'—M. Blum continues and completes his article on 'Le mouvement pédologique et pédagogique.'

LE MUSÉON, ÉTUDES PHILOLOGIQUES, HISTORIQUES ET RELIGIEUSES (No. 1, 1900).—With this number begins a new series, and the title, added some four years ago, when the *Revue des Religions* was incorporated with it, has been dropped out. It is, of course, under new editorship, as Mnsgr. Charles de Harlez, its first founder, died last year. The names of the *Comité de Redaction* are given here, and we may assume that the first on that list is the editor-in-chief. He is M. J. B. Abbeloos, the Rector of the University of Louvain.—The articles in this number do not lend themselves to brief summaries, for they are for the most part very technical, and enter into minute details, grammatical and other, whose value can be appreciated only by those who

give these details minute attention. The first article is by M. A. Hebbelynck, 'Les Mysteres des Lettres Grecques-d' apres un MS. Copte-Arabe.'—This MS. is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The Coptic text is here given, and a translation of it, with critical notes. The Arabic text in the MS. appears in the margin, but is acknowledged by all competent scholars to be very faulty. M. Hebbelynck does not complete his article in this number.—M. R. de la Grasserie begins a series of papers on the Prepositional Verb. 'Du Verb Prepositional.'—M. Aristide Marre continues his rendering of the 'Sadjarah Melayou.'—The usual 'Chronique' is omitted in this number, but is promised for the next, and the book *reviews* are less numerous than usual.—The new series is excellently got up, and is beautifully printed.

REVUE DES ÉTUDES JUIVES—(No. 1, 1900).—Still more fragments of Hebrew versions of the Book of Ecclesiasticus are coming to the light. In a recent purchase of MSS. from the Genizah and cemeteries of Cairo, made by Baron Edmond de Rothschild, in Paris, and placed by him in the Library of the Consistoire Israelite there, M. Israel Levi has discovered two more fragments of the Hebrew text of Ben Sirach. They seemingly form no part of the texts already discovered, but are part of an entirely different edition, or version. As the editors of the MSS. already given to the world have named the texts respectively A and B, so M. Levi distinguishes his as C and D. C consists of a part of Ecclesiasticus found in the fragments acquired in 1898 by the British Museum, and published by the Rev. G. Margoliouth in the *Jewish Quarterly Review* for October last. This new discovery affords, therefore, an opportunity for comparing two copies of the same passage, and M. Levi institutes that comparison here. The fragment C contains the text of xxxvi. 24,—xxxviii. 1. The comparison sheds welcome light on some of the difficulties raised by the earlier find. That light is duly set forth here. The fragment B contains the following legible passages:—VI. 20-27; 29-34; 37d; VII. 3, 5, 6c-16; 17-19, 21. M. Levi prints here the text as found in C, translates it, and adds some notes and comments. It seems to him to be an abridgement of the original text, but is very valuable to a better understanding of the work itself, and of the problems which these discoveries have raised, and are raising.—Dr. H. P. Chajes furnishes a series of critical notes on some of the already published fragments of the Hebrew texts of Ben Sirach, to which we can only here direct the attention of those interested in them.—



Dr. Shapiro writes on 'Les attitudes obstetricales chez les Hebreux d'apres la Bible et le Talmud.'—M. Theodore Reinach has a short paper on 'Un Prefet Juif il y a deux mille ans.' It calls attention to the inscription found in Cairo, and published by Herr Willrich in the *Archiv für Papyrusforschung*. The inscription refers to one Helkias. This name belonged, so far as history reveals to us, to one person only, to the son of Onias, founder of the temple at Leontopolis. On the very probable supposition that this inscription has reference to that Helkias, it furnishes, even in its mutilated condition, some interesting *data* regarding him which were not formerly known.—M. M. Schwab, under the title, 'Inscriptions Hébraïques d'Arles,' invites attention to some of the inscriptions gathered up by, and found among the papers of, the late M. Isidore Loeb.—M. M. Lambert contributes a few exegetical remarks on Genesis ii. 3; xxiv. 53, 55; Exodus xxxiv. 13, 15; Leviticus iii. 14; Deuteronomy xi. 2.—M. W. Bacher, under the heading, 'Les Athenians a Jerusalem,' refers to a recent article of M. T. Reinach in this *Revue* on the Athenian decree in favour of Hyrcanus, and shows how that decree sheds light on the stories in the Midrash as to the visits of Jews to Athens, and of the visit of an Athenian to Jerusalem.—The other articles, brief for the most part, are; 'Un fragment polemique de Saadia,' by M. M. Lambert; 'Quelques remarques sur une vieille liste de livres'; and 'Sur un fragment d'une collection de consultations rabbiniques du XIV. siècle,' both from the pen of M. S. Poznanski; and 'Trois Lettres de David Cohen de Lara,' by M. Schwab.—This number is more than usually rich in reviews, and has a supplement under the rubric, 'Actes et Conférences,' containing the report of the annual meeting of the Société, which was held in Paris on March 1; the financial statement, a summary and critical appreciation of the various publications of the Société, and two papers read at that annual meeting, the first by M. le Baron Cara de Vaux, on 'Joseph Salvador and James Darmesteter'; the second by M. Salomon Reinach, on 'The Inquisition and the Jews.'

REVUE SÉMITIQUE D'EPIGRAPHIE ET D'HISTOIRE ANCIENNE (No. 2, 1900).—M. J. Halévy continues here his examination of the Book of Deuteronomy in the light of the other component documents of the Pentateuch. His contention, it will be remembered, is that the order in which the critics of what is known as the Modern School arrange the constituent elements of the Pentateuch, so far as P and D are concerned, should be reversed, that is, that P was written prior to D. His former articles have carried the discussion as far as chap. xvi.

He examines that chapter, and compares the data given in it with Leviticus xxiii. Both chapters deal with the celebration of the Jewish festivals. The point which M. Halévy here directs attention to is the point of view these two writers had before them as to the celebration of the festivals. M. Halévy gives an analysis first of Lev. xxiii. as furnishing the most complete regulations for these festivals. In this chapter the writer lays great emphasis on the kind and number of the sacrifices to be offered at each feast, the Sabbaths excepted, and gives very specific details as to those to be offered at the Feast of Weeks, and the Pentecost. Its sacerdotal character is abundantly evident. The writer does not, however, say a single word about the three annual pilgrimages already prescribed in the Book of the Covenant, Ex. xxiii. 14-17. This defect is supplied by D, and this demonstrates in the eyes of M. Halévy the priority of P. According, again, to Deut. xviii. 3, the priests receive as their part of the sacrifice the shoulder, both cheeks, and the stomach of the animals sacrificed. According to P (Ex. xxix. 26, 27; Levit. vii. 30-34; Num. xviii. 18) their portions were the leg (*shok*) and the shoulder. Which of these prescriptions is the most modern? Evidently that which does not know the 'heaving and waving' of the sacrificial parts of the sacrifice. Now Deuteronomy does not mention these ceremonies at all. In this minute manner M. Halévy proceeds to examine and compare passage with passage of D and P, carrying his analysis here up to Deut. xxvi. 7.—His second article in this number is devoted to the Gospel according to St. Mark. He titles his article 'Notes pour l'Évangile de Marc.' It is a purely linguistic study. He has long, he says, sought to form an accurate idea of the language that lay behind the Greek Synoptic Gospels, and especially of that of St. Mark, which, according to the opinion of the majority of critics of to-day, is the earliest of the three, and the principal source of the other two. Dr. H. P. Chajes' recent work, *Markus Studien*, has determined M. Halévy to undertake this task now. He examines Dr. Chajes' conclusions as to the original language of the second Gospel. M. Halévy thinks these conclusions, viz., that the original language in which it was written was Hebrew, are not substantiated by the proofs adduced by Dr. Chajes, and gives a strong series of reasons for regarding the original as having been Aramaic.—M. A. Boissier contributes a few 'Notes d'Assyriologie.'—M. F. Nau continues his Syriac version of the 'Life of Schenoudi.'—M. Mondon Vidailhet furnishes a series of grammatical 'Notes on the Ethiopian Dialects of the Province of Gouraghe.'

This province lies between the districts occupied by the Gallas and Sedama tribes. The notes are not concluded in this number.—M. J. Perruchon furnishes also some 'Notes pour l'histoire d'Ethiopie contemporaine.'—M. Halévy adds to the articles from his pen above mentioned, 'Un Mot sur l'origine du commerce de l'étain,' and also the 'Bibliographie.'

REVUE CELTIQUE (April, 1900).—This number has reached us while these sheets are passing through the press, and all we can do is to enumerate its contents, which are: 'Étymologies Vannetaises,' by M. E. Ernault; 'Da Choca's Hostel,' by Dr. Whitley Stokes; 'Les Croissants d'or Irlandais,' by M. S. Reinach; 'Old Irish *tellaim, tallaim*,' by Mr. J. Strachan; 'Études de Phonétique Irlandaise,' by M. G. Dottin; 'Tracce Celtiche nell' Asturia,' by Francesco P. Garofalo; 'La Métrique du moyen-breton,' by M. J. Loth.—The 'Chronique and Périodiques' are very full, covering thirty pages.

#### HOLLAND.

THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT.—In the May Number Dr. J. C. Matthes goes on with his discussion of the evidence that the Israelites carried on a worship of the dead. In the present paper he examines the mourning customs in the Old Testament. Fasting he finds to be not an act, as has generally been supposed, of self-affliction; when engaged in after a death it does not express self-humiliation, which is not called for by the circumstances. Fasting is a preparation for prayer. Robertson Smith declares that the fasting of early races is a preparation for the eating of sacrificial food, which is intelligible enough. If, then, fasting points forward to a sacred act to be undertaken, fasting after death might be the preparation for the worship of the dead, which began immediately the death took place. Traces of funeral meals are found in the Old Testament, at which, according to analogy elsewhere, the dead must have been expected to assist. There was also a musical service for them, begun whenever death took place, and conducted by professional musicians. It was believed that the dead were able to help the living in various ways, especially by informing them about coming events. To carry on the worship of the dead the family or clan formed an association, which could not be added to from without. Hence the anxiety of the Hebrews, as with heathen nations of antiquity, for male issue, since without it the family worship might die out. That the High Priest was forbidden to mourn for his dead wife was due, according to Dr. Matthes, to the fact

that his wife was not of his stock, and he was not to take part in the ancestral worship of any clan but his own. For his male relatives he was expected to mourn like any other Israelite. Dr. Martens is next to take up the connection supposed by the Hebrews to exist between the soul and the body of the dead, and between the grave and Sheol.—Dr. van Manen reports on the new English *Encyclopædia Biblica*, on the whole with approval, though much that in this country seems advanced is not so in the eyes of a Dutchman. He thinks the Apocrypha of the New Testament ought to have been treated as well as those of the Old, not perhaps a very logical view, since the Old Testament Apocrypha influenced the thought of the New Testament, but those of the New had little of such influence to boast.

DE GIDS.—A large space in the May number and the two following ones is filled by a romance of Louis Couperus—'Along regular lines.' The scene is laid chiefly in Rome, and many brilliant sketches are given of life there—especially of a boarding-house and its inmates. The chief figure in the story is a young Dutch girl, who, after divorcing her husband, sets out for Rome determined to see a wider life and enjoy her freedom. She drifts into strange situations, as she lives with a young artist whom she persistently refuses to marry, and simultaneously carries on a flirtation with an Italian Prince. In the end her wildly eccentric line of life is brought back to its starting-point when she meets her former husband at a ball, and she is forced to acknowledge that he has not lost his power over her, that she has always at heart been true to a well-ordered life, and so she returns to the regular lines. In spite of its cleverness, the story is rather odious, and the chief female character particularly so.—(May)—'On the Steamer for Batavia,' by B. Veth, is a chapter out of a book which is just coming out called *Life in Dutch India*, and is written in a very poetical strain.—Professor G. Kalf (May, June, July) gives a careful study of their classic poet. Constantyn Huygens, who though not a poet of the first rank, is invaluable to all students of the life of the seventeenth century, and does not deserve to be ignored by patriotic Dutchmen.—(June)—'The Siboga Expedition; its aim and some of its results,' by Professor Max Weber. This expedition was undertaken for the investigation of the fauna and flora of the East Indian Archipelago, and lasted from March 1899 for nearly a year. Besides the object mentioned, much important information was obtained of the extremely varying depth of the ocean bed in these regions.—'Derkinderen's Frescoes.' These are to be found decorating the staircase of an insurance office in

Amsterdam, fine allegorical figures of Time, Death, and Life, and so on, a credit to modern art.—‘Heredity and Pessimism’ (July) by Professor C. H. Kuhn, who desires to show that however terrible the results of crime, vice, and insanity are, they are by no means always passed on to the third and fourth generation; there is a counter tendency of regression to type and other ascertained phenomena which tend to check wholly pessimistic views of heredity, and leave some hope to the coming race.—A set of new poems by Albert Verwey, entitled ‘The Burning Bush,’ is reviewed. They appear to have more of promise than fulfilment.

*SWITZERLAND.*

*BIBLIOTHÈQUE UNIVERSELLE* (May, June, July).—The first article in the May number is from the pen of M. Auguste Glardon, and contains the first of two papers in which the exploits and adventures of the famous guide Zurbriggen are described. The papers are founded on Zurbriggen’s autobiography recently published, and contain an account of many daring adventures amongst the mountains in different parts of the world.—M. A. Bonnard contributes the third article, in which he concludes his remarks on Journals and Journalists. The intellectual gift on which he here dwells as requisite in a journalist, is that of being able to discern and tell the truth. Other characteristics are touched upon, and many interesting incidents are described as illustrating the points maintained by the author.—Under ‘L’Opinion publique et la guerre Africaine,’ the Editor, M. Tallichet, discusses the popular attitude of the Continent and of the United States towards Great Britain in respect to the war in South Africa.—Continuations are ‘En plein air,’ ‘Un roman historique aux Etats-Unis,’ and ‘La princesse Désirée.’—There is an article also on the Paris Exhibition, by M. H. de Varigny.—The June number opens with an article with the title ‘Un Surhomme muscovite.’ It is the first of two written by M. Reader, in which an attractive account is given of the life and philanthropic, as well as scientific, labours of Friedrich-Joseph Haas or Févdor Petrovitch, as he was called in Russia. Haas was born near Cologne in 1870, studied philosophy and mathematics at Jena and medicine at Vienna. He subsequently accompanied Count Reppine to Russia, settled there, and soon won for himself a great reputation for his work in the hospitals and prisons of the country.—‘Les exploits du guide Zurbriggen’ is continued, as is M. de Varigny’s ‘A travers l’exposition universelle.’—M. Tallichet has an article entitled ‘Vers la paix,’ and ‘La princesse Désirée’ reaches its

fifth part.—The number for July opens with ‘Les Boers de l’Afrique Australe.’ The author is M. J. Villarais, who, taking Theal’s five volumes as his guide, sketches in this instalment the history of the Boers from 1652 to 1795.—M. Paul Stapfir contributes ‘Les idées littéraires de Victor Hugo, et sa satire des pédants,’ an interesting article and useful to students of the author criticised.—‘En plein air’ is brought to a conclusion, and the rest of the articles are continuations.—There are the usual ‘Chroniques,’ which form, as need hardly be said, one of the features of this Review.

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

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW (April, 1900).—This number opens with an account of the Boston meeting of the American Historical Association, which opened on the 27th December last, and of which Association this *Review* is practically the organ. The most valuable and interesting papers in the number are Mr. G. T. Lapsley’s ‘Problems of the North,’ and Mr. F. W. Williams’ ‘The Chinese Immigrant in Further Asia.’ The first deals with an obscure problem, and Mr. Lapsley in his treatment of it brings much information to light.—The other articles are by Mr. A. C. McLaughlin and Mr. E. G. Bourne; the first taking for his subject the ‘Social Compact and Constitutional Construction,’ and the second writing on the United States and Mexico during the years 1847-48.—‘Document’ contains a memorandum of Moses Austin’s Journey, 1796-97, the journey being from the lead mines of Wythe, in Virginia, to the lead mines of Louisiana West.—The ‘Notices of Books’ are, as usual, numerous and carefully written.

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## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

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*The Welsh People: Chapters on their Origin, History, Laws, Language, Literature, and Characteristics.* Maps. By JOHN RHYS, M.A., and DAVID BRYNMOR-JONES, LL.B., M.P. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1900.

Of the thirteen chapters which this volume contains, six are new, and the remaining seven appeared, in their original form, in the Report of the Royal Commission on Land in Wales and Monmouthshire. It travels over an immense space of time, and is altogether of a very mixed character—historical in some parts, etymological in others, and political in others. The topics it treats of all belong to the Welsh people, and are very varied. One chapter deals with the origin of the Welsh people, and another with the origin of Dissent among them. There is a chapter on the Ancient Laws and Customs of Wales, another on the History of Land Tenure in Wales, one on The Religious Movement, another on Roman Britain, and another on Rural Wales in the Present Day. Much of the information is culled from very distant sources, but the evidence taken before the Welsh Commission is never far off, and many statements in the volume, where it is frequently quoted, are based upon it. For our own part we must frankly confess our preference for the more learned part of the volume. This is of great value, though much of it has appeared elsewhere. The chapter on the Ethnology of Ancient Wales is specially valuable. It touches upon many thorny questions, but contains the best discussion on the subject we have seen, and is evidently from the pen of Professor Rhys. The conclusions at which he arrives are, briefly put, as follows:—The country, as far back as archæological research has gone, was inhabited by more races than one, and the earliest inhabitants were of a non-Aryan race, who are probably represented by the Picts of history. The first Celtic immigration occurred in the fifth or sixth centuries, before our era, or perhaps earlier, when the southern half of Britain was overrun by the Aryan ancestors of the Goidels, whose language is now represented by the Gaelic dialects of Ireland, Man, and Scotland. A second Celtic immigration occurred in the second or third century B.C. The immigrants were the Brythrons, who conquered from the Goidels most of the country which the latter had previously conquered from the aborigines, or about the whole of Mid-Wales as far as Cardigan Bay. The Goidels living to the north and south of this were never systematically displaced, and their Goidelic may have remained a living tongue down to the seventh century. Soon after the departure of the Romans, Mid-Wales received an accession of Brythonic blood in the troops led by Cuneda and his sons, to whom may be traced the political frame-work of Wales under the aspect it presents to the historian of the Norman Conquest. The Brythons mixed with the Goidels, who were themselves an amalgam of the first Celtic settlers with the Aborigines, and before the eleventh century all conscious distinction of race was probably obliterated. Subsequent admixtures of Scandinavians, Normans, Flemings, and English took place, but the predominant element has always probably been the substratum contributed

by the earliest lords of the soil of these islands. To those who have been in the habit of regarding the Welsh people as unquestionably Celts, this last conclusion will be somewhat surprising. But here we must let Professor Rhys speak for himself: 'Should it, then, be asked,' he says, 'what the Welsh of the present day are, Aryan or not Aryan, the answer must be, we think, that, on the whole, they are not Aryan; that, in fact, the Aryan element forms, as it were, a mere sprinkling among them.' 'This,' he continues, 'is by no means surprising, as will be seen on comparing the case of France. . . . For the French of the present day, with the exception of the Teutonic element in the north-east of France, are, in the main, neither Gauls nor Aryans of any description so much as the lineal representatives of the inhabitants whom the Aryans found there. In fact, the Gauls were not very numerous, even when they ruled the whole country. It has been estimated, on the basis of the particulars given by Cæsar as to the numbers of the cavalry which the different Gaulish tribes were able to place in the field to meet the Roman legions, that the Gaulish aristocracy formed a surprisingly small proportion of a population whose numbers ranged somewhere between three and six millions. There seems to be no reason to suppose that the dominant Celts in this country were relatively more numerous than in Gaul. They formed a ruling class, and led their dependents in war. . . . If a competent ethnologist were to be sent round Wales to identify the individual men and women who seemed to him to approach what he should consider the Aryan type, his report would probably go to show that he found comparatively few such families, and that these few belonged chiefly to the old families of the land-owning class: the vast majority he could only label as probably not Celtic, not Aryan.' The case for France was argued some time ago by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville in his *Premiers Habitants de l'Europe*, where he estimates the entire aggregate of Gauls, inclusive of women and children, at 60,000, a somewhat too low figure, we should say. Recently, however, his theory has been challenged by Mr. W. H. Hall in his *Romans on the Riviera*. In the chapter on the 'Pictish Question,' our authors, or probably Professor Rhys, returns to a number of questions passed over in the first chapter, and discusses at considerable length the laws of Pictish descent and metronymic designation. The chapter on Roman Britain is admittedly taken for the most part from Professor Rhys' well-known and valuable little book on Celtic Britain. The history of Wales from the earliest times down to 1282 is succinctly traced, and a chapter is intercalated on the Ancient Laws and Customs, based for the most part, as need hardly be said, on Aneurin Owen's edition of the Laws of Howel, and is in every way a valuable exposition. The chapter on the history of land tenure is from the pen of Mr. Seebohm, and is transferred here from the Commissioners' Report. The chapter entitled 'The Religious Movement' has more to say of the past than of the present, and is in some respects a brief summary of the evidence taken before the Commission. The language of the Welsh is treated of at great length, but the treatment of their literature is decidedly disappointing. In the chapter headed 'Language and Literature,' the old literature is disposed of in four pages; we might almost say in a single paragraph. Space is devoted to the translation of the Bible and Sunday School literature; a strong plea is made for the Eistedfods, both national and local; and the remark is made that no English dialect seems any longer to possess the secret of spreading itself in Wales, a state of matters exactly the reverse of what is happening in the Highlands, where Gaelic is apparently dying out as the railway and steamers advance. Of the four appendices in the volume, the most important is the second, in which Mr. Morris Jones discusses the question of



Pre-Aryan syntax in insular Celtic. Notwithstanding its short-comings and mixed character, the volume is unquestionably of great value, and will not fail to be regarded as the standard work on the ethnology and history of the Welsh people.

*The Presbytrie Booke of Kirkcaldie: being the Record of the Proceedings of that Presbytery from the 15th day of April, 1630, to the 14th day of September, 1653.* Edited, with Introduction, Notes and Index, by WILLIAM STEVENSON, M.A., F.S.A., Scot., Minister of Auchtertool. Kirkcaldy: James Burt, 1900.

This is one of those works which may be taken as indicating a revival of interest in the history of the social condition of the people of Scotland. Presbytery Records are numerous, but Presbytery Records in print are few, and though one is now and again disposed to complain of their terrible sameness, there is in them, after all, a certain diversity and a fulness of information which brings the reader into close relations not only with the social and religious life of the people, but often with their political. Taken along with the Kirk Session Records and the Records of the Town Council they furnish abundant material for the history of the country in almost all its relations. Unfortunately, they do not go far back. The instances in which those of the years preceding 1600 have been preserved are few, and the instances in which the Records are continuous are probably as rare. The Records of the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy do not reach further back than 1630. Reference is made to earlier records, but, as in the case of many other Presbyteries, they are now lost. And, late as they are in beginning, they are not continuous, the Records for a period of forty years, from 1653 to 1693, having gone the way of those which the Parson of Dysart and Mr. James Symson were directed to go and get from Mr. Tullus, who resigned the office of Presbytery Clerk in 1630. This is to be regretted, as is the loss of all documents and records relating to the life of the people. The volume Mr. Stevenson has here edited is the earliest extant volume of the Records and is wholly in the handwriting of Mr. James Millar, 'scrib to the Presbytrie,' a graduate and licentiate of the Church, but apparently without a benefice. How he made his living or whether he had private means we are not told; but all he got for his labours as 'scrib to the Presbytrie,' which were not particularly light, but often involved much trouble and exposure to all kinds of weather and temper was what Mr. Stevenson calls 'the frugal sum' of twenty-eight shillings sterling, afterwards increased to £3 4s. sterling, per annum. The volume seems to have been kept with the utmost care, and the painstaking character of the 'scrib' is shown by the fact that in the whole of its six hundred and twenty-two closely written pages there is hardly a single correction. The period covered by the volume is, as need hardly be said, one of the most pregnant in the history of the country, and the Records bear witness to the fact. As might be expected, too, indications continually occur in the Record of the secular as well as of the ecclesiastical politics of the time as they do in other similar records of the period. The things which seem to have troubled the Presbytery most—certainly those which came most constantly before it—were quarrels about seats in the churches within its bounds, the planting of schools, buildings and manses, repairs of churches, and there being several seaports within the bounds of the Presbytery, the raising of funds to ransom seafaring men who had fallen into the hands of the Moors or were slaves in the Spanish galleys.—There

are the usual cases of lapse and tri-lapse, and even quad-lapse, and the number of them is something extraordinary, and reveals a dreadful state of illiteracy in the district within the Presbytery. Mr. Stevenson tries to excuse it by saying first, among other things, that 'the people were only two generations removed from the Reformation, and customs lingering among a rude people. But the enemy might say, if the people were so eager and earnest two generations before for the reformation of religion, how came their descendants to fall within so short a period into a condition so depraved? Where was the blessedness of the Protestant faith and its superiority over the Roman? Mr. Stevenson comes nearer to the mark when he speaks of the extreme ignorance of the common people. The facts, the prevalent ideas respecting the reformation, and of the condition and temper of the people at the time, are in need of revision. Some of them are fictitious. Records such as Mr. Stevenson has edited throw a very lurid light upon the times and help to correct or dissipate ideas long entertained. Notices of witchcraft abound in the volume, and a Mr. Smith, minister of Burntisland, flourishes as a famous hand at dealing with witches. To those not given to this kind of reading the volume will be something like a revelation. At anyrate Mr. Stevenson has done a good work and I earned the thanks of those who can appreciate his labour by publishing this ancient 'Presbytrie Booke.' The volume, we should add, is of pleasing dimensions, printed in good type, and with ample margin. There is an excellent introduction to it by the Editor, numerous footnotes have been added, and at the end we have two elaborate indices.

*England in the Age of Wycliffe.* By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. London, etc.: Longmans, Green & Co. 1899.

Like Mr. Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, this volume originated in a College Prize Essay. Whether it will obtain the same success as that famous volume remains to be seen, but whether it does or not, no one who reads it with attention will hesitate to say that it is a substantial addition to historical literature, admirably written, and, though dealing with a somewhat remote period in English history, deserving the closest study because of the numerous points in which it touches the national life of to-day, and the lessons it conveys. The period covered in the political history of the country is nine years—1376 to 1385—but the history of the Lollards is continued down to the year 1520. The principal figures in the volume are John of Gaunt and Wycliffe, with Edward III. and the Black Prince, and behind them, but at last breaking into the foreground, the whole peasant population of England. Mr. Trevelyan's object, as he tells us, is to give a general picture of the society, politics, and religion of this period—a period which, so far as England is concerned, represents the meeting point of the mediæval and modern, and is, consequently, of peculiar interest and importance. For England it was a period of decay. The French possessions were lost, Edward was in his dotage, the Black Prince was sick of an incurable disease. The most powerful man in the country was John of Gaunt, who was 'at the head of a small, but well-organised hierarchy of knaves, who made a science of extorting money from the public by a variety of ingenious methods.' The Duke's most active colleagues were the Lords Latimer and Neville and Richard Lyons, one of the wealthiest of London merchants, and 'the financier of the unscrupulous gang.' By these the country was governed, or rather, mis-governed. When the Good Parliament met in 1376 the members of the Lower House at once took sides against them. In one im-

portant point the House of Commons of those days differed from that of the present, the chief political power being almost exclusively in the hands of the members for the counties. This is well brought out by Mr. Trevelyan in the following sentences: 'The towns of England, though important and respected, were not the armed and aggressive communes of France, or the free cities of the Empire. Few would have been willing to fight for any political object except their own privileges and commerce, as they showed in the Wars of the Roses. The towns were not only less military, but less rich in men and resources than the country. The population of rural England was still several times as great as that of all the towns put together. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that for all purely political purposes the seventy-four Knights of the Shire were the real House of Commons. The borough members sent up petitions which influenced the economic policy of the Government in questions of finance, commerce, and taxation, and in all matters which directly concerned the towns; but they considered State affairs as outside their province. The overturning and setting up of ministers, the battles with the Court or Lords, were almost entirely the work of the county representatives. The chroniclers of the time, when describing any political move of the Lower House, spoke only of the "Knights," and when ministers wish to pack a parliament, their only care was to manage the returns from the counties.' The only exception to the political insignificance of the towns was London, whose rich merchants were of the utmost importance to the parties to which they respectively adhered, both on account of their wealth and on account of the formidable forces they could command, the presence of which was sufficient for the protection of the Good Parliament, and formidable enough to cause the Court on more than one occasion to modify its policy. The power of Parliament lasted only while it sat. No sooner had the Good Parliament risen than the reforms it had demanded and insisted upon John of Gaunt set himself to undo. Earl Percy, the leader of the Opposition, was won over to his side, and apparently the Earls of Arundel and Stafford, while Peter de la Mare, the Speaker of the House of Commons, was seized and flung into prison, without trial, at Nottingham. When Parliament met in January, 1377, John of Gaunt and his allies had so thoroughly tampered with the returns that its political complexion was very different. A few veterans challenged the illegal imprisonment of Peter de la Mare, but their voices were overborne by the majority who did the bidding of the Duke. Convocation, on the other hand, took the unusual step of refusing supplies till grievances were redressed. Their special grievance was the persecution of William of Wykeham, who, besides being stripped of his offices, had been prohibited by the King from coming to London. Hitherto the Church had been thoroughly unpopular, but her opposition to the Duke of Lancaster suddenly brought the populace round to the side of the Bishops, who, led by Courtenay, took another step which, as Mr. Trevelyan points out, amounted in its political aspect to a defiance of John of Gaunt. This was the summoning of Wycliffe to appear before them in St. Paul's to answer the charge of heresy. At this point Mr. Trevelyan may be said to enter upon the main theme of his volume. Of Wycliffe he gives no detailed biographical account, contenting himself with a brief but sufficient sketch of his career. Of his teaching and its effect, however, he treats at great length, more particularly in its political and economic aspects. With his teaching in respect to the disendowment of the Church, Mr. Trevelyan is in evident sympathy, and is at considerable pains to trace the development of this and other aspects of the Oxford scholar's teaching. For the true account of the condition of society during the period his volume covers, Mr.

Trevelyan points to the gloomy and powerful description in *Piers Plowman* rather than to the works of Chaucer. His own picture of the times, though dark, is well corroborated by official documents and contemporary writers. He fully appreciates the significance of the decay of England's power at sea, and indicates the effect it had upon the commercial and social, as well as political, condition of the country. The course of the Peasant's Rising is traced with great minuteness, and in a supplementary volume, edited by Mr. Powell in conjunction with Mr. Trevelyan, a number of interesting and important documents, hitherto unpublished, is printed in connection with it. Altogether the work, as we have said, is a substantial addition to historical literature, and claims the attention both of the student of English history and of all who take an interest in the affairs of men.

*The Campaign of 1815—Ligny, Quatre Bras, Waterloo.* By WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS, Sometime Scholar of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Grant Richards. New York: S. P. Dutton & Co. 1900.

In spite of all that has been written on the Campaign of 1815, there is still a number of points on which our information is imperfect. On some of them it is probable that it will remain so always. But so long as new facts continue to crop up and fresh side lights are thrown upon the conduct of the chief actors in that terrific drama, the military critic will always find something in the existing narratives upon which to exercise his ingenuity, and the final narrative will remain unwritten. In the handsome volume before us Mr. O'Connor Morris, who is well known by his volumes on Hannibal, Napoleon, and Moltke, as a writer of military biography, has set before him the task of combining a succinct but complete narrative of the Campaign with a careful running commentary on its military operations, in the hope of satisfying the requirements both of the general reader and of the real and scientific student of war. The hope is an ambitious one, but no unprejudiced reader will rise from the perusal of his volume without feeling that Mr. Morris has good and substantial reasons for believing that he has fulfilled it. The narrative is lucid to a degree, the different stages and turns in the campaign are brought out with distinctness, the points in dispute are fairly argued, the author's conclusions are sustained by a sufficient array of authorities; and by a happy avoidance of technical terms, the whole is as intelligible to the lay as to the military reader. As a necessary introduction to his narrative, Mr. Morris gives an account of the condition of France under the Bourbons and during the Hundred Days. Here of course he dwells upon Napoleon's escape from Elba, the attitude of the Powers towards him, his desire for peace, and the many and grave difficulties both political and military he had to cope with. The opinion of Jomini and others that if Napoleon had allowed the passion of the French multitude its way and revived the Reign of Terror, the nation would have rallied to his side and the coalition against him defeated, Mr. Morris disputes and points out that the attempt to revive the Reign of Terror would have provoked civil war, and been sufficient of itself to lead to his ruin. As to the army the Emperor managed to collect and place on the field, the remark is made that there were in it few signs of the exulting fervour of 1792-93 or of the prodigious effort made in 1813, but there was not the general despondency of 1814. Its chief weakness arose from a not ill-founded suspicion among the rank and file of the ability and fidelity of the subordinate commanders. In Napoleon himself

the confidence of the army was well nigh absolute. As to the number Mr. Morris agrees with Houssaye, whose figures are about the same as those of Thiers, rather than with Charras, whom he denounces as a partizan and declares his figures to be false. Some one has said that the campaign requires to be studied watch in hand. This is obviously the case, and Mr. Morris's pages are written throughout with the closest attention to the sequence of events and the hours at which the various movements were made or ought to have been made. Everywhere the reader is made to feel how much depended upon each leader being up to time, and how much was lost by some of them failing to be where they ought to have been and were intended to be by their chief at the right moment. As a critic, Mr. Morris's sympathies are evidently on the side of Napoleon, and the work is written much more from the point of view of the French, and much less from the point of view of the Allies, than one is accustomed to in an English book. All through from the beginning of the campaign it is held that victory ought to have been on the side of the Emperor, and great pains are taken to show the superiority of his strategy and skill in every branch of the art of war over either Blucher or Wellington. The cause of his failure is set down chiefly to his failing health and the disobedience of his subordinates. Ney is especially blamed for his conduct both at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. So also is Grouchy. The latter's conduct was inexcusable, and the same may be said of Ney. On behalf of the latter at Waterloo, however, Mr. Morris fairly urges that Napoleon gave him no definite orders, but admits on the other hand that Napoleon trusted him too implicitly, and ought to have been more definite in his instructions. While admiring the Emperor and claiming for him a mastery in the art of war which neither Blucher nor Wellington is said to have had, Mr. Morris is not unfair to the abilities of either of these commanders. Justice is done to the skill and tenacity of the Duke, who in the opinion of Mr. Morris ought to have lost, and but for the folly of Ney would have lost at Waterloo. Blucher's patriotism is praised, and much is said of the quality of his troops, and still more of the courage and endurance of the British. All through Mr. Morris writes with judicial calmness, and the student as well as the general reader will thank him for the admirable fairness with which he presents his case for and against each side, and for the singularly lucid way in which he narrates the campaign which ended in the ruin of his hero.

*A. History of Spain from the Earliest Times to the Death of Ferdinand the Catholic.* By ULICK RALPH BURKE, M.A.  
Second Edition. Edited, with additional Notes and an Introduction, by Martin A. S. Hume. Two Volumes.  
London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1900.

For the period it covers, Mr. Burke's is admittedly the best history of Spain in the English language. Compared with some of the native histories of the country it is short; but it is condensed, picturesque, and for all practical purposes sufficiently full. The first edition was unfortunately marked by a number of errors, which the accomplished author was not permitted the privilege of correcting, though fully aware of their existence. In the person, however, of Mr. Hume, who has already made a number of excellent contributions to Spanish history, the publishers of the work have been fortunate enough to find a thoroughly competent editor, and one who has discharged his duties with the requisite skill and scholarship. The duties of an editor are often difficult to determine, but

Mr. Hume has throughout gone upon safe lines. Except in a few cases where the expressions were obscure, he has made no attempt to alter the author's style, which he rightly considers 'a revelation of his personality.' Obvious errors of statement he has carefully corrected, and in a considerable number of instances where the information in the text or notes was in need of qualification, explanation, or support, he has appended additional footnotes, which, as a rule, are to the point, and add to the value of the volumes. Some of Mr. Burke's speculations as to the original inhabitants of the country and their language are of rather doubtful value but these Mr. Hume has for the most part left untouched. The most notable alteration Mr. Hume has made is in the arrangement of the chapters. Some of these—the chapters on the Bull Fight, Architecture, the Monetary System, and Music—he has shifted from the position they originally occupied to the end of the text. This has its advantage and its disadvantage. They were probably placed where they were by Mr. Burke in order to form breaks in the narrative; on the other hand, placed as they now are the narrative has become continuous. Which is the better the reader can decide for himself. Either way he has Mr. Burke's text and notes, to the latter of which the Editor has added a number of his own. Mr. Hume's main contribution to the volumes, however, is a preface which though covering only some ten pages is of great value to the student. In this he shows with singular clearness that the history of Spain, better than that of any other European country, enables the philosophical historian to trace the combination of causes and effects in the life of a nation, and thus not only to demonstrate the scientific basis of his own teaching, but also to draw the deductions and conclusions, failing which the study of history would be useless as an aid to wisdom. Altogether this new edition of a work which has many claims to be regarded as a classic, is a considerable improvement on the original and deserves to meet with a cordial welcome.

*History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages.* By FERDINAND GREGOROVIVS. Translated from the Fourth German Edition by ANNIE HAMILTON. Vol. VII. 2 Parts. London: George Bell & Sons. 1900.

This volume of Miss Hamilton's excellent translation of Gregorovius opens with the accession of Martin V. to the pontificate, and comes down to the year 1503, when the papal chair became vacant by the death of Alexander VI. In some respects this portion of Gregorovius's work might almost be said to have been superseded by the much fuller and more vivid narrative of Dr. Pastor; still as a history of Rome, and not especially of the Popes, the work will undoubtedly continue to hold its own. The plan is much larger, and it is only when the first has reached its sixth volume in Miss Hamilton's translation that the two works come into touch with each other. When, however, they reach the same period the reader will do well to have beside him the more recent work. Gregorovius is not infallible, and though as a rule the two writers are singularly well agreed, the new materials which Dr. Pastor has had access to or consulted often enable him to furnish additional information which modify or throw fresh light upon the statements of Gregorovius. As in previous volumes, Miss Hamilton has confined herself merely to the work of translation, but the value of her translation would have been materially enhanced had she here and there taken the liberty of adding a note conveying more recent information or correcting an error. The note by Gregorovius on page 8,

referring to Martin's opinion of Bernadino of Siena, is partly misleading and partly wrong. While it may be true that Martin at first suspected the monk of being a fanatical reformer, in consequence of the charges brought against him by his enemies, there can be little doubt that if any such suspicions ever existed in the Pope's mind, they were entirely dissipated by the investigation he ordered to be made. This is proved by the fact that within three years of his appearance in Rome Martin wished to appoint Bernadino bishop of Siena, an honour which he steadfastly declined. As for forbidding him to wear the sign of Jesus, the opposite was the case. The Pope gave him permission to display his banner whenever he pleased, and along with his clergy took part in solemn processions in honour of Jesus, in which the badge was openly displayed. On page 92 Thomas Parentucelli, who was afterwards Nicholas V., is styled Archbishop of Bologna; but he was then only Bishop. Bologna did not become an Archiepiscopal see until 1582. The statement (p. 124) that Frederick, on his entry into Rome, March 8th, 1452, 'scarcely vouchsafed a greeting to the Cardinals,' but treated the Senators with the greatest distinction, seems highly improbable, and rests on the unsupported testimony of Infessura. Nicholas V. was, admittedly, 'the most liberal of all pontiffs,' and 'no pope had incurred less blame or done more for Rome,' but it is only in the sense that they were uncalled for that Porcaro's schemes can be described as 'ill-timed.' Porcaro had a large following. Roman opinion appears to have been greatly divided about him, some went so far as to regard him as a martyr, and contemporary chroniclers who mention his doings do not always condemn him. He seems, indeed, to have had fair reason for regarding the times as propitious to his schemes and for anticipating a successful issue. The second half of the second part of Miss Hamilton's volume is taken up with an account of the Renaissance movement. The account is condensed, but full of interesting information and just views.

*An Old Family, or the Setons of Scotland and America.* By  
Monsignor SETON. New York: Brentano. 1899.

In sumptuousness of appearance Dr. Seton's volume on the Seton family will not compare with the two volumes issued some time ago on this side of the Atlantic by his distant kinsman, Mr. George Seton, Advocate. Of those volumes Dr. Seton says, 'without malice,' as we may readily believe, they 'contain some things that are important, many things that are useful, and everything that is superfluous.' The criticism is a little too epigrammatic to be exactly correct, and the last phrase of it is obviously an exaggeration. That his own book contains 'everything that is superfluous' can not be said, though it is not altogether wanting in superfluities, but the rest of the criticism is as true of Dr. Seton's volume as it is of the volumes to which it refers. A carping criticism might take objection to a number of Dr. Seton's notes, especially to those dealing with the derivation of personal names, some of which contain speculations or guesses of a somewhat doubtful character. The derivation of personal, as of local, names is not always a subject for dogmatizing upon. The most plausible derivations are often the most misleading, and plausible as some of Dr. Seton's are, we are not prepared to invariably accept them. Having said this, we have nothing more to say in the way of fault-finding, except a word in respect to the absurdly heavy paper on which the volume is printed. After holding it in the hand for five minutes it becomes fatiguing, and to hold it any longer is decidedly unpleasant. There is no particular virtue in heavy

paper; quite as good results, both in respect to the type and the illustrations, might have been obtained by the use of a paper less brittle and of lighter weight. Prefaces are usually skipped, but Dr. Seton's is worth reading. It is lively and outspoken, perhaps a little more caustic than many will like, and it sets forth the tone and tendency of the volume. Dr. Seton is proud of his descent from a great and eminent family; for wealth without birth and culture he has no respect. 'There is nothing grand,' he says, 'in a house founded on gold, whose heirlooms are shares and bonds and city lots.' The desire so widely spread in America to make out a descent from some one of the old British or European families, he speaks of as ridiculous, and has no hesitation in saying that 'few of the Colonial families were scions of the old stock.' But to turn to the book itself. One half of it is devoted to an historical account of the main line of the family, and the other to a sketch of its various branches, and, among other things, to an explanation of the Seton heraldry. As for the antiquity of the Setons, the author is more modest in his claims than some other writers of family history. He finds the beginnings of the family in Normandy, and traces its origin to Picot, the Pikeman, whose name is afterwards associated with Avenel in the immediate neighbourhood of Pays de Perche and then with the local name of de Say. Apparently, therefore, the family at this early period had already branched out into two lines, that of Avenel and that of Say, both of which became baronial families in Normandy, England and Scotland. The Avenels were lords of Biard, and, according to Vincent of Beauvais, were descended from Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy. Hence Avenel, Baron of Biars, who confirmed a grant to Marmoutiers Abbey in 1035, was probably the brother of Osmeline of Avenel, Lord of Say, who made grants to St. Martin's at Sées about 1030. William Avenel de Biars was present at the battle of Hastings, and, along with others of his more immediate name and family, figures on the Roll. In Scotland the Avenels held one of the most important baronies on the Border. Robert Avenel, first Lord Eskdale, was among those who followed David I. from England to Scotland and received lands from the King. He is mentioned in the reign of Malcolm IV., in his old age he became a monk at Melrose, and died in 1185. He was succeeded by his son Gervaise, who is said to have paid much attention to the breeding of horses and to have had an extensive stud in Eskdale. Some time between 1236 and 1249 his son, John Avenel, made over to the monastery of Inchcolm twenty-six acres lying within the barony of Abercorn, and in 1236 Roger Avenel is a witness to Alexander II.'s charter for the formation of Pluscardyn Priory. In 1243 the principal line came to an end, and the lands of Roger Avenel passed to his son-in-law, Henry de Graham of Dalkeith. The senior line of the Avenels is now represented by the Duke of Montrose, the head of the house of Graham. The Honour of Say, whence the Setons came, was on the river Orne, about twenty-six miles north-west of Alençon. Picot Avenel de Say, living in 1030 under Robert, sixth Duke of Normandy, is the first member of the family who is mentioned. His son was Robert Fitz-Picot, Lord of Aunay. The SAYS do not appear on the Roll of Battle Abbey among those who accompanied the Conqueror, but they are mentioned by Wace in his metrical poem on Rollo and the Dukes of Normandy as taking part in the Battle of Hastings. According to Dugdale there were two considerable families named Say derived from the same Norman original. One remained in England and settled in Shropshire, where Picot de Say, the first to be mentioned in any public document in England, obtained no fewer than twenty-nine lordships. He was summoned to attend the dedication of Shrewsbury Abbey, and was succeeded by his son Henry, who was followed by Helias. Helias left an



only daughter Isabel, Lady of Clun, who married William Fitz-Alan, Governor of Shrewsbury and elder brother of Walter the High Steward of Scotland. She died in 1199, and by his descent from her the Duke of Norfolk inherits the barony of Clun. The first appearance of a de Say in Scotland belongs to the reign of Alexander I. in the person of Robert Saher de Say, who fled thither for refuge from Henry I. of England, against whom he had rebelled. Alexander bestowed upon him certain lands which were named after him Say-ton, which was gradually transformed into Seyton or Seton. From him descended all the Lords Seton, Earls of Winton, etc. Saher de Say's son and successor was known as Dougall de Sayton or the 'Black Stranger (lord) of the town of Say' because of the Norman coat of mail he wore. He married Janet, daughter of Robert de Quincy, and was succeeded by his son Seher de Setoune, who was followed by his son Philip de Setoune. Philip married Helen or Alice, only daughter of Waldeve or Waltheof, fifth Earl of Dunbar and March. The charter he obtained from William the Lion confirming to him certain lands is one of the oldest Scottish charters in existence, and is now in the possession of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton. Alexander, who succeeded Philip, married Jean, daughter of Walter Berkeley, Lord High Chamberlain, and subscribed a charter given by Seher de Quincy, Earl of Winchester, his kinsman, to the Church of St. Mary of Newbattle. The charter is interesting as containing the earliest reference to coal mining in Scotland. This was in the thirteenth century, and two centuries later Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., when writing of his visit to Scotland says—'A sulphurous stone dug from the earth is used by the people for fuel.' Dr. Seton of course writes at length of the part which the Setons took in the war of independence. He is careful, also, to point out the faculty they had for making prudent, or at least profitable, marriages. He has paragraphs also upon the four Maries, and tells an almost infinite number of things in connection with his family, all of which are more or less interesting and important. The Setons of Scotland, and specifically the Setons of Parbroath, he is careful to point out, 'are the only representatives of the once great House of Say in unbroken male descent.' It is to the Setons of Parbroath that the Setons of New York belong. 'The Setons of Parbroath,' Dr. Seton writes, 'are the earliest offshoot from the main trunk of our family tree. They are therefore the senior cadets of the House of Winton, and are not the least among the genealogical juniors.' They are descended from the Sir Alexander Seton who so valiantly defended Berwick against the English in the first half of the fourteenth century. The lands of Parbroath, through the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Nicholas Ramsay of Parbroath, fell to John, the fourth son of the Governor of Berwick. Sir John, we are told, lived happily with his wife, by whom, as a woman could not perform a knight's service, he became, *jure uxoris*, one of the Lesser Barons of Scotland. Their descendants were well married, and became in this way related to many of the best families in Scotland. After being in the family for three centuries the estate of Parbroath, which lies about four and a-half miles from Cupar, Fife, was sold to the Lindsays in 1633, and now belongs to the Hopes. The Setons of New York are descended from James Seton, grandson of Sir George Seton, eighth and last Baron of Parbroath. As might be expected, Dr. Seton has many interesting things to say about them. One may be mentioned. Elizabeth Seton, who belonged to the New York Setons, married Robert Berry, and was the mother of the famous Miss Berrys. Of his own nearer relations, Dr. Seton has many things to say, some of which while doubtless of great interest to himself, are of little general interest, and will probably be classed by some

was 'my not praying for King George,' and another, 'my drinking the Pretender's health, as they called him.' The Justice Clerk offered to let him off if he would undertake to pray for King George; but on his refusal he was forbidden to preach or exercise any ministerial function in the town or parish of Brechin under a penalty of 500 merks, and declared incapable of holding any benefice in Scotland for a period of seven years. For neglecting to pray for King George he was condemned to pay a fine of 100 merks, and to be imprisoned until the fine was paid. In 1715 he returned to Brechin, from which all the Presbyterian ministers had fled on hearing that Mar had unfurled the Stuart standard at Braemar, and resumed his ministrations until January, 1716, when Argyll's advance northward compelled him to flee. Altogether, Guthrie had a somewhat troubled, if not romantic career. His memoir is well worth reading. It illustrates with remarkable fidelity the ecclesiastical position in Scotland at the Revolution settlement and onward into the eighteenth century. Dr. Dowden's introduction is of commendable brevity, but of advantage to the reader, while the footnotes convey much information respecting a number of individuals who figured more or less during Guthrie's lifetime, but whose fame was not sufficient to assure them a conspicuous place in history.

*Studies in John the Scot (Erigena): A Philosopher of the Dark Ages.* By ALICE GARDNER. London: Henry Frowde. 1900.

This work does not profess to contain a complete account of Erigena's philosophy. Some of its doctrines are passed by, and others are touched upon only incidentally. Those which are chiefly discussed or expounded are its author's teaching respecting the Supreme Being and the origin of things, predestination, the doctrine of sacraments, and the nature of good and evil. A brief sketch is given of the times in which the Scot lived, and his relations, intellectually and as a translator, to Dionysius the Areopagite; and in a final chapter an attempt is made to estimate the influence which this Irish philosopher had in his own day and generation and upon the philosophy and theology of later times. Of Erigena himself very little is known, and that little is told by Miss Gardner, who, however, is by no means disposed to accept the tradition that he was slain by his pupils, who, dissatisfied with his teaching and angered by its heretical tendency, are said to have risen against him and stabbed him with their pens. The 'studies' are skilfully written, and touch upon many points of perennial interest, but whether they will succeed in directing any general attention to this philosopher of the Dark Ages, who was undoubtedly an acute thinker and a formidable controversialist, may be doubted. The chapter on his influence might have been expanded, but so far as it goes it is excellent. There can be no doubt that his writings, and more especially his translations from Dionysius, had much to do in fostering the tone of thought which prevailed among the mystics of the Middle Ages and in spreading the movement along the Rhine and Rhone, of which Nicholas of Basle, Tauler, and Eckhart, were the acknowledged leaders, but of whom the first, notwithstanding the mystery which always surrounded him, was from a popular point of view, the most important.

*Pausanius and other Greek Sketches.* By J. G. FRAZER. London: Macmillan & Co. 1900.

The idea of bringing the pieces which this volume contains together and issuing them in the 'Eversley Series' can only be commended. They are

all valuable, and the majority of them will serve as an admirable introduction to one of the best books on ancient Greece which has recently been published. The first piece indeed has done duty in it, and is nothing less than Mr. Frazer's delightful introduction to his elaborate and scholarly edition of Pausanias. Mr. Frazer modestly suggests that it will at least tell those who wonder who Pausanias was something about him. That it certainly will, but it will just as certainly tell them a great deal more; probably it will send them off with the desire to become acquainted with what that ancient traveller wrote, if it does not make them enquire for the edition of the writings Mr. Frazer has prepared. Other pieces are taken from that edition, and consist of descriptions of different parts of Greece in sufficient number and variety to make the volume an excellent companion for those who are about to visit the country, and not less for those who have been there. At the end of the volume we have the charming article Mr. Frazer contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on Pericles. Altogether the volume is one of the most delightful in a very valuable series.

*Heraldry in Relation to Scottish History and Art: being the Rhind Lectures on Archæology for 1898.* By Sir JAMES BALFOUR PAUL, Lord Lyon King of Arms. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1900.

For the subject of his Rhind Lectures on Archæology Sir James Balfour Paul has not gone so far back as the majority of those who have held the lectureship before him. Some may doubt whether the one he has chosen is archæological at all, and not rather historical. Followers of Mr. Spencer and Mr. Tylor will have no difficulty in regarding it, at least in what to them are its earlier phases, as almost purely archæological, though they may be at one with those who are disposed to regard the heraldry treated of in the lectures as falling entirely within times historical, and as a subject of historical rather than of archæological study and research. This, however, is a comparatively small matter, and may, after all, resolve itself into a mere question of times and terms. For Sir James heraldry did not begin earlier than the eleventh century, and perhaps not till later, at least heraldry as we now know it. Individual cognisances—'the fount from which armory sprang' and 'the beginnings of Heraldic devices'—it is admitted were known and worn from the earliest times, but they were not worn hereditarily, 'the feature which is the most distinguishing characteristic of mediæval heraldry.' This may be true, and in all probability is, in respect to the lions, griffins, etc., portrayed in the sculptures of Assyria and Chaldea: at anyrate, as Sir James Balfour Paul points out, they bear no indication that they were borne hereditarily. But it may be doubted whether the same may be held respecting the badges and cognisances worn by the tribes or in use in the West. Indications may be met with that they were not only personal, but descended from father to son. While sufficient to raise the doubt, however, these indications, it may be admitted, are not sufficient to allow of any sweeping generalisation. As to the figures which appear in heraldry, there can be no doubt that some of them, such as those of the lion, leopard, and elephant are borrowed from the East, but it is doubtful whether 'the art of the ancient civilisations of the East' has had so much to do with them as our author or as Mr. Ive, whose opinion he adopts, believes. These, however, are more or less matters of speculation, and the passages in which they occur are the only ones in the volume which raise points of contention. For the rest, the

book is admirable. It is beautifully printed and beautifully bound, though perhaps not quite heraldically. Nothing can be more attractive than the text. The Lord Lyon has retained in the printed page the direct style of address used in the delivery of the lectures, and, of course, speaks with the authority of his official position throughout. The lectures do not, as need hardly be said, profess to furnish an exhaustive treatise on heraldry, but a happier or more attractive introduction to the study of it will be found with difficulty. Of special interest are the illustrations which are drawn from Scottish history. The paragraphs treating of the history of heraldic art are deserving of the most careful attention, especially those in which the necessity for returning to the simpler and better art of earlier times is enforced. The lecture on Heraldic Execution in Scotland will interest many, while that on Armorial Manuscripts is one for which all students of heraldry will cordially thank the author. It is to be hoped that his strong plea for the revival of the study of heraldry and the more frequent use of armorial decoration will bear fruit.

*Ordinale Conventus Vallis Caulium: The Rule of the Monastic Order of Val-des-Choux in Burgundy.* From the original MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, etc., with an Introduction by W. DE GRAY BIRCH, LL.D., F.S.A., etc., etc. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1900.

Until Mignard wrote his *Historie des Principales Foundations Religieuses du Bailliage de la Montagne en Bourgogne* very little was known about the Order of Val-des-Choux, though it owned a considerable number of houses or convents, enjoyed a good reputation, and was fairly wealthy. Hélyot devoted to it not more than a couple of pages, and other writers who referred to it after him did not add to his scanty and not always accurate information. Mignard, however, has summed up most of what is recorded about the Mother House and the Order, though in not a few respects in regard to their history his account is imperfect. The Priory of Val-des-Choux is generally understood to have owed its origin to one Viard, a conversus of the adjacent Chartreuse of Louvigny or Lugny, situated on the north bank of the Ource, in the diocese of Langres, who, desirous of living a life of greater austerity and freedom from temporal cares than was possible to him as a conversus, obtained the permission of his Superior to retire into a forest about two leagues from Lugny, where he lived in a cave and by the extraordinary austerities he practised soon attracted a considerable amount of attention, and acquired a great reputation for the sanctity of his life. The reigning Duke of Burgundy, in whose territory the place was, is said to have paid him frequent visits, and on one occasion, when about to enter upon a perilous war, promised Viard that if he returned successful, he would build a monastery for him in the place. The Duke returned successful and fulfilled his vow. The name for the new monastery was taken from that of its site, Le Val-des-Choux, Latinised Vallis Caulium, the Valley of Cabbages. The Valley of Owls has also been suggested as the meaning of the original name, *choue* being an old French word allied to the English *chough*, the German *chouch*, and the modern French *chouette*. The one rendering seems as likely as the other, but, for reasons which need not here be given, the first may probably be regarded as the more likely. According to Mignard, Viard took up his residence in the new foundation some time between 1193 and 1200. Hélyot, however, fixes the date at 2nd November, 1193, and the author of the *Gallia Christiana* gives the year 1195. As was usually the case, the buildings

was 'rather for want of riches than for slothfulness or want of courage,' and they kept up, at any rate, a lively intercourse with the continent.

Coming down on Crail from Barns it presented a cluster of grey, red-tiled or thatched houses, which climbed the hill above the little, deep, cup-like harbour until they reached the church, a bequest, although already a maimed and mutilated one, from pre-Reformation times. One could stand on the high terrace, which crowns the precipitous wall of rock falling sheer from the ruins of the Castle, and watch, down at the quay, the small, stout merchant craft going out, laden with skins and furs of many sorts; with fish, 'red pickeled herrings,' salmon, oysters, or the famous Crail Capons (haddocks split and smoked), wool and 'coarse cloathes, both linen and woolen, which be narrow and shrinkle in the wetting.' In return they brought broad-cloth and corn from Holland, soap from Flanders, silk, wine, and nuts from Bordeaux, hams from Bayonne, prunes from Dieppe, and flax, hemp, iron, pitch, and tar from the Baltic.

Fishing-boats were there too, but they, unlike the merchant craft, have left numerous descendants which still spread their brown sails to the breeze. There was a pretty custom in vogue when the boats were putting out on the voyage to some distant fishing-ground, and which still faintly lingers among the East Neuk fisher-folk. Just as the *Blessing of God* or the *Star of Bethlehem* was rounding the end of the pier where the wives and bairns of the crew had run to see the last of them, the men used to throw back pieces of bread to the children where they stood with hair and garments blown back by the keen breeze, with the gulls wheeling and dipping in the blue waters round them. They were the breadwinners going forth to their labour, and here was an earnest of the harvest of the sea with which they hoped to return. Now-a-days this, like other old customs, has lost most of its dignity, and has degenerated into a brisk fire of fragments of ship-biscuit which the children return as vehemently as they are thrown, while *Maggie Lauder* or *The Thane*

*A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.* Edited by Dr. JAMES A. H. MURRAY. Gradely—Greement (Vol. IV.) by H. BRADLEY. Inferable—Inpushing (Vol. V.) by Dr. MURRAY. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

Every effort is apparently being made to push on the completion of this great work, for this quarter, instead of one section as formerly, we have two, one belonging to the volume on which Dr. Murray, the editor-in-chief, is working, and the other belonging to the division which has been assigned to Mr. Bradley. The two sections are of the same size and are distinguished by that fulness and accuracy of treatment which we have become accustomed to look for in this monumental work, and which, to say the least, are unsurpassed in any other similar English Dictionary. In Mr. Bradley's section by far the largest number of the words are proximately of French etymology, their ulterior being usually Latin. Some, however, go back to the Teutonic, and one, *gravel*, to the Celtic. A recent adoption from Celtic is *gralloch*. Native words are numerous and important. *Great*, with its compounds and derivations, occupies eighteen columns. As usual, there is a number of interesting notes on the history and on the etymology of the words. In Dr. Murray's section words of Latin derivation are still, as in his previous section, much to the front, but words of native origin are proportionally more numerous. These are, for the most part, compounds or derivations of the adverb and preposition *in*. Much interesting information is given under *inference*, *infinitesimal*, *infinitive*, *influenza*, and *influenza*. From the article under the last we learn that the word was first used in 1743, and in the quotations under it the annals of the mysterious trouble it designates may be traced. As usual, words in use in the Scottish Lowlands receive attention. Among them are *graip*, *graitth*, *grassum*, *gree*, *ingle*, *inlaik*.

*Études sur la Langue des Francs à l'époque Mérovingienne.* Par H. d'ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Émile Bouillon. 1900.

In an interesting preface to this volume the author tells us that he has long cherished the ambition of taking a place in the ranks of the lexicographers by throwing together his numerous notes, and preparing a couple of dictionaries, one of the language of the Franks during the Merovingian epoch, and another of the language of the Gauls, but that, unfortunately, owing to his many other engagements and the shortness of life the task has become impossible for him. Here, therefore, he has put together such notes as he has been able to make on the language of the Franks, and written for them an introduction of about twice their length. Both introduction and notes are of great value from a historical, as well as from a lexicographical point of view, and are of importance to the student of Gregory's *Historia Francorum*, and its continuation by Fredegarius. The introduction is devoted to an analysis of a number of personal names, royal and otherwise, at the time of the Merovingians, to a discussion of their origin and meaning, and to the formation of diminutives and pet names. There is also a chapter on Merovingian phonetics. The first chapter is taken up with a remarkably elaborate investigation into the names of Clovis and his four sons, Thierry, Clodomir, Childebert, and Clotaire, all of which are followed through their various changes as they appear on the pages of the historians, on various documents, and on a number of coins. The changes through which Thierry has gone are

a tragedy that was pitiful and noble by turns, but all noble at the close. Contemporary documents open to us now were not then available, but it is possible that through private channels accounts may have reached even the East Neuk of the last shadowed years. Some of Euphame's relatives may easily have met the 'discreet and grave' Lady Melville of Garvock, who was drowned in 1589 in a passage-boat between Burntisland and Leith, on her way to assist at the reception of young Anne of Denmark. She was that Jane Kennedy who attended her mistress on the scaffold, and who, 'having a Corpus Christi cloth lapped up three-corner-ways, kissing it, put it over the Queen of Scots face.'

Another event of which many tales must have floated about the neighbourhood and some traditions linger still, was the landing at Anstruther, about Lammas 1588, of a party of shipwrecked Spaniards, survivors of the Armada.

James Melville, Minister of West Anstruther, tells in his Diary, how after months of vague terror and sinister rumour, a relieved and joyous bailie early one morning, by break of day, 'cam to my bedsyde saying (but nocht with fray), I haiff to tell you newes, Sir. There is arvyit within our herbrie this morning, a schipe full of Spaiyardts, but nocht to giff mercie bot to ask.'

The English traveller, Fynes Morison (1598), describes Fife as having 'no woodes at all, only the gentlemen's dwellings were shadowed with some little groves pleasant to the view.' This forestless condition is traced to the building of the great Michael in the days of James IV., 'ane verrie monstrous great schip,' which 'tuk so meikle timber that sche wasted all the woodes in Fyfe except Falkland Wood.' Trees do not, in any case, grow luxuriantly in this windy East Neuk, but a few rather lank survivors suggest that Barns may have had its little sheltering grove. There was a feeling for the beauties of nature and situation long ago which was perhaps all the keener because it was often unconscious. And yet it may not have been so unconscious as we assume, for it must have been a cultured instinct which helped the builders of houses, of priories, of churches, to place them almost invariably in the choicest spots, both as re-

*A Royal Rhetorician* (Constable). In this little volume Mr. R. S. Rait has brought together King James VI's *Treatise on Scottish Poetry* and his *Counterblast to Tobacco*, and has printed along with them certain extracts from the same author's 'Essay on the art of Poesie,' and specimens of his translations of the Psalms of David. To all of which he has supplied an introduction and a number of notes. At the end of the volume is a list of the chief writings of King James. The volume will be welcome to many, more especially when edited by so capable an editor as Mr. Rait.

In the 'Famous Scots' series (Anderson & Ferrier), now so well known and highly appreciated, we have the following volumes, *Sir David Wilkie*, by Edward Pinnington; *Thomas Guthrie*, by Oliphant Smeaton; and *The Erskines*, by A. R. MacEwen. All of them bear evidence of very careful study and will take, as they abundantly deserve, a foremost place in the useful series to which they belong.

*Life and Times of William Guthrie, M.A., Minister of Fenwick* (Alex. Gardner), is a brief biography written by the Rev. W. H. Caralaw, who, among other things, has edited *The Scots Worthies*. It is apparently the first of a short series of biographies of the 'Heroes of the Covenant,' and should find acceptance among a large class of readers, both in Scotland and abroad.

*The Poems and Songs of Robert Tannahill* (Alex. Gardner), is a reprint of Semple's edition of the poet's works, in which the Life has been relieved, not without advantage, of some superfluous matter.





*Martyrdom*, 'the fisslin' for the text' and the minister's voice from above, saying through a drowsy cloud :—'Nineteenthly: for I hasten—'

A wave of squalor has submerged the house itself, and it is not easy to imagine it clean and fair and full of blessed conditions. Probably it was once larger, and a ragged wall to the west suggests that a whole wing has disappeared. The worn stone stair, the simple mouldings of the fireplaces, are almost all that the interior has certainly inherited from older, happier times. But the wide outlook across the sweep of golden corn to the sea is the same as it was then, and while the lovers gazed

'To western worlds when wearied day goes down'

Euphame, one can fancy, may have told Drummond the ancient legend of the Forth: how St Thenew, like another Danae, was cast adrift with her infant boy, by her father, 'a very pagan king of the North'; how all the fishes, in compassion of her fate, escorted her until she reached the Isle of May in safety; how they remained there so that the fisheries are famous for their excellence to this day, but how a favouring breeze wafted St Thenew and her babe to Culross, where the aged St Serf received them and bred up the child in such holiness that he was known to after days as St Kentigern, called also St Mungo (or the well-beloved), patron saint of Glasgow.

The rooms of this period, scantily furnished to modern eyes, afforded at any rate the pleasant feeling of spaciousness, so often lost in our days of overcrowded prettinesses. Every article was meant for use, and so had first and foremost the essential beauty of fitness. But the *ambry*, a large cupboard which held food and household utensils, the smaller cup-ambry and the *buists* and *kists* where the silver and the 'clean-washed and well-smelled napperie' were kept, were often curiously and delicately carved. Much of the finest furniture came, like the luxuries of the table and the refinements of dress, from France and Flanders, but even in articles which were made at home the foreign tradition is often apparent. Thus the *dresser*, or plain sideboard, without which no Scottish kitchen is complete, borrowed its name from

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NEW YORK :  
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY,  
*AGENTS FOR THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.*  
ALEX. GARDNER, PAISLEY; AND 26 PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON.

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much less with lace of silver and gold.' About the middle of the seventeenth century a poet laments the old days when

' We had no garments in our land  
But what were spun by the good wife's hand,'

but in fact from a very early period feast-day apparel and fashions were imported from abroad. Sir David Lyndesay speaks of

' Ane tailzeour quhilk hes fosterit in France  
That can mak garments in the gayest gyse,'

and about 1578 French fashions received an impetus from the arrival of one M. d'Aubigny, with 'many French fassone: toyes.' Mary of Guise imported her footgear from Paris without doubt for the same reason that she imported fruit and vegetables 'parce qu' elle n' en trouvait pas d'aussi bons dans son royaume' and a little later French shoemakers settled in Edinburgh. It is amusing to find the evergreen joke as to the size of our shoes already in good working order on the Continent in the sixteenth century, when a French poet makes one of his characters say

' J'ay la conscience aussi large  
Que les houseaux d'un Escossais.'

Married and elderly gentlewomen wore straight-bodied gowns, their best being often of satin, and hoods, with large fashions and bands round the neck. Girls had close linen sleeves, ruffs of different kinds, and short cloaks, and the use of the plaid, well suited the exigencies of the climate, was very usual in all ranks. Even a good deal later women 'of the best sort, that are well habited in their modish silks, yet must wear a plaid over their shoulders for the credit of their country.'

Clothes were, of course, for the most part cut and made at home. The laird's 'man' had sometimes qualified as a tailor and acted in that capacity, not only to his master but to his lady and other members of the family. Also in rural districts there were many wandering tailors who went from house to house working in each in turn and receiving food, lodging, and a

THE  
SCOTTISH REVIEW.

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OCTOBER, 1900.

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ART. I.—THE LOVE STORY OF DRUMMOND OF  
HAWTHORNDEN.

ALL those little steep, red-roofed towns that are dotted 'thick as sedges' along the coast of Fife from Culross to Crail, are as salt with the spray of the waves of time as of the veritable waves of the Forth that the wintry storms dash over them.

And behind the towns, scattered liberally over the land, all old or direct descendants of older buildings, are 'palaces,' castles, and mansion houses, almost each one of which possesses at least one moment when it flashes into historical significance. As on some cloudy day when the herring-boats are afloat on a lustreless sea, suddenly a rift in the sky drops a gleam of light on the water below and one little craft shines forth as it crosses the bright pathway, rigging, masts and brown sails all revealed and transfigured, only to pass on and be lost again in the gloom beyond, so for one moment Clio bends the lantern trimmed by her handmaid Tradition on each of these grey old houses in turn, and it shines forth and becomes alive for us.

Falkland Palace had many such moments, but among them all that one most haunts the memory when the sad king turned him

Education, and particularly the education of girls, did not then run on iron rails, as it now does, and what Euphame learnt beyond the arts of reading and writing would depend on chance or on her own disposition. French speaking was still a frequent accomplishment, and the 'reiding and right pronounciation of that tounge' were taught at St. Andrews, although a few decades later, when the bonds which united Scotland to France had been yet further relaxed, it does not appear in the list of accomplishments taught at a first-rate girls' boarding-school in Edinburgh, which included dancing and playing on the Virginals. It is certain, at any rate, that Euphame grew up in that atmosphere of culture which is of such vastly greater importance to the development of the character than any definite system of education. Sheriff Mackay tells us that 'learning was neither despised nor rare' among the Fife lairds of those days. Drummond was able to associate on terms of intellectual fellowship with Alexander Cunningham; his sister's husband, Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, was one of the most accomplished men of the time, and another of his Fife friends, to whom, later, he sent a copy of his *Flowers of Zion*, was David, Lord Balcarres, who 'thought that day mispent on which he knew not a new thing.'

Drummond had been educated at the High School and infant University of Edinburgh, and had then gone abroad. On his way to the continent, and also on his return, he visited his father, who, like his mother's brother, Sir John Fowler, held an appointment at Court. By their interest he was a witness of all the wondrous revellings in honour of the visit of King Christian of Denmark, and especially of the great Tournament at Greenwich, where errant knights defended and disputed four propositions:—'That in service of ladies no knight hath free will: That it is Beauty maintaineth the world in valour: That no fair lady was ever false: That none can be perfectly wise but lovers,' and where King Christian himself, in blue armour spangled with gold, bestrode a dapple grey, 'with marvellous grace and great applause of the people.'

Three years later, Drummond was back in Edinburgh, preparing rather half-heartedly for the Bar, when by the death of his

‘The sweetest names,’ says Elia, speaking of bygone poets, ‘and which carry a perfume in the mention, are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden and Cowley,’ and it is with memories of Drummond of Hawthornden that this forlorn old house of Barns is still redolent. For this was the home of Euphame Cunningham, the girl to whom he was betrothed, who died on the eve of their intended wedding day, and who, alive and dead, was the inspiration and the motive of all that is best in his poetry.

There had already been Cunninghams at Barns for more than two hundred years when Euphame was born, and they remained there nearly as long again (1376–1743). Then the place passed into other hands and the Cunninghams disappeared, trackless, as families do when they lose their grip upon the land. None among them had attained to eminence, but they seem to have been ‘well-favored prettie gentlemen and in good repute where they lived,’ and the names of successive lairds appear and reappear, as principals or as witnesses, in the Instruments, Tacks, Decreets, and Charters which have been preserved among the records of the burgh of Crail. Typical Fife lairds, probably, and with the Fife laird’s proverbial inheritance: *A pickle land, a lump o’ debt, a gangin’ plea, and a doo-cot.* The doo-cot, at any rate, is still there, with its solid walls and deep crow-steps, watching the old house like a sentinel from the field to the north. Once again, towards the end of the seventeenth century, the light of history flashes upon Barns. The then laird, John Cunningham, married Isabel, daughter of the murdered Archbishop Sharp; she who had been with her father in the coach and six which started to drive across Magus Moor that May afternoon.

Alexander Cunningham of Barns was married in 1596 to Helen, daughter of Thomas Myrton of Cambo, only a mile or two away, and Euphame was probably born in the following year. The world her eyes looked out upon was a marvellously different world from that which lies around us now, and yet there are some main features which change so little with the changing years that by keeping fast hold of them we can partly recon-

sophy, of friendship, and of love, and each of these is reflected in his verse. His place is not with the foremost in the great company of poets, but it is an honourable place, nevertheless, for he is one of those who do not forget 'que le monde ne finit pas aux portes des maisons;' that the true function of poetry is to keep open 'les grandes routes qui menent de ce qu'on voit à ce qu'on ne voit pas.'

'Best companied when most I am alone,' it was almost with reluctance that he suffered the compelling power of love to draw him away from other thoughts.

'How that vast Heaven entitled First is roll'd,  
If any other worlds beyond it lie,  
And people living in eternity,  
Or essence pure that doth this All uphold

. . . . .

Did hold my wandering thought, when thy sweet eye  
Bade me leave all, and only think on thee.'

And after Euphame's death it was to Divine Philosophy that he turned again, endowing her, like Dante, with his mistress's personality, so that, gradually, she to whom he had gone for consolation became identified with his joy.

It is this pronounced philosophic strain that most distinguishes Drummond's poetry from that of the Elizabethans, of whom he was a belated brother. He gathered ideas, images, expressions in many fields, and is reminiscent of Sydney, of Spenser, even, sometimes, of a greater than they; and again, not seldom by direct translation, of Petrarch, of Tasso, of Guarini. But he never borrows without assimilating, so that what is borrowed becomes a portion of himself. The comparative study of poetry is useful not to make of every reader a literary detective, bent on the pursuit of plagiarisms, but only in so far as it enables us the better to appreciate what each poet has, God-given, of his very own.

Whatever may be the case with Shakspeare and some of his contemporaries (too large a subject to enter on here and now),

there is no doubt that Drummond's Sonnets, at any rate, a autobiographic in a tolerably strict sense. Every poetic form is a convention, and the Sonnet form is one of the most conventional of all. Each writer of a Sonnet sequence poured the wine of his spirit into vessels of the same shape and size, and doubtless some of the sonneteers had not themselves trodden the wine-press of a personal experience. But the addition of conventional incidents and accessories is no proof, any more than its form, that a poem was not rooted in a genuine passion, however much it may owe to the dew and the sunbeams of the poet's imagination.

It was probably in 1614, when Euphame was seventeen or eighteen and Drummond about ten years older, that they first met. It seems indeed a little curious that they did not meet earlier, as Thirdpart, the home of Drummond's sister, was close to Barns. But some years before, her husband, Sir John Scot, had also acquired the property of Tarvet, near Cupar, which he re-christened Scotstarvet, and it may have been here that Drummond visited his sister. And possibly his visits were not very frequent even there, for 'of all pastimes and exercises,' he writes in his later days to 'his loving friend Alexander Cunningham of Barnes,' 'I like sailing worst, and had rather attend the hunters and falconers many days ere I sailed one half day'; and the life which he was able to lead at his own 'sweet, solitary place' was so entirely to his taste that it is easy to believe that he was loth to move.

And when the lovers did meet it seems to have been neither at Barns nor yet at Scotstarvet, but at a country house on the banks of the river Ore. This may have been the old house of Balfour, which stood nearer the river than the present mansion. The Ore is but a puny stream, and it is difficult to read without a smile the Sonnet in which Drummond compares it, and compares it to their great disadvantage, with every river known to poesy and geography, from the Arno to the Nile. Myrtles grow freely on its banks, while 'the nightingale calls up the lazy morn her notes to hear.' We have grown wiser now (or is it only more prudent because detection is so sure?) and when we write in praise of Fife we do not pretend she can boast either myrtles or nightin-



gales to sing in them ; we are content with the wild roses and the meadow-sweet, and thank the good God who made the larks so plentiful.

Even in this first vision of his love, of which he tells in a long dreamy allegory, Drummond's master, Plato, is not far away.

‘ My mind me told, that in some other place  
It elsewhere saw the vision of that face,  
And lov'd a love of heavenly pure delight.’

And we have to go hither and thither through the Songs and the Sonnets to gather some idea of what ‘ that face ’ was like. Many of his descriptive epithets are as conventional as the myrtles and the nightingales, but from the midst of the pearls and the corals and the diamonds and the gold, we can rescue one or two individual attributes.

‘ Her hair more bright than are the morning's beams  
Hung in a golden shower above the streams,  
And, sweetly tous'd, her forehead sought to cover.’

Long ago, in a letter from Paris, he had described a picture of a girl whose eyes were ‘ somewhat green,’ and in Euphame he found again this adorable peculiarity. He tells how Nature, ‘ when she had wonderfully wrought all Aurestella's parts except her eyes,’ ‘ counsel of the starry Senate sought ’ and how the deliberation ended in the choice of

‘ . . . the delightful green  
Of you, fair radiant eyne.’

As for her hands, they were like Aurora's—‘ hers who comes the Sun before,’ and lastly :

‘ Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,  
And finds not Venus' son entrenched therein,  
Or hath not sense, or knows not what is love.’

Now he leads on through all love's strain and stress and sweet ado, and tells of the ‘ sacred blush,’ the ‘ bashful look sent from

*o' Fife* leaps into the outer waters amid a shower of spray and a chorus of 'So long!'

Beyond the harbour one can wander eastward for a couple of miles by the shore, past beds of sea-pinks, quivering but never bending their proud little heads in the breeze, and banks fragrant with generous tufts of yellow bed-straw, until the scrambling pathway reaches at last the corner where the land ends in a great rush of tumbled rocks which form the true East Neuk or Fife-ness. Even on a calm day the sea is seldom so calm that the spray is not dashing and leaping over the rocks and the breakers are not rolling slowly in on the white sands of Balcomie. Mary of Guise landed here when she came to Scotland as the bride-elect of James V., and perhaps rested at the old Castle, of which a remnant looks down upon the bay, until the King, who was waiting at St. Andrews, heard of her arrival and 'rode forth himself to meet her, with the whole lords spiritual and temporal, with many barons, lairds and gentlemen, who were convened for the time at St. Andrews in their best array, and received the Queen with great honours and plays made to her.'

This episode when Euphame Cunningham was born lay already almost out of reach of living memory. But many people still in middle life must have been able to tell the child, with all the vividness of personal reminiscence, of the more famous daughter of Mary of Guise, who loved to shelter in St Andrews from the fierce light that beat upon her in Edinburgh, and live, as she said herself, 'like a bourgeois wife' with her 'little troop.' The merchant's house which Mary Stuart is supposed to have occupied still survives, lived in and loved, close to the grey ruins of the Cathedral. Here she shot at the butts in her privy garden, probably 'putted' on the green in preparation for the famous foursome on the links, and was 'quiet and merry;' and hence she rode abroad over the country, hunting and hawking, and no doubt visiting Crail, and perhaps Barns, as she passed. It was this radiant Mary of twenty-one, brimming with the exuberant spirits that were so difficult to crush, who would live for Euphame Cunningham in vivid traditions of that careless three months at St. Andrews which formed a bright prelude to

among the other toys of your cabinet they may serve for a memorial of what once was, being so much better than little pictures, as they are like to be more lasting; and in them are the excellent virtues of your rare mind limned, though I must confess, as painters do angels and the celestial world, which represent them no ways as they are, but in mortal shapes and shadows.'

Sometime during the short space of the engagement Euphame seems to have been at Hawthornden. There was nothing more natural than that Lady Scot should visit her old home, bringing her brother's betrothed with her, but the voyage was not without a miracle of its own—

'Floods seem to smile, love o'er the wind prevails,  
And yet huge waves arise; the cause is this,  
The ocean strives with Forth the boat to kiss.'

The season was early summer, and we can vividly imagine the lovers together in that 'sweet flow'ry place,' still so wonderfully unchanged. How they must have planned the future, while Drummond showed the girl the varied loveliness of his home; the view from far above to where the river seeks its way under the nestling trees, or from the water-side up to where, high-perched over all, the house crowns the cliff of which it seems almost a natural development. The blue hyacinths would be out and the brown fronds of the bracken unfurling all around them. And after she has left he wanders about, recalling her presence at every step in a sweet toying with grief which he must have remembered with an almost bitter envy of himself, when the real parting came. Was it really he who had written—

'I die, dear life, unless to me be given  
As many kisses as the spring hath flowers?'

Here under a goodly elm they sat, whose tender rind his love's white hand cut out in curious flowers; in this window she was wont to stand—

'Me here she first perceiv'd, and here a morn  
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;'

gards *biell* from the prevailing wind and wide outlook over the surrounding country. There was an old Scots law (would that it were re-enacted!) which enjoined the planting of a few trees about the dwelling of every tenant and cottar; and the laird of Balloch who ordered his castle to be built where he should first hear the blackbird sing on his journey down the glen, was not the only man of his day who had music in his soul.

The cultivation of flowers had not so far received very much attention in Scotland, but a kailyard, aptly named, for kail played no inconsiderable part in the kitchen, no doubt lay close to the house, the dull and inconvenient fashion of hiding it, like something to be ashamed of, in a remote part of the grounds, having happily not yet been discovered. The monks were good gardeners, and those of Newburgh on Tay had left a bequest of choice kinds of apples behind them. Mary of Guise imported both fruit and vegetables, 'sans doute parce qu' elle n'en trouvait pas d'aussi bons dans son royaume.' The Longavil pear was probably introduced by her, and the honied Jargonelle was already known. Mayduke cherries, said to be called after Médoc in France, were early arrivals, green gaskins, a kind of gooseberry still found in old gardens, came, as may be guessed, from Gascony, while the name *rizard-berries* gave a French flavour even to the homely red-currant. There were bee-skeps, we may be sure, in the garden, for honey was largely used to supplement the scanty supply of sugar. And scattered among the curly kail and the peas and beans, the sybows and chives, were clumps of the sweet old flowers which we and the bees still love the best; roses red and roses white—the white which later were appropriated to Prince Charlie, and the rather single, loose-petalled red, with frankly displayed yellow hearts; blue and white columbines; 'the brave carnations speckled pink'; gilly-flowers, violets, marigolds, and some sorts of lilies. Aromatic herbs were grown too, lavender and sweet marjoram, and especially apple-ringie (southernwood), sprigs of which were so often taken to the Kirk to supply a natural incense, that it has come to have associations of its own, and at a stray whiff of its crisp, spicy fragrance one seems to hear the strains of *French* or

familiar. *La Bergère de la Palestine; Tragical Tales*, translated by Turbervile, and a volume of which the very title carries one straight into dreamland: *Le Printemps d'Yuer, Contenant cinq histoires, discourues par cinq journées, en une noble compagnie, au Chasteau de Printemps. Par Jaques Yuer, Seigneur de Plaisance . . . gentilhomme. A Lyon, 1578.* A group of little books of devotion show Drummond's interest in the old Church. *The teares of the holy, blessed and sanctified Mary the Mother of God.* 1596. (Printed for Edward White and are to be sold at the little north door of Paules). *Traicté du Nom de Jesus.* Paris, 1588. *Heures de Notre Dame à l'usage de Romme en Latin et en François.* 1555. And a beautiful little volume: *Les Aluminettes de feu divin pour fair eardres des cueurs humains en l'amour de dieu.* Paris, 1539, has a title page bordered with a design of dragons, with red letters here and there and little leaves and pointing hands scattered through the text, in the mode which Morris has again made familiar. *Phillis, Honoured with Pastorall Sonnets, Elegies and amorous delights*, by Thomas Lodge, is near *An Apologie for Poetrie, Written by the right noble vertuous and learned Sir Philip Sidney, Knight*, and one lays down reluctantly at last a small square copy of the *Amoretti and Epithalamion* Written not long since by *Edmunde Spenser*, which the ghost of a faded flower whose stain is still upon the page, opens at the Sonnet: 'The merry Cuckoo, messenger of Spring.'

Probably it was in the following year that Euphame's death took place, but of the details of it we know nothing. The spring of 1615 was one of exceptional severity. In February the Tay was frozen over so strongly that men and horses could cross it. In March a snowfall took place which stopped all communication throughout the country, and the accumulation of snow was beyond all that living memory could compare it with, so that 'most part of all the horse, nolt and sheep of the kingdom did perish, but chiefly in the north.' This bitter weather may have affected the girl's health; it may have prevented Drummond from reaching Barns in time to see her again. We cannot tell; for when the poems again begin the poet is alone with his sorrow,

'A little space of earth my love doth bound.'

France, and so did the *garderobe*, a cabinet for holding wine and spirits. In a niche beside the kitchen fire, where the sustinents were kept dry and convenient for use, hung the most curious and oblong wooden box with a sloping roof supported by wooden bands, and a round sliding panel in front, big enough for the hand to pass in and out. The *maul-ark*, which was like the *saut-bucket* on a vastly larger scale, stood in another corner. Beds were for the most part 'like cupboards in the wall' the box-bed, still to be found in cottages, though *bedsteads* were not unknown. One sheet only was used, open at the sides and top, but close at the bottom.

In the sixteenth century tapestry came into Scotland in considerable quantities. It was an expensive luxury, but their convenient proximity to a sea-port may have made it possible for the Cunninghams to enrich and soften the walls of their principal room with some piece of 'antique history, some antique scene or glimpse of 'ladies dead and lovely antique' or at least a specimen of *verdure*, 'wherein gardens, woods or forests is represented.' The floors were gaiters of *carpets*, which, when present at all, were used as table covers. In 1651 when Charles II. visited Fife, he was entertained at *Princes-town* to an *al fresco* banquet of 'great dainties' and *drinks* were set forth upon a table covered with one of the *East of Kalia's* best carpets.

Life in such a country house as *Beath* at the time when Euphame Cunningham was growing up was of the simplest. The laird lived among his people, usually in excellent terms with them. The nobles and gentry of Scotland were turbulent subjects, but there was no antagonism between them and the humbler classes, and in the questions which divided the country there were leaders of as high rank on the one side as on the other. Compared with the same class in France or in Germany, the Scottish peasant led a life of ease and independence, leisurely tending his corn to pasture and growing oats on his 'big heart' to make his *porridge*; putting himself about so little as *corn*, according to the testimony of a contemporary traveller, to wear his *house* when he was ploughing. The same witness *amused* in the *English*

The love which to that beauty I did bear,  
 (Made pure of mortal spots which did it stain.  
 And endless, which even death cannot impair),  
 I place on Him who will it not disdain.'

Autumn came, and brought with it one night, 'through the crystal port of dreame,' a vision of Euphame, come in new-born, celestial loveliness to explain the great unity of all things, to bid him 'leave that love that reacheth but to dust,' and gaze instead upon 'the only Fair.'

'Even as thy birth, death, which doth thee appal,  
 A piece is of the life of this great All.'

. . . . .  
 'I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,  
 And still shalt be, till thou be like me made.'

This last is the most thoughtful and among the most beautiful of Drummond's poems. Years after, he set forth anew the same ideas and the same teaching in his too little known prose essay: 'The Cypress Grove,' where he says:—

'Who, being admitted to see the exquisite rarities of some antiquary's cabinet, is grieved, all viewed, to have the curtain drawn, and give place to new pilgrims? And when the Lord of this universe hath showed us the various wonders of his amazing frame, should we take it to heart, when he thinketh time to dislodge?'

Death remained to Drummond the most interesting and fascinating thing in life; it is with a tender familiarity that he speaks of 'his old Grandmother Dust.'

Only a few years ago, and, by a strange coincidence, within a week of the unveiling of the tardy memorial over her lover's grave at Lasswade, Euphame Cunningham's tombstone was discovered in Crail Churchyard. It had been at one time exactly in the centre of the chancel, which extended twenty feet beyond the present gable, and was unearthed quite by chance. A flat slab of sandstone, much worn and broken, it is, fortunately, not too disfigured to be identified. Upon a shield in the centre are

a comestible called *rammekins*, made of eggs, cheese, and crumbs of bread, which sounds not unsavoury. Custard was known under the name of *flam*, and in the anonymous comedy of *Philotus* (1603), we hear of

‘Dainty dishes dearly bought,  
That ladies love to feed on.’

There was plenty of game in most parts, and of fish for dwellers near the sea, and the *Water Poet* (1618), refers with unctiousness to the habit of eating the geese from the Bass Rock, ‘standing at a sideboard a little before dinner, unsanctified, without grace; and after it is eaten it must be liquored with two or three good rowses of sherrie or Canarie sacke.’ It may have been the ‘rowses’ that caused him to think so favourably of what must surely have been a rank and stringy morsel; and indeed one often derives the impression that it would be more judicious to drink with our ancestors than to eat with them. They imported

‘Fresh fragrant clarettis out of France,  
Of Angers and of Orliance,’

but their cooks were home-made.

The *Water Poet* gives a pleasant description of the Scottish lairds whom he saw during his visit, and of the simplicity which they united with some stateliness of surroundings—‘And I am sure that in Scotland, beyond Edinburgh, I have been at houses like castles for building; the master of the house’s beaver being his blue bonnet, one that will wear no other shirts but of the flax that grows on his own ground, and of his wife’s, daughter’s, or servants’ spinning; that hath his stockings, hose and jerkin of the wool of his own sheep’s backs . . . and yet this plain, homespun fellow, keeps and maintains thirty, forty, fifty servants, or perhaps more, every day relieving three or four score people at his gate; . . . this is a man that desires to know nothing so much as his duty to God and his King; whose greatest cares are to practise the works of piety, charity, and hospitality.’ When the laird went abroad he wore English and foreign cloth, silks or light stuffs, ‘but little or nothing adorned with silk lace,



## ART. II.—QUENTIN METSYS.

*Translated from the French of Monsieur Edward Van Even.*

THE following life of Quentin Metsys has been taken from a paper by M. Van Even (membre de 'Académie royale des sciences, des lettres et des beaux-arts de Belgique,') which appeared in the *Biographie Nationale*. M. Van Even is well known as one of the greatest authorities on the early Flemish masters. At this moment, when they and their marvellous works are being studied in England as well as in their own country, it may interest many to read of M. Van Even's researches. For more than fifty years he has patiently and laboriously sought to add to his store of information about the great master. He has followed every step in the painter's career, and studied his works with scrupulous attention. Even now, in his old age, M. Van Even is collecting more material; and when I saw him last year, sitting in his room in the beautiful Hotel de Ville at Louvain he told me he had gathered enough to fill another volume. When the cares of life and its weariness take hold of him, he hastens to Antwerp or Brussels and, standing before the works of his beloved master, he regains serenity and peace of mind. M. Van Even, then, speaks as one 'having authority,' and more than that, as one who loves.

Quicciardini, who lived in Antwerp and was a contemporary of the master's children, assured us that Quentin Metsys was born in Louvain. This was contested by two literary men of Antwerp, François Frickaert and Alexandre van Fornenbergh, who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, but the statement has been confirmed by local archives, and, moreover, by Lamponius, Molanus, and Opmeer and other authors of the sixteenth century, who have alluded to the painter. His name was spelt in various ways—Massys, Massis, Messys, Matsys, and Metsys. The painter signs himself *Quinte Metsys* on the triptych at Brussels. This form is found, too, in the

payment in money. For those who could afford to employ him, one Johne Hunter, tailceour and burgess of Edinburgh, seems to have been the Redfern of his day. 'Traist freind,' a great lady writes to this personage in 1616, 'My heartlie commendationes remembred. Ye sall tak the panes to gang to aunie merchand within the towne and tak off as meikall Ryssilis as will be ane doublet and skirt unto me, whilk ye sall mak and furnish yourself and be cairful ye mack of the newest faissone that is usit. . . . Ye sall lykways send me als meikill Perpetuona as will be ane gownd to my dochter Elizabethe, whilk, I think, sall be aucht or nyn elns, that be verie fyn and of ane good licht color, with pesments and buttones suitable thereto, with silk; and adverteiss me of the newest fassone, that I may caus make the samen; and after ye adverteiss me of the pryces of the hail, I sall send silver unto you. So, haifing no forder at this prisint bot expects ye will obey thir prisints, I comit you to God's protectione and rests your assured good freind.'

There is nothing new under the sun, or, at any rate, very little.

The only glimpse we have of Euphame Cunningham in her childhood is contained in a deed preserved in the Register House, Edinburgh.

'On 29th June, 1604, an honourable man, Alexander Cuninghame of Westbarnis, for love and favour which he bore to Euphame Cuninghame his daughter, with his own hands gave sasine of an annual rent of 600 merks (payable by equal portions at Whitsunday and Martinmas) out of his lands and barony of Westbarnis, in the parish of Crail, to William Myrtoun, fiar of Cambo, as attorney for the said Euphame, and to her heirs and assignees whomsoever.'

The child must have been about eight at this time, and the deed is interesting, not only because it shows her to have been compassed with loving care, but because from it is learnt the Christian name of Drummond's betrothed, hitherto unknown to his biographers.\*

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\*The Rev. A. T. Grant of Leven lighted upon the above deed in the Register House, and generously allows me to make use of the discovery.

father he found himself in possession of Hawthornden, a spot so ideally fitted for a poet's home that it is a marvel Drummond ever wrote a line of poetry at all. 'Every body then thought,' says his earliest biographer, 'that our Author, who had so good a Genius and so proper an Education, would have applied himself seriously to the Practice of the Law, both for setting his own private Affairs at Rights and raising his Fortune. But he neither loved the Fatigue nor Harshness of Law, though it indeed brings great Gain and advantages along with it; for the Delicacy of his Wit always run on the Pleasantness and Usefulness of History, and on the Fame and softness of Poetry, imitating his Master, Ovid. . . . He was not much taken up with the amusements of dancing, singing, playing, etc., though he had as much of them as a well-bred Gentleman should have, and when his Spirits were too much bended by severe studies he unbended them by playing on his Lute. . . . 'Tis true he loved obscurity and Retirement, for which he was mightily to blame: For it's a great disparagement to Vertue and Learning that those things which make Men useful to the World, should incline them to go out of it. But this Liberty ought to have been granted to him as soon as to any Man; for he did not spend his Time in Ease and Indolence with a Design only to please himself, but withdrew out of the Crowd, with desires of Inlightening and instructing the Minds of those that remained in it. . . . Notwithstanding his close Retirement and serious Application to Studies, Love stole in upon him and did utterly captivate his Heart: For he was on a sudden highly Enamoured of a Fine Beautiful young Lady, Daughter to Cunninghame of Barns, an ancient and Honourable Family. He met with suitable Returns of Chast Love from her and fully gain'd her Affection: But when the day for the marriage was appointed, and all things ready for the Solemnization of it she took a Fever and was suddenly snatch'd away by it, to his great Grief and Sorrow.'

These last lines are the only independent record of the poet's love-story; all the rest comes to us in his own words.

Three stars lit up the life of Drummond, the stars of philo-

there is no doubt that Drummond's Sonnets, at any rate, are autobiographic in a tolerably strict sense. Every poetic form is a convention, and the Sonnet form is one of the most conventional of all. Each writer of a Sonnet sequence poured the wine of his spirit into vessels of the same shape and size, and doubtless some of the sonneteers had not themselves trodden the wine-press of a personal experience. But the addition of conventional incidents and accessories is no proof, any more than its form, that a poem was not rooted in a genuine passion, however much it may owe to the dew and the sunbeams of the poet's imagination.

It was probably in 1614, when Euphame was seventeen or eighteen and Drummond about ten years older, that they first met. It seems indeed a little curious that they did not meet earlier, as Thirdpart, the home of Drummond's sister, was close to Barns. But some years before, her husband, Sir John Scot, had also acquired the property of Tarvet, near Cupar, which he re-christened Scotstarvet, and it may have been here that Drummond visited his sister. And possibly his visits were not very frequent even there, for 'of all pastimes and exercises,' he writes in his later days to 'his loving friend Alexander Cunningham of Barnes,' 'I like sailing worst, and had rather attend the hunters and falconers many days ere I sailed one half day'; and the life which he was able to lead at his own 'sweet, solitary place' was so entirely to his taste that it is easy to believe that he was loth to move.

And when the lovers did meet it seems to have been neither at Barns nor yet at Scotstarvet, but at a country house on the banks of the river Ore. This may have been the old house of Balfour, which stood nearer the river than the present mansion. The Ore is but a puny stream, and it is difficult to read without a smile the Sonnet in which Drummond compares it, and compares it to their great disadvantage, with every river known to poesy and geography, from the Arno to the Nile. Myrtles grow freely on its banks, while 'the nightingale calls up the lazy morn her notes to hear.' We have grown wiser now (or is it only more prudent because detection is so sure?) and when we write in praise of Fife we do not pretend she can boast either myrtles or nightin-

those shining eyes.' He discovers his lady lying on a flowery bank, pulling roses to pieces, but his courage fails him and he lets her go without a word. Cruelly she 'gainsays his best attempts,' and even the 'soul-enchancing sounds' of his lute have not power to move her heart. And here comes in the fine sonnet with its almost Shaksperian fragrance,

' If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,  
If one short day I never spent in mirth,  
If spirit with itself holds lasting strife,  
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth ;  
If this vain world be but a mournful stage,  
Where slave-born man plays to the laughing stars,  
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,  
If knowledge serves to hold our thoughts in wars,  
If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,  
And make what's long since past, like that's to be,  
If virtue only be an idle name,  
If being born I was but born to die ;  
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days ?  
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.'

which sums up all the others of this period.

And then at last, into the midst of these doleful numbers, bursts the exuberant gladness of the song :—

' Phœbus, arise,  
And paint the sable skies.'

Tennyson, in *Maud*, gives us the same thrill in the same way.

There is extant a letter with neither date nor address, but which Drummond's biographers assume to have been written to Euphame Cunningham and to have been sent, probably about this time, with some of these poems—' Here you have the poems, the first fruits your beauty and many, many good parts did bring forth in me. Though they be not much worth, yet (I hope) ye will, for your own dear self's sake, deign them some favour, for whom only they were done, and whom only I wish should see them. Keep them, that hereafter, when Time, that changeth everything, shall make wither those fair roses of your youth,

among the other toys of your cabinet they may serve for a memorial of what once was, being so much better than little pictures, as they are like to be more lasting; and in them are the excellent virtues of your rare mind limned, though I must confess, as painters do angels and the celestial world, which represent them no ways as they are, but in mortal shapes and shadows.'

Sometime during the short space of the engagement Euphame seems to have been at Hawthornden. There was nothing more natural than that Lady Scot should visit her old home, bringing her brother's betrothed with her, but the voyage was not without a miracle of its own—

' Floods seem to smile, love o'er the wind prevails,  
And yet huge waves arise ; the cause is this,  
The ocean strives with Forth the boat to kiss.'

The season was early summer, and we can vividly imagine the lovers together in that 'sweet flow'ry place,' still so wonderfully unchanged. How they must have planned the future, while Drummond showed the girl the varied loveliness of his home; the view from far above to where the river seeks its way under the nestling trees, or from the water-side up to where, high-perched over all, the house crowns the cliff of which it seems almost a natural development. The blue hyacinths would be out and the brown fronds of the bracken unfurling all around them. And after she has left he wanders about, recalling her presence at every step in a sweet toying with grief which he must have remembered with an almost bitter envy of himself, when the real parting came. Was it really he who had written—

' I die, dear life, unless to me be given  
As many kisses as the spring hath flowers ?'

Here under a goodly elm they sat, whose tender rind his love's white hand cut out in curious flowers; in this window she was wont to stand—

' Me here she first perceiv'd, and here a morn  
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face ;'

*The Love Story of Drummond of Hawthornden.*

and again, he writes to his poet-friend Alexis,

‘ She set her by these muskéd eglantines,  
The happy place the print seems yet to bear ;  
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar’d lines,  
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their ear.’

And one great delight of the visit to both must have been the turning over and discussing of Drummond’s many books. Years after he gave some five hundred volumes from his own library to the University of Edinburgh, and the books are still cherished, sacred and apart, in a small room which is called by his name. Early in the present century they were all handsomely re-bound by order of a well-meaning but ill-advised committee, and have thus lost much in interest and in value. But still, in reverently handling them one by one, in reading Drummond’s name and the inscription by his hand, which varies a little but is usually—‘ Given to ye Colledge of King James in Edinborough by William Drummond,’ in chasing the scattered notes and passages underlined in faded ink, which seem as though his finger were still pointing them out, it is possible to feel almost the magnetism of a personal contact.

Here is :—*A pleasant Conceited Comedie called Loues labors lost. As it was presented before Her Highness the last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakspeare, 1598.* This quarto is among the precious things of literature, for here Shakspeare’s name first lights up a title-page. Next comes :—*The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. Newly corrected, augmented and amended. As it hath been sundry times publicquely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants.* No author’s name is given, but Drummond’s hand has added : *Wil Sha.* He may have seen these and other plays acted during his London visits, and a reference to ‘ this little Arden ’ in one of his poems suggests that ‘ the most bird-haunted spot in literature ’ was not unknown to him. *Amidis de Gaul* and the *Histoire des Amans fortunez* by the Queen of Navarre, long-winded parents of the novels of to-day, are flanked by some romances whose names are less

familiar. *La Bergère de la Palestine; Tragical Tales*, translated by Turberville, and a volume of which the very title carries one straight into dreamland: *Le Printemps d'Yuer, Contenant cinq histoires, discourues par cinq journées, en une noble compagnie, au Chateau de Printemps. Par Jaques Yuer, Seigneur de Plaisance . . . gentilhomme. A Lyon, 1578.* A group of little books of devotion show Drummond's interest in the old Church. *The teares of the holy, blessed and sanctified Mary the Mother of God.* 1596. (Printed for Edward White and are to be sold at the little north door of Paules). *Traicté du Nom de Jesus. Paris, 1588.* *Heures de Notre Dame à l'usage de Romme en Latin et en François.* 1555. And a beautiful little volume: *Les Aluminettes de feu divin pour fair eardres des cueurs humains en l'amour de dieu. Paris, 1539,* has a title page bordered with a design of dragons, with red letters here and there and little leaves and pointing hands scattered through the text, in the mode which Morris has again made familiar. *Phillis, Honoured with Pastorall Sonnets, Elegies and amorous delights,* by Thomas Lodge, is near *An Apologie for Poetrie, Written by the right noble vertuous and learned Sir Philip Sidney, Knight,* and one lays down reluctantly at last a small square copy of the *Amoretti and Epithalamion* Written not long since by *Edmunde Spenser,* which the ghost of a faded flower whose stain is still upon the page, opens at the Sonnet: 'The merry Cuckoo, messenger of Spring.'

Probably it was in the following year that Euphame's death took place, but of the details of it we know nothing. The spring of 1615 was one of exceptional severity. In February the Tay was frozen over so strongly that men and horses could cross it. In March a snowfall took place which stopped all communication throughout the country, and the accumulation of snow was beyond all that living memory could compare it with, so that 'most part of all the horse, nolt and sheep of the kingdom did perish, but chiefly in the north.' This bitter weather may have affected the girl's health; it may have prevented Drummond from reaching Barns in time to see her again. We cannot tell; for when the poems again begin the poet is alone with his sorrow,

'A little space of earth my love doth bound.'



His grief is more simple than his joy.

‘That zephyr every year  
So soon was heard to sigh in forests here,  
It was for her : that wrapt in gowns of green,  
Meads were so early seen,  
That in the saddest months oft sung the merles,  
It was for her ; for her trees dropt forth pearls.  
That proud and stately courts  
Did envy those our shades, and calm resorts,  
It was for her ; and she is gone, O woe !  
Woods cut again do grow,  
Bud doth the rose and daisy, winter done,  
But we, once dead, no more do see the sun.’

And again :

‘Trees, happier far than I,  
That have the grace to heave your heads so high,  
And overlook those plains ;  
Grow till your branches kiss that lofty sky  
Which her sweet self contains.  
There make her know my endless love and pains,  
And how those tears which from mine eyes do fall  
Helpt you to rise so tall.  
Tell her, as once I for her sake loved breath,  
So, for her sake, I now court lingering death.’

He bids his lute be silent—‘as thou wast when thou didst grow  
with thy green mother in some shady grove. . .

Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,  
Which us’d in such harmonious strains to flow,  
Is reft from earth ’—

and he cherishes the ‘napkin, ominous present of my dear.’

But slowly, slowly, as he mused in the ‘dear night’ or amid ‘the  
stately comeliness of forests old,’ that philosophic religion which  
was so much of his life re-asserted its sway over him.

‘Sith it has pleased that First and only Fair  
To take that beauty to himself again,  
Which in this world of sense not to remain,  
But to amaze, was sent, and home repair ;

The love which to that beauty I did bear,  
 (Made pure of mortal spots which did it stain.  
 And endless, which even death cannot impair),  
 I place on Him who will it not disdain.'

Autumn came, and brought with it one night, 'through the crystal port of dreame,' a vision of Euphame, come in new-born, celestial loveliness to explain the great unity of all things, to bid him 'leave that love that reacheth but to dust,' and gaze instead upon 'the only Fair.'

'Even as thy birth, death, which doth thee appal,  
 A piece is of the life of this great All.'

. . . . .

'I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,  
 And still shalt be, till thou be like me made.'

This last is the most thoughtful and among the most beautiful of Drummond's poems. Years after, he set forth anew the same ideas and the same teaching in his too little known prose essay: 'The Cypress Grove,' where he says:—

'Who, being admitted to see the exquisite rarities of some antiquary's cabinet, is grieved, all viewed, to have the curtain drawn, and give place to new pilgrims? And when the Lord of this universe hath showed us the various wonders of his amazing frame, should we take it to heart, when he thinketh time to dialodge?'

Death remained to Drummond the most interesting and fascinating thing in life; it is with a tender familiarity that he speaks of 'his old Grandmother Dust.'

Only a few years ago, and, by a strange coincidence, within a week of the unveiling of the tardy memorial over her lover's grave at Lasswade, Euphame Cunningham's tombstone was discovered in Crail Churchyard. It had been at one time exactly in the centre of the chancel, which extended twenty feet beyond the present gable, and was unearthed quite by chance. A flat slab of sandstone, much worn and broken, it is, fortunately, not too disfigured to be identified. Upon a shield in the centre are

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the Cunningham arms—a shake-fork with a star in chief—to be seen upon an oaken panel in the south aisle of the Church with the large initials E. C. at the sides. And we may fully read so much of the inscription as remains unbroken :

HIC . JACET . VIRGO . HO  
BARNIS . OBIIT . AN . DO . 161  
. . . . . E . (S U) AE 19

is round the sides ; and below the shield :—

ALTHOH . THE . VORMS . MY . FLESH . EAT . IN . THIS  
PLACE . ZIT . I . SAL . SE . MY

Drummond lived on, and after many years married one Elizabeth Logan, to whom it is said he was attracted by some resemblance she bore to the unforgotten Euphame. But his singing season was over, and his after life was turbulent with the troubles of his country. 'Saving Milton, Marvell, and Wither, all Parnassus was with the King.' Drummond was no exception to the rule, and it was in the direful year of 1649, that, weary and broken-hearted, he too passed onwards.

LOUISE LORIMER.



## ART. II.—QUENTIN METSYS.

*Translated from the French of Monsieur Edward Van Even.*

THE following life of Quentin Metsys has been taken from a paper by M. Van Even (membre de 'Académie royale des sciences, des lettres et des beaux-arts de Belgique,') which appeared in the *Biographie Nationale*. M. Van Even is well known as one of the greatest authorities on the early Flemish masters. At this moment, when they and their marvellous works are being studied in England as well as in their own country, it may interest many to read of M. Van Even's researches. For more than fifty years he has patiently and laboriously sought to add to his store of information about the great master. He has followed every step in the painter's career, and studied his works with scrupulous attention. Even now, in his old age, M. Van Even is collecting more material; and when I saw him last year, sitting in his room in the beautiful Hotel de Ville at Louvain he told me he had gathered enough to fill another volume. When the cares of life and its weariness take hold of him, he hastens to Antwerp or Brussels and, standing before the works of his beloved master, he regains serenity and peace of mind. M. Van Even, then, speaks as one 'having authority,' and more than that, as one who loves.

Quicciardini, who lived in Antwerp and was a contemporary of the master's children, assured us that Quentin Metsys was born in Louvain. This was contested by two literary men of Antwerp, François Frickaert and Alexandre van Fornenbergh, who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, but the statement has been confirmed by local archives, and, moreover, by Lampsonius, Molanus, and Opmeer and other authors of the sixteenth century, who have alluded to the painter. His name was spelt in various ways—Massys, Massis, Messys, Matsys, and Metsys. The painter signs himself *Quinte Metsys* on the triptych at Brussels. This form is found, too, in the

archival documents of Louvain and Antwerp. It is the one we have adopted. In his own time he was known at Antwerp only as Quentin or Master Quentin. Erasmus and Thomas More have no other name for him. Quicciardini calls him Quentin of Louvain.

Quentin Metsys is undeniably one of the most radiant and sympathetic figures of the Flemish school. His touching story, with its great moral and salutary example, has furnished material for poets, novelists, dramatists and painters. It shews what a man is capable of achieving when he is roused by a noble aspiration and upheld by a strong effort of will. Born at the bottom of the social ladder, left an orphan when he was sixteen, obliged to secure the daily where-with-all for his mother, brother and sister, he succeeded by dint of hard work in reaching the foremost rank in art, in sharing the honours with the most illustrious artists, in living intimately with the profoundest thinkers, and in shedding an immortal glory on his country.

Quentin Metsys was born in 1466. He was the second son of Josse Metsys, a blacksmith and watchmaker, and of Catherine Kinckem. Josse Metsys was a workman of rare skill. The great architect Matthieu de Layen trusted him with the execution of several pieces of work for the newly built Hotel de Ville. The municipality were so much delighted with them that in 1473 they made him iron-worker to the town. Two years later, in 1475, he was selected to keep the town clock in repair. Next year he forged an ornamental balustrade for the flight of steps of the Hotel de Ville.

The authorities were so delighted with it that they granted him an annual gratuity of five ells of black cloth for a state dress. Josse Metsys died between the 31st of August 1482, and the 1st of January, 1484, leaving a widow with four children, Josse, Quentin, Jean and Catherine. His death left the family in a position approaching destitution, Josse, the eldest son, being still under age, and Quentin, the second, being only sixteen. Catherine van Kinckem tried to carry on her husband's business with the help of the eldest son. Being too young to inspire the necessary confidence, the young man joined part-

nership with Henri van Calemont, an old workman of his father's. The mother most probably had an interest in the joint venture. The partner died seven years later. The liquidation of the company between Catherine Hofmans, widow of Henri van Calemont, and Catherine van Kinckem, widow of Josse Metsys, took place before the Echevins of Louvain on the last day of February, 1487. In the meantime the son, Josse Metsys, had set up for himself. He had married Christine van Pullaer, the daughter of an iron-worker in Louvain. It was after the marriage of his elder brother that Quentin undertook the management of his father's forge. Then even more than now, a knowledge of design was indispensable to success as an iron-worker. We can be sure that the father Metsys, himself an excellent draughtsman, had taken care that his son should be taught the art of design. Quentin, therefore, had studied drawing long before he began to paint. Thanks to his skill in this branch of art, he became the greatest iron-worker of his time. With his hammer he was able to transform the molten iron, according to his fancy, into branches and leaves and flowers of exquisite delicacy. In 1488 he finished the balustrade for the chapel of the Van Erpe family, which had been begun by his father. This bit of work—the admiration of all artists—is now no more. Our iron-worker executed for the same church another piece which fortunately has been preserved. This is the tranverse beam for removing the cover of the baptismal font. It is triangular in form and its branches are decorated with ornamentation from the vegetable world. It is wrought with marvellous spontaneity and elegance, and is one of the most remarkable productions of the national iron work of the fifteenth century. The graceful bit of iron work on the well in front of the great door of Antwerp Cathedral is also attributed to Quentin Metsys, as well as the iron work tomb of Edward IV., which one admires in the chapel at Windsor.

The skillful forger gave up the hammer for the painter's brush. About this two versions are given by Van Mander. The first states that while recovering from a severe illness he spent his convalescence in colouring sacred images, and thus

acquired a love of painting. The other, that having fallen wildly in love with a girl, whose father refused to give her up to anyone but an artist, he devoted himself vigorously to painting, and was not long in making his mark. The last version is the most acceptable, not because it is the most poetic, but because it is supported by an almost contemporary testimony. In 1572, Jérôme Cock, the publisher of engravings, brought out in Antwerp an album of portraits of the most celebrated Flemish painters from the time of the brothers Van Eyck. Below each print a *resumé* of the life of the person represented was given in Latin verse. The verses are by Dominique Lampsonius, at that time the most learned of our scholars in the history of the art of the Low Countries. Under the portrait of Quentin Metsys we find the following soliloquy :—

‘ Ante faber fueram cyclopeus : ast ubi mecum  
 Ex acquo pictor cœpit amare procus,  
 Seque graves tuditus tonitrus postferre silenti,  
 Peniculo objecit canta puella mihi ;  
 Pictorem me fecit amor. Tudes innuit illud  
 Exiguus, tabulis quæ nota certa meis.  
 Sic, ubi Vulcanum nato Venus arma rogarat,  
 Pictorem e fabro, summe poeta, facis.’

These lines may be approximately rendered :—

‘ Erstwhile I wrought like Cyclops at the forge ;  
 But when there came a rival to my suit,  
 A painter lost as deep in love as I,  
 And she, sly maiden, swore her heart preferred  
 Above the hammer’s heavy thunder-thud  
 The still, small brush ;—Love made me Painter to.  
 Witness my tale the slender hammer-head,  
 That ’neath my pictures my sign-manual marks.  
 E’en so, where Venus begs from Vulcan arms  
 To deck her son, thou, King of Poesy,  
 Dost make a Painter from an Iron-Smith.’

Towards the end of the fifteenth century the once flourishing Louvain declined quickly. Only a shadow of its artistic life remained. Antwerp, on the contrary, had just attained a tremendous pitch of ~~prosperity~~ <sup>prosperity</sup>. Commerce, which had long

flourished on the Adriatic at Venice and on the Mediterranean at Genoa, had now centralised itself on the banks of the Scheldte. There every day ships poured out their treasures from the two worlds. One can see that the town would hold out abundant resources to skilled workmen. Having been frequently summoned to Antwerp on account of his work, Quentin Metsys resolved to settle there definitely. We have said that Quentin exchanged the anvil for the palette. The change must have come about quickly, for being already a master of form he must have succeeded easily in mastering the new art. But there is no genius, however original, who does not owe something to the brains of another. Molanus says that Quentin Metsys became an eminent painter under the influence of Rogier Vander Weyden. This statement would be inadmissible were it taken literally, for Rogier Vander Weyden died two years before the birth of our artist. But Quentin was the pupil of the great Brussels painter, just as in our own day Overbeck is the pupil of Raphael, drawing inspiration from the works of the great colourist, one of whose most important pictures decorated a chapel in his native town.

Happen as it may, the workman became the painter. Future events shewed that he was marvellously gifted, and that he was a born painter. Having steeped himself in the master-pieces of the Flemish School, he acquired the facile brushwork, the subtle touch, and the delicate colouring which gained him the admiration of his contemporaries and of posterity.

Quentin Metsys was admitted to the Guild of St. Luke at Antwerp in 1491. Somewhat later the romance of his life was fulfilled, and he had the honour of leading to the altar the woman who had revealed to him his genius. The exact date of the marriage is unknown, but it is probable that it took place in 1492, not at Antwerp, but in the home of his fiancée. The young girl was Adelaïde van Thuylt, daughter of Lambert van Thuylt, owner of some property at Campine. The newly married couple took up house in the *Pue des Tanneurs*. Quentin had only to begin to work to prove that he was a



great artist. He was happy in his marriage and in his occupation. But our painter had to learn that worldly joys are ephemeral. His wife died, leaving him a widower with three young children. This was in 1507. Very likely he has left a portrait of Adelaïde van Thuylt in the features of the Madonna in the Antwerp Museum. One would have thought that, having lost her who had opened up life for him, he would have spent the rest of his days in wistful sorrow. But it was not so. The painter was not strong enough to live alone. He speedily married a young and fair Antwerp girl whose charms had captivated him. His second wife was Catherine Heyns, who was related to several important families, and brought her husband a small fortune and some greater hopes.

Before continuing the life of the painter we must sum up his talents. Quentin Metsys is not only a great artist and an extremely original painter, but he is an innovation in the Flemish School. He had earnestly studied the works of the older masters, but in his own work he avoided their sometimes dry, hard, and tight style. He sought after and strove for more elegant form and truer colouring. Italy was at this time the mother of great painters. It was there that Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael created their masterpieces. Foreign, and above all, Belgian artists, journeyed there to find inspiration. The Flemish had instructed the Italians in the use of oil paint, and now the Italians taught the Flemish beauty of life, suppleness, grace, and ideal form. Quentin Metsys must have visited some parts of the peninsula before or after his marriage. One is convinced of this when one studies the architecture in his pictures. The buildings are in the style of the Renaissance, at that time unknown in Belgium. And it was in the Italian mountains that he found the undulating and bluish distances which form the background to so many of his pictures. If it be possible that he never had the opportunity of studying the pictures of the great Italian masters, he must certainly have seen some reproductions of the work of Ghirlandjago and Francio, Raphael's masters.

Having studied the works of other artists, Quentin Metsys turned to the works of God. Passionately devoted to Nature he consulted her in the minutest detail of his work, at the same time rendering only the inward expression which he saw through the glories of an ideal world. His guiding instinct was the feeling for the divine which blossomed in his soul like a lily on sacred ground. The painter had studied the works of Van Eyck, Vander Weyden, and Bouts. M. Henri Hyman in his studies of the master, says that he also consulted the engravings of Albert Dürer and Lucas Van Leyden. But if at times the influence of some other painter is felt in his work, he never failed to stamp on it the impress of his own powerful originality.

Quentin Metsys furthered the taste for very large figures. His were in three-quarter, and even in life-size. The wonderful painter saw Nature always through the sun's rays. His colouring, which is dominated by a touch of blue, is unlike that of any other Belgian painter of his time. It is exquisite, transparent, glowing, and sweet. It is so original that it can be recognised at the first glance. What chiefly characterises the master is his note of high distinction. His compositions are marvels of invention and arrangement. The artist throws his soul into everything that comes from his brush. His heads in their delicate carnation tints are always copied from Nature. He works from the real to the ideal, from truth to poetry. He loves to portray golden-haired almond-eyed women. His draperies are arranged with exquisite taste. He revels in display, rich costumes, glittering stuffs, magnificent brocades, and sparkling precious stones. He arrays his freckled Flemish women in velvet and satin robes. His important figures are always sumptuously clad. In the triptych at Louvain the high priest wears superb robes and a mitre richly ornamented with pearls and jewels. Joseph of Arimathea in the Antwerp triptych has an Oriental brocaded costume with silver leopards and cocks embroidered on dark red and fringed with gold and pearls. The Madeleine is richly adorned, and the head-dresses of her companions are ornamented with beautiful trimmings.

Quentin Metsys exercised a considerable influence on painting in Belgium. As M. Hymans wisely says:—‘After a methodical examination of his work, we feel that there is still more to be learnt. The technique gradually frees itself from its original stiffness, and without losing in precision, takes on a natural roundness of form and animation. Van Eyck has more brilliance, Memling more sweetness, but neither reaches a completer realisation or models with greater skill. The expression is as noble as the drawing, and the harmonious whole recalls Francia.’ The powerful painter must be acknowledged the founder of the illustrious school of Antwerp, which a century later produced Peter Paul Rubens.

It has often been affirmed that the life of an artist can be read in his works. Let us then examine those of Quentin Metsys.

We have seen that he only began to paint in his thirtieth year. He expended so much care over each picture that he could neither paint quickly nor produce much. His works are therefore far fewer in number than those of any other painter of his time. Pictures by other Flemish masters done in his manner were afterwards attributed to him. To describe all his works in detail would be beyond the scope of this paper. Moreover, they have all been reproduced in engravings or photographs.

The Antwerp Gallery has three paintings which are attributed to the master’s first epoch—*The Holy Face*, *The Head of the Saviour*, and the *Head of the Blessed Virgin*. *The Holy Face* is very impressive. Vigorous brushwork and minute consideration of detail are combined in it. *The Head of Christ* is in full face. The expression is admirable. That of the Madonna is three-quarters towards the right. She wears a gauze veil and a jewelled crown on her fair tresses. When working on these two heads the painter seems to have had in his mind the heads of Van Eyck in the St. Bavon Church. And yet he has stamped his work with a distinctly individual touch. The Virgin’s head is probably that of Adelaide Van Thuyt. Her’s is the type of all his Madonnas. These two heads become alive as one looks at them. They follow one

like a beautiful dream. Once seen they are seen forever. The rich, warm, golden colours of the painter intensify the beauty of the two panels, which have been copied since the seventeenth century. Quentin Metsys himself made replicas of them with slight changes. They are now in the National Gallery of London. At Antwerp are also two pictures attributed to the master—*The Magdalen* and *The Receiver of Taxes*.

In 1507, the Guild of Saint Anne of Louvain, commissioned Quentin Metsys to paint an altar-piece for their chapel in the Church of St. Pierre. On the central panel he painted *The Family of Saint Anne*, and on the inside of the wings *The Angel of God announcing the Birth of Mary to Joachim* and *The Death of the Mother of the Holy Virgin*. On the outer wings are *Joachim's Offering Refused* and *Joachim's Offering Accepted*. On one wing is written 'QUINTE METSYS SCREEF DIT, A.D. 1509.' It is the earliest *dated* work of the master. The central panel has fifteen figures—four men, four women, and seven children. It is composed according to the traditional form used by painters and sculptors of the time. The heads on the central panel, as well as on the wings, are taken from Nature, and may be considered as portraits. They are executed with microscopic detail, and with amazing decision. Decamps likened them in their delicacy and expression to heads by Raphael. Reynolds was of the same opinion. The mountainous landscapes in the background are serene and luminous, and breathe an atmosphere of infinite sweetness. It is possible that Joachim Patenir, the greatest landscapist of the time, may have helped him with them.

This triptych appears to have been a great success. In 1551, a wood engraving of the central panel was published and was used as a devotional picture until the end of the seventeenth century. The triptych was removed from the Church of St. Pierre in 1794 by Laurent, the people's representative, and figured in the Louvre till 1815, when it was returned to Louvain and replaced in the church. In 1879 it was handed over to the State for the museum of Brussels for the sum of 200,000 francs. The triptych has more than once suffered from restorations, and has lost much of its original splendour. Whilst

Quentin was at work on the triptych he received another important commission. This was in 1509. The Joiners' Guild of Antwerp requested him to paint a triptych for their chapel in the church of Notre Dame. The great painter, then in the maturity of his powers, at once began the work. On the large panel he represented *The Entombment of Christ* and on the right *St. John the Evangelist*, in the boiling oil, and on the left *The Beheading of St. John the Baptist*. On the back wings are *St. John the Evangelist* and *St. John the Baptist* in Grisaille. The great centre-piece is striking in its workmanship, sentiment, and colouring. It is unquestionably the greatest work of the master, revealing his originality in full force. Never has truth been rendered with more poetry than in the figure of the Mother of Sorrows and in the body of Christ, which lies in the foreground. One can imagine nothing more striking or more dramatic. The artist has poured into it all his deepest feelings, all his technical skill, and all the richness of his palette. It is a feast for the eyes. It is Art; it is Life! The picture is not only the *chef d'œuvre* of the painter, but the most brilliant composition of the Flemish School in the sixteenth century. The triptych was begun in 1509, and finished on the 26th August, 1511. The price agreed on by the members of the Joiners' Guild and the painter was three hundred florins, to be paid in three instalments. But this contract was not carried out to the letter. The capital was converted into an annuity for Quentin and Catherine Metsys, children of the artist's first marriage. Philip II., who was passionately fond of the works of the Flemish painters, made a considerable offer for the triptych, but it came to nothing. Some time later, Queen Elizabeth of England offered for it the then enormous sum of 5000 *nobles à la Rose*, or 40,000 florins. Owing to pecuniary losses, the Guild was on the point of accepting her offer when, on the intervention of Martin de Vos the Elder, a magistrate of Antwerp interfered and bought it himself from the members of the craft in October, 1580. The payment was an annual remittance of fifty florins. The triptych was placed in the Hotel de Ville. In 1589 the magistrates hung it over the altar of the Chapel of the Circumcision in the Cathedral.

It remained there till 1798. Then the painter Herreyens saved it from being sold by having it placed in the chief school of the Netherlands. It is still the jewel of the Antwerp Museum.

The Berlin Gallery has a beautiful Quentin Metsys, the *Holy Family with the Child Jesus*, which he probably studied from his own family and wife. We think we can recognize his wife and one of his children. Nothing could be more life-like, more gracious, and more poetic than this young mother, who, in a transport of joy, embraces the child in her arms. The Madonna is seated on a jasper throne, which rises out of a pleasant landscape peopled with small figures. The fair heads of the mother and child are indescribably perfect. In the beginning of the seventeenth century this picture belonged to the great art amateur, Cornelius vander Gheest, of whom we shall speak later. On the 23rd August, 1615, the Arch Duke and Duchess Albert and Isabella went to this amateur's house to see from his windows a great tournament which was being held on the Scheldte. Quentin's Madonna was in the room in which the princes sat. Their Royal Highnesses were so enchanted with it that they paid it far more attention than the Tournament, which they had come to Antwerp expressly to see. They also took steps to secure it for their palace. But Vander Gheest, who worshipped the memory of Quentin Metsys, would not give it up.

In the Louvre there is a picture by Quentin Metsys of the *Gold-Weigher and his Wife*. They are portraits. Each head is strikingly individual. The details, rendered with extreme care, are suprisingly real, and do not interfere with the effect of the whole. It is signed *Quenten Matsys, schilder, 1514*. One can see, too, the little hammer which, as Lampsonius points out, is the artist's monogram.

At Windsor we find a picture attributed to Metsys, usually called *The Misers*, but which represents two Tax Collector busy over their accounts. Its authenticity is contested. It has great affinity with a painting of Marin de Rommerswael in the National Gallery. Waagen is of opinion that the origina

is in the Zambeccari collection. There are variations of the Tax Collector in Berlin and and Louvain.

In Madrid, there is a *St. Jerome in Meditation*, which must have been popular, as we find old copies of it in several galleries. *The Holy Virgin Triumphant*, which used to be in the Gallery of William III., King of the Netherlands, is now in the Hermitage. Quentin has, too, a *Temptation of St. Antony* in the Prado; the *Unfaithful Steward* in the Doria Gallery; and the *Ecce Homo* in the Doge's Palace. Waagen attributes to the master a small triptych in the Green collection, near London. The centre panel represents the *Virgin with the Child* accompanied by four saints. The Lucrece in Paris is an admirable work.

At this time the products of industry and the works of painters were being taken away in ships from Antwerp, and were being circulated throughout Europe. It is almost certain that Quentin Metsys did several works for foreign countries, especially for Spain, with which country Belgium had constant intercourse. We must not overlook the fact that the old Castilian churches are filled with Flemish pictures. Professor Justi thinks he has discovered a painting of Quentin's in the church of San Salvador at Valladolid. It adorns a side chapel, founded in 1492 by Gonzalo Yllescas, counsellor of Ferdinand and Isabella, and his wife Donne Maria de Estrada. On the predella the donors of the family are represented, protected by the Evangelists. The panels attributed to Quentin Metsys are *The Mass of St. Gregory* and *The Adoration of the Magi*.

A century after the death of the painter, there remained at Antwerp only three or four of his smaller pieces. Rubens had in his gallery a portrait of a jeweller by the master. In 1648 Pierre Stevens, a church-warden of the Cathedral, had three, 1st, *The Holy Virgin embracing the Child*, now in Berlin; 2nd, the *Gold Weighers*, now in the Louvre, and 3rd, a canvas with four figures, two men and two women, playing a game of cards, called *Krimpen*. After the death of Stevens two of these works were acquired by a dealer of Portuguese origin, Diego Duarte, who lived first in Antwerp and then in Amsterdam,

viz., the *Gold Weighers*, quoted in his catalogue at 800 florins, and the *Virgin and Child*, quoted at 200 florins. The latter was afterwards sold to the Prince of Nassau for 600 florins. Duarte had two other paintings attributed to our artist, a *Virgin and Child*, smaller than the first quoted at 200 florins, and a *Repentant Magdalen*, probably a copy, at 30 florins. This information was found in the dealer's catalogue, drawn up in 1682. The details shew that at that time the painter's works did not bring high prices. To-day when one is put up for sale, which rarely happens, it brings its weight in gold.

Several of Quentin Metsys' works unfortunately exist no longer. In 1566, when the Iconoclasts were ravaging the Cathedral at Antwerp, they laid their sacriligious hands on one of his paintings and destroyed it. It represented Christ on the Cross, and was said to be a master-piece. The artist had painted a picture of St. Luke painting his portrait of the Virgin for the Hall of the Painters' Guild. This work has also disappeared from Antwerp. But Jérôme Wierix has preserved it for us in a charming engraving. The Mother of the Saviour is seated on a throne of the Renaissance period, holding the Divine Child in her arms. The Child presents his Mother with a flower, while St. Luke, on his knees before the Madonna, prepares himself for his task.

In van Fornenbergh's time (1658) some amusing grotesque types of men and women by Quentin were discovered in the house of the Burgomeister Smedts at Alost. That author describes, too, a work of *Beggars telling their Beads* at Brussels. There were several pieces of lesser importance at Louvain, Brussels, and Malines. The oratory of the Archduke Ferdinand and Isabella contained a little triptych by Quentin Metsys. The centre panel represented the dead Christ on the knees of Mary, surrounded by St. John and the Maries. On one wing was St. Agnes dressed as a shepherdess, with straw hat and crook, and on the other St. Barbara with her tower. So much was this work prized that it was enclosed in an ebony box with silver hinges and fittings. In 1651 or 1652, this triptych was given to Thomas Lopès, Baron of Limel and Pagador of Antwerp. It was spoilt by careless retouching,



but was restored to its primitive state by Alexandre de Fornenbergh. Its final fate is unknown. De Fornenbergh had a painting attributed to Quentin Metsys. It was of an old man trying to keep hold of a purse, the strings of which were held by a young girl. The Museum of Antwerp has an old copy of this work.

It is known that Quentin Metsys made designs for historical tapestries. Alfred Michiels thinks he must have designed the hangings of the Cathedral of Aix in Provence, which exist to this day. Müntz credits him with a curtain in the Chabrières collection. *The Legend of St. Quentin* in the Louvre is also attributed to him. A tapestry reproduction of his *Entombment of Christ* was sold fifteen years ago from the Duke of Alva collection.

Quentin was an eminent portrait painter. A proof of this is that his portraits were confounded with those of Holbein, then considered the greatest portrait painter of the time. One of the most beautiful portraits of the master is that of Knipperdoling in the Frankfurt Gallery. The head lives and speaks. It is treated with marvellous truthfulness. M. Hymans, who has hunted in all the museums of Europe, thinks he has discovered Quentin's touch in the portrait of a Cardinal at Naples, in a man's portrait at Amsterdam, in another man's portrait at Basle, and in the portrait of Jean Carondelet at Munich.

The great painter decorated the dial of a clock for his brother, Josse Metsys. This work, happily spared by time, is an interesting page in the artist's history. It is now in the small collection at Louvain. It is painted on oak and is over a yard square. Six concentric circles are represented on it. The first, which forms the centre, has the zodaical signs; the second, the works of the different months; the third, the twenty-four hours; the fourth, twenty-four small groups representing the joys and sorrows of life; the fifth, the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year; and the sixth, the months and the number of days. The corners of the dial are ornamented with allegorical figures of the four principal planets—the Earth, Mars, Venus, and Mercury. The artist has painted him-

self and his two brothers at the apex of the fourth circle. It is a family scene in a studio. The eldest brother, Josse, stands in the foreground and adjusts a Gothic Church clock—on the spectator's left, Quentin is seated at his easel, on which is a man's portrait. He works at the picture, palette in hand, whilst Jean, the youngest, grinds the colours. In this composition the artist has bequeathed to posterity his family history written by his own brush.

But to return to his biography. Quentin Metsys was one of those tenacious and vigorous natures who devote their whole life to study and who raise themselves by sheer force of will above their fellow-beings. He was well-informed, and cultivated literature and music. Karel van Mander states that he was a 'rhetorician,' that is to say, a member of one of the Guilds of Rhetoric which were then so prevalent and which contributed powerfully to the intellectual development of the people. The painter had the same views on life, happiness, and progress as the great thinkers of the day. He lost no opportunity of exhibiting and extolling the benefits of education. In several of his works the sitters are reading or writing. He represented children looking at pictures or turning over the leaves of a book. In every step of his career—in every page of his work—he endeavours to teach something.

Being of an independent spirit, Quentin failed to win the good graces of the Higher Powers. He was encouraged neither by Charles VI. nor by Margaret of Austria, nor by the municipality of Antwerp. Brussels appointed Roger van der Weyden as official painter. Louvain created the post of portraitist of the town for Thierry Bouts, but the Town Council of Antwerp did little or nothing for the glorious painter who had taken up his abode in the town on the Scheldt, and who had established there the foundations of a school now famous throughout the two worlds. The public was his real patron. It was from the Guilds of Louvain and Antwerp, and the churches as well as the inhabitants of his adopted city, that he received orders. It is to the encouragement of the middle classes that we owe the greater number of works from his brush.

In Antwerp Quentin enjoyed the consideration to which his talents entitled him. There he had several friends and admirers—one of the men who was devoted to him being Pierre Gillis or Petrus Ægidius, secretary of the Council of Antwerp. Pierre, a man of high intellectual distinction, was intimate with most of the famous writers of the day. He was a great friend of Erasmus, who in his letters constantly praised him. In May, 1514, Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England, another friend of Erasmus, was sent to Bruges to draw up a commercial treaty between Henry VIII. and Charles V. On this journey the illustrious Englishman visited Antwerp and made the acquaintance of Pierre Gillis. He congratulated himself on his good fortune. 'His conversation,' said More, 'is clever and witty, and I am grateful to him for having softened, by the charm of his intercourse, the regrets that I felt in being separated from my country, my wife, and my children.' One can understand that the friendship of such a man was dear to our painter. Gillis took More to see Metsys, and a strong sincere attachment was formed between the two men. About the same time Erasmus visited Antwerp. The Secretary took the opportunity of introducing the great writer to his friend Metsys. Having studied painting in his youth, Erasmus was able to appreciate the great colourist. He was amazed with his talent, and conceived an unchanging affection for the artist.

Erasmus and Gillis were more than friends—they were like brothers. A close friendship united them to Thomas More. In 1517 they commissioned Quentin Metsys to paint their portraits as offerings of affection to the English Ambassador. The great painter painted the heads on separate panels with the intention of making a diptych. It was a charming idea. We know that Quentin was especially happy in portraiture. He was a physiognomist and studied the character as well as the form of the model. By intuition and observation he could reveal the mind and heart of his sitters. In his pictures life shone through truth. More was enchanted with the work and improvised some verses in honour of the artist, which he sent with an affectionate letter to Gillis. 'O! Quentin,' he writes,

'thou restorer of an ancient art, thou who rivallest Apelles and canst give life to immobile features by thy skillful combination of colours, why hast thou painted on fragile wood these portraits wrought in such noble fashion, of eminent men whose like antiquity has seldom seen, our own age more seldom, and whom succeeding ages will probably never reproduce. It would have been more fitting to preserve their likenesses forever on more durable material. Oh! then wouldst thou at the same time have preserved thy fame and the desire of posterity. For if the centuries to come have the least taste for Art and if horrible Mars does not triumph over Minerva, what will be the price of these pictures in the future!' The Chancellor calls the painter 'My friend Quentin.' The two panels were in the collection of Charles I. until 1754. They were then sold as works of Holbein, the portrait of Erasmus bringing 109 guineas and that of Gillis 95 guineas. In the Antwerp gallery there is a replica of the portrait of Gillis, which has always passed as a portrait of Erasmus by Holbein.

We have just seen that Thomas More in his verses in honour of Quentin Metsys expressed a regret that the portraits of his friends, Erasmus and Gillis, were executed on a material so unendurable as wood. It was probably to please the English Humanist that Quentin in 1519 modelled a profile of the head of Erasmus, which he cast in imperishable bronze. This medallion, of which few copies were produced—we only know of three or four—is a work which places Quentin Metsys among the best bronze-workers of the sixteenth century. His modelling was influenced by the finest Italian work of the time.

Charles V. had just been proclaimed Emperor of Germany. Antwerp proposed to give the young monarch a gorgeous reception. To Quentin Metsys was assigned the supervision of the decorations of the city. He had two hundred and fifty painters under him. Albert Dürer, who was then in Antwerp, went to see the making of the triumphal arches and trophies. He admired the richness and taste of the work. The Emperor reached Antwerp on the 25th September, 1520. Pierre Gillis has left us an account of the *fête*, in which he describes the

decorations made under the superintendence of his friend, Quentin Metsys.

We have said that Albert Dürer was in Antwerp at the time. The members of the Guild of St. Luke entertained him at a banquet at which all the painters of the city and their wives were present. The feast continued far into the night. The guests conducted Dürer to his hotel by torchlight. At the banquet he met Quentin and his wife, and next day he visited the great Flemish painter. We read in the journal of his travels—'I was too in the house of Master Quentin.' Dürer dined with Gillis, and met Erasmus there. In Antwerp, too, he met Lucas Van Leiden, who invited him to dine and whose portrait he etched. And he became acquainted with the painter, Joachim Patenir, who was an intimate friend of Quentin Metsys.

In 1526, Hans Holbein went from Basle to London, where he became portrait painter to Henry VIII. He carried a letter of introduction from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, and another from Pierre Gillis. As he passed through Antwerp, Holbein spent some time with Gillis, and was introduced by him to Quentin. The Flemish painter was thus on friendly relations with the three greatest cis-Alpine colourists—Albert Dürer, Lucas Van Leiden, and Hans Holbein.

In 1521, Metsys removed to a large house, to which he gave the name of St. Quentin, having put a statue of his patron saint on the facade. Fickaert noticed the figure in 1648, and Alexandre Van Fornenbergh in 1658. It was supposed to have been wrought by the master himself. Quentin was enchanted with his roomy dwelling, and painted frescoes in one of the salons. Van Fornenbergh says that they were painted 'in a bold and dashing manner,' and that they were 'not the best, but the last work of Quentin,' being dated the year before his death, 1528.

Although blessed with a robust constitution, Quentin Metsys did not live to a great age. Death knocked at his door when he was only sixty-four. He must have died after a short illness. He had appeared before the Echevins of Antwerp on July 13th, 1530, and on the 16th September of the same year

he was no more. His funeral was extremely simple. The body was carried to the Cathedral, and, after the absolution was buried at the door of the church, and not in the cemetery of the Chartreux as has been suggested. Some time after a slab of blue-stone, having in relief the arms of the Guild of St. Luke and surmounted by a death's head, was placed over the tomb. It bears the following inscription :—

SEPULTURE VAN MR. QVINTEN MATSYS IN SYNEN TY GROFSMIDT EN DAER NAER FAMEVS SCHILDER WERD STER ANNO 1529—which means 'The grave of Master Quentin Matsys, who was first a blacksmith and then a famous painter died in the year 1529.' The style of the stone, as well as the false date, prove clearly that it was erected long after the death of the painter. In 1625, when the gravestones of the little cemetery of Notre Dame were being removed, the stone which was already much worn, was re-cut by the great art lover, Cornelius Vander Gheest, a friend of Rubens and who as was said before, had several of Quentin Metsys' pictures. In 1629, the municipal authorities allowed this citizen to fix the stone on the tower of Notre Dame. It was not removed from there until 1818, when it was placed in the Museum of Art under the triptych of the painter. An exact reproduction takes its place on the original site.

Cornelius Vander Gheest did still greater honours to the memory of his illustrious master. At his own cost he erected a monument over him, on which was written :—

QVINTO METSIS	
INCOMPARABILIS	
ARTIS	
PICTORI	CONNVBIALIS AMOR
ADMIRATRIX GRATAQ.	DE MULCIBRE
POSTERITAS	FECIT APELLEM.
ANNO POST OBITVM	
SÆCVLARI	
CIC. DC. XXIX. POSUIT.	

In the Uffizi there is a diptych of portraits of a man and woman. Antonio Dalco, the engraver, has reproduced these portraits for Achille Paris' great work, and he has attached to the prints the names of Quentin and his wife. Since then the

panels have been accepted as portraits of Quentin Metsys and Catherine Heyns. But nothing is really known of its origin, and its attribution to Quentin rests on no certain evidence. It is dated 1520, and represents a young man of about thirty, whilst Quentin would have been fifty-four at this time.

Following the example of the painters of his time, Quentin painted his own portrait and presented it to the members of the Guild of St. Luke, who hung it in their hall. In the end of the eighteenth century, it was found in one of the rooms of the Academy of Beaux Arts. It was removed by the Commissioners of the Republic in 1794, who, instead of sending it to the Louvre as was their duty, disposed of it otherwise. M. Hymans thinks he has discovered it in the museum of Frankfort. But we do not think that the picture offers any point of analogy to the traditional portrait of the master by himself, which was reproduced on copper by Jérôme Wierix, and appeared in the album published in 1572 by Jérôme Cock.

The painter appears in profile, wearing a tarbousch, from which his long hair escapes. The calm, powerful face betrays genius. There is an unmistakeable likeness between the painter's portrait of himself on the dial plate of which we have spoken, and that of Wierix. The medallion on the effigy of Quentin Metsys, which is reproduced in the works of Francis van Mieris, was taken in the end of the seventeenth century from the marble bust which ornaments his grave.

Quentin Metsys left a numerous family. He had three children by his first wife and ten by his second. His widow, Catherine Heyns, married a second time in 1532. Quentin had some pupils, amongst them being Adrian van Overbeke, Guillaume Muelenbroeck, Edward Portugalois, and Henri Broeckmakere. And besides pupils he had imitators. It is enough to mention the most important of these, Marin de Rommerswael or Marin le Zélandais and Jean Sanders, called Hemessen, whose works have more than once been mistaken for those of the master. One must add to these names that of his son, Jean Metsys, Jean van Hemskerke, and Jean van Rillaert, a painter of great talent who left some remarkable paintings. One finds the manner and colouring of the master

in many of the paintings of his contemporaries, a conspicuous proof of his influence upon them.

Quentin Metsys is one of the most powerful individualities in the domain of Belgian art. If Louvain is justly proud of having given him birth, of having guided his first steps in the career in which he was afterwards to shine so brilliantly, Antwerp in her turn may be proud of having opened up to him the path of glory. For this she has been nobly rewarded. Thanks to the power of this great genius Antwerp became the Florence of the North. As Italian art centralized itself on the banks of the Arno, Flemish art found its home on the bank of the Scheldt. Like Florence, Antwerp guided and rallied round the banner of St. Luke all the great Flemish painters. Like Florence she preserved, amid the bloodshed and terror of civil war, the noble and holy passion for the Beautiful. Like Florence in Italy, Antwerp is still in Belgium the capital of the Arts.

INA MARY WHITE.

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### ART. III.—DANIEL DEFOE IN SCOTLAND.

IN the day of his literary power, no man was more bitterly reviled than Daniel Defoe, and that, too, in an age when the grammar of scurrility had developed an inglorious perfection. In the pillory of the *Dunciad*—

‘Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe;’

and the meaner spirits who divided with him that dubious honor which alone has preserved the memory of many, together with an unrecorded, unremembered host, turned with one accord against the undaunted journalist, attacking him with more than Pope’s venom, if with faint trace of his caustic wit. From no man, not even those of the Whig party, with which he was long associated, did he receive the encouragement of an approving word. Swift was consistently, contemptuously hostile, and



Swift was the mouthpiece of a multitude who lacked only his ability to express their hate and scorn. Towards the end of his life the journals were, as he plaintively reveals, shut against the products of his fertile pen. He could not obtain admission to their columns 'without feeing the journalists or the publishers'—not even, apparently to those of the paper edited by his own son, with whom he had been once at feud politically. To the misconduct of that son can be attributed some of the gloom which darkened his closing days, and, without adopting the grotesque theories that disfigure Mr. Wright's work on the writer of *Robinson Crusoe*, it is at least suggestive that in those distressful times he shunned the society of his wife and children, none of whom sought out the old, broken man to minister with tender offices to a mind diseased.\* We shall probably never learn the reasons for that domestic alienation which left Defoe to die a lonely death in the midst of strangers. But the outpourings of Grub Street were in great measure deserved. There is scarcely an accusation brought against the versatile, voluminous Daniel for which the slow process of the years has not gradually furnished the justification.

The habit of villification characteristic of periodical literature in the eighteenth century, made it perhaps inevitable that Defoe's earlier biographers should accept his famous *Appeal to Honour and Justice* as really being what he professed it to be, 'a true account of his conduct in public affairs.' Morally, the loftiest literary character of the Augustan era was Addison. Yet that honourable soul was wounded by the satire of Pope, and Defoe himself said of the man whose shoe latchet he was unworthy to unloose—

'Mœcenas has his modern fancy strung,  
And fixed his pension first, or he had never sung.'

Such pleasantries were *à la mode*; many of them, we can believe, intended more to sell a dull sheet than to procure conviction.

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\* 'I have not seen son or daughter, wife or child, many weeks, and know not which way to see them. They dare not come by water, and by land there is no coach, and I know not what to do.'—Letter by Defoe, quoted by Lee, Vol I., p. 459.

Journalists besmeared each other and all who fell under their displeasure with the foulest abuse, and he who herds with swine perforce defiled. Defoe was in the thick of every fray; andacious, resourceful, indomitable, unscrupulous; and not unnaturally the clamour was loudest in his neighbourhood. He intermeddled in every affair—was all things to all men and again all men. He was a theologian among theologians, and a politician among politicians. Was it a question of trade or finance Defoe was ever ready to produce his specifics. Did war threaten or was peace in sight? He anticipated either event, and energetically confounded those who said him nay. The journalists were all fabricators of scandal, and no satirist could rival the author of *The True-Born Englishman*. What wonder that every man's hand was uplifted to strike at this turbulent fellow, who claimed a more than Papal infallibility? What wonder that the writers of a later, more polished, period, should find in his own meddling, insistent egotism, and his rough-handed dealing with others, a key to all the obloquy that assailed Defoe the man and the author?

Of few men who have become the subject of weighty biography can it be said that their own day formed a just estimate of the character which immediate generations declined to accept, but which the judgment of a later posterity in the fulness of time came to affirm. Yet this is what has occurred with Defoe. Thomas Chalmers and the many who followed with scarcely more reliable material, the *Appeal to Honour and Justice*, excusably became the foundation of what we now see to have been a very partial record. In 1864 there were first revealed the letters which discovered Defoe as the secret, wily instrument of the Government employed in gagging a Tory Press. Yet in 1869, Mr. William Lee, with full cognisance of these damning documents, published what in some respects is still the most authoritative account of the active pamphleteer's doings amidst the *sturm und drang* of a turbulent period as there is in our history, but what one is always obliged to describe as a most indiscriminating work—full of blind approval even for those acts that are a reproach to honour and probity, and an admiring view of Defoe's literary capacity so uncritical as at times to degenerate into absolute foolishness. T

the late Professor Minto belongs the credit of having pierced through the cloud of lies in which Defoe sought to envelop his Protean career. It is unfortunate that when Professor Minto wrote of him as 'perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived,' he was never destined to behold that invaluable publication of the Historical Manuscripts Commission (Fifteenth Report, Appendix, Vol. IV.), wherein for the first time was produced the triumphant vindication of those contemporary detractors of Defoe whom previous biographers had so constantly ignored.

It is hardly too much to say that the numerous letters of Defoe to Harley included among the Portland Papers at Welbeck Abbey, necessitate an entire revision of those stories of Defoe's life which have hitherto passed as authentic; they, at least, present as certainties what once were merely suspicions, and prove to demonstration the harsh judgment passed by Professor Minto. And while the letters are so valuable to the biographer, they are of not less interest to Scotsmen who can appreciate vivid pictures of Scottish life and character, as witnessed by one of the keenest observers of his age, in that stirring epoch when the Treaty of Union was rousing the country to a state bordering on frenzy. From no other hand have come more graphic descriptions of the tumult that beat around the walls of the old Parliament House in Edinburgh, and of the people whose excitement threatened ever and anon to culminate in rebellion. By comparison with these hurried epistles, with their acute perception of affairs, their frank, unrestrained expression, their bustling eagerness to prove the author's possession of the key to every problem, their impatience with fearful souls whom yet he has continually to conciliate, the same writer's *History of the Union* appears tame and insipid. In the former, the individual note is everywhere, and we see men and things as the active, strenuous Defoe saw, and wished his employer to see, them; in the latter, we have the cautious historian, who has played a certain rôle in the events he is narrating, and dare not display his true, critical character.

To correctly apprehend the reasons that led to Defoe's employment as a Government spy, it is necessary to present a few of the outstanding events of his life and some of his personal

characteristics. From an early date he had eagerly thrown himself into the controversies of his age, and no man was a more apt master of a style that was at once vigorously argumentative and widely popular. He had neither the subtlety of Swift, the elegance of Addison, nor the humour and humanity of Steele but he never needed those qualities. His weapon was not the rapier, but the quarter-staff. Now and again, he laid aside his staff for the cutlass, and employed a rudely effective kind of poetry (of which he was singularly vain), instead of trenchant prose. But even his rhyme had its vogue, because his shaggy Pegasus never soared beyond the public ken. When Pope had his hundreds, Defoe had his thousands of readers. As one who had taken part in Monmouth's rebellion, it is obvious he would welcome the arrival of William of Orange, and his emphatic support of the new king's policy was probably dictated not alone by self-interest, but by a really patriotic feeling. His services were appreciated, and he was rewarded by a public appointment which there are good grounds for believing concealed other more private actings on behalf of his royal master. Trained a Dissenter, Defoe first gained notoriety exceeding far his own anticipations or desires by means of that masterly piece of irony which revealed to public shame and scourged with whips the yearning of High-Flying Churchmen—the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. The pamphlet was burned by the hangman, and Defoe after having stood in the pillory, which was decked with flowers by a deliriously enthusiastic mob, was sent to Newgate to linger out an indefinite period of imprisonment. It was Lord Nottingham who sent him there; it was Robert Harley, afterwards Lord Oxford, who, on certain 'capitulations' procured his release. Mr. Lee and Mr. Leslie Stephen agree in saying that Defoe spent eighteen months in prison. From the letters referred to\* it is apparent his incarceration did not endure for more than half of that period; he was certainly at liberty so early as May, 1704. From his cell he had contrived to ensure the publication of his *Review*, and a number of tracts marked by his customary skill in cudgel play. In various ways, also, he

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\* Hist. MSS. Com. Fifteenth Report, App., Vol. IV., p. 61, *et seq.*

had sought to obtain his release. He had even humbled himself to Lord Nottingham (whom he afterwards accused of base attempts on his wife's honour), and offered to do any service, however mean, so that it were honest—Defoe is for ever striking the chord of honour and honesty—if he might but gain the Queen's favour. His own story of the manner of his release may be dismissed as an ingenious mosaic of truth and falsehood. His case was brought under the notice of Harley, Speaker of the House of Commons, by Mr. William Paterson, who is known as the founder of the Bank of England, and the former called out of Newgate the man who henceforth was to be his able and pliable tool. There is no doubt as to the terms on which Defoe now stood. He was bound to Harley not so strongly by those ties of gratitude, of which afterwards he made such a dexterous parade, but by the terrors of the prison-house, and by his employment in what one cannot help thinking was congenial work. He gained his freedom by becoming the secret emissary of the Government—an exponent of their policy, so far as that could be managed under the disguise of a loud-mouthed patriotism, and an active spy upon those whom his public professions deceived. To this task he brought more than the literary gifts I have mentioned. Alert in mind, widely-informed of men and affairs, indefatigable in industry, a skilful liar, fond of intrigue, with a consuming desire to reach at last the goal of some lucrative Government employment, no matter at what sacrifice of principle, and thus the more firmly tied to his dirty work, Defoe was an almost indispensable wheel in the cumbrous mechanism of eighteenth century politics. And whether in touring among the electors in England, or plodding on secret missions in Scotland, or gliding with graduated stealth from Whig to Tory, from Tory to Whig professions, he played his part with inimitable cleverness. He could not hope to avoid envenomed criticism. There was something mysterious in his release from prison which his avowal, that he had come under engagement to abstain from polemics, did not explain; something suggestive in those sudden journeys into the country and that prolonged settlement in Scotland which was not satisfied by whining stories of implacable creditors. A very few in high places knew the truth.

In his *Memoirs*, published by the *Scottish History Society*, Sir John Clerk writes:—‘I need not narrate what was done in this Parliament, there being a very exact History of it by one Daniel Defoe, who was sent to Scotland by the Prime Minister of England, the Earl of Godolphin, on purpose to give a faithful account to him from time to time how everything passed here. He was therefore a Spy amongst us, but not known to be such, otherways the mob of Edinburgh had pulled him to pieces.’ Without Clerk’s exact knowledge, Defoe’s contemporaries in the press said the same thing, and to these detractors, after defending the purity of his mission in the north, he replied:—‘If I have acted in a good cause in an unfair manner . . . then, and not till then, may I be esteemed a mercenary, a missionary, a spy, or what you please.’ This, of course, is simply giving that perverted sense to facts which Shakespeare reckons as tantamount to lying. It is a verbal game of Aunt Sally which Defoe ingeniously plays. He demolishes with great display of indignation a case such as his opponents had never imagined; he tries himself on a charge that was never libelled, and accords himself a triumphant acquittal. Bluntly accused of being a spy, he skilfully insinuates that so far from bearing a likeness to such an obnoxious being, he is as admirable, if not altogether saintly in his character as his work is noble and commendable. And while he wrote in this exalted strain, he had undoubtedly toiled in the mines of political intrigue that honeycombed Scotland in the year of the Union, and been in as dangerous a case as any man who ever joined a movement in order to betray it. Not that Defoe really adopted the *rôle* of informer merely to incriminate and disgrace the unfortunates who trusted in him. His ideal was far from being a lofty one, but it would be a grievous error to regard him as a political Jonathan Wild. He was a spy, but he was vastly more than a spy. He might burrow underground to defeat underground plots, yet his writings would almost persuade one he did so because his heart was engaged in the cause conspired against. He was not a reputable figure, but at least—and of this more anon—he worked harder, by means honest and dubious, than has ever been correctly estimated, in advancing a project that wholly

absorbed his abilities, the Union between England and Scotland. It is partly his justification that that great event has had the happy issues which he foresaw.

To turn to the correspondence,\* it is impossible here to do more than mention that Defoe's first serious work for the Government was discharged in the latter half of 1705, when he undertook a tour through the English constituencies, of which his letters yield an amusing and picturesque account.

In the course of the year 1706 his services were enlisted for that campaign in Scotland which was destined to employ his energies for some fourteen months. The Treaty of Union between the two countries had now entered on a stage when a successful issue might be hopefully anticipated. But there were still difficulties in the way: prejudices to be combatted, fiscal errors to be corrected, the hostility, overt and covert, of the Jacobite party to be thwarted, the fears of the Presbyterian majority to be allayed. What more natural than that the versatile Defoe, whose creditors were again proving troublesome, should seek an asylum in the north, where he might throw himself into a cause that evoked all his generous sympathies? This was his pretext, but his letter to Harley (pp. 326-7), shows on what footing his journey was really undertaken. He thus sets down what he conceives to be his orders:—

'1. To inform myself of measures taking, or parties forming, against the Union, and apply myself to prevent them.

'2. In conversation, and by all reasonable methods, to dispose people's minds to the Union.

'3. By writing or discourse to answer any objections, libels, or reflections on the Union, the English, or the Court relating to the Union.

'4. To remove the jealousies and uneasiness of people about secret designs here against the kirk, etc.'

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\* Except when otherwise stated, the pages referred to are to be found in the volume of the Historical MSS. Commission already mentioned. Since this article was written, the Commission have issued a further volume of the Portland Papers in which Defoe's correspondence with Harley is continued till after the death of Anne. The interest of these manuscripts is limited, but it appears from them that Defoe paid a flying visit to the south of Scotland towards the end of 1712, while throughout he was evidently kept fully informed anent affairs in Edinburgh.

Harley's definite instructions (p. 334), of which, unfortunately, only a fragment has been preserved, are more suggestive of the political agent than of the patriotic pamphleteer:—

'1. You are to use the utmost caution that it may not be supposed you are employed by any person in England, but that you came there on your own business, and out of love to the country.

'2. You are to write constantly the true state how you find things, at least once a week, and you need not subscribe any name, but direct for me under cover to Mrs. Collins at the Posthouse, Middle Temple Gate, London. For variety, you may direct under cover to Michael Read, in York Buildings.

'3. You may confidently assure those you converse with that the Queen and all those who have credit with her are sincere and hearty for the Union.

'4. You must shew them this is such an opportunity that being once lost or neglected is not again to be recovered. England never was before in so good a disposition to make such large concessions, or so heartily to unite with Scotland, and should this kindness now be slighted——'

With that broken clause the document ends.

Defoe travels, as formerly, under the assumed name of Alexander Goldsmith, but in Edinburgh he is himself again, because there 'he is so publicly known it would not be prudence to go under another name.' The first letter extant of the long series sent from the Scottish capital is dated October 24, 1706, although there must certainly have been prior communications. He is sorry to inform Harley (p. 339), that in Edinburgh there 'is a most confused state of affairs, and the ministry have a very difficult course to steer.' Speaking paradoxically, it seems to him 'the Presbyterians are hard at work to restore Episcopacy, and the rabble to bring to pass the Union.' He continues:—

'We have had two mobs since my last, and expect a third. . . . The first was in the Assembly, or Commission of Assembly, where very strange things were talked of and in a strange manner, and I confess such as has put me out of love with ecclesiastical Parliaments. The power, *Anglicé* tyranny, of the Church was here described to the life, and *Jure Divino* insisted upon in prejudice civil authority; but this was by some tumultuous spirits who are overruled by men of more moderation, and as an Assembly they act with more wisdom and honesty than they do in their private capacities, in which I confess they contribute too much to the general aversion which here is to the Union; at the same time they acknowledge they are unsafe and uneasy in their present establishment.



I work incessantly with them, they go from me seemingly satisfied and pretend to be informed, but are the same men when they come among their parties—I hope what I say to you shall not prejudice them. In general they are the wisest weak men, the falsest honest men, and the steadiest unsettled people ever I met with. They mean well, but are blinded in their politics and obstinate in opinion. But we had the last two nights a worse mob than this, and that was in the street, and certainly a Scots rabble is the worst of its kind.’

Then follows an account of the riot when the crowd attempted to break into the Provost’s lodging. ‘His Lady in the fright, with two candles in her hand that she might be known, opens the windows, and cries out for God’s sake to call the guard.’ With less reserve than in his *History*,\* Defoe hints that on the Duke of Hamilton must be laid the onus of inciting the people to mischief. He himself did not altogether escape the rough attentions of the mob; he was recognised as ‘one of the English dogs;’ but the letter does not mention the incident recorded in the *History* of his window being stoned. Under date October 29th (p. 342), he again writes:—

‘In my last you had an account of two mobs, in particular, Church and Street, but as you were put in expectation of a third mob there I purposely referred it to this post to let you know that this particular sort is expected within the House itself. There is an entire harmony in this country, consisting in universal discords; the Churchmen in particular are going mad, the parsons are out of their wits, and those who, at first, were brought over, and, pardon me, were some of them my converts, their country brethren being now come in, are all gone back and to be brought over by no persuasion. The mob you have heard of are affrighted with the loss of the Scots Crown, and the parsons maliciously humour it, and a country parson who preached yesterday at the High Kirk before the Commissioners took this text:—“Behold I come quickly; hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.” He pretended not to mean an earthly crown, but made his whole sermon a bald allegory against the Union. I confess I had patience to hear him, but to an exceeding mortification. . . . The third mob is expected in the House, where ’tis said when the party see the articles put to the vote, if they cannot carry their part, they will protest, take Instruments, as they call it here, and leave the House, and then they pretend to say the nation will take arms, and the Highlands are to be brought in—and indeed if this should run so far I fear the Church will join the worst of their enemies against this Union. They are

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\* Chalmers’ Edition, 1786, pp. 235-6.

now a going to fast all over the Kingdom and therein to give the ministers occasion to pray and preach against it, and as soon as that is done, tumultuous addresses are preparing in several parts of the country. And thus you see what a nation you have to do with here. I am as diligent with caution not to be suspected as possible. I have not the success I hoped for, but I continue to push on, and think I do no harm.'

A few days later, on November 5th, he finds (p. 345), that 'the face of affairs has mended a little,' notwithstanding the ravings of 'Duke Hamilton' and the long speeches of Fletcher of Saltoun and the Earl of Belhaven. The first and grand article of the Union has been approved on King William's birthday, a coincidence which to Defoe was 'very remarkable and encouraging.' The Assembly men are making a great stir; in short, those of the kirk are *au wood*. He asks pardon for the Scotticism, and it is to be hoped Harley understood what he meant. In the course of this month he appears before the Committee of Parliament and is examined on some of the intricate details involved in the prospective change of fiscal relations between the two countries. Drawbacks and equivalent, taxes and trade were causing some difficulties, and 'the Lord have mercy upon us!' he exclaims, 'if we have another session here.' He suggests some explanations of the difficulties which may be accepted by England, and goes on (pp. 348-9) to allude to the state of the country—the burning of the Articles at Dumfries and the threats of assassination directed against the High Commissioner, the Duke of Queensberry. The Highlanders, he continues, make some people very uneasy, and with his usual fondness of detail he sketches a scene that would nowadays appear strange indeed on the High Street of Edinburgh—

'They [the Highlanders] are formidable fellows, and I only wish her Majesty had 25,000 of them in Spain, a nation equally proud and barbarous like themselves. They are all gentlemen—will take affront from no man, and insolent to the last degree. But certainly the absurdity is ridiculous to see a man in his mountain habit armed with a broadsword, target, pistol or perhaps two, at his girdle a dagger, and staff walking down the street as upright and haughty as if he were a lord, and withal, driving a cow! Bless us, are these the gentlemen! said I.'

It is impracticable to follow Defoe closely through the history of the winter weeks and until he is able to write with joy that

*Daniel Defoe in Scotland.*

the treaty of Union has received the touch of the royal scepter. Whatever we may think of Defoe's character, we can hardly believe his interest in the great affair is wholly assumed. Every line palpitates with the anxiety of one who feels himself highly responsible for a happy issue. As a faithful mirror he reflects all the phases through which the momentous measure passed, and still has time to put on record with an amount of minuteness that vividly restores the period, every noteworthy incident in the city and country. The historic imagination is so rare that to-day one is barely tolerant of the passions and prejudices which threatened to make shipwreck of a nation's future, yet in these old-time letters we are brought so close to the men and their environment that we get more than a glimmering of the motives by which they were animated, and discover that for many of them there is awakened a better feeling than half-pitying contempt. With all his cleverness, Defoe's view was essentially that of the foreigner, and he does less than justice to that sturdy sentiment of nationhood and that honest devotion to the Reformed religion which, more than all the blundering plots of hot-headed Jacobites, were the obstacles to Union. Yet in the Hogarthian fidelity of his narrative there is an abundance of material for the historian of this germinal period.

Defoe's naive descriptions of his behaviour under the necessity of concealing his true mission, are worth quoting. In November (p. 358), he says:—

'My success here I am in hopes will answer your expectation, though the difficulties have been infinite. If no Kirk devils more than we yet meet with appear, I hope all will be well, and I begin to see through it. . . . I have compassed my first and main step happily enough in that I am perfectly unsuspected as corresponding with anybody in England. I converse with Presbyterian, Episcopalian Dissenter, Papist, and Non Juror, and I hope with equal circumspection. I flatter myself you will have no complaint of my conduct. I have faithful emissaries in every company, and I talk to everybody in their own way: to the merchants I am about to settle here in trade, building ships, etc.; with the lawyers I want to purchase a house and land to bring my family and live upon it. God knows where the money is to pay for it! To-day I am going into partnership with a member of Parliament in a glass house; to-morrow with another in a salt work. With the Glasgow mutineers I am to be a fish merchant, with the Aberdeen men a woollen, and with the Perth and

Western men a linen manufacturer, and still at the end of all discourse the Union is the essential, and I am all to everyone that I may gain son Again I am in the morning at the Committee, in the afternoon in the Assembly. I am privy to all their folly, I wish I could not call it knavery and am entirely confided in.'

So when the Union has been consummated he informs Harley (p. 385):—

'I have hitherto kept myself unsuspected, have whispered and caused it to be spread that I am fled hither for debt and cannot return; and that particularly that they may not suspect me. Under this reproach, though I get some scandal, yet I effectually secure myself against suspicion. Now I give out I am going to write the history of the Union in folio and have got warrants to search the Registers and Parliament books, and have begun a subscription for it. I tell them it will cost me a year's time to write it. Then I treat with the Commission to write them a new version of the Psalms, and that I'll lock myself two years in the college for that performance. By these things I effectually amuse them and I am perfectly unsuspected. Then I am setting weavers to work to make linen and I talk of manufactures and employing the poor, and if that thrives I am to settle here and bring my family down and the like, by which trifling I serve the great end, viz., a concealment.'

Of his actual doings in furtherance of the grand project Defoe writes unsparingly. Defoe was not the man to hide his light under a bushel, and it is easy to make the inference from the complaisant egotism of his avowals that but for him the Union could hardly have been achieved. He is constantly giving his aid to the Parliament on those knotty problems of excise which it seems the most long-headed of Scotsmen were apt to bungle. Among the timid and alarmed Presbyterians he stands as a tower of strength. There are so many lame dogs to be helped over imaginary stiles, and Defoe alone can perform the kind act. So clearly does he gauge the state of parties that again and again he lays down the policy which alone can be followed by the Government with safety. 'Oh, for a year of Defoe as Prime Minister!' we can hear him exclaiming. He pours one pamphlet after pamphlet in the interests of the good cause, and by and by, when like Job he has got what he must constantly have prayed for—an enemy to write a book—he comes down with sledge hammer force on the daring assailant and awards himself the laurels of victory. All of this he tells Harley.

words that have lost the savour of modest reserve. Winnowing the chaff from the grain, there is still left a fair balance to the old journalist's credit. He certainly was not the powerful force he claimed to be, yet was he a strong and persistent element in that current which drifted rather than drove the bark of the Union into a peaceful haven. There is not wanting evidence that his advice had its due influence with the Ministry.\*

The Union once accomplished, Defoe seems to have been so utterly neglected by Harley as to be unable either to stay in Scotland or to quit it. At no time was he lavishly supplied with funds, albeit he must have had many demands upon his purse. Not only would his personal expenses be considerable, but his printing bill must have mounted rapidly, while the system of espionage he inaugurated would necessitate continuous outlay. 'In my management here,' he writes on March 18th (p. 396), 'I am a perfect emissary. I act the old part of Cardinal Richelieu. I have my spies and my pensioners in every place, and I confess 'tis the easiest thing in the world to hire people here to betray their friends. I have spies in the Commission, in the Parliament, and in the Assembly, and under pretence of writing my history I have everything told me.' Yet for his journey to the North, and his maintenance there, from October, 1706, to April, 1707, he received no more than £143, of which £103 were paid before, with 'the end of an auld sang,' he had written *Finis* to his labours in Edinburgh. With all his complainings, however, he is reluctant to leave Scotland; he would fain live there eight months in the year if it could be so contrived. To give colour to his assertion that he might be usefully employed, he engages in a tour through a portion of the Lowlands. A brief time he spends in Glasgow, where, a few months before, 'it had been death to have been known'; then he travels through Fifeshire, dining with presbyteries and 'disputing with the rigid and refractory clergy, who are the worst enemies of the Union.' All

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\* Letter, Godolphin to Harley, p. 382.—'Defoe's letter is serious and deserves reflection. I believe it is true and it ought to guide us very much in what we are doing here, and to take care in the first place to preserve the peace of that country.'

his diligence he commends to Harley as deserving the reward that secure Government office which, throughout his life, seem to have dangled before his eyes like the forbidden fruit of Tantalus. His employer at length condescends to write him a letter (p. 418), which reveals more wrath against the enemies of Harley than of genuine sympathy with the trials of Defoe. The best advice he can offer the unfortunate spy is to renew his application to the Duke of Queensberry, who, while in Edinburgh, had promised his interest in Defoe's behalf. From April onwards his diminishing resources are reflected in the increasing urgency of his appeals; he grows bolder as his necessities become more pressing, and in September (p. 444), he ends by becoming pathetic and almost dignified:—

'While you supplied me' (he says) 'I can appeal to Him that knows all things. I faithfully served, I baulked no cases, I appeared in print where others dared not to open their mouths, and without boasting I ran much risk of my life as a grenadier in storming a counterscarp. It is now five months since you were pleased to withdraw your supply, and yet I had never your orders to return; I knew my duty better than to quit my post without your command. But really if you had supposed I had been up a bank out of your former, it is my great misfortune that such a mis- take happens. . . . If you were to see me now entertained with courtesy, without subsistence, almost grown shabby in clothes, dejected etc., what I care not to mention, you would be moved to hasten my relief in a manner suitable to that regard you were always pleased to show for me. I was just on the brink of returning, and that of mere necessity when, like life from the dead, I received your last with my Lord Treasurer's letter. But hitherto his Lordship's goodness to me seems like messages from an army to a town besieged, that relief is coming, which heartens and encourages the famished garrison but does not feed them, and at last they are obliged to surrender for want when perhaps one week would have delivered them.'

A fortnight later he humbly entreats recall as 'the *coup de grace* to put him out of his torture,' and at the close of October he has only got a letter from Godolphin which 'neither directs him when to draw nor how much.' It is a shameful and a pitiful story, but it ends in the poor wretch receiving a remittance of £100 with which he can free himself from financial embarrassments and turn his face southwards.

Defoe returned to London on the last day of 1707 (p. 472)

and lost no time in soliciting Harley's intercession with Godolphin, for the court intrigues already foreshadowed Harley's fall. It was not long before he was out of office, and the useful Defoe transferred his services to Marlborough's colleague. As Godolphin was already cognisant of all his doings, and indeed had occasionally employed him, Defoe was simply in the position of a subordinate in a firm whose old manager had been discarded in favour of a former coadjutor. Though he undoubtedly would have us believe he was ready to forsake all to follow the fortunes of his benefactor, it must not be forgotten that the 'capitulations' exacted by Harley from Defoe on his liberation from Newgate were not for himself but only for the Government of which he was a more conspicuous servant. In the unbroken silence of three years, we find the proof of Defoe's determination to run no risk of incurring the disapproval of the ruling powers, and so of losing that fat sinecure which was his constant dream.

Of Defoe's second visit to Scotland there is no record in the correspondence, but from other sources we know it was undertaken immediately on the confirmation of his appointment. He was given three days to prepare himself for a journey which again led him to Edinburgh, 'where' (he says in his *Appeal*), 'neither my business nor the manner of discharging it is material to this tract, nor will it ever be any part of my character that I reveal what should be concealed; and yet my errand was such as was far from being unfit for a sovereign to direct or an honest man to perform.'

'The man who pauses on his honesty  
Wants little of the villain—,'

says an old writer. One cannot but suspect Defoe of many doubts and some painful qualms of conscience, since he is so constantly assuring us he is not the thing we suppose him to be. His attitude is precisely that of a rogue who not only claims a verdict, but demands a certificate of character in his own terms as a reward for our having mistrusted his *bona fides* because he knows the incriminating evidence is so weak. And yet his relations with Harley, maintained with Godolphin, show that his second mission in Scotland like his first could only be approved

as honest by the Jesuitical device of making the end justify a sanctify the means. In the preface to his *History of the Union* Defoe gives an account of the unsuccessful attempt of the French to invade Scotland in the early part of 1708. It was doubtless the intelligence of this project which induced his hasty return to Edinburgh, but more than this cannot be said. Future labour of the Historical MSS. Commission may fully enlighten the world regarding his doings, but we can only assume at present that his duties were similar to those he had so recently concluded—to keep his paymaster well informed of every move in the political world, and, by writing and speech, to influence the public mind in favour of the established authorities. It throws a rather sinister light on Defoe's character to learn from the documents we possess how even maliciously mistrustful he became of the men with whom he had been in friendly intimacy. Of Paterson, whose active benevolence enlisted Harley's most powerful interposition to obtain his release from gaol, he in later years writes in words that are curiously ungrateful. Bell, who had been Harley's agent in the transmission of letters, became an object of suspicion because once he incautiously blundered while Pearce, an adventurer whose exploits he at one time praises unmeasuredly, ends as a person whom he unequivocally condemns. Thus did his lying and spying revenge themselves on his nature, making him jealous, suspicious and watchful of those from whom he might have gathered lessons of a kind that would have done him credit. Nor does our admiration for him increase when we find him commending himself to Harley, when that courtly politician again found himself in power, by depreciating the service he had just quitted.\* In the course of 1708, Defoe paid another visit to Scotland—his third in all—extending to the month of September, and in the course of the following year he published his *History*, which still remains a valuable narrative of perhaps

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\* 'It was always with regret that when you met with ill-treatment found myself left and obliged by circumstances to continue in the service of your enemies' (p. 562). 'I shall serve both with principle and inclination, which I cannot say has been so clear to me since I have been out of your service' (p. 581).—Defoe to Harley.



the least picturesque and the most fruitful event in the national life.

Interrupted by Harley's retirement, the letters are resumed in July, 1710, and they cover the private history of rather more than seven months, ending somewhat abruptly in March, 1711 (pp. 550-662). By far the most interesting part of this correspondence relates to Scotland—to Defoe's plans for increasing the prosperity of the country, which he rightly affirms it is the great interest of England to study, and to his experiences during his fourth and last sojourn in Edinburgh, between the months of October, 1710, and February, 1711.\* But on none of the events is it necessary to dilate. There was still a heavy ground swell from the storm of 1707, but to-day we cannot feign an interest in the petty political gossip of the Scottish capital, or the fears, probably exaggerated, which Defoe discerns regarding 'that formidable creature, a Toleration' for the Episcopalians. There is a tantalising suggestion that part of the dexterous agent's task was to checkmate the plans of a certain Dr. O., who had travelled on a mission from the English Dissenters, but the man and his purpose are mentioned with unsatisfying vagueness. For the rest, Defoe may or may not have been justified in pluming himself on his success 'in managing that difficult people in the North—'

'I think I may boast to you of my little management in this place where the people are brought to be perfectly easy in her Majesty's measures, and have a full confidence in her Majesty's concern for the general good. I might assume the words, I have brought them to this, but I leave that to your charity' (p. 648).†

Defoe's final degradation—for however we may be dazzled by his courageous cleverness we must admit the reality of his moral depreciation—occurred after the death of Queen Anne. It is curious to notice how the downward steps coincide with the

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\* His letters from Edinburgh are subscribed with the assumed name of 'Claude Guilot,' and an attempt at disguise is visible in the handwriting.

† I have not even mentioned that Defoe was appointed by the magistrates author of the *Edinburgh Courant*. In point of fact there is no evidence that he ever wrote a line for that journal.

advent of successive sovereigns. Under William he was a patriotic journalist whose most visible fault was that he was unnecessarily logical with his friends the Dissenters. Under Anne, the patriot was merged in the tongue-tied partisan, changing his colours with each ministry, yet so dexterously that one could scarce observe the change unless the colours were laid together and contrasted; and the partisan became a detective, ferreting among political garbage, and nosing out the pestilence, which it was his duty to assist in securing should not become epidemic. Under George I. he becomes absolutely bewildering in his political manifestations. Before, he was Whig and Tory by turns. Now, he is Whig and Tory simultaneously—Whig to his employers, the Government; Tory to his employers, the proprietors of *Mist's Journal* and other publications. 'Upon the whole,' he writes, in one of those precious letters to his real masters, which Mr. Lee republishes, 'this is the consequence, that by this management the *Weekly Journal* and *Dormer's Letter*, as also the *Mercurius Politicus*, which is in the same nature or management as the *Journal*, will be always kept (mistakes excepted) to pass as Tory papers and yet be disabled and enervated so as to do no mischief or give any offence to the Government.' This 'bowing in the House of Rimmon,' as he terms it, this association with 'Papists, Jacobites, and enraged High Tories'—a generation who, I profess, my very soul abhors,' went on without a breakdown, not for a week or a month, as ingenuous people might suppose, but for several years. Was there ever a more cool-headed or neat-handed rascal?

In his excellent monograph on Defoe, Professor Minto pleaded that the author of *Robinson Crusoe* should be given the benefit of every doubt. Scotsmen with a sane love for their country may well afford to be lenient in their judgment of the man who, whatever his faults, strove earnestly, if also with a large measure of duplicity, to promote one of the most patriotic works to which statesmen ever laid their hands. In the character of the times we may find some explanation of, if not an excuse for, that combination of ethical peculiarities, the character of Defoe. He was a spy, though not a vindictive one; a feigned worshipper in the temple, if not a wanton betrayer of

the true believers. He compromised with Duty, the clear-eyed goddess, who accepts no half-service without repayment in kind. He was a liar, and it is nothing to his credit that he was such an unapproachably smart one. Greedy, without honourable ambition, he cannot be said to have ever attained the ease of affluence. His life lay through obscure paths, and like those animals who shun the light, he suffered from moral myopia. He lived without friends, and died deserted by those of his own household. We are impatient with the man, but our impatience is tempered with pity, for through the dark texture of his career there ran continuously the silver thread of an opportunist patriotism. With all his sordid qualities, he had a real love for the welfare of his country. It was not heroic enough for sacrifice, but in the midst of his time-serving he did achieve more for the cause of patriotism than many a man with purer motives and cleaner hands.

JAMES D. COCKBURN.

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ART. IV.—THE COMING WAR OF AMERICAN DREAMS.

1. *The Rise and Growth of American Politics.* By HENRY JAMES FORD. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1898.
2. *The Philosophy of Government.* By GEORGE W. WALTHER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898.
3. *The City's Wilderness.* Edited by ROBERT A. WOODS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1899.
4. *Monopolies and the People.* By CHARLES WHITING BAKER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
5. *Equality.* By EDWARD BELLAMY. London: William Heinemann. 1897.
6. *The Sphere of Science.* By FRANK SARGENT HOFFMAN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898.

7. *Principles of Literary Criticism.* By C. T. WINCHESTER.  
New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.
8. *Essays on the Literary Art.* By HIRAM M. STANLEY.  
London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1897.
9. *Annals of the American Academy.* Philadelphia. 1900.

HOW comes it that Sydney Smith has not been added to the list of the literary Immortals who are sold at every bookstall for sixpence nett? He was the wisest and wittiest Englishman of his time; and, although he lived in days when it was still gentlemanly to poke fun at 'Sawney' and twit him with 'brimstone' and 'flinty hills,' he lived long enough in Scotland and associated on terms of sufficient intimacy with the best—and also some of the vainest—Scotsmen of his time to appreciate the value of porridge and liberty. Of all the Edinburgh Reviewers, Macaulay not excepted, he wrote the best and most modern English; indeed he wrote almost as well as Mr. Froude or even Mr. W. E. Henley, when that up-to-date Hazlitt does not allow a 'tis,' or a 'by way of,' or a parenthesis, to run away with him, and does not permit the action of his monthly volcano of criticism to be complicated by some little private earthquake of his own Johnsonian antipathies. In spite, too, of his partiality for 'short views,' Smith was one of the most far-seeing thinkers of his time. If he was in error about the ballot, and called in vain for Lord John Russell to lay his head on the scaffold in defence of open voting, he earnestly joked and humorously sermonised Great Britain into Catholic Emancipation. But it was of America that as a prophet he wrote most wisely. Times without number he assailed 'the great disgrace and danger of America—the existence of slavery, which, if not timeously corrected will one day entail (and ought to entail) a bloody servile war upon the Americans—which will separate America into slave states and states disclaiming slavery, and which remains at present the foulest blot on the moral character of that people.' And when one wishes to contrast America, as it is preparing to enter upon the march of the twentieth century with the same America when the nine-

teenth was yet in its teens, one cannot get a brighter representation of the latter than Smith's, or a representation which prophecy shines so genially through. 'Literature the Americans have none—no native literature, we mean. It is all imported. They had a Franklin, indeed; and may afford to live for half a century on his fame. There is, or was, a Mr. Dwight, who wrote some poems, and his baptismal name was Timothy. There is also a small account of Virginia by Jefferson, and an epic by Joel Barlow; and some pieces of pleasantry by Mr. Irving. But why should the Americans write books, when a six weeks' passage brings them in their own tongue, our sense, science, and genius, in bales and hogsheads? Prairies, steam-boats, grist mills, are their natural objects for centuries to come. Then, when they have got to the Pacific Ocean—epic poems, plays, pleasures of memory, and all the elegant gratifications of an ancient people who have tamed the wild earth, and set down to amuse themselves. This is the natural march of human affairs.'

It will be seen that Sydney Smith foresaw much of the history of the United States. The great struggle which he predicted came. Though it did not destroy the American Union by splitting it up into two rival Republics, it has left a legacy of racial hatred and political difficulty behind it. The 'expansion' of America, even on that continent which the Munroe Doctrine was understood to have ring-fenced for all time, has been incomparably greater than even he contemplated. But its very greatness brings with it risks of a disruption to which that revealed and prevented by the Civil War is an unromantic trifle. In literature, will even the most ardent admirer of America say that it has reached the stage which Smith predicted? No doubt the Union has done better than produce Joel Barlow, Timothy Dwight, and Washington Irving. It has given the world Emerson and Holmes, Longfellow and Whittier, Bret Harte and Mark Twain, and above all, Poe and Hawthorne. Yet these are all suggestive, not of an intellectually independent America, but of a 'Greater England' beyond the Atlantic. Walt Whitman almost alone represents a continent that is being emancipated

from Anglo-Saxon traditions, and that has not only a destiny but ideas of its own. But with all his virility, all his veracity, all his courage, all his genuine power of various kinds, he is too crude in his morality, too deficient in art, and above all—as Stevenson demonstrated in the best of his critical essays—in humour, to secure for himself the allegiance of a whole nation. He is a great pioneer; it is words like his that a master will yet have to set to music; but he himself is not a supreme prophet. Nor is there yet any sign of a worthy successor to him making his appearance.

The American Union is, therefore, to all intents and purposes, still the land of feverish money-making, interrupted every three years by an equally feverish plunge into politics. The millionaire capitalist and the political 'boss' have taken the places of the old informal committees of farmers and citizens, who managed to combine business and pleasure, religion and politics in a comfortable, jog-trot, and, on the whole, beneficent fashion. There is, to be sure, that strange portent, the American newspaper, to which, in spite of appearances to the contrary, there is really no parallel in this country, and about which and its relation to literature, a too little known American writer, Mr. Hiram Stanley, writes thus very much to the point:—

The immediate prospect for literature is not bright. Our civilization is daily becoming more democratic, the people draw all activities towards themselves; and the literary artist is more than ever tempted to be untrue to himself, to yield to the popular demand and truckle to the average taste. Style, as characteristic creativeness, as the expression of lofty individuality, is neither wanted nor appreciated by the great mass of readers. Your thorough-going democrat believes in complete equality, material and intellectual; and he who is unlike or peculiar is regarded as either foolish or conceited. The great host of self-assertive, self-satisfied people despise what they cannot understand or jest at it. An illustration in hand is the recent vulgar skit, so universal in the newspapers (1890) about President Cleveland's hard lot in being obliged to hear Mr. Gilder read his latest poem. Such is the *bourgeois* temper. It may appreciate literary cleverness or smartness, but it will flout at talent or genius, at all restrained and dignified discourse and high poetic sentiment. In the hurry of this eager, unquiet, democratic age, if men read at all they will read only what appeals to them at the first glance, what is startlingly

*staccato* in expression. In brief, the democratization of literature means a childish impressionism. And the natural language of impressionism is the newspaper, which promises to be the literary method of the future. In many newspapers we see already a tendency to cease being a mere impartial and accurate register of facts, and to aim at making news articles entertaining at all cost, often by an absurd and showy attempt at literary style, often also by the coarsest exaggeration. As Schopenhauer so well says, "Exaggeration of every kind is as essential to journalism as it is to dramatic art, for the object of journalism is to make events go as far as possible. Thus it is that all journalists are, in the very nature of their calling, alarmists; and this is their way of giving interest to what they write. Herein they are like little dogs, if anything stirs, they immediately set up a shrill bark." Hence it is that our newspapers are for the most part miserably unreliable, trivial, and vulgar, and the outlook for literature, as dominated by the newspaper, is melancholy in the extreme. However, it is folly to lament this tendency with the pessimists or, with Matthew Arnold, to rely hereafter upon a "saving remnant." Since literature is not, and is never likely to be, as in the past, a product for the few, since the kind of writing which the people demand is the kind of writing which will be done, the only hope of literature is an educated public. I take it, then, that the importance for literature itself of the right study of literature in our schools and universities can scarcely be overrated. But the results of present methods can hardly be regarded as satisfactory. Many of our college graduates and most of our high-school graduates read little more than that lowest form of literature, the newspaper. Not one in a hundred, in consulting his own taste, takes up an English classic, reads Milton and Shakespeare and Wordsworth simply because he likes them. And certainly for the great majority, school instruction in literature results in no marked and permanent uplifting of taste. I am far from saying that literary education is a complete failure, but I thoroughly believe that it is generally very defective in spirit and method.'

No doubt a good deal may be said for Mr. Stanley's attack upon journalism in the name and interests of literature, as a great deal may be said in favour of similar attacks in this country by the late Robert Louis Stevenson and H. D. Traill, and the living Professor Raleigh and Mr. Charles Whibley. But it is beyond doubt that trans-Atlantic journalism, even the very 'yellowest,' reflects the moods and aspirations, the 'ideas' and the crazes of present-day America. As so reflected that America may seem to a Carlyle to be 'all gone to wiud and tongue;' but on the other hand it is the America that appears vocal and effective. In the meantime also there

is a considerable difference between the relationship that exists between books and newspapers in Great Britain and that which holds good in the Union. Here there is but a nodding acquaintance between the two; or if they must be accounted as both belonging to the same hierarchy of literature, they regard each other much as in another hierarchy the bishop regards the curate. In ostensibly democratic, really plutocratic, America however, the two are closely associated. The books deal with substantially the same subjects as the newspapers; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that their authors shoot the ideas that are flying in the newspapers and bring them down. This will not always be the case. It is more than probable that an influential literature will spring up in the American universities which will stand between the newspapers and the only half-articulate masses, if not between the plutocracy and the democracy, and exert power upon, if not dictate to both. As things are, however, books represent what is conveniently but by no means accurately known as 'the philosophy' of the newspapers. Take for example Mr. Winchester's 'Principles of Literary Criticism.' It is an excellent treatise in many ways. It is lucid, brisk, here and there even suggestive after a fashion that reminds one of Boston rather than of Chicago. It has none of the delightful Bohemianism of Poe or the 'fascinating morbidity' of Hawthorne, or the ethereal—yet eminently Yankee—spirituality of Emerson. It is full of moderation, commonsense, level-headedness, everything that suggests what, known as 'sanity', sends us all comfortably to sleep in the belief that, when all is said and done, it is a distinction and a fact of which posterity may well be proud to have lived in the best of possible worlds. Yet there is all the difference between Mr. Winchester's 'principles' and Matthew Arnold's that there is between the well-aired, well-ventilated, editorial room of an American weekly newspaper upholstered in the literary sense by Mr. Howells, and the studious cloister's pale of mediævalism in all its beauty, all its solitude, all its divine disregard of *sanitas sanitatum omnia sanitas*. Mr. Winchester makes criticism plain to the meanest mind that ever



with the help of 'The Hundred Best Books' wrote for a St. Louis newspaper. And of such is the trans-Atlantic literature of the closing years of the nineteenth century, though probably not of the second generation of the twentieth.

Yet there is one remarkable resemblance between the mediæval Europe which crowded to hear Abelard and that intensely modern, and yet also marvellously vivid America which accepts, as if it were a new gospel, the rushing mighty wind of yellow journalism. Mediæval Europe awoke to find itself adolescent, virile, eager to enjoy the life around it, and rejoiced to enter upon the heritage of the Roman Empire, as a young man rejoices to run a race or squander the estate of a miserly father. Its note was ecstasy, its accent was hope. We are witnessing the adolescence of that America whose sturdy childhood Sydney Smith clapped so heartily on the back. Sensational journalism, with its ever-lasting beating of the big drum and beating the record in yacht-racing, society divorces, and making of fortunes, is but the extravagance of that adolescence which in the case of the individual manifests itself in unparalleled ties, waistcoats, and dinner rarities. And it is curious how the soberest of American writers are dominated—even if they are not filled to overflowing—with this hope. It is thus that Mr. Walthew, the author of the eloquent and in many respects very remarkable 'Science of Government,' finds consolation in certain of the signs of the times.

'The reproach is made to America that it has a borrowed civilisation, and that with all its material gains it has made no real contributions to culture. This varies the old complaint against democracy, which was that, although it produced an expansion of the intellectual energies of the people, with splendid results in art and literature, it was incompatible with social order, and was sure to end in moral exhaustion and political degeneration. In concentrating the national energies upon material improvement—an object naturally attended by extreme solicitude for the maintenance of order, the republic provides for the stability of its political institutions and thus escapes the traditional peril of democracy. That the character of its civilisation is acquisitive rather than creative, is a distinct advantage during the period in which it is engaged in laying, deep and strong, the foundations of social order, and at the same time it may be establishing a culture whose worth will be proportionate to the thoroughness of the preparation. The greatest advances in human destiny have been the

work of nations which borrowed a civilisation as a starting-point for the creation of a new type under the stimulus of free institutions. Time may have been when the artists and savants of Egypt regarded with patronising disdain the crude adaptive civilisation of Greece ; but there came an outpouring of democratic genius which supplied all the materials of culture with which the world has worked ever since. The Renaissance, which set in motion the processes of modern civilisation, was also the product of democratic forces. From such eras humanity derives the principle of progress without which civic organisation would be only a large exhibition of instincts of social agglomeration, such as communities of ants, bees, or wasps display on a smaller scale, but in greater perfection. If mankind is ever going to ascend to a higher plane of psychical activity, it is at least most likely to be the result of such an expansion of social energies as only a democratic order can evoke ; and if it is the mission of America to adjust to democratic conditions all that civilisation has now to offer, the accomplishment of that task will provide such opportunities for the free expression of the noblest capacities of humanity as may produce an epoch of incomparable grandeur.

In a similar spirit, Mr. Ford closes the admirable digest of American history to which he has given the title of 'The Rise and Progress of American Politics.'

'The generation which endured the Civil War has witnessed the rehabilitation of the prostrated section, and has seen the ascendancy of the race re-established in the face of tremendous odds. Extinction of the bitterness of conflict is so complete that late combatants hold fraternal reunions on fields over which once they fought, and both they and their children rally around the flag at their country's call ; while distinctions between victors and vanquished in eligibility to public service are effaced. This period of our national existence has also seen the development of our material resources carried to a point which confers industrial primacy, with corresponding extension of business organisation, implying resources of probity no less ample than of intelligence and skill. And, finally, the nation has shown the world that democratic institutions and an industrial type of society are compatible with the possession, in their highest degree, of all the heroic qualities which are the peculiar claim of militancy, while combining with them a deadly precision of attack which is the expression of an abounding mechanical skill, such as only industrialism can produce. Such manifestations show that the sources of national greatness are uncorrupted, so that amid the baleful confusion of our politics patriotism may cherish the hope that a purified and ennobled republic will emerge :—

"Product of deathly fire and turbulent chaos,  
Forth from its spasms of fury and its poisons  
Issuing at last in perfect power and beauty."

Here we have undoubtedly at once the hopefulness which is a characteristic of vigorous adolescence, and that whistling to keep the courage up which is a habit of youth. That both will be wanted even the believer in short views will not deny. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in perhaps the most popular passage he ever wrote, has given eloquent expression—or at least eloquent expression for him—to his belief that the American continent is to be the great political cauldron of the world, and that its product will be something greater, or, at least, more grandiose than the world has seen. The process has been going on, and will go on for at least a generation, even were the tide of European immigration to cease to flow. The Union—for what is true of the States is not equally true of the Dominion—is the hotch-pot of race. ‘Saxon and Dane and Norman are we’ on this side of the Atlantic. On the other side they are German and French, Italian and Negro as well. Already the German vote is almost as formidable as the Irish, even in New York and Chicago which are struggling for the bad eminence of being ‘the greatest *entrepôt* of international wickedness.’ Lombroso, the dimmest of statistical grave-diggers, attributes the growth of suicide in the States to Latin, and especially Italian immigration. The Union, which has been the dumping-ground of peoples, is the paradise of rival religions and social theories. All have elbow-room, and, not been ‘sair hudden doon’ by a damp climate and a melancholy ocean, although they are not unfamiliar with cyclones and blizzards, that are nevertheless positively inspiring even in their magnitude, all shout rival ‘missions’ and ‘messages’ from the housetops.

Not yet has a new religion made its appearance on the other side of the Atlantic. Mormonism and Shakerism are but exaggerations of creeds or open avowals of practices not unknown in the Old World. Even Sheldonism is but old Puritanism translated into the language of yellow journalistic headlines. But differences on theological—and perhaps still more on ecclesiastical—questions, which are at the foundation of our various denominations, and on which I pronounce no opinion, have a fairer field and greater favour in America than any-

where else. Wesleyanism on one side, and Roman Catholicism on another, have made strides there which are, of course, impossible here. And there is all the difference between 'the great unrest' of the New World and the restlessness which nevertheless, according to certain authorities, is 'sapping all creeds and cults in the Old,' that there is between the Mississippi and the Isis. Then whoever contrasts the late Mr. Bellamy's *Equality* with the ordinary revolutionary books which are the products of Social Democracy as seen from the diverse but not opposite standpoints of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and London, will see the difference that there is between Socialism touched with emotion and Socialism as a mere political theory. Mr. Bellamy is the American equivalent, not of Karl Marx, but of Ferdinand Lassalle, that most brilliant of all revolutionary leaders, who, in spite of George Meredith, is yet imperfectly understood in this country, who, but for the undue importance he gave to the 'personal equation' in his life, might with his unique powers of oratory have been the Mirabeau of German Democracy. Whatever is suppressed, or even depressed in Europe is so vocal and so much listened to in America as to justify the social satirist in declaring that 'nothing succeeds like excess.'

Looked at from the standpoint of 'ideas,' the Union is a chaos *plus* Carlyle's constable, *plus* also that religious and moral conservatism which, allied with most dogmatic convictions on liberty, the New Englanders brought with them in the *Mayflower*, and which may prove to be 'the stalk of carl-hemp' in the American character. And the question for the dim and distant future is, out of this chaos what cosmos, if any, is to come? Is there to be a tremendous social upheaval? Is the great conflict between Labour and Capital which is freely predicted as being inevitable to have its Armageddon in the country that is the home of Trusts and Combines? Is the Union, having in virtue of the Spanish War and its dealings with Cuba and the Philippines stepped on the scene as a World-Power to become a menace to the older civilisations with or without the help of Great Britain?

To these and other kindred questions, such as what are to

be the relations between whites and negroes, and whether, in spite of the Civil War, the Republic will yet split into sections, no answer of any genuine political or sociological value can be forthcoming at present. But that they will call some day for an answer, and one which may be accompanied or preceded by political violence and perhaps even bloodshed, all who are old enough to recall the peculiar ferment which preceded the struggle between North and South cannot doubt. It may be that there is a political lull in the States at present. That is of but slight importance, and the reason for it lies on the surface. The Republic is within an easily measurable distance of a Presidential Election. The leaders of both parties are seeking to give comparatively moderate expression to the distinctive views which separate them, so that they may secure the votes of the timid and wavering. Beyond all question many of Mr. M'Kinley's strongest supporters are believers in trans-Atlantic Imperialism or Expansion. Yet he has found it necessary to repudiate extreme views of this character. At the back of Mr. Bryan, too, is a strong movement in the direction of what those writers who take their inspiration from Mr. Bellamy would term 'absolute economic equality.' But he has confined himself, at least in his comparatively non-enigmatical utterances, to some rather indefinite proposals for curbing the growth of Combines and Trusts. But when the November contest is over, the opposing views will re-assert themselves with increased vigour. It was thus before the Civil War which ended in the abolition of slavery. Compromise prevailed at more than one Presidential Election ere the crisis came in the first triumph of Abraham Lincoln.

No doubt the new American ideas are in the air rather than on the earth; we are confronted less with views than with viewiness. But certain tendencies have already emerged from the controversial struggle. Whatever be their fate, also, we may rest assured that the American nation in all the pride—and perhaps a little of the insolence as well—of its vigorous youth, will not allow its aspirations to be balked either by the *litera scripta* of its Constitution, or by that unwritten Con-

stitution which means the wisdom of the fathers. It may—perhaps it must—put its new wine into the old bottles of the Declaration of Independence and the Monroe Doctrine, but it will not be greatly disturbed. The bursting of old bottles is a familiar spectacle on the other side of the Atlantic. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, were described as ‘inalienable’ rights by the Declaration. But at first these were confined to an oligarchy—in other words, to the men who adopted the original American Constitution and to their descendants. So when in 1811 the new State of Louisiana claimed admission into the Union, a great political storm arose, and Josiah Quincy declared—‘This Constitution was never constructed to form a covering for the inhabitants of the Missouri and Red River country, and whenever it is attempted to stretch it over these, it will be rent asunder. . . . It was not for these men that our fathers fought, it was not for them that this Constitution was adopted. You have no authority to throw the rights and liberties and property of this people into the hotchpot with the wild men of the Missouri nor with the mixed but more respectable race of Anglo-Hispano-Gallo-Americans who bask on the sands in the mouth of the Mississippi.’ Yet in spite of Quincy, ‘The Constitution with its ample guarantees of the most substantial liberties has been extended to the Red River country, to the Missouri, to Florida, to the Pacific Coast, and to the Gadsden purchase, and our country is greater and stronger and more united than ever. So successful has our experiment been, and so inexorable the events indicating the destined course of a free country, that we are now engaged in extending these privileges and liberties not only to the islands of the sea at our doors, but to those in the far distant southern ocean.’ When we consider the present relations between races on the American Continent, it seems almost incredible that no farther back than 1857 the Supreme Court of the United States should have formerly declared in the Dred-Scott case that, ‘blacks have no connection with the “people of the United States” and the “citizens” in whose hands “sovereignty” is placed. The question before us is whether these people (the negroes)

compose a portion of this people and are constituent members of this sovereignty. We think they are not, and that they are not included, and were not intended to be included, under the word "citizens" in the Constitution, and can therefore claim none of the rights and privileges which that instrument provides for and secures to citizens of the United States. On the contrary, they were at that time considered as a subordinate or inferior class of beings who had been subjugated by the dominant race, and, whether emancipated or not, yet remained subject to their authority, and had no rights or privileges but such as those who held the power and the government might choose to grant them.' How many—or how few—years may pass before the Monroe Doctrine, at all events in the old-fashioned sense which is still approved of by men like Mr. Andrew Carnegie, appears as miraculously outgrown as that which at one time seemed to have been crystallised in the Dred-Scott decision!

It would, of course, be rash to predict which of the new ideas that are seeking for dominance in the New World will be the first to run its race; that will probably be determined by circumstances. The following, however, from the pen of one of the ablest of those academic politicians who are certain to exert greater influence in the future than they have done in the past would appear to suggest a certain line of change—I do not say of reform—which may be followed:—

'The American, in ordinary matters, likes directness. In business, industrial and social affairs, he comes straight to the point; and so he does, for that matter, in political affairs, except in his written constitutions. In these he still worships at the shrine of complexity and indirection. He has found a way out of the maze of his own theories, however, and through the medium of political parties carries out his intents and purposes with little loss of personal energy. Yet to secure his immediate ends quickly he pays a great price, which is exacted to the last farthing. Practically he surrenders governmental functions to the political party organization, in exchange for direct action on a few subjects of commanding importance. This practice has been so persisted in that party success and supremacy have come to be considered as the end, rather than as the means to an end. We rail against bosses, and we denounce party organization, as if that would avail; while we overlook the direct cause of the whole trouble—the complexity of our methods. How is a voter, who is called upon to vote

for candidates for twenty-two offices at a single election, to exercise that care and caution which a conscientious citizen should exercise? Yet this was what each elector in one division was obliged to do at the February (1800) election. He had to vote for ten magistrates, whose duties are judicial; for one select and three common council-men, whose duties are legislative; for three directors of the public schools, who are charged with regulating the schools of the ward and selecting the teachers and the janitors; for a registry assessor, to make a complete list of all the qualified voters in the district; and for a board of three election officers, to receive and count the votes at the next two elections. For these offices the voter had thirty-two magisterial candidates to choose from; three candidates for the select and eight for the common council-men; five candidates for school director; two candidates for assessor; two for election judge; and three for election inspector—in all fifty candidates, concerning whose merits and qualifications it was incumbent upon the voter to inform himself. Yet this was an "off year." In the November election of 1808 the same voter was confronted with a still more serious task. He had to select a Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the State to serve four years; a secretary of international affairs, also to serve four years; two judges of the Superior Court, to serve for ten years each; two Congressmen-at-large; one district Congressman; two representatives in the General Assembly; two judges of the orphan's court; a district attorney; a controller; a recorder of deeds; a coroner; and a clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions. There were four candidates for Governor; five for Lieutenant-Governor; six for Secretary of Internal Affairs; six for judge of the Superior Court; eleven for Congressmen-at-large; three for district Congressman; five for representatives; two for judges of the Orphan's Court; three for district attorney; five for recorder of deeds; four for controller; five for coroner; and five for the clerkship of Quarter Sessions—in all, sixty-four candidates for judicial, executive, and legislative offices, and representing national, state, and local issues. Is it strange that the average voter accepted the judgment of his party organization, and voted for his party ticket without question, instead of investigating the claims and fitness of each of the sixty-four candidates? It was only natural that he should substitute his party's judgment for his own, as it was practically impossible for him to exercise wise discrimination where so many offices and candidates were involved. Once agreed, however, to surrender your judgment to the party, and you make the boss possible; for by a further refinement of complexities he possesses himself of the party organization, and then he is in a position to dictate his own terms and defy successful competition for years, if he does not overreach himself. Should he become too arrogant or ostentatious in the exercise of his power, which is likely to happen in time, he will in all likelihood bow his head to the storm and allow it to pass over. Then he, or another like him, is ready to pursue his old practices of giving to the politically lazy and



negligent an opportunity to secure what they feel at the time they need the most, while he takes all the rest—and that is no small amount. We still maintain, however, that we must afford no opportunity for the creation of a dictator; that there must be frequent change in office, and multiplicity of offices, to prevent the foundation of an aristocracy of office-holders; and that we must surround our legislatures with abundant safeguards, lest our liberties be filched away. Consequently, we play directly into the hands of the worst sort of dictator—an unofficial one. Let us, if necessary, officialize our dictator. Let us recognize that concentration is the order of the day and essential to efficiency. Let us recognize that direct action is better than indirection, and then change our laws and constitution accordingly.'

Whether the particular plan of introducing directness into the working of the American Constitution which is here hinted at, be given effect to, whether or not a scheme, which has found at least one able advocate in the *North American Review*, for the election of the President by a direct vote of the electorate ever emerge from political dreamland, it is evident from such a quotation as this that the notion which was so long all-powerful upon the other side of the Atlantic that America was but Great Britain with the flag of the Republic substituted for that of the Monarchy, has ceased to have much weight with that imagination which after all controls the reason and dictates action. Not only is the 'greatness' of the continent alike the note of such poetry as Walt Whitman's and of such a policy as that of expansion, but the specialty of the American temperament—which is indeed not inaccurately rendered as 'directness'—is also beginning to assert itself.

Circumstances, and especially the exigencies of present-day politics in the States, may lead to the precipitation of this constitutional question. But the chances are in the meantime in favour of 'dreaminess' ousting 'directness' from the first place in the affections of Americans. This 'dreaminess,' which being of the 'day' order has a very considerable amount of practicality in it has in turn several forms, and it has yet to be decided which of these will be triumphant. In the first place, there is the dream of the primacy of Anglo-Saxondom and of the crushing of all other races and nationalities by this Anglo-Saxondom. As has been recently seen in a variety of

ways and a variety of quarters, this desire for primacy is not necessarily associated with hatred to Great Britain. On the contrary, when it is at its best and least visionary, it rather takes the form of dislike to Russia. Has Urquhartism ever been more persuasively put than here ?—

‘ It is imperative to comprehend fully the purport of this great question, and discern the abyss that yawns beyond. Nor is it necessary to defame the Russian character in order to strengthen the protest against their assumptions. It is in race tendency rather than in the people themselves that the danger lies. They have often and beneficially played the role of civilizers in darkest Asia, enforcing peace and good order where none had been known for centuries. Their work in reducing the Khanates of Turkestan and compelling the desert slavers there to forego their favourite activities of kidnapping and robbery, compares favourably with anything that England has done of the same sort. In dealing with the ruder Asiatic they undoubtedly succeed better than their less pliant rivals, the English ; and by reason of the personal popularity of their administrators, as well as because of the prestige of their unbroken successes, they enjoy a fairer prospect of securing the guidance of militant Asia by choice of the fighting class than any other foreign folk. Yet it is their very *simpatica* with a grosser civilisation than befits their Aryan descent that constitutes the gravity of the impending crisis. It shows that half-measures and a merely superficial modification of barbaric society satisfy the Russian conscience. It proves again, if additional proof be needed, that the Slav is ready in all that touches and inspires the soul of the nation to sink to the low level of Asiatic ideals, to surrender what he has learned from liberal Europe and relapse into the animalism of Oriental life. And when the mark of his European culture, brandished a little contemptuously now before our eyes, is at length thrown aside, we shall find ourselves, while opposed to his culture of to-day, confronted with the old unchanging issue of Eastern tyranny and retrogression *versus* Western freedom and progress. To keep this prototype of brute force from pervading and controlling the whole world, the nations that still cherish lofty hopes for humanity must forget their sectionalism and stand together in battle. It is madness to abate one particle of the issue and declare that something ought to be conceded for the cause of peace ; to pretend, as do some Englishmen already weary of the strain, that Russia, if given Northern China, or Constantinople, or a port on the Persian Gulf, will be content. She is not striving for portions, but for the whole of Asia ; when she has gained this she knows, and we must eventually agree, that nothing human can resist her. Fortunately for the cause of freedom, America has just discovered that she is necessarily involved in the affairs of Eastern Asia ; that she has a stake in common there with others whom she can already undersell in distant as well as in domestic markets ; that her business compels her to join in the

work of reducing barbarians to order and educating them; finally, and perhaps most fortunately of all for the present crisis, that there is no real antagonism between the mother country and her once rebellious colony, but that friendly co-operation has only to be proffered to be eagerly accepted. When we realize that the menace of Russian aggression affects not only the political supremacy of Great Britain in Asia, but the free exercise of those high aspirations which are vital to the existence of every regenerate people, we will cease to imagine vain fears of Imperialism and assemble the utmost strength of the enlightened West against that portentous Imperialism embodied in the spirit of a devouring and devastating East. Finally, when we appreciate the fact that to secure China is the *sine qua non* of Russian designs for the establishment of a universal empire, that without her wealth and willing hands the Muscovite can never become master of a double continent, and so of the world, we will listen before it is too late to the Macedonian cry of that misgoverned nation to go over and help them.'

It would serve no purpose to labour the point of this quotation, at least in the present connection. It is, to say the least, highly probable that the attempts which have been made by Mr. Chamberlain on this side of the Atlantic and by statesmen of perhaps equal ability on the other to bring about an *entente cordiale*—which might, if the necessity arose, develop into a working alliance—between the Union and Great Britain, may be frustrated, or at least temporarily impeded, by the revival of anti-British feeling. For, however much we may dislike to look the fact in the face, this country was some years ago by no means loved in America; on the contrary, the feeling which prevailed towards us was very much that which we are told on too good authority prevails on the Continent now. It has not yet been expelled; the hints which have been given to Mr. M'Kinley and the rebuffs that have been offered to Mr. Chamberlain, armed only with an olive branch, supply but too ample proof of this. As an electioneering cry it might with the help of 'inevitable' trade jealousies and commercial rivalries, be easily and perhaps successfully revived. There is reason to believe, however, that even such a reaction would not have a lasting effect. Everything would depend upon the growth of something like a passion for Anglo-Saxon racial ascendancy all over the world. It is a general belief in America, and here as wel

that after the first triumph of the United States navy in the Philippines, Russia proposed to the other interested European powers that the victor should be deprived of the fruits of victory, on the ground that this at present 'shapeless monster' will ultimately prove a danger to the world. Let such a belief become an absolute conviction; let the Americans feel *en masse* that their most dangerous enemy is the same as ours—the Russian military autocracy—and the dream of a struggle for the racial supremacy of the world, will become of the genuine 'practical' sort. Tennyson's 'Parliament of Man, Federation of the World,' has not been heard of for long, possibly enough it will not be heard of for at least the present generation. The passion of race in Anglo-Saxondom will have to exhaust itself, before there is a revival of the Tennysonian idea even as a platform sentimentality. Yet should this passion of race 'catch on,' as it will, if Russophobia proves to be based on facts, it may 'hold the field' for a considerable time, for a sufficient number of years at all event, to make its mark on the relations between the two countries, and still more between the two Anglo-Saxon populations.

But the 'dream' of Pan-Saxonism may be met in mid-air, as it were, and crushed by that other 'dream' of absolute social equality which finds expression, on the one hand, in books like Mr. Bellamy's and in the war—the as yet irregular war—which is being waged against Trusts and Combines. To argue this question from either the economical or the purely political point of view would be out of place here, and a waste of time as well. But it is beyond all question that an idea is in the air that over the problem of Combines and Trusts there will be the greatest social struggle that the world has seen since 'the red fool fury of the Seine piled her barricades with dead,' more than once in the first half of the dying century. As for the cure of the existing trouble take this comparatively moderate statement by Mr. Baker:—

'Bunyan's famous allegory tells how Christian and his companion languished for a long time in the dungeon of Giant Despair, until at length Christian bethought himself that he was a fool to lie in a foul prison while he had a key in his bosom that would turn any lock in the entire castle.

Modern society, threatened by the extortions of the trusts in hundreds of industries, has the key in its possession which can render every one of them harmless. Every one of these monopolies is a corporation—an artificial person—created by society, and subject in each and every respect to any restrictions which society may impose. True, the making and enforcement of these restrictions is a task demanding the best wisdom, sound judgment, and honest statesmanship that civilisation possesses; but it is not an impossible task. Though it may be imperfectly done, and though mistakes may be made, great improvement over present conditions is certainly possible. If we look back for a century, or even a much shorter time, we find that the carrying on of industry by corporations is a thing of very recent growth. The privilege or charter permitting the organization of a corporation was jealously guarded in the days of our grandfathers. Only by a special act of a legislative body could a charter be obtained, and the business which the corporation could conduct was strictly limited. Charters were frequently limited also in their duration. The statesmen of these days reasoned that it was unwise to create by law an artificial personality to endure for all time. Such a creation might prove at some future day an enemy to the State and to public welfare. It was deemed safer, therefore, to place a limit on the corporation's life. Within the past two-score years, however, all the old-time restrictions upon the creation of corporations have been swept away. Anyone may buy a corporation charter now-a-days for a song, with powers to conduct every sort of business under the sun. A charter in one State, moreover, empowers it to conduct business in every State. There is nothing gained, therefore, if a State like Massachusetts or New York prepares and adopts a well-digested system of laws to regulate corporations. The result is that corporations are organised in New Jersey, or Delaware, or West Virginia, or one of the many States which impose practically no restrictions upon corporations organised under their laws. There are two plans by which this difficulty in the way of proper regulation and control of corporations may be overcome. The first would be to take away the rights which corporations now have of doing business in States other than that by which they are chartered. The manifest objection to this is that it establishes a precedent for the putting up of barriers to commerce between the different States. All are agreed that one of the most beneficial features of the federal union which was formed at the close of the Revolution, was its removal of State restrictions upon commerce. The freedom of trade between the several States which was thus insured has been of incalculable value in developing the country's resources and increasing the wealth and prosperity. If now we establish the principle that one State may shut out from doing business within its limits a corporation organised in another State, we shall strike a serious blow at this most beneficial system of interstate commerce. Another method which would obviate the difficulties above outlined, and which is apparently the only logical method of

tackling the problem, would be the assumption by Congress of the sole right to charter corporations which desire to extend their operations beyond the limits of the States in which they are formed. Congress has already found it necessary to legislate upon such commercial matters as bankruptcy; and there is a far greater need that it should undertake the task of dealing with the corporations which have outgrown the power of the States to control them.'

In this 'other method'—the entrusting to the Congress of the United States of power to control the Trusts—we may have the beginning at least of the end, the acceptance of the doctrine that the body which represents the whole of the Union shall have absolute power to over-ride individual States and their Legislatures. From thence to the adoption of the Bellamy ideal of economic equality, the substitution of public for private management of all industries, the service of all and the mastery of all, may be a far cry, but it is not illogical. There is further a decided tendency to fly to the State—the Socialised or Bellamised State that is to say—for protection against the tyranny of newspapers. Here again is the view of a moderate writer in 'The Annals of the American Academy' on 'The American Newspaper, a study in Social Psychology.'

'The vital question with reference to the newspaper question is, from the social standpoint, the question of control. Who shall be responsible for the newspaper? It is rationally absurd that an intelligent, self-governing community should be the helpless victim of the caprice of newspapers managed solely for individual profit. The practical newspaper man would choose to publish a partial and inaccurate account of some new occurrence to-day rather than wait till to-morrow and be able to publish a full and exact account of the affair. Furthermore, an earlier garbled report makes a later complete report unavoidable—it is no longer *news*. Why are these things so? Simply because the *sine qua non* of successful competitive journalism is believed to be not to give an accurate report, but to give the *first* report. The American people must dearly love the freedom of the press, or we should have heard before now much talk of Government control or operation of the newspaper. Censorship is, however, distasteful to the people even when apparently necessary in time of war. Nevertheless, the newspaper business, if not a "natural monopoly," is at least a business in which a large aggregation of capital and a wide-spread and unified organization for news-gathering and news-distribution is essential to success. The function of the newspaper is so predominantly public, and its service so universally requisite, that many govern-

ment undertakings are far less truly political. When we assail political corruption we generally blame either the "politicians" or the "citizens." If the latter, we practically concede that there is no immediate remedy for corruption available. In attacking the abuses of journalism, there is a like tendency either to put the blame on the newspaper managers or on the "public." If we blame the "public" solely, there is no apparent remedy; for the newspapers themselves are coming more and more to be the principal organs through which public tastes are formed and appeals to public intelligence made. The tool is master of the man, and, too late, we blame the man. It is certainly probable that a newspaper directly responsible to an intelligent and conscientious public would have to be a good journal in order to succeed. In a perfect democracy the newspaper business would regulate itself. But, unfortunately, the public is not altogether intelligent and conscientious, and for that reason the newspaper becomes an organ of dynamic education. It would be treachery to social ideals for school-teachers to choose and pursue their profession *simply* as a money-getting enterprise. The same is true of journalism. Responsibility must attach to this public function. If the people trusted their chosen governors and were themselves united in their support of the public welfare, they would undoubtedly be willing to put the newspaper business, like education, into Government hands, though not as a monopoly. In fact, however, we as a people still regard government as a necessary evil. It is my belief that the salvation of our cities depends on the displacement of this view by the view that government, the co-operative organization of all for the benefit of all, is a necessary good. Newspaper competition is, as we have seen, most severe in the largest cities, and there also the need of a new development of social consciousness is most pressing. Weekly and monthly journals appeal to a more widely scattered constituency, and for that reason do not supply to the city man even imperfect summaries of city news and municipal doings. For such summaries he must depend on himself or on municipal reports. Annual reports for free distribution are usually published by the large cities. Two American cities, New York and Boston, publish a daily or weekly *City Record*, containing an account of all municipal business. These two cities have also instituted statistical bureaus for the collection and distribution of what we may call general municipal news. In Cleveland, at least, bulletins of important events are posted daily in the public library. In another direction also government is encroaching on the field of the newspaper. In the establishment of public employment bureaus under state authority in Chicago and other cities, we see an entrenchment on the 'wanted' columns of the daily newspaper. Is it at all unlikely that, following out these lines of activity, government, particularly in cities, will sooner or later put into the field newspapers to cover at least the news of local business and politics and be of use in the public schools, the public libraries, the city offices, and elsewhere? If such journals

could be kept free from factional control and from the debauching influence of irresponsible newspaper competition, they would be of great service in the education of the 'public' and in the control of private journals.'

Leaving out of consideration as an incalculable possibility in the meantime the chance that America may develop a new religion, there are three 'ideas' on the conflict (or compromise) between which the future of the Union may depend—the perfection of the American democracy on its present lines by means of the passion for directness; the attempt through the passion for Pan-Saxonism to secure the supremacy of the world; and the enthronement of State Socialism in its most absolute form through the passion for equality.

Which is to triumph, or whether a settlement is to be come to after a bloodless or a bloody struggle, has, as I have said, yet to be seen. There is one factor, however, in the possible solution of the problem or problems now before the American people which has hitherto been left out of consideration, but which may be mentioned by way of conclusion. Of late there has been a boom in colleges and universities, for a parallel to which we must go back to the enthusiasm which attended the foundation of similar—yet marvellously dissimilar—institutions in the Middle Ages, when to 'an island in the Seine as to a new Mecca, masters and scholars crowded in their thousands, stirred by the same spirit of impatience with the older traditions of Europe that at the beginning of the century had hurried a ruder feudalism to recover the tomb of its lord.' There are some 420 seminaries of one kind or another which call themselves universities in America. There are as many as 114 institutions not only bearing the name but aiming at the character, as against twenty-one throughout the whole German Empire. It is true that a professor in the university of Chicago has gone so far as to say, 'There is in the United States as yet not a single university in the sense attached to the word by Europeans. All the American institutions bearing this name are either compounds of college and university—the university—the university as an aftergrowth figuring still to some extent as a kind of annex or excrescence of the college—or hybrids of college and university,



or finally, a torso of a university.' On the other hand, Mr. Seth Low, the President of the flourishing and energetic Columbia University, contends that 'In one very important respect the American system of higher education is distinctly superior to the German. In Germany a clear-cut dividing line between the gymnasium and the university is drawn by the complete and carefully preserved difference in method, in spirit and in ideal, that exists between them. The contrast between the narrowness of the gymnasium and the generous freedom of the university is very sharp, and many a university student loses his balance entirely, or wastes much precious time and force in adjusting himself to his totally new surroundings. In America, on the contrary, the college and the university sometimes exist side by side in the same corporation, as at Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, and Chicago, and the work of the one passes gradually and insensibly into that of the other. Even when, as is generally the case, the college exists as a thing apart, the later years of its course of study are so organized and conducted as to make the transition from college to university easy and natural. This practice is sound in psychology, sound in economics, and sound in common sense.' Be these things as they may, the undoubted liberty and variety of American universities allow of the devotion to the study of politico-social subjects of a great amount of academic energy, which would be carefully repressed in Germany, and which can hardly be said to exist either in Scotland or in England. The future of America is perhaps being written in advance in the pages of the *Political Science Quarterly*, and of the innumerable short monographs that are included in *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences*. Such writing is contributed almost entirely by Professors and Lecturers belonging to the Political Science Faculties of the different universities—Columbia, in the State of New York, is an example—who, with eagerness, enthusiasm, and freedom, discuss all the political questions that at present vex the American mind, from Trusts to Expansion. There will soon be in the States a body of educated opinion on all problems created by

the action of the minds of idealists upon each other, which many of the public are bound to rush for shelter to from the street brawl of newspapers and demagogues. It is at least possible that this body of opinion in America will yet save the situation, be the death of 'rings' and 'bosses,' bring order out of chaos, and reduce 'viewiness' to socially safe practicality.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

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ART. V.—A LOST ART.

IT was Lord Beaconsfield, in the last years of his life, who remarked that 'Epigrammatic table-talk was one of the lost arts.' In this expression of opinion the great Conservative Ulysses did not imply that brilliant conversational powers, or even that wit displays, coruscant and scintillating as that stage dialogue in the Robertsonian and Byronic dramas of two or three decades ago, were unknown in society. Far from it, for London society then and now would furnish practical disproof of the assertion. His meaning was that the 'Table Talk'—or as the Germans call it, the *Tischreden*—for which in bygone generations men of the very first order of genius laid themselves out, that conversational fence and rapier-play, in a word, between intellectual peers, whose weapons are drawn from the armoury of a catholic culture and of trenchant wit, had, in these latter days, almost entirely disappeared.

Among the last masters of the expiring art, whose displays even yet are fresh upon the memories of those who had the privilege of listening to them, were Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Sydney Smith, Thomas Babington Macaulay, and Thomas de Quincey. Of the first three of these there is every probability that Lord Beaconsfield spoke from personal knowledge. We are apt to forget the extraordinary precocity of the youthful Disraeli and to overlook the fact that he had relations extending at least the length of acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott.

Lockhart, in his life of his father-in-law, it is true, makes no mention of the fact. In Scott's 'Journal,' however, under date 'November 27th, 1825, there is an entry describing a journey made by 'Young D'Israeli,' as he is termed, with reference to Lockhart's appointment as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and from the context we would gather that the future Prime Minister's intercourse with the Coleridges, Southey, Canning, and Ellis, as well as the leading writers of the *Edinburgh Review*, had been both intimate and frequent.

In their day, the four writers named above were admittedly unrivalled as masters of 'table-talk.' Regarding the impression made on his auditors by the mighty volume of Coleridge's 'Monologue,' as Madame de Stael styled it, Carlyle's description in *John Sterling* is probably not very much exaggerated. The influence of Macaulay's 'table-talk' on such a powerful mind as that of the great Lord Carlisle is still preserved for us in the 'Journals' of the latter—'Never were such torrents of good talk as burst and sputtered over from Macaulay;' while of De Quincey's weird conversational 'Suspiria,' my friend Professor Masson assures me that nothing he has ever heard in the character of human talk approached the sheer mesmeric fascination of the 'Opium-Eater's' discourse. Possibly it was the consciousness that society now-a-days has fallen upon the age of specialists, when scholars are men of only one branch of learning, and while supreme in that department have no time for the acquisition of that catholic culture, which lent a charm so piquant to the table-tourneys of seventy or eighty years ago, that led Lord Beaconsfield to utter his half-regretful, half-critical dictum. Certainly in neither Oxford nor Cambridge circles, in none of the leading London Clubs, nay not even in the Modern Athens, where life presumably flows on through stiller reaches, is there a conversationalist to-day worthy to be named in the same breath with Coleridge, Macaulay, or De Quincey.

Nor are these honours paid to the 'Society' talker incident merely to our modern system of civilisation. The farther we throw our gaze into the deep backward of the past, the same consideration paid to the ready table conversationalist meets

us. Of course in the pre-printing-press days, when the human tongue ranked with the *stylus* as a co-ordinate instrument in the diffusion of culture, 'table-talk' had an altogether adventitious value attached to it. Socrates, whether we esteem the Platonic or the Xenophontic portrait the more correct representation of the grand old founder of Greek Ethical Science, was a 'table-talker' of the very first order. The *hetairai gunaikēs*, also of the Periclean epoch in Athens, as typified in the glorious Aspasia, were wholly dependent on their conversational powers to impress their individuality on their age. Horace, moreover, has for ever immortalised the subtle and supreme delights of exalted intellectual converse in the phrase, *Noctes coenaeque Deorum*, especially when read in the light of the context, in that noble Sixth Satire of the Second Book where it occurs.

Many of the 'Fathers' in the early Christian Church were in the habit of discussing at meals certain vexed questions in theology and morals with their disciples or followers. Patristic literature, both Greek and Latin, has many references to this custom; while at the Renaissance epoch, the Medici, Politian, Erasmus, and others were in the habit of admitting humble scholars and students to their table, for the avowed end that the latter might profit by the discussions carried on by the guests, who from time to time assembled there. None of these circles of culture, however, have been commemorated either by reminiscences of conversations, or by those volumes of *Anna* which are somewhat analagous in both aim and form to the 'Table-Talk' in question. While the latter represents the English and the German type of those personal memorials, the former is the mode wherein the French have manifested their predilection for this agreeable species of biographical memoranda.

The famous *Tischreden* of Martin Luther may, however, be styled, as Dr. Irving aptly remarks, the earliest systematic attempt to record the familiar discourses of an eminent man amid the circle of his friends. Originally produced under the editorial supervision of Joannes Aurifaber (Johann Goldschmidt), it appeared in folio form from the Eisleben Press in

1566, but there can be little doubt that it had circulated in MS. for several years before being printed. The *Tischreden* has served as a model for numerous works of a cognate type. In fact for the next two centuries Europe was literally deluged with volumes of 'Table-Talk' and 'Ana.' The majority of these had not sufficient innate vitality to recommend them to the popular taste. In most cases they were the lucubrations of obscure men whose vanity was in inverse proportion to their ability. Their remarks, in many instances, were chiefly notable for the extreme frequency of the use of the first personal pronoun, and for their acidulous jealousy of the merits of others.

A few of these volumes, however, were of sufficient excellence to defy the tooth of time. For example we have the *Scaligerana*, written partly in Latin and partly in French, but containing in the form of 'Table-Talk' a great mass of the opinions, the criticisms, and the animadversions of Joseph Scaliger, admittedly one of the most learned men of modern times. Scaliger the younger, covered in his term of life one of the most interesting and important periods in the history of letters—1540 and 1606. His remarks on many of the current literary, political, and theological controversies of the epoch—albeit disfigured by gross and uncharitable attacks on his contemporaries—are of distinct value to the historian of the period as well as to scholars of the ancient classics. Evidence so conclusive of the great polymath's wanton disregard of the feelings of others explains the reason why so little sympathy was extended to him on the occasion of the scurrilous but intensely clever attack on him by Gaspar Scioppius—an attack, without doubt, the ultimate cause of Scaliger's death.

Another collection of almost equal interest is the *Casauboniana*—or the 'table-talk' and *obiter dicta* of the celebrated classical commentator, Isaac Casaubon (1559-1614), who, after acting for many years as professor of Greek, first at Geneva, afterwards at Montpellier, and then as royal librarian at Paris, removed to London owing to his pronounced Protestant views, where he became prebendary of Canterbury and Westminster. As the late Mark Pattison says, his astonishing powers as a

critical commentator are seen at best advantage in his editions of Athenæus, Aristotle, Polybius, and Strabo, and his treatises on the Satiric Poets of Greece and Rome. His 'table-talk' is largely concerned with topics cognate to these, and with remarks on the *Annales* of Cardinal Baronius, with whom he carried on a controversy. The pictures which he affords us of the London of James VI. are exceedingly interesting, while the portrait he draws of the 'Royal Pedant,' as the monarch is too frequently called, is more flattering and attractive than we are accustomed to consider as strictly warranted by historic fact. But to his honour be it said, James acted the part of a munificent patron to Casaubon, whom he sincerely admired, and the grateful scholar painted his benefactor as he personally 'found' him. Casaubon's talk is rich in allusion, and is characterised by a broad human sympathy and toleration rare in his age.

Among other Continental collections of 'table-talk' deserving mention before we consider those native to England, are the *Perroniana* or the 'Pensées Judicieuses,' as they are termed, of Cardinal du Perron, delivered 'when he threw off official reserve and restraint amid the circle of his friends. His Eminence, who is chiefly memorable for his controversial ability, was one of the chief ornaments of the Court of Henry III. of France, his life being almost exactly contemporary with that of Casaubon—viz., 1556-1618. So distinguished was he for his dialectical powers that he was in the habit of remarking that he cared not which side of a proposition he assumed, he would undertake to find arguments to prove its truth. In fact, he owed his banishment from the Court for a time to an ill-advised display of his ratiocinative skill against the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The circumstances were these: One day, while the King was at dinner, Cardinal Du Perron delivered an admirable discourse against Atheism, with which Henry was greatly delighted, and praised the churchman for having demonstrated the Being of God by arguments so solid. But Perron replied that if his Majesty would sit a little longer he would prove the contrary by arguments as solid, which he proceeded to do. The monarch, however, was

so offended that he refused to allow the Cardinal to approach him for several months. This incident gives a good indication of what the Cardinal's 'table-talk' was like. It was essentially a reflection of his own mind, being full of paradoxes, some of them brilliant dialectical *tours de force*, others mere logic-chopping. In a word, Du Perron's persistent efforts to display his own acumen and controversial sword-play in theology and metaphysics become insufferably wearisome.

Another remarkable collection was that entitled the *Thuana*, being the familiar talk and general opinions of the famous French historian, Jacques Auguste de Thon, better known under the Latinised form of his name, Thuanus (1552-1617). He produced a stupendous history of his own time, and until the advent of Hume, was regarded as the greatest of modern historians. His 'table-talk' and 'Ana' are weighty, sententious expressions of opinion, couched in a pithy, aphoristic style, and displaying frequently profound political wisdom.

The *Huetiana* was a collection of 'occasional' opinions of the learned Bishop of Avranches, Pierre Daniel Huet (1630-1721). As Dr. Irving points out, it differs from all the other 'miscellanea' of the period, inasmuch as the author personally prepared the work for posthumous publication. Instead of producing specimens of his own smart sayings on the topics of the hour, he gravely discusses a variety of themes literary and philosophical.

Entirely different from this collection was another celebrated one, the *Fureteriana*, being the wise, witty, and learned apophthegms of the famous Antony Furetiere (1620-1688) a scholarly writer on civil and canon law, but better known now for his *Universal Dictionary of the French Tongue*. His 'table-talk' and 'Ana' are sparkling with the real 'attic salt' of wit. The same may be said of the *Chevraeana*, or the posthumous opinions on various topics in literature, science, philosophy, theology, and civil law of Urban Chevraeau (1613-1701), a French historian of great celebrity in his day. His 'Table-Talk,' or 'Chevraeana,' was in much demand, as he had enjoyed the reputation of being the best table conversationalist in France during the latter half of the seventeenth century.

The *Colomesiana* was the 'table-talk' of the learned French Protestant historian and critic, Paul Colomes, or Colomes (1638-1692) whose controversies with Boileau and Racine excited much interest at the Court of Louis XIV. His opinions upon the France of the early years of the reign of *Le Grand Monarque* are infinitely piquant and amusing. Nor must we forget to select from amidst many other 'miscellanies' that well deserve mention did space permit, the *Valesiana* of Henricus Valesius, otherwise Henri de Valois (1603-1677) another French critic of great ability and learning. His reputation was so great in his lifetime that his verdict was regarded as final upon the merits of any work. His *Annales* are lively criticisms on contemporary men, manners, and things.

But undoubtedly the greatest collection of this popular form of 'posthumous opinions,' if the phrase may be permitted, was the famous *Menagiana*. This was the sentiments on a variety of current topics, literary, social, philosophical, and general, of Gilles de Menage (1612-1692). The author was a man of no ordinary attainments and talent. His annotations on Diogenes Laertius indicate classical erudition of the first order; while his best known works, *Juris Civilis Amoenitas*, his *Historia Mulierum Philosopharum*, and his volume of poems in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, testify at once to his genius and versatility. His 'table-talk' is racy and piquant, characterised by pith and point, and is well deserving of perusal. The social circle where Gilles de Menage was present would not suffer from dullness nor intellectual aridity.

But while the collection of 'Talk-talk' and 'Anecdotes' in this branch of letters more sedulously cultivated on the Continent than in England, we are not wholly destitute of favourable examples of this type of literature on this side of the Channel also. The late Matthew Arnold remarked:—'Englishmen have so profound a respect for the mutual confidence which inspires a circle of friends when they meet, that their interchange of views is under the seal of privacy—a seal of which no circumstances save the most urgent would excuse a breach.' Thus it is that our sense of the social sanctity



friendly intercourse at table has tabooed to a large extent the practice of gathering material for those collections of 'table-talk' and 'Ana,' on the ground that the privacy of hospitality is inviolable. Still, we have a few examples that could be cited, of which three or four are specially worthy of mention, to wit, the 'Table-Talk' of John Selden, the *Walpoliana* of the Earl of Oxford, the *Johnsoniana* of the great lexicographer, and the 'Table-Talk' of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

The first named volume is one that should be in every scholar's library. Selden was born in 1584, and devoted himself to the study of law, eventually obtaining great reputation as a conveyancer and chamber counsel. He entered Parliament in 1623, represented the University of Oxford for many years—nay, at the date of his death in 1654, was still the member for that ancient seat of learning. Selden will be ever memorable for his writings on the subject of international law, in one of which he came into direct contact with the famous Hugo Grotius. In 1609 the latter published his *Mare Liberum* for the purpose of asserting against the pretensions of the Portuguese, the right of his countrymen, the Dutch, to navigate the 'Eastern Ocean.' But in 1636, Selden replied with his *Mare Clausum*, in order to vindicate the maritime supremacy of the English. Neither treatise possesses now more than a merely historical value, but the reasoning in both is of an exceedingly cogent character.

Selden's 'Table-Talk' reveals the character of the man at every turn, and thoroughly supports his reputation as one of the most learned of Englishmen. As might therefore be expected, his conversation ranges over an immense variety of topics. Here are one or two specimens of his style. On 'Superstition' he remarks:—'They that are against superstition often run into it off the wrong side. If I will wear all colours but black, then am I superstitious in not wearing black'

On the demand for the payment of 'Ship-Money' by Charles I., Selden remarks—'Mr. Noy brought in "Ship-money" first for maritime towns, but that was like putting in a little augur, that afterwards you may put in a greater. He

that pulls down the first brick does the main work: afterwards 'tis easy to pull down the wall.'

With reference to the free use of the word 'Traitor,' quaintly asserts—'Tis not seasonable to call a man traitor that hath an army at his heels. My Lady Cotton was in the right when she laughed at the Duchess of Richmond for taking such state upon her when she could command no force. "She a duchess! there's in Flanders a duchess indeed!" meaning the Archduchess.'

'In troubled water you can scarce see your face, or see very little, till the water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little truth; when times are quiet and settled, then truth appears.'

And so on; we might quote pages of the profound political wisdom, intermixed with valuable comments on current events, references to quaint old customs of the period, and critical dicta on the literature, philosophy, and theology of his age. His 'Table-Talk' is a storehouse of the most valuable historic, philosophic, and antiquarian lore.

The 'Walpoliana' is a collection essentially different, which records many pithy and acute remarks by the Earl of Oxford—better known as 'the inimitable Horace Walpole (1717-1797)—on a vast variety of subjects, antiquarian, social, literary, political, fashionable, and grotesque, served up to us in the delightfully fragrant style that was all his own. In many years he was an authority on taste, and in the best circles of London society when a new book appeared, one of the first questions asked was "What does Horace say of it?" As a letter-writer he was unrivalled, his epistles to Sir Horace Mann being among the most charming ever penned. But of the correctness of his taste perhaps the less said the better, which his critical acumen may be judged from the following remark taken at random from one of the letters contained in the *Walpoliana*—"I had rather have written the most absurd lines in *Iliad* than "Leonidas" or the "Seasons," as I had rather be put in the round-house for a wrongheaded quarrel than sup quiet at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame geniuses, a Mr. Akenside who writes odes!!'

Further there is the collection that is composed of the 'Table-Talk' of one of the greatest of English prose-writers—Dr. Samuel Johnson (1708-1784). To the compilation of this the aid of many co-operators was invoked from Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins to Madame D'Arblay, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Miss Seward. All the characteristics of the mighty Ursa Major of letters are brought out with startling emphasis and clearness in these volumes, his vast stores of learning, his sagacity, his critical acumen, his piety, his tenderness, and his manly sincerity, at one and the same time with his overbearing dogmatism, his disregard for the feelings of others, his uncouthness, his faults and his foibles. Johnson's 'Table-talk' is pure 'Johnsonese.' Every remark reverberates with the *ore rotundo* of his rolling periods. Christopher Smith, the poet, said of the lexicographer's 'Table Conversation'—'he always talked as if he were talking upon oath. He was the wisest person and had the most knowledge ready for use I ever met. His manner was interesting; the tone of his voice and the sincerity of his expressions, even when they did not captivate your affections or carry conviction, prevented contempt.'

From the death of Johnson to that of Beaconsfield many brilliant table-conversationalists achieved fame amid the literary and fashionable society of London. A volume entitled 'Specimens of the Table-Talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge' was compiled by his son, Hartley, and it certainly conveys a vivid idea of that wondrous flood of talk 'majestic as the flow of the Orellana or the Mississippi,' as De Quincey says, which 'the dreamer of Highgate' was wont to pour forth to all and sundry. But who has preserved for us even the faintest approach to a realisation of the witchery exercised by Macaulay, by Sydney Smith, by De Quincey, by George Canning, and, in a lesser degree, by Lord Brougham, by Cobden, by Sir James Mackintosh, by Lord George Bentinck, by Ralph Bernal, Osborne, nay by Beaconsfield himself. Many of these men are now only names—names and nothing more to the present generation. In the days when 'table-talk' was a fashionable accomplishment the diffusion of culture was

materially provided by these brilliant conversational tourneys. But in our own epoch the ability to discourse fashionable small-talk and feeble witticisms has taken the place of the literary 'wit-combats' of seven or eight decades ago, and the man who would now converse as Coleridge, or Macaulay or De Quincey discoursed at table in the early decades of the present century, would be voted, if not a 'crank,' at least a bore of the first magnitude. Well might Lord Beaconsfield mourn over—'the lost art of Table-Talk.'

OLIPHANT SMEATON.

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ART. VI.—THE STRATH OF ACHÉRON, AND ITS HOMERIC GHOSTS.

'Near Kichyros, too, there is a marsh which is said to be the Acherusian marsh, and the river Achéron; and Kokytos flows there, a most unpleasant water; and, as it seems to me, Homer, having seen these places, had the boldness to insert them in his poem about those in Hades, and to give to its rivers the names of those of Thresprotia.'—*Pausanias*, lib. I. cxvii. (5).

WE rode up the strath of Achéron—the two Turkish troopers who formed my escort, my Maltese servant, and myself—in the line of march of the Pilgrims of old when they went in *Θεοπλα*—sacred procession—to consult the Oracle of the Dead at the Gates of Hades. The previous evening, I had been greatly struck, on first catching sight of the Acherusian plain, as it lay far below, with its remarkable physical resemblance to the great Palestinian plain of Esdraelou. But there were more than physical resemblances. Of old, on the hills that bound the Palestinian plain—the hills of Judæa on the one side, and of Galilee on the other—two religions confronted each other: the Old Judaism of Jerusalem and the New of Nazareth. And here on the hills between which the Acherusian plain extends, we have Islamism on the hills of Margariti, and on the hills of Suli, Christianity. And if the Palestinian plain has a sort of sacred interest as the

apocalyptic battle-field of Armageddon, at least as much of such an interest has the Hellenic plain. It is the actual Homeric Hades, the actual vestibule of the 'House of Hades,' through the deadly marshes of which the infernal rivers of Achéron and Kokytos flow still to the shore to which Odysseus drew the Ghosts of the Dead, athirst for the blood of his sacrifices.

Though it was its port that was of old called Glyky, it is now the upper part of the plain that bears that name, while its lower part is called Fanari or Fari. But not only from the floodings, the *spacts* of its rivers, but from its numerous mountain torrents and springs, it is still everywhere so marshy, this Acherusian plain, that, except at Kanalaki and Potamia, the dwellings of the cultivators are all on the side of the adjoining hills.

From the mountains of Suli flows the Gurla, the classic Acheron, and from the side-valley of Paramythia, the Vuvo, the classic Kokytos, and Pyriphlegethon. Towering up solitarily in the middle of the plain is the hill of Kastri, with the ruins of Thesprotia, which gave its name to another Paudosia, on another Acheron, in the country of the Brettii in Italy. Leaving the foot of the hill of Kastri on its right bank, the Gurla-Acheron turns towards the western hills, and enters the marshes which, from here almost to the sea, occupy all the eastern side of the plain, and are identified with the *Palus Acherusia*. The water of the Vovo-Kokytos is still so bad and bitter from the bituminous springs that fall into it, in the lower part at least of its course, that the villagers on the hills near it make use of the wells, or fetch water from the Suliotiko, another of the names of the Acheron. About three miles from the sea, the Kokytos-Pyriphlegethon unites with the Acheron, which has now issued from the Acherusian lake or marsh, and then they flow together through 'a waste shore' into 'deep-eddying Okeanos.' And it is the quantity of water supplied by the subterranean sources of the lake, and brought down, along with their own varying volume by the united rivers that makes the water of Port Fanari fresh, and still justifies its ancient name of 'Sweet Harbour.'

No marshy a plain is, of course, favourable to the culture of rice ; and this is naturally one of its chief products. But from the absence of farmhouses and villages, save on the hillsides, and chiefly the western hillsides of Muslim Margariti, and from the destruction for the most part, of the 'tall poplars and willows' of the 'groves of Persephóné,' the Acherusian plain is now, in its natural features, about as uninteresting a long, wide strath as one could well, hour after hour, have to ride up. Still, we several times come on not uninteresting groups of peasants and farm-animals. Horses driven round were trampling out the corn ; dogs were playing with their master's children, or looking on contemplatively. till roused by our approach to watchful barking in their master's interests ; and, caring only for themselves, sheep, goats, and pigs were grubbing and grazing. Innumerable, also, were the frogs that leapt into the water whenever we rode along the edge of a watercourse. But the poor, human-like wretches had not much to choose between our horses' hoofs and the water-snakes that instantly went for them.

This little interestingness, however, now of the natural features of the Acherusian plain left one's mind more free for its historical associations. For, as Pausanias says, it was from the rivers of this plain that Homer took the names of the infernal rivers of Hades. And hence it was that the fair goddess Kirke, of the braided tresses, thus commanded Odysseus, and said unto him (*Od.* x., in the admirable version of Messrs. Butcher and Lang), 'When thou hast now sailed in thy ship across the stream Okeanos, where is a waste shore and the groves of Persephone, even tall poplar trees and willows that shed their fruit before their season, there beach thy ship by deep-eddying Okeanos, but go thyself to the dark house of Hades. Thereby into Acheron flows Pyriphlegethon, and Kokytos, a branch of the water of the Styx, and there is a rock, and the meeting of the roaring waters.' [The hill of Kastri, no doubt, though the meeting of the waters, as above said, is considerably lower down.] 'So, hero, draw nigh thereto as I command thee, and dig a trench as it were a cubit in length and breadth, and about it pour a drink offering to all

the Dead, first with mead, and thereafter with sweet wine, and for the third time with water, and sprinkle white meal thereon. . . . But when thou hast with prayers made supplication to the lordly races of the Dead, then offer up a ram and a black ewe, bending their heads towards Erebus, and thyself turn thy back with thy face set for the shore of the river. Then will many Spirits come to thee of the Dead that be departed.'

It was as the actual locality—so far, that is, as a fairy-tale can have an actual locality—of the wonderful, and often most pathetic scenes of the Eleventh Book of the *Odyssey*—it was as the Plain of which the rivers appear also by name in those other two great Descents into Hades, of which the tales are told in the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, and in the First Part of the *Commedia*—it was as the actual locality of the first of the great classic representations of the Underworld, that the Plain up which I was riding assumed an historical interest inexpressible. Unpeopled as it was by living men—for hardly one was to be seen save along its sides—it became re-peopled for me with its classic ghosts. Nor was this more than an ordinary feat of Book-magic. To draw the ghosts from Hades I needed not, as Odysseus, to sacrifice victims, and pour out for the spirits of the dead a drink-offering of blood. I needed but my Book. Nor had I to make any *descent*, nor actually to enter into the 'House of Hades.' Neither was the former required of, nor the latter accomplished by *Odysseus*. The hero came to the 'Land of the Kimmerians,' across the stream Okeanos, and beached his shallop on the waste shore. And it was down this plain—transported to that mythic land—marshy as it now is, only more covered with the poplar and willow-groves of Persephóné—down this marshy, and then reed and jungle-covered plain, that the shades of the Dead passed in troops, to where the hero, below where Pyriphlegethon and Kokytos flow into Achéron, had, as Kirké had commanded, dug a 'trench as it were a cubit in length and breadth,' and poured into it a drink-offering of blood.

And so now, to me, there flock down, first, an undistinguished throng of brides and youths unwed, and old men of

many and evil days, and tender maidens with grief yet fr  
 at heart, and many also wounded with bronze-shod spe  
 men slain in fight with their bloody mail about them. .  
 the hero suffers not these strengthless heads of the dead  
 draw nigh to the blood ere he has word of Teiresias. N  
 even when the soul of his unburied companion Elpener con  
 Odyssevs still stretches forth his sword over the blood, w  
 on the other side of the trench, the ghost of his friend tells  
 his tale. And resolutely he keeps to his purpose still, e  
 when the shade of his mother, Anticleia, comes, though  
 sight of her he weeps and is moved by compassion. At len  
 there passes us, and comes to the trench and to Odyssevs,  
 shade of Theban Teiresias, with a golden sceptre in his ha  
 and when he has drunk the dark blood, then does the ne  
 seer reveal all that Odyssevs had come to ask him of his fi  
 in returning to Itháké. And now, having told all his orac  
 the Prince Teiresias passes us again, going back within  
 House of Hades.

But the hero abides steadfastly at the trench till his mot  
 again draws nigh, and, permitting her now to drink the d  
 blood, at once she knows him, and, bewailing herself, spe  
 to him winged words. When he asks his mother what dc  
 overcame her of death, she answers him, 'It was not  
 Archer Goddess of the keen sight who slew me in my h  
 with the visitation of her gentle shafts, nor did any sick  
 come upon me, such as chiefly with a sad wasting draws  
 spirit from the limbs; nay, it was my sore longing for t  
 and for thy counsels, great Odyssevs, and for thy loving-ki  
 ness, that reft me of sweet life.' Then the hero would  
 embrace the shade of his dead mother, and thrice he spri  
 towards her; but thrice she flits from his hands as a shad  
 or even as a dream, and grief waxes ever sharper at his he  
 and he cries, 'Mother mine, wherefore dost thou not at  
 me who am eager to clasp thee, that even in Hades we tw  
 may cast our arms each about the other, and have our fil  
 chill lament? Is this but a phantom that the high god  
 Persephóné hath sent me, to the end that I may groan  
 more exceeding sorrow.' And his lady-mother answers l



' Ah me ! my child, of all men most ill-fated, Persephóné, the daughter of Zevs, doth in no wise deceive thee, but even on this wise it is with mortals when they die.'

And now there pass down before us bevvies of women-folk, who have all been the wives and daughters of mighty men, and they gather and flock about the dark blood ; but the hero draws his long hanger from his stalwart thigh, and suffers them not all at one time to drink. So they draw nigh one by one, and each declares her lineage, and he makes question of all, and each tells him her story—Tyro, Antiópé, and fair Epicarté ; Alcméné, Chloris, and Ledá ; and Makra then, and Klyméné, and hateful Eríphylé, who took fine gold for the price of her dear lord's life ; and other spirits of women of old, wives and daughters of heroes innumerable, throng and pass till holy Persephóné scatters them this way and that.

Thereafter comes the shade of Agamemnon, son of Atreva, sorrowing, and he knows Odyssevs straightway when he has drunk the dark blood. And he tells how Ægisthos it was that wrought his death, and slew him with the aid of his own wife, the accursed Klytemnestra, and how she suffered him not so much as to have his fill of gazing on his son ere she slew him ; and how that shameless one turned her back upon him, and had not the heart to draw down his eyelids with her fingers, nor to close his mouth. And as Odyssevs and the ghost of Agamemnon stand sorrowing, holding sad discourse, while the big tears fall fast, there comes the soul of Achillevs, son of Pelevs, and of Patroklos, and of noble Antilochos, and of Aias, who in face and form was goodliest of all the Danaans after the noble son of Pelevs. And Odyssevs says, comfortingly, ' Let not thy death be any grief to thee, Achillevs. For of old, in the days of thy life, we Argives gave thee one honour with the Gods, and now thou art a great Prince here among the Dead.' But straightway he answers him and says, ' Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death, O great Odyssevs ! Rather would I live on ground as the hireling of another, than bear sway among the Dead that be departed.' But when Odyssevs had told him of the renown of his dear son, Neoptolemos, the spirit of the son of Æacus, fleet of foot,

passes, with great strides, along the mead of asphodel, rejoicing.

And lo! other spirits of the Dead stand sorrowing, and each one asks of those that were dear to them. The soul of Aias, son of Telamon, alone stands apart, being still angry for the victory wherein Odysseus had prevailed against him. And though Odysseus beseeches him and says, 'Art thou not even in death to forget this wrath against me?' yet he answers not a word, but passes again to Erebus, after the other spirits of the Dead. But now we see Minos, glorious son of Zeus, wielding a golden sceptre, giving sentence from his throne to the Dead, while they sit and stand about the Prince. And Tityos we see, covering nine roods as he lies, and two vultures beset him, one on either side, gnawing his liver, and piercing even to the caul, for that he had dealt violently with Leto, as she went up to Pytho, through the fair lawns of Panopeus. And Tantalos we behold in grievous torment, standing in a mere, and straining as one athirst; but as often as the old man stoops down in his eagerness to drink, so often the water is swallowed up and vanishes away; and when he reaches out his hand to clutch at the bright fruits overhead, the wind tosses them to the shadowy clouds. And—to conclude in Scottish Doric—

'There I saw Sisyphus, wi' muckle wae,  
Birsin' a haivy stane up a heich brae,  
Tryin' to get it up abune the knowe  
Wi' baith his hans, an' baith his feet, but wow!  
When it is amaist dune wi' awfu' dird,  
Doon stots the stane, an' thumps upo' the yird.'

But now the myriad tribe of the Dead throug up togethe with such wondrous clamour, that pale fear gets hold of me as of Odysseus, lest the high goddess, Persephóné, should send me also the head of Gorgo, that dread monster, from ou of Hades.

Returning, then, to the light of common day, I found myself at the wide shallow ford of the Achéron, below the site of the ancient Temple of the Oracle, in front of those dreadful, ye sublime Gates of the House of Hades, unentered by Odysseus

And presently, in lieu of that divine Vision of the Ghosts, first evoked by the magician-bard of three thousand years ago, in lieu of those heroic figures which had been passing me, or which I had passed, in my journey up the Acherusian plain to the Oracle of the Dead, presently, in lieu of all these, I found myself among, and dismounted—in more senses than one—amid a wild group of armed and kilted Albanians at the entrance of a ruined fortalice. But as hospitable a reception as it was in his power to afford was—thanks to the letters of Khazim Bey—given me by the officer in command of the half-dozen irregulars who now occupied the fort. Bloody were its memories. It had been both erected and ruined in the Suli wars of Ali Pasha, the Lion-tyrant of Ioannina. For in his siege, equally sanguinary and treacherous, of the mountain stronghold of Suli, this fort was a watch-post at the gate of the fastness—the ravine of the Gurla-Achéron—a watch-post by which he hoped to prevent both succour and escape. This fort had been the bloody kennel of a Kerberos at the Gate of Hades.

After due refreshment, I sallied out to get to a ridge of the outer bulwark of mountains from which I might look down into the 'House of Hades'—the famous corries, braes, and gleus of the Suliotes. I found the climb stiffer than I had expected, and the view of the other side less satisfactory than I had anticipated. Then I came down the steep hillside to the entrance of the gorge, thinking to get into it, a little way at least, round a projecting rock. But this was impossible. The water rushed deep at its base. And, indeed, the single road now—the foundations only remaining of a mediæval bridge—is *through* the water; and to take it even on horse-back is sometimes something of a feat, so swift and strong is the infernal stream, deepened also here, and glacialised by large and excessively cold springs issuing from the rocks. So, unable to get farther, I sat down on a bush-shadowed rock by the green-rushing river of Hades.

In such situations thought is often slow in coming to expression. Nay, it sometimes even bolts, as it were, from the attempt to realise and express. So I found it now. For the



scene was altogether worthy of its doomful and direful my associations. And as here, on this threshold of the classical of the Gates innumerable of the Underworld—history of Hades rose up before me—the developments of simple, yet all-containing conception of Homer in the Eeoes of the great ‘ethical painter’ Polygnotos; in the *Rep* of the great idealist philosopher Plato; in the clearly differentiated Styx-region of Virgil, with Tartarus on the left, Elysium on the right; in all the wild other-world revelation that followed the sublime *Apocalypse* of St. John the Divine and finally, in that *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* of Dante in which was, at length, embodied all that the worst of miserable believed and feared, as, in the *Paradiso*, all that the believed and hoped, as, in a word, there rose up here before me all that hideous history of basely revengeful, or piti self-torturing fancy, of which the records, especially if go back to Chaldea and Egypt, form a vast *Bibliotheca Diabolica*—I confess that I recoiled somewhat from the contemplation of its horrors. Nay, presently, I threw off together the vision of them. For though it is true that, the historical student at least, the *Genius Loci* does actually exist, yet one may successfully revolt against its sovereign influence. So, after a time—aided, I admit, by a humorous story told by my servant—I shook off its historic associations and the influence of the *Genius* of the place. And then in enjoyment I gazed on the natural beauties of the Clef Suli, unshadowed by its human horrors as the Gate of Hades.

Returning along the low ground to the ruined fortalice found the village *papas* waiting to pay me a visit. With me I went down to what remains of the Cathedral-church of the bishopric of Glyky, built in the reign of Theodosius the Great (385), but pulled down by Ali Pasha (1803), both for the sake of destroying a refuge of the Suliotes and of building a castle, itself now ruined, from which we set out. It was dedicated to ‘Agios Donátos,’ vulgarly pronounced Ai Donátos, St. Donatus, who was the patron of this part of the country and had two other churches dedicated to him in the mountains of Suli. And precisely as Hades, Ai Donato had a do-

meaning—sometimes signifying the place, and sometimes its patron. Aidonát Kalesi also is the name by which Paramythia is always designated by the Porte.

It seems, moreover, more than probable that this Christian church was built here not merely because the place had been made sacred by the tomb of the Saint (for Issoria would seem to be identified with Glyky), but because it was already sacred from of old as the site of an Oracle of the Dead. More than probable it seems—notwithstanding Professor Rawlinson's doubt about the locality—that here was the Temple to which the messengers came whom Periander, as we are told by Herodotus (v. 92), 'sent into Thresprotia to consult the Oracle of the Dead upon Acheron concerning a pledge which had been given into his charge by a stranger; and that it was here that Melissa, the deceased wife of Periander, appeared, but refused to speak, or to tell where the pledge was. "She was chilly," she said, "having no clothes, the garments buried with her being of no manuer of use, since they had not been burnt.' And this should be her token to Periander that what she said was true—'The oven was cold when he baked his loaves in it.'" For though, among the shafts of broken columns, there is but one that has the appearance of Hellenic antiquity, yet the scene alone seems enough to identify the site as that of the 'Oracle of the Dead upon Achéron.' It is here, and here only, that, looking from between the Cathedral walls still standing, the Gates of Hades appear in all their dread yet majestic grandeur: a narrow cleft from which issues the Acheron; then, above the Hades-stream, three ranges of precipitous rocks; behind them, the Ridge of Lightning (now the Hill of Trypa, with its castle of Kiafa between two smaller forts); towering above this again, the higher mountains of Suli; and these mountains of the Selli, the priests of the Dodonean Zeus, are apparently twice as high above the Ridge of Lightning, as it is above the River of the Dead. Such was the scene presented to Pilgrims by the Gates of Hades, if here was the shrine of the 'Oracle of the Dead upon Achéron.'

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.



## ART. VII.—THE FOLK-LORE OF ICELANDIC FISH

ICELAND has very few land animals other than those which man has brought to it, but its rivers and lakes, and the seas which wash its coasts, abound in fish and other living creatures of many different kinds. This contrast is clearly reflected in the folk-lore of the country; there are few beliefs which refer to land animals, but the inhabitants of the deep, real or imaginary, have for a long time played a great part in popular fancy, and many a strange idea concerning them has taken hold on the ordinary mind. There is here a wide field open to the collector of folk-lore, but it is a domain that has been little worked as yet, notwithstanding the fact that the folk-lore of Iceland has by no means been neglected during the past half-century. The few contributions to this particular department which have hitherto appeared might easily be supplemented with much new and interesting material, and as curious and wonderful are many of the beliefs, that it seemed to me not altogether useless to attempt to bring them together in the present article. Printed and manuscript sources as well as living traditions, have all contributed to furnish the items for these pages; I have in fact made use of every source available, but it is almost impossible to exhaust the fund of popular lore of this kind which has existed, and still exists, among the fisherman and farmers of Iceland.

These beliefs are of no recent origin. The existence of strange beings whose home is in the waters is a very ancient article of faith in the island, and tales concerning them are found even in our oldest literature. The impression one gets from the sagas, however, is that such beliefs were not so widespread in the old days, and the fact may be that as the island declined in its material and mental status during the middle ages, superstitions of every kind took greater hold on the popular mind. In this case many of the traditions relating to fishes and other water-beings may be immediate products of the mediæval mind, and there is every likelihood that

reached their height during the seventeenth century; but at the present day they are still current all over the country, especially on the coast or in the neighbourhood of the large rivers, though they are no doubt steadily diminishing under the influence of education.

I have not thought it necessary to re-tell here the stories found in the sagas, but have confined myself to those dating from the sixteenth century right down to the present day. During the whole of this period the beliefs in question have the same general character, and so form a natural whole; but in every case where it was possible to do so I have given the date of the story, so that it might be clear whether the tradition was recent or remote. Where the exact year could not be ascertained, I have at least given the century.

The water-beings which play a part in Icelandic folk-lore may be divided into two groups—those which are altogether supernatural or imaginary, such as the river-horse (*nykur*) and various other monsters unknown to science, and those which really exist but are invested by the popular mind with strange and fanciful properties. It is the latter class that I here propose to deal with, though it is perhaps impossible to separate them absolutely from the former. The ‘wicked whales,’ for example, are really imaginary, as all or most of them have no proper place in the animal kingdom, but they are yet classed among whales, which are real and well-known creatures. In the case of real fish I have always given the scientific name along with the Icelandic, but I must confess that some of these designations may now be antiquated, as there are no recent zoological works at hand in this remote dale of northern Iceland.

It has not seemed to me either necessary or advisable, in a brief paper such as this, to enter into details as to the real nature and habits of the creatures round which the beliefs centre; in some cases this would involve no little research in zoological matters. It is possible, for example, that the ‘wicked whales’ are not altogether pure creations of fancy; there *may* be unknown (or imperfectly known) species of whales in the seas round Iceland; but many of the wicked

whales that have been seen were probably very large and especially the 'bone-shark' (*Selache maxima*). Nor is it to be wondered at, though imagination has at times played strange tricks on Icelandic fishermen when they got a whale in their small boats, especially in heavy seas or during a storm, when both vessels and crews were in danger of perishing.

I begin with the seal (*selur*: *Phoca* \*), of whose origin the following story is told. When Pharaoh, King of Egypt, was drowned in the Red Sea, and with him all his host, as is known from the Bible, the King and all his followers were turned into seals; the resemblance between the bone of a seal and those of a man. Their dogs, which had remained on the beach, were transformed into the fish called 'stone-biter' (*steinbittr*: *Alichus lupus*), and all stone-biters are lineally descended from these. Since that time the seals have lived in the sea, but have human figures, natures, and qualities all concealed beneath their coats of seal-skin. They were, however, granted the privilege of coming out of these coverings on John's Eve (June 24), or, as others say, on Twelfth Night; on that occasion they go ashore, take on human shape, and dance like mortal men. Some say, however, that they can only come out of their coats in this fashion every Christmas Eve.

It happened once that a man living on the south coast of Iceland was walking along the beach, at the foot of some cliffs, early in the morning. He came to the mouth of a cave, from which there issued sounds of music and dancing, while on the beach there lay many seal-skins. He lifted one of these and took it home with him, and locked it up in a chest. Later in the day he went back to the cave, and there he found a young and beautiful woman, who was quite naked and weeping bitterly; this was the seal whose coat the man had carried off. He brought clothes to her, comforted her as best he could

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\* The first of the names given within brackets is the Icelandic name, the second the Latin scientific name.



took her home with him, where she soon became friendly with him, though not with others. She would often sit by herself and gaze out upon the sea. After some time had passed, the man married her: their married life was a happy one, and they were blessed with children. The husband was careful to keep the seal-skin always locked up in the chest, and carried the key about with him wherever he went. Many years later, he rowed out to sea one day, and left the key at home, lying under his pillow. When he came home again, the chest was open, and both his wife and the seal's coat had disappeared. She had found the key and opened the chest out of curiosity, and finding the coat, had slipped into it and plunged into the sea. Before she dived she is said to have repeated these lines:—

' To stay or go is hard for me,  
With seven children in the sea  
And seven, too, on land.'

The man is said to have felt his loss very deeply. When he went out fishing after this, a seal was often seen hovering about the boat; he always had good catches, and many a valuable thing was cast up on his foreshore. It was often seen, when his children walked along the beach, that a seal kept near them a little way out in the sea, and threw up to them bright-coloured fish and shells; but their mother never came on shore again.

A common belief about the seal is, that if it comes swimming towards a ship which is beginning a voyage, it is as well to turn back, as this is a bad omen; but it is a good omen if it swims in the same direction as the ship, or follows in its wake. It is alleged that the seal is extremely inquisitive, and is keenly interested with women who are with child (especially if it is a boy); it can notice their condition when no one else would observe it. Anything red also has a great attraction for it, and it will swim backwards and forwards for a long time at any spot from which it can see either of these things on shore, as well as follow closely in the wake of any vessel that has either of them on board. If a woman in this condi-

row close up to them or shout at them, but content quite still and unconcerned.

The walrus (*rostingur*: *Trichechus rosmarus*) is though very rarely, seen off the coast of Iceland. That when the walrus and the white bear (*hvíti-bj maritimus*) meet, they are certain to kill each other. A walrus cannot endure blood or filth on its tusk. The easiest way to master it is to throw dirt on the blood from its face: yet it is difficult to kill and it is said to be dangerous to approach it from behind. It is quite safe to assail it from the front. In former days the walrus was cut in strips, which were dried and used as 'skin-ropes' (*svard-reipi*); these are frequently mentioned in the sagas. It is said that a rope of this kind, made of the hide of an old walrus, was so strong that it would stand with any smaller strain than sixty men pulling with might.

Next come the whales (*hvalir*: *Cetacea*), especially those whales as are or were believed to do damage to men. It is believed that these whales know their own names as well as the river-horse (*nykur*) does, and that they will come as soon as they hear it uttered. For this reason, seamen take care to avoid calling the 'wicked whales' (*illhvélir*) by name when they are out at sea, and call them 'big whales' instead. Those who offend against this rule render themselves liable to a fine, which usually consists in handing over a portion of their food to their mates if they speak loudly.



together between their jaws, crush the boat to splinters, swallow the men. So greedy are they after human flesh that they will remain for a whole year or more near any spot where they have once found their favourite food. Fishermen therefore avoid for a long time those fishing-grounds where a boat's crew has perished in this fashion. Many, if not all, of the wicked whales are considered unfit for food, and in the oldest Icelandic laws it is expressly forbidden to eat some of the species. Some give it as a feature common to all the kinds that no smoke rises from them when they blow, only water or spray, whereas the harmless whales emit large volumes of smoke when they breathe.

The harmless whales protect boats against the wicked whales which attack them, by mastering them and driving them away; this is especially the case with the large whale called *steypireydur* (*Balænoptera gigas*). It is related that on one occasion a whale of this species had protected a boat all day, and had become greatly exhausted by doing so. When evening came and the fishermen began to row towards the land, one of the crew threw a stone into its blow-hole, thus preventing it from breathing and causing its death. Before long this man was affected with an unknown disease, and rotted away while still alive; this was looked upon as a punishment for his unmanly act. On another occasion two of these good whales had defended a boat from wicked ones, till one of them became much exhausted; one of the crew then threw a stone into its blow-hole and killed it. The others reproached him for his cruel and ungrateful deed, and warned him that he would be punished for it. They strongly advised him not to go to sea again for twenty years, and then he would probably be safe. The man took their advice and stayed on shore for eighteen years, but at the end of that time he could refrain no longer, and went out to fish. During the day a whale swam up to the boat, thrust its tail into it and swept the man overboard; others say that it put its tongue round him and swallowed him. It was supposed that this whale was the mate of the one that the man had killed.

Between the years 1850 and 1860 some fishers who were out

at sea off the north coast of Iceland saw three humps rise of the water, at a considerable distance from each other. Viewing them more closely, they discovered that this was a wicked whale, with two others of the well-disposed kind; across it. They could see the whale open its mouth, the interior of which was of a deep black colour marked with stripes. Huge was the monster that each stripe looked as large as an ordinary stream. The men at once made for land, and were full of gratitude to the good whales, which had prevented the other from swallowing them, boat and all.

It is regarded as a general rule, when a well-disposed whale is protecting a boat, not to remain at that spot after it has run the circuit of the boat two or three times. Unless it goes away then, the best course is to remove to some distance or make for land, for it is certain that wicked whales are close at hand probably under the surface of the sea.

There are various devices by which the assaults of wicked whales may be warded off, such as taking fresh cow-dung, sheep-dung in the boat and throwing it overboard. Some fishermen take sulphur, juniper (*einir*: *Juniperus communis*), milfoil (*roll-humall*: *Achillea millefolium*), etc. Cow-dung is however, considered to be the most effective, or else to make a great noise in the boat, either by hallooing and shouting, or beating with pieces of wood.

As already indicated, there are several distinct varieties of wicked whales known to Icelandic folk-lore. We shall mention first the one called the 'jumper' (*stökkull*) as being the most known and the most dangerous of them all. It is also known by the names of horse-whale (*hross-hvalur*) and flap-whale (*blá-hvalur*), the latter designation being due to the common belief that it has flaps of skin hanging down over both its eyes. These prevent it from seeing in front of it, and the only way in which it can effect this is by leaping clear out of the water so high does it spring on such occasions, that the fishermen allege that they can see the land, and even the lesser mountains below its body while it is in the air. At this height it can look down from under the flaps, and so contrives to see its way; with each spring it advances the length of four wa-

Some say that the flaps only fall over its eyes when it rises out of the water, but this is not in accordance with the common ideas about the jumper. The story goes that it was St. Brandan who, by earnest prayer to God, caused the flaps to grow over the jumper's eyes, for while it had its full sight it was so destructive to boats that it was quite unbearable. Some say that it can cover a mile at a single spring when it is making its way towards a boat. To avoid the chance of inciting the jumper to attack a boat, a fisherman when at sea must always be careful not to give it any other name than *léttr*. It always wants to sink everything that it sees floating, and its constant springing into the air is done so that it may look about and see whether there is anything near that it may fall upon—a boat or anything else. Some men were once out in a boat on Eyjafirth, and saw a jumper coming towards them. The captain ordered the rowers to get away as fast as they could, and they did so, but one man's hat fell into the sea. He wished to pick it up, but the captain ordered him to leave it there, and they held on their course. When the jumper reached the hat, it began to try to sink it, and as the hat always came up again, it was still busy with it when they saw the last of it.

To escape from the attacks of the jumper there are two principal devices. The one is to throw an empty cask, or a buoy, overboard and let him do his best with that. It is said that he will go on trying to sink it until he kills himself with his exertions, and in the meantime the boat's crew makes its escape. The other plan is to row straight towards the sun, if it is shining at the time, for even if the jumper springs into the air, the glare of the sunlight will prevent him from seeing the boat.

The jumper has a rounded body and is about forty feet in length. On one occasion a shot was fired at one when it rose out of the sea, which so alarmed it that it fell back again with a loud splash, and made off at once, leaving a track of blood behind it.

The *búr* whale or *búri*, sometimes also called *durnir* (*Physeter macrocephalus*), is often reckoned among the wicked whales,

but it is quite harmless and does no damage to boats. Those who give it a bad name say that it destroys boats by getting them between its jaws and cutting them right in two. It has a bigger skull than any other kind of whale.

The 'horse-whale' (*hross-hvalur* or *hross-hveli*) is said to resemble a horse in appearance. It neighs like a horse, and has a horse's tail and mane, which it shakes when it comes near a boat, its approach being also accompanied by tremendous waves. In the year 1751 the crew of a Danish vessel saw several horse-whales, which were from fifty to sixty feet in length. They neighed like horses, and a strong stench proceeded from them. They were shot at, but received no harm from it. The sailors were of opinion that these whales foreboded bad weather, and this turned out to be correct, for a violent storm arose in the evening.

The biggest of all the wicked whales, with the exception of the 'ling-back' (*lyng-bakur*), and very dangerous to boats, is the 'ox-whale' (*naut-hveli*), also called 'byre-whale' (*fjósí*) or 'ox-fish' (*naut-fiskur*). It is so named from its habit of bellowing like an ox, both when in the open sea and when swimming along the coast. When it hears cows lowing, it lows in return, and the noise has such an effect upon the cows that they rush in the direction of it, dash into the sea, and can never be brought back. So loud does the ox-whale bellow, that its sound re-echoes from the hills, and the very earth shakes. Several cases have been known of oars being knocked out of the hands of fishermen when this whale happened to roar in the water beneath them.

The 'swine-whale' (*svín-hvalur*) is very fierce, and dangerous to small boats. It is very fat, and the fat is so strong that it immediately oozes out through the skin of any person eating it; it never becomes rancid, however long it is kept. Similar tales are told of the fat of the bottle-nose whale (*andar-nefja*: *Hyperoodon rostratus*), which is used for medicinal purposes in Iceland to this day, being sometimes mixed with fox's fat, and applied hot to the arm to cure pains in it.

Another of the wicked whales is the 'red-crest' (*raud-hringur*), which is believed to have a continual thirst

drowning men and destroying boats. It gets its name from the crest of red hair along its back; others say that it is reddish all over, or has a reddish comb on its back, while some call it the 'red-cheek' (*raud-kinnúng*), and say that its cheeks are of a red colour. This whale is sixty feet long and swims with great swiftness. One red-crest is credited with having assailed eighteen boats in one day, all of which it broke in pieces. The nineteenth escaped only by the ingenuity of its captain, who put some clothes on a log of wood and threw this into the sea. The red-crest evidently believed it to be a man, and set to work to drown him, but found that the victim was no sooner put under water than he came up again. While its attention was taken up in this way, the boat's crew escaped to land.

It is asserted that the red-crest is so insanely fond of destroying boats, that if one escapes him, and he does not find another the same day, he will kill himself out of pure chagrin. He will also lie on the surface of the sea for half a month without moving, as if he were stone dead, in order to put the fishermen off their guard. On one occasion a red-crest attacked a boat in Eyja-firth, in the north of Iceland, about mid-day, and the crew saved themselves with great difficulty. The same evening another boat was attacked at Langa-nes, more than ninety miles to the east, and it was generally believed that it was the same whale in both cases.

The narwhal (*ná-hvalur*: *Monodon monoceros*) and the red-crest are said always to go in company, and to give out an intolerable stench. The red-crest's sole idea is to smash up boats and drown the crews; when he has done this, the narwhal sets to work and eats the men. The narwhal is forty feet in length, and of a pale colour, like that of a dead man's skin. It is harmless, and so far from doing any mischief to men, that it rather avoids them. On the other hand, it will seize upon any dead body (*ná*) that it finds in the sea, and from this practice it takes its name. The narwhal is so poisonous that any creature which eats the flesh of it is certain to die within a short time. It has one tusk about fourteen feet long, white in colour, and twisted, and is very proud o

this, although it is no manner of use to it. This tusk is great prize, and useful for many purposes, especially healing.

One of the wicked whales is named the 'brown fish' (*brúfiskur*); about it the following story is told. One autumn a trading ship was on a voyage between Copenhagen and the east coast of Iceland. When it was in mid ocean, it fell upon a school of whales, which swarmed round the ship in such numbers that it was brought to a complete standstill. Presently the crew felt a sudden pull upon the vessel, but it instantly ceased, and was not repeated. When the ship reached Copenhagen it was unloaded and pulled ashore; and the captain discovered a fish's tusk sticking in the side of the ship, close to the keel, and going almost right through the planking. The captain said that he knew the tusk, it belonged to a 'brown fish,' which must have struck the ship while it was lying still, and had only been able to get free by breaking off the tusk. This probably refers to the sword-fish (*Xiphias gladius*) which is not found in Icelandic waters; instances are not unknown when this fish has driven its sword into a ship and got it broken off.

One of the biggest and most terrible among the wicked whales is the 'bridle-fish' (*tauna-fiskur*). It is as black as a raven, but has two white streaks extending like a bridle from its eyes down to the corners of its mouth. About 1830 a whale was seen at close quarters to a Danish ship off the west coast of Iceland, but the captain saved himself and his men by his skill in the black art.

The 'shell-whale' (*skeljúngur*, also called *svarf-hvalur*) is 100 feet in length, very fat, and short in the flippers. It can bear to hear iron filed; the sound of this drives it frantic, and if there are shallows near at hand, it rushes upon these and kills itself. Of all the whales that can be eaten it is the most dangerous to boats and men; it rushes against the boats, and dashes them to pieces with blows of its fins and tail. Sometimes it lies directly in the course of a boat, so that it has no alternative but to sail right into it; then the whale overtakes



the boat and drowns all the crew, unless these have been expert enough to change their course in time.

The 'snow-whale' (*mjaldur*) or 'white-whale' (*hvíttingur* : *Beluga catodon*) is white in colour, with a high shoulder, and pursues boats with great fury. It is seldom seen above water, and yet it is very inquisitive. If it discovers a boat frequenting a fishing-ground, it will lie there for weeks on end. It has a long memory for injuries, as the following story shows. On one occasion all the members of a boat's crew had gone to sleep save one; just then a *mjaldur* rose to the surface and lay there dozing, whereupon the man took the chance to strike it with a pole. His comrades warned him that it would have its revenge on him, and he himself thought that this was quite probable, so he removed to an inland district and never went to sea again for nearly eighteen years. When this time had passed, he thought the whale would be dead, and rowed out to the same fishing-ground. No sooner had the boat reached the spot than a whale rose, seized the man and dragged him out of the boat; neither of them was ever seen again, and the rest of the crew were not harmed. Others say that the whale killed them all except one man, who escaped to tell the tale.

The 'heather-back' (*lýngbakur*) is mentioned even in the sagas, and is said to be the biggest whale of all. When it lies on the surface of the water it has the appearance of an island overgrown with heather; hence its name. The heather-back does not require to eat oftener than every third year; then it simply swallows everything that comes between its jaws, fish or birds, or other sea-creatures, without distinction. There is only one of the species, so that it does not multiply its kind, but on the other hand it will continue to live till the end of the world. It is said that St. Brandan celebrated mass on a heather-grown island out in the main ocean, and all at once the island sank; this was the heather-back. It is still seen occasionally, and is now known as the 'island-fish' (*hólma-fiskur*). On one occasion some men in the south of Iceland went out fishing; when they reached the fishing-ground they saw an island which they had never seen before. They

thought it had been thrown up by some volcanic erupt and landed on it. It was covered with thick grass, and a gether a most beautiful spot. The fishermen stayed on it two days, and were intending to remain as long as their f held out, but when they least expected it, the island sudde moved and sank. Fortunately for the men, there happened be a boat near at hand by which they were rescued.

Other ill-disposed fish there are, the names of which unknown to me. In newspapers of 1845 from the west ce of Iceland, two of these nameless monsters are described. One of them rises out of the water like a rounded hillock; it quite still for about an hour, and then sinks again. The ot appears like a large flat reef, and makes tremendous no when it comes up or goes down, probably by lashing water with its flippers.

While the greater part of these popular beliefs are thus c nected with the wicked whales, there are also some wh relate to harmless members of the genus, such as the narw of which some account has been given above. Another them is the 'north-whale' (*nord-hvalur*: *Balæna mysticet*) which is one hundred and sixty feet in length, and eats living thing, but subsists solely on the rain and dew which from heaven upon the sea. Its throat has whalebone stret ing across it, and this often causes its death, by preventing from closing its mouth again, when it has opened it wide catch the falling moisture.

But whatever be the kind of the whale, its liver must no eaten: if any one does eat it, it produces a terrible slough disease.

No other class of marine creatures plays so great a part Icelandic folklore as the whales, but popular fancy has a busied itself to some extent with other fishes, and in the folk ing pages I shall set down all I have found relating to the

Little is told about the codfish (*thorskur*: *Gadus morrh*). In a written account from the seventeenth century mentio made of a species of cod with reversed fins, which is said be deadly poison. In the north of Iceland it is commo believed that the presence of red flesh, such as is someti

found in the cod, or in other fishes, as the flounder and mackerel, is a proof that they have been eating the bodies of drowned men. The ling (*linga*: *Lota mader*) supplies popular pharmacy with an oil which is believed to be effective in relieving pain in any part of the body; it is mixed with warm mutton and applied to the part affected.

On one occasion the devil went a-fishing and caught a fish with his hands; it was a haddock (*lax*). He got hold of it just behind the gills, and his finger and thumb left the black marks which may still be seen on the haddock. The fish, however, struggled hard and wriggled out of his claws and this accounts for the black streak which runs along both its sides.

The coal-fish (*upsa*: *Merlangius carbonarius*) is worth having in one's possession, for the man who has one will never be without fish. A good cure for a pain in any part of the body is to let the blood of this fish fall upon the spot.

The salmon (*lax*: *Salmo salar*) is believed to be extremely fond of milk: to obtain this, they wade their greatest wicker cows into the water, catch the fish in their mouths, and suck as fast as they can. So absorbed are they in this occupation, that they will not let go even when the cow leaves the water, but remain hanging at the sides until they are carried a good way up on dry land. Then they are easily caught and killed.

The Virgin Mary was once walking along the seashore, when there came to her a countless shoal of fish of all kinds, intent upon seeing her glory. Among these was the flounder (*Hydra*), which Mary admired, and said to herself, 'what a beautiful fish the flounder is!' The flounder heard this remark, and was not very well pleased, for it had never heard any one say that it was not beautiful, so it imitated Mary's voice and repeated, 'Yes, what a beautiful fish the flounder is!' In the same moment as it said this, a change came over it; one of its eyes shifted its place, and ever since the two of them have been on the same side—the black side. When Mary heard the flounder's insolent speech, she said, 'Henceforward you shall always be squint-eyed, and serve as a warn-

ing to all other creatures, not to make a mock of holy persons.'

The fishermen of Grimsey say that while flounders are lying in the boat, the black side ought to be kept uppermost, but they always turn the white side uppermost when they bring them ashore. The reason for this is not at all clear, but the practice is no doubt based upon some popular belief.

The carp (*karfi* : *Sebastes septentrionalis*) is said to have its eyes protected by a bright film like the clearest glass, which makes the best artificial eye that can be found, if it can only be got whole. A strange thing about this fish is that it never can be seen by any man while it is alive.

The male of the lump-fish (*Cyclopterus lumpus*) is called in Icelandic *raud-magi*, 'red-maw,' and the female *grá-sleppa* (*grá* means 'grey'). Of their origin the following account is given :—On one occasion Christ and St. Peter were walking by the sea-shore, when Christ spat into the sea, and from that came the red-maw. St. Peter did the same, and from that came the *grá-sleppa*. Both of them are considered good eating, especially the former. Now the devil was following Christ and St. Peter at no great distance, and saw what had happened. He did not want to be behind-hand, and also spat into the sea; from this came the jelly-fish called *marglitta* (*Aurelia aurita*), which is of no use whatever.

The common eel (*ill*: *Anguilla vulgaris*) is of great value for healing purposes. If any one with a pain in the back will wear an eel skin, and sleep with it for nine or eleven nights, it will effect a cure. Its fat is an excellent application for old sores on women's legs. It can also be used to prevent intoxication; in this case, five young eels must be taken and drowned in the liquor which the person is to drink; they are then taken out, and the liquor given to the person in question, who must not know anything about these preparations. It is said that the eel often drowns in fresh rain-water, and sometimes it changes into a black snake.

Some curious items of folk-lore are connected with the skate (*skata*; *Ruia*). It is accounted the holiest fish in the sea, as the following story bears witness. One time Saint Peter was asked

which fish he considered the holiest. He was unable to answer the question, but cast out his line, and prayed that God might reveal to him the fish in question. He then pulled up a skate, but put it back again, thinking that this ugly creature could not be the holiest fish. Again he cast his line, and again he caught a skate. When this happened the third time, he took the fish into his boat and gutted it; in it he found the small bag or purse, which has ever since been called 'Peter's ship' or 'Peter's purse.' This is in reality the egg-case of the skate, and is believed to have marvellous properties, especially that of the species called *tinda-bikkja* (*Raio fullonica*). The skate, it is said, goes with young for nine months, after which it lies upon them for nine weeks (or nine months) like a bird on its eggs, and during that time there grows in them a 'stone of invisibility' (*hulin-hjulms-steinn*), or, according to others, a stone which relieves from the pangs of labour (*lausnar-steinn*). This stone of invisibility was called 'skate-stone,' and was inferior to other (namely, mineral) stones having like power, because it could only make a man invisible for one hour of the day. The egg-cases are often cast on shore, and are then always open at one end: that is where the stone made its way out. If a boat has any 'Peter's purses' on board, the crew are safe from drowning.

The skate has more properties of its own than any other fish,—nine good qualities and nine bad. It will thus keep watch over a drowned man for nine nights, and spend the following nine in eating him. If anyone eats skate the last thing in the evening, it will make him bear false witness against the innocent, even though it should cause their death. It is most wholesome if eaten in the morning or at the midday meal, but it ought to be eaten neither as the first nor the last dish. In some places it is the custom when a skate is caught, to cut off the tail and divide it in three pieces, one of which is thrown out at the stern of the boat, and the other two over the two sides. In the year 1634 a strange thing happened with a skate in the north of Iceland. Some fishermen had caught it, and after they had got it into the boat and cut it in pieces, most lamentable sounds were heard issuing from these. Even when the

pieces were taken ashore, they continued to give out the most pitiful wails. This was rather startling to everyone, and all the pieces were thrown back into the sea.

Among the north coast fishermen it is believed that when the blue shark (*hámeri: Galeus arcticus*) is caught, care must be taken that it does not get sight of every one in the boat. If it succeeds in this, either one of the crew will shortly die, or the boat will go down before long. It is therefore a custom, when a blue shark is pulled up to the gunwale, that one of the crew lies down flat in the boat, to avoid being seen by it, while the others make haste to put out its eyes before it is brought on board. The man, however, who catches one will not lose any of his strength that year. Its skin makes excellent shoe-leather, but has the great defect, that shoes of this material come away in flakes if the person wearing them enters a church or church-yard.

The common shark (*hákarl: Scymnus microcephalus*) has the reputation in popular belief of being so rapid a swimmer that he can do a dozen leagues in twelve hours. Shark-oil, mixed with the gall of an ox or sheep, is a good thing to apply to a sore or a bruise. It is said that no wicked whale will do damage to any boat which has a shark attached to it. The species known as *bein-hákarl*, *bard-fiskur*, or *rýnir* (*Selache maxima*), is very scarce now-a-days, but was formerly more common. Tradition asserts that it sometimes fixes its teeth in the rudder or keel of a boat, and holds it fast until it gets something to eat. Others say that it merely follows in the wake of the boat and keeps its eyes fixed on it, until fish are thrown to it. It is no use to try to row away from it; the rowers will hurt themselves by their exertions before they tire out the shark. If there are no fish to give to it, it is best to leave it to itself for a time, and then throw to it a spar or log, which it will then proceed to play with. As a rule this species is harmless, but on its back it has a fin as sharp as a sword, with which it can cut a boat in two when it gets into a vicious mood.

The sea-mouse (*Chimera monstrosa*) is in reality a very small fish, but Icelandic folk-lore has made out of it a terrible

monster. It is believed to swim so fast that the sea foams in front of it as it pursues its rapid course. The best plan for fishermen is to make for shore as soon as ever they hear it coming, for it has a gape so enormous that it can swallow the whole boat. On one occasion two men were out at sea on the east coast in an open boat, while near them was a French fishing-vessel. They had been fishing quietly for some time, when they heard a tremendous noise out to sea, and at once suspected that it was caused by a sea-mouse. In a short time they saw it coming, in the midst of a white foaming wave, and making straight for their boat. The men were so scared that they could do nothing to save themselves. The Frenchmen saw their danger, and ran their schooner right in the way of the monster, which, however, still kept the same course and speed, and struck the vessel with such force as to cant it over to one side. The sea-mouse continued to press against the ship for a little while, and during that time the men were taken on board. Then it disappeared, and the men afterwards rowed to land. Some years ago a sea-mouse chased a boat till it finally ran itself aground. Three shots were then fired at it, but it was quite unhurt, and got off with the next tide.

The reputation of being the ugliest fish in the sea falls to the *blá-góma* (*Lophius piscatorius*); this disgusting creature is said to have been a queen, who persecuted her step-daughter in every conceivable way, and was thus transformed by way of punishment. The west-coast fishermen regard it with so much aversion that when they find they have caught one they will rather cut the line than take it on board. Others say that the wicked queen became the flat fish called the 'wave-mare' (*vág-meri*: *Trachypterus arcticus*), which is never caught on the hook but is sometimes cast up on the beach. When found, it ought to be burned, but so that the smoke may be carried out to sea: then there is hope that a whale will strand there before long. If this point is not observed, a wreck is likely to follow, but some say that the simplest way to avoid any such disaster is just to throw the fish back into the sea.

The pike (*gedda*: *Esox lucius*) is not found in Iceland, but

its name is preserved in the saying that 'everything is meat that comes to the maw, except the raw roots of the moss campion (*holta-rörtur* : *Silene acaulis*) and the unscraped skin of the pike.' The name of *gedda* is also given to a sea-fish said to be found on the coast of Iceland, part of which is poisonous. Moreover, there lives in the lakes a mysterious fish, which is called the 'loch-pike' (*vatna-gedda*). It is of a flaming gold colour, about the size and shape of a small flounder. A very rare fish indeed it is, and seldom seen except in fog and thick weather before a violent storm. Whoever will catch it must bait his hook with gold, and wear gloves of human skin. It makes the best protection against the assaults of ghosts, and never was there ghost so powerful as to be able to rise again, if a loch-pike was laid on the spot where it was made to sink into the earth. So venomous is this creature that though it is put into a bottle, and the bottle wrapped up in many coverings, any horse which carries it will lose all the hair on the place touched by the parcel, and will never be good for much after. On one occasion when a specimen was caught, it was wrapped up in two horse-skins, but it bored its way through both and disappeared into the earth. The only absolutely certain method of securing it is to wrap it first in the caul of a child and then in that of a calf.

The 'coil-eel' (*hrökk-áll*) is about two feet in length, and lives chiefly in ditches or stagnant pools, but is sometimes found in running waters. If any animal or human being puts foot into the water where it is, the eel coils itself round their leg and cuts into the bone, or even takes it right off. This frequently happens with horses, but sheep escape because their legs are too slender for the eel to work upon. How the cutting is done is a point on which opinions differ. Some say that the venom in the eel is so strong that it corrodes the flesh and bone; others say that the eel has fins as sharp as the teeth of a saw, and does the work with these. It is also said to have thin scales as hard as iron, and its flesh is poisonous. One time some of these eels, which had been taken in a net, were thrown out on hard ground at some distance from a brook. They immediately wriggled into the ground, and so made



their way to the water. As to the origin of the *hrökk-áll*, the story is that a wizard put life into a dead and half-rotten eel, and so made it into this poisonous creature.

Another deadly fish is known by its reversed fins, from which it takes its Icelandic name (*öfug-uggi*). In other respects it resembles a trout, but is coal-black in colour. When it moves about, it swims backwards, tail first and head last. According to some, however, it has all its fins placed in the ordinary way except a little one on its back. It is so poisonous that if anyone by mistake happens to eat of it, the result is instant death—an accident which is asserted to have happened more than once.

On the shores of lakes in the north of Iceland there have sometimes been found strange and ugly fishes resembling trout, which neither dogs nor birds of prey would eat. These were doubtless specimens of the 'shaggy trout' (*lod-silungur*), also a very poisonous fish. One of these was cast on shore at Svína-vatn in 1854, and an illustration of it is given in the newspaper *Nordri* for 1855. It was very unlike an ordinary trout both in shape and in colour. On its lower jaw and its neck it had reddish hair, forming a kind of beard. There were also hairy patches on its sides, and hair on its fins, so there can be no doubt it was a 'shaggy trout,' though the writer of the article in *Nordri* does not say so.

With the exception of a few items of minor interest, the above details give a fairly complete summary of what is commonly believed in Iceland regarding the mammals and fishes that people (or are supposed to people) its waters. More might be said of the lower forms of aquatic life, some of which are credited with properties no less wonderful than those of their larger neighbours, but enough has perhaps been brought forward to give a fair idea of the world of wonders in which the ordinary Icelander lived, and to some extent still lives. How far his beliefs are shared by those of his class in other countries I am not in a position to say, but what I have collected in this article may serve as a basis of comparison for others. One thing, however, has struck me in this respect, and that is, how very few stories there are in Iceland about

the great sea-serpent. Only once is it said to have been seen in Icelandic seas, and that was shortly before the beginning of the present century.

OLAF DAVIDSSON.

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ART. VIII.—CONCERNING BIRDS.

(1.) SOME BIRD HABITS.

PERHAPS there is no class of animals so nearly resembling man, in many habits and traits, as birds; these traits are especially prominent in connection with the family life. Not only do they seem to be under the dominion of many of the same natural laws, but they display the same qualities of disposition—evidences of love, passion, jealousy—they seek counsel of one another, are sociable beings, have judgment, and use ingenuity in a way more akin to mankind than quadrupeds. In studying the habits of birds one is constantly reminded of similar turns and tricks in the ways of humanity. Have you never had the misfortune to listen to a waterfall of volubility from some man or woman who at the end of half an hour, having poured out a whole Niagara of words has yet conveyed no intelligible meaning to your mind? There are birds of vociferous chatter which remind one of these. Have you never seen a group of human beings fighting for a place in the 'bus, or a front seat in the lecture or concert hall? Look up at the eaves, or the sheltered bush when the cold wind blows, and watch a group of bottle tits, or young sparrows, huddling together for warmth; see how they struggle for the cosiest corner, and if a breeze touches their tails, how they up and wedge themselves between companions, into a snuggler niche, heedless of corns or defying screeches. And at the first signal from the mother—how the infant birds fly homeward, hurrying to be first into the warmest nook.

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And birds too are musicians, as true as men or women, some of them are excellent imitators of the human voice. They are not the only plagiarists in that line either, for it is the glory of our prima-donna to come near the singing of the lark, or thrush or nightingale; to emulate the tremulous passages of birds. They sing for joy and gladness; that is why their song is so captivating; they sing because the sun shines, they are happy, their hearts are attune to the gladness of spring. The nightingale which sings near the tomb of Orpheus, so Pausanias says, is more songful and jubilant than elsewhere, for the living influence of the great glad singer seems to permeate the air. Birds seldom sing in dull weather, and never when they are sad; the larks in the wild, gloomy valley of Glandalough do not make glad the heart of man by joyous song, for the atmosphere is weighty with depression. One hears of the sweet but melancholy song of the nightingale, and of the singing swan who moans out her own requiem—ah yes! and one hears too of human death songs—but these are not evidences of sadness, rather of joy and triumph. The song of the nightingale is not really sad, its intense sweetness has minor chords, in which perhaps the sad find soothing and affinity, but they come from a glad and jubilant little heart. To the motive of the swan, our wise and incomparable Plato finds answer. Speaking through the mouth of Socrates, he says, in his *Phaedo*, ‘No bird can sing when it is hungry, or cold, or is afflicted with any other pain, not even, the nightingale, or swallow, or the hoopoes. Neither do these birds appear to me to sing through sorrow, nor yet do swans; but in my opinion, belonging to Apollo, they are prophetic, and foreseeing the blessings of Hades, they sing and rejoice on that day (*viz.*, day of death) more excellently than at any preceding time.’ But modern ornithologists hold the swan as mythical and sentimental, and only hear an unmusical though modulated lay, with shrill and piercing high notes, and a hissing finale.

Not for gladness only do the birds sing, but in rivalry, like the gifted Marsyas, they strive among a troupe of Apollos; vieing with one another until the woods resound with the rich melodies given out from small, but wonderfully musical throats. What

variety of tone and mellowness some of these songsters display—natural musicians, not singing only the song their parents taught them, but leaving out that which does not suit their ear, and putting in here and there trills and arpeggio, staccato and legato passages, until a new song is made; little composers, full of impromptus, and glad fantasias. The whinchat, though not receiving as heirloom an elaborate song, is marvellously clever in embellishing and improving by borrowed notes. The canary and linnets, too, are apt little students in this line, and quickly acquire new songs, aspiring to the sweetest notes of the nightingale. Of birds, however, there is no better mimicker than the bullfinch; in Germany it and the redstart are trained to sing waltzes and polkas, and to whistle various tunes, to which they keep time with their feet, making many curious and grotesque motions with their bodies.

Some birds not only borrow the songs of other birds, but copy the inflexions and tones of the human voice and musical instruments, and in many instances the gesture of the teacher. It is easy to hear that birds sing in different keys, and were you to carry a tuning fork into the lanes, you might test them for yourself as others have done. And if you were about when the owls were hooting, you might hear one in G flat or F sharp, another in B flat or A flat, or a friend hooting in D, while its mate answered in D sharp, and the tones falling near together the result would be anything but musical. The rook has one or two inharmonious notes, and it is not the only one who has not a fine musical sense. But who ever heard of a nightingale, or a lark, or a thrush, singing out of tune?

We have already observed that the bird sings in joy, and in rivalry, but some have a less pleasing reason for their song; they pipe in defiance and in mischief, sing a war song, with feathers all ruffled and eyes gleaming with passion, or mischievously mislead their innocent audience by their imitative powers. The poorest singers are generally the cleverest mimics. The mockingbird not only imitates the notes of other birds, but the voices of animals. How cleverly he can feign the baying of the wolf, or

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the shriek of the raven, the mewing of a cat, and the bark of a dog. He has a capacious throat, a full, strong, musical voice with a very wide compass which can take in the savage cry of the eagle, and the sweet, mellow tones of the thrush. He is an intelligent little bird, very quick to learn, and one of the most persistent of teasers; he will whistle for Carlo until the deceived dog wags his tail and eagerly runs to meet him; he will squeak like a hurt chicken until the anxious mother sets up a vigorous clucking and an active search for her young. Then he will strike up in the sweet tones of some gifted songster of the woods, until a little April fool comes in search of her mate. The polyglot chat is another equally good simulator, carrying on many comical antics and manœuvres while he imitates in tones and gestures either his own kind or the humans which pass by. He chooses to live in the close thickets of hazel, bramble, or thick underwood; and there guards his worldly possessions with avidity. If a traveller comes too near, or shows any signs of inquisitiveness, he begins to scold in odd and uncouth notes, pouring out a volume of angry, abusive language, all the time minding to keep out of sight. In this humour he will often follow a passer long distances, popping in and out, and hopping along without once appearing in sight, but shrieking in angry, reproachful voice, like the spirit of a revengeful demon haunting the lane. If he finds that at last you have caught sight of his lively little body, attracted perhaps by the yellow breast, a sort of mad dance begins, like nothing so much as the wild careering of a dervish in his most fantastic capers. The American blue jay, a small fellow easily trained to curious tricks and comic ways, in its wild state is perhaps the most accomplished teaser and mimicer, for there is no bird which he cannot imitate, and he is never so happy as when ridiculing some poor brother or sister. He will simulate the soft, amorous chattering of the duck, and when you come near to look at the picture of loving ducks, he suddenly sets up such a terrific scream of feigned fear and sense of outrage that your hair stands on end lest murder has been committed close at hand. Then he laughs and nods and jerks his head in impudent superiority, and

calls his mate in so harsh and jarring a voice you think some old hinge is creaking in the wind, and hurry away lest the air is bewitched. He is fond too of irritating the hawk; he mimics his cry, then utters loud squeals as though caught; a group of jays soon appear on the scene to join in the fun, they dart about round and round the hawk, imitating his cries, and then feigning the moans of a wounded bird. But sad to say, this often goes on until the hawk is exasperated, and swoops down upon them and ends one little life. Then the buffoonery changes into real sorrow, cries of distress, and a funeral.

I have hinted so far, however, only at the subordinate incentives for the invocation of the bird's song; the strongest, most deeply rooted, and primary motive, and the one producing the sweetest song, is the rapture of love. It is the male who chants this passionate roundelay, the female, more silent than her mate, seldom sings. Rousseau could not scornfully say of birds as he does of his own kind—'The tongues of females are very voluble, they speak earlier, more readily, and more agreeably than the men; they are accused also of speaking much more.' The male bird, anxious to please and lure a desirable mate, sits high on a budding branch and trills out his sweetest notes, rich, full, and modulating, with passionate and alluring passages. Or it may be provocative or defiant if another mate comes within sight. He has no need to fly in and out the woods or along moors or meadows in search of a wife; his melodious song attracts the females who pass that way, and they come to inspect the songster on view. The examination is not always satisfactory; if he proves not sufficiently pleasing to the fastidious taste of the high dame, she scuttles away until another song allures her, and she flies to inspect the new candidate for her favours. If approbation is the outcome of the reconnaissance after the song is ended, they both carry on a sort of stately minuet to show off their colours and elegance; a further inspection takes place, and the hen decides the fate of her wooer. When he has been accepted, his song is not so loud, he has now no need to attract the attention of outsiders, but hums sweet nothings into his sweetheart's ears; amorous cooings of a gentle cadence; and together they seek a

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nook suitable for the nest. He is a true gallant, and while helping with the building of the new home, he fills his ears with honeyed words, and makes her smile by his games and antics. And during the days of incubation he perches on a near twig, attentive and alert, and again sings his loudest and best to comfort and entertain his patient spouse. He exerts himself to the utmost to alleviate her fatigue, and to soothe her under weariness. And when the birdlings are hatched, once more he is silent, too busy with his many new duties to find time to sing. In many cases the same two birds will pair year after year, and magpies have been known to be faithful to the same mate for ten years, and have built in the same tree for many consecutive seasons. There are such conditions as orphanhood even in bird life, and then step or foster parents are necessary. The name of stepmother among men is not held by all as one of good repute, though the position is often a difficult and thankless one; but the distinction of stepmother amongst birds is one of respect and dignity. Professor Kalm tells of a couple of swallows who built in a stable, the eggs were laid, and while the mother was sitting, the male showed signs of great agitation and distress. It was found on examining the nest, that the female had died, the body was removed and the nest watched for a couple of hours. The male at once sat upon the eggs, but he grew restless and flew away, and in a short time returned with another wife, who covered the eggs, hatched them, and nurtured the young, acting as the kindest and best of mothers. Capons are excellent foster mothers and will either sit upon the eggs when the mother has died, or nurse chickens already hatched. In some cases the cock will act the mother's part when his widowed heart is too much stricken to seek a second wife; he will keep the chicks warm and supply them with plenty of food.

When the young ones try to sing their croaking is as musical as the melodies of a flock of geese; they begin by recording a few broken passages in a helpless, pitiable sort of way; but practice brings the vocal organs into right condition, and very soon the little one can manage a bit of a song, and from that learn to warble the sweet notes of their mother. The bird

has to have a voice, of course, before it can sing, but when it has heard its own voice and tried its powers, it seldom is satisfied to stop there. When its painstaking and persistent parents have faithfully schooled it in the correct trills and customary strains, ambition leads it to try notes of its own and add bits which it has heard others sing. If young birds are taken from their parents before they are three weeks old, they may as easily be taught the song of another species as that of the true parents, and not infrequently a young goldfinch acquires in this way the song of the wren, and the linnæ that of the lark; just in the same way as a baby, if put amongst foreigners, will adopt a foreign tongue in place of its mother's.

Adult birds after a silence, through moulting or illness, have again to record their song, or go through the learning, as it were, once more; but this is not, as some ornithologists seem to think, through forgetfulness, but simply through want of practice, their vocal organs having grown rusty and out of order. Soft billed birds, who sing from the lower part of the throat, have finely toned, mellow, plaintive voices, while the song of the hard billed birds is of a sprightly, cheerful, rapid turn. It is the smaller birds, as a rule, who cheer us with their sweet song, very few large birds swell the chorus of the wood oratorios. There are exceptions to this rule as to every other, notably the male chanting falcon, which has a remarkable and fascinating song—an enthusiast, who becomes so absorbed in his own singing, that he is oblivious of all danger, and is often caught when under the spell.

Apart from singing, birds do a good deal of talking, each species has its own vernacular, its own peculiar calls for food, for council, for amusement, for love, which it, and no other species, understands. Though there is one call in common which all birds seem to recognise, and that is the cry of alarm; whether this signal comes from skylark or jay, from weaver or stork, all the feathery little bodies scuttle off for safety into bushes or holes, or collect in force to meet the foe. If a hawk appears the tocsin is sounded, and timid birds hurry-scurry away, while swallows and other bold ones fly to the spot in hope of



sport, quite ready to attack the intruder with beak and wing until he is glad if haply he may escape alive from the fray. One call of warning is given for the approach of fierce bird or prowling cat, but quite another cry is raised at the approach of man. They have different sounds, carrying with them meanings as significant as human speech. The Roman Pliny, was a great student of birds, and says that cranes never journey or migrate without calling a council and agreeing together. These birds, as many others do, elect a captain to take the lead, and give instructions. And when journeying in groups, crowds of them sleep with heads under their wings, in care of vigilant sentinels, who take turns in watching during the hours of the night, and promptly apprise their comrades of any danger in the neighbourhood. They are so determined to carry out worthily their purpose that rather than be found napping when on duty, they will stand on one foot, holding a stone in the other, so that if drowsiness comes over them and they fall into a doze, the stone drops and wakens them. If we could have utilized such trusty sentinels in our South African War would it not have saved the wear and tear of many brave men? The great Alexander observed this habit in cranes, and himself tried the plan, or rather one very similar. He held a silver ball in his hand over a brass basin, and when inclined to sleep of course he released his hold and the ball clattered into the bowl and awaked him. I have not heard that he required this habit from his men, but we can any of us learn from the birds if we will.

It is not only the crane who sets a watch during the night, even sparrows will do this sometimes, and rooks are specially noted for the custom. The latter take such precaution, and their sentries are so alert and argus-eyed, that it is said they can smell gunpowder. In fact, nearly all gregarious birds in some degree follow this plan, both while sleeping and feeding, many of them selecting a king who takes the lead in everything, giving the morning call, and conducting his subjects on their migrations. The plover is by this means often captured by the peasants with little trouble, who, imitating the cry of the leader, decoy quite a flock of them into their toils. It is said, but whether true or

not I cannot say, that many species of these gregarious birds who select a king, choose one from another species rather than their own, as the position is a precarious one and often ends in death. Who dare say that birds do not reason? If not, instinct must be as great and wonderful a thing as wisdom and judgment. There are many wonders told of how birds form councils and parliaments, where laws are not only passed and discussed, but carried into force with rigour. Again I quote Pliny, who, though of ancient origin, was not without powers and opportunities of observation; he says: 'There is a place in the open plains and champaign country of Asia where storks assemble, to keep up a jangling one with another, and in the end tear in pieces the tardy one, the lagger.' We know for certain that crows hold court and debate, and sparrows, too, have their council chambers, where they meet and carry on lively demonstrations. Birds of a pugilistic turn, however, have meetings and assemblies not for counsel, but for fight; they are regular John Bulls. Such birds as ruffs and quails will fight to the death, while an excited audience watch in glee and urge on the combat, just as a crowd of young Britishers will watch and incite their comrades to fight. A male bird will fight another for his lady-love, true old English duels, when they go at it tooth and nail, until one is complete master, and victorious suitor of his queen. It is well for the bird world that males and females are in proportional numbers, and though the males fight individual battles there is no great loss of life, and though they have the fighting element in them, they have no South African War to carry off some thousands of males at one stroke; or coal and mineral mining to lessen their numbers so largely.

But besides the fighting capacity, birds show marks of great kindness and affection. A naturalist tells a story of a guinea parrot and his mate who were caged together for four years, and lived on the most affectionate terms, shewing unexpected signs of care and thought for each other. The wife then began to display signs of infirmity and weakness; her mate was most arduous in his attentions, bringing food so that she had no need to move from her perch—taking her wing, as it were, if she expressed a

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wish to try a few steps across the cage; and doing all in power to comfort or amuse her. The poor thing finally died, and the mourning mate was inconsolable in his grief, and did not survive her. Have you noticed how kind and attentive the parent birds are to their young? Not only do they feed them, and care for them in the nest before they can fly or fend for themselves, but in case of danger they will do their utmost to protect them. Thrushes and blackbirds in severe weather will go to a great deal of trouble and inconvenience to shield their young from cold, heedless of wind and storm, and are at times found frozen to death with wings outstretched over their offspring. A young owl being caught at a farm was shut up in a large hen-coop, its parents hearing its cries brought food, such as partridges, moorfowl, and other large birds to it, for fourteen consecutive nights. Another instance is where a boy took home a nest of young sparrows, the parents followed, flying a few yards behind. He put them into a cage outside the window of his home, and the parent birds came regularly and fed them. After a time the boy took a young one out and placed it on the top of the cage; when the parents came they were highly delighted to see their young one free, and fluttered about with joy, entreating it to attempt to fly, but the fledgling was afraid at first to venture. The parents repeated their solicitations, and themselves flying from cage to chimney, and chimney to cage, showing how easy the flight was, the young one at length summoned up the necessary courage and flew away from its prison, alighting on the eaves, amid the applause of its parents. The next day another was released, and the same thing occurred, and so on until they were all rescued. Parent birds will go to an enormous amount of trouble to procure food for their young, sometimes travelling long distances. A pair of starlings feeding young not unusually will travel fifty miles a day, returning and feeding their chicks about a hundred and fifty times. A house wren will fly backwards and forwards from food to nest from forty to sixty times an hour. Though the male bird is not so assiduous in helping to build the nest, and gets plenty of feminine pecks, with scoldings into the bargain, for idleness and want of patience, he is a most

pattern husband and father in the case of finding and procuring food, not only for his wife while she guards and keeps warm the eggs, but when the young ones have made their appearance, and their one cry, with wide open mouth, is 'Give, give, give.' It takes no small amount of exertion to satisfy these young leeches, who readily devour their own weight of food in one day, and it is a busy time for both father and mother when they have themselves and four or five little ones to feed. It is calculated that a pair of sparrows while feeding their young will destroy weekly 2000 caterpillars. This surely is a good thing for farmers as well as for the birdlings. So we can understand that it is necessary for the field markets to have large supplies of insects in the breeding season, and not altogether a bad investment to have plenty of birds near your vegetation. They principally destroy insects which are injurious to garden and field; longlegs, worms, caterpillars, grubs, and such like, as well as clearing the air of innumerable minute insects which otherwise would get into our throats and eyes.

In some cases where rooks, or other birds, as they sometimes do, build a second nest late in the season, in consequence of the first being destroyed, they find it very hard work rearing their young, because of the difficulty of obtaining food. There is little or no ploughing and digging going on, and the warmth of the sun has dried up the ground, and the worms and grubs are driven out of sight. It is a case of the day labourer with his large family and his eighteen or twenty shillings per week to spend amongst them; a hard and anxious time for the parents. The mothers of quadrupeds are usually provided with milk for their young, but it is not generally supposed that birds have any such provision; they have to go hunting and snaring. The first day of hatching the youngster has sufficient food by the absorption of a portion of the egg yolk. It is stated, however, by some ornithologists that the dove and rook have a lacteal substance resembling milk with which they feed their young in the early stages. The pelican is supposed to have this provision, and by the ancients who looked on this operation, it was believed to have nourished its young by its own blood. The Egyptians believed the vulture fed its young with its own blood, and hence that bird was

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to them an emblem of eternal devotion. Whether the pelican has milk for its young or not, it certainly is very fond of the crocodile, which it finds in the mud along the banks of rivers, and in the marshy land.

What birds know from instinct, and what they acquire through experience, is difficult to determine, though many close and interesting experiments have recently been made. Many actions, we know, are performed without previous instructions, unless with the Buddhists we are inclined to say they were learned in an earlier existence. We see a young duckling swim perfectly without any teaching, one indeed which has been hatched in the oven, and having no mother to teach it anything. And though birds seem to need educating in some branches, they do not require colleges, universities, or any other learned institutions which seem to be thought necessary for men. They learn their lessons in the old-fashioned way at home with mother and father for tutor, governess, professor and nurse. The eagle educates her own children, and spares no pains. The stork teaches hers in all the rudiments and advanced classes of storkland. So do the smaller birds, all having the nursery and schoolroom under their own management, giving their young emphatic and forceful lessons. The young are not allowed to attempt to leave the nest before they are in a safe condition, physically and morally, and have the permission of their parents. If they are not obedient the parents peck them, beat them with their wings, and the obedient seldom try it a second time.

Migration is surely an instinct; some birds seem to have this instinct of travel so deeply inborn, that if in confinement when the time for migration comes round they are so restless and agitated that if not released they become ill, and in many cases die. Every bird has its own native country, and if free he stays there half the year; but a large community like students of means and opportunity spend the rest of each year in travelling and taking notes in foreign lands, though I don't know that any one of them is ambitious enough to write a book or give a lecture on his travels for the benefit of the stay-at-homes. But probably some of the noisy chatterings which we hear are social gather-

ings where wild stories of the East, and sensational accounts of the aborigines are poured into astonished bird ears. And of skirmishes with savage tribes, dangers amongst fierce enemies probably make bird eyes open wide; while romances of :voiced birds of paradise in gorgeous costume; of fair, lu fruit gardens; of fat, unctuous grain; of wide expanse great forests, make their blood tingle and their feathers to :

Some birds are extensive travellers; the blue bird of Ar will in one journey pass six hundred miles over the sea.

migrate for different reasons, not always to seek a milder cl but often in search of special food, which they seem to quite well where to find, for they arrive punctually at c places at the right time for ripened grain, or other nutri food of which their native country is destitute. For ins the wheatear will visit Cuba and help the farmers off wit redundant rice grains, and then when the crop is taken i make their way over the sea to Carolina for the same objec rice fields there being later in ripening. And actually in cases they are discoverers of new grain, and return to acc their friends of their find, who join them in flight to the and fruitful country. Though the wild turkey can scarce classed among migrating birds, it moves about from one di to another according to the sparsity and abundance of Birds travel both north and south, some are limited to dis and locality. The curlew, golden plover, and such which along the shores in the winter time, in summer seek the i lakes and moors. The linnnet, who in summer loves the d and bracing hills, in winter needs the solace and compar man. In the early spring we look for the wheatear among sandy downs, and the whinchat in the furze thickets, at the hills the ring-ouzel with its white circle shining c breast. Then come the swallows and the swifts; and the n weather brings the cuckoo and landrail, which are qu followed by some of our sweetest songsters—the nightingale redstart, blackcap, willow wren, which stay in the h weather, build their nests, breed, and when the young are s enough to travel, hurry away to a more sultry zone. The s

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are alive with terns, auks, guillemots, puffins, eider ducks, &c. a sight of the breeding places of these birds is one of great interest. In the Hebrides may be seen many such; of a ledge and guillemots which lay only one egg on the bare rock. Up a ledge of the cliff not more than three yards long and three feet broad there will crowd fifty or sixty birds jammed together in a solid mass, each a contented mother sitting on her one treasure. Scores of such living ledges are to be found along those shaggy coasts; and if a shot is sounded, or an alarm given, the air will become black with a cloud of hovering birds. The gull is more particular about the receptacle for its eggs, and makes a primitive sort of nest of coarse grass. There is an incident told of a stork caught by a Polish gentleman on his estate near Lemburg; he put round its neck an iron collar with the words—'Hæc ciconia ex Polonia' (this stork comes from Poland), and set it at liberty. The next year it returned to the same spot, and was caught by the same gentleman, who found round its neck a new collar of gold with the inscription—'India cum donis remittit ciconiam Polonis' (India sends back the stork to the Poles with gifts), and was again set at liberty.

As I remarked in an early paper, birds are cleanly little creatures, going in for baths of every description, douche, shower, sitz, and even dust baths, swizzing away to rid themselves of annoying insects, as the great beasts of Nubia rub themselves in the mud to extinguish the zimb or great breeze fly, and the cattle of Africa to deliver themselves from the annoying tsetse. The smaller the bird, as a rule, the more active and sprightly it is, and the more cleanly. These fastidious little things not only brush and bathe themselves, but will often help to clean and make comfortable their brothers and sisters. The love of water often proves in more ways than one the death of confiding birds. Continental peoples set bath-traps, by means of net and rods, to lure the cleanly little bathers into danger and imprisonment. Bathing for many birds in confinement is injurious, and to such as the nightingale proves fatal. In many cases, wrens, sedgewarblers, and whinchats have through it succumbed to palsy, and the poor little things lose the use of

both legs, and suffer other distortions. With some species it will bring on epileptic fits and death. If these birds were free they would prevent such disasters by flying about in the air and sunshine and rubbing themselves against leaves or dust, but in confinement they cannot, and they consequently get a severe chill. Though birds are fond of bathing, they drink very little water; especially big birds, the eagle in fact may be left many weeks without any water, and suffers little or no inconvenience.

## (2.) THE SHRIKE FAMILY.

Let us now turn to a particular family which is of some note in the bird world, being endued with special qualities and peculiar traits of interest. The shrike family has a long pedigree, and no end of brothers and cousins, distant and near relations, and family connections. The genus is known by the short, strong bill, straight at the base and more or less bent at the end, with a notch or tooth near the tip of the upper mandible—a fine weapon, as some smaller birds find to their sorrow. The jagged tongue; a peculiarity of the big toe, which is curved and sharp; a twelve feathered tail, are other points of distinction which mark this illustrious family.

When writing the biography of any man we begin with his ancestry, his relations, and family, so in giving a true account of bird life we must follow the same plan. Much uncertainty often gathers round a great man's birth-place and connections, and many are eager to claim association with him. So it is with birds; as soon as they become in any way famous, by power of claw or bill, by special sweetness of song, or by glorious colour of plumage, they are claimed as natives of many countries, and sojourners of various climes. It is generally supposed that the shrike family is of high degree. As most Englishmen are supposed to have come over with William the Conqueror, so most birds have some ancestor who has figured in the royal court, and if you study the *Avian Debrett*, you will find different members of the family prominent enough. There are American chiefs, ameers, princes, dukes, magnates, and bashaws among them, and they boast a viscount and a lord, and even a king. The tyrant



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shrike of Virginia is an acknowledged and reigning king, ] indeed of his crimson streaked crown ; his home is among red cedars, where he sits fearing neither crow nor eagle. F and merciless to a degree ; such a fury that its bitter passion fierceness has dried up the power of song—as base passions in men blunt or destroy the spiritual part of nature.

They are a military stock, these shrikes, and through the fighting quality have earned the name of butcher bird or *lanüda*—the latter word of Latin origin, *lanius*, a butcher, *eidos*, resemblance. They are fierce combatants on the battlefield ; in fact, veritable Boers in so far as ferocity and rapacity go. John Ray, the blacksmith's son who rose to such eminence as naturalist, ranks them among hawks. The French philosopher and zoologist, Buffon, says the falcons were their far back ancestors, for who else could tear so savagely with tooth and claw ? But the more complimentary Monsieur Brisson places them with the sweet-voiced thrushes and the ever-talking chattering. If birds could read our calligraphy, how they would laugh and sneer at our base ignorance, our arrogant assumption. But man and his hieroglyphs are far beneath their aerial notice. The shrikes are found in almost every part of the globe, though they certainly do fight shy of the South American continent ; and wherever they are found, they are notable for their sanguinary and destructive habits. They vary extensively in colour, many of them take their name from their uniform ; thus, the rufous-tailed, the chesnut-backed, crested red, ash-crowned, red-throated, puff-backed, and purple-sided ; such are the distinguishing names of the shrikes. Nearly all this tribe have a colouring produced by more or less admixtures of red, white, and black ; sometimes the red is rusty and dull, at other times it has a strong mixture of black, which gives it a decided brown hue ; in some the black and white are intermingled so as to produce an ashy or grey appearance ; while others will have the distinct red back, or breast, or crown, with black wings, and white tips or streaks, like fringe to relieve a dark cloak. Thus the grey-backed shrike has the top of its head, neck, and back a fine blue grey, while the smaller feathers end in a pale brownish red ;

there is a good deal of black about, with various dashes of white, and always a suggestion of rusty red. The ring-necked shrike has its lesser wings white and its back dark ash or lead colour: and the dubious shrike has a dash of crimson on its feathers. The hottiqua of the great forests is black, with white-tipped feathers: the white shrike which flutters over the trees of Panay Isle is nearly all snow-white, with a few black feathers and a beak of ebony: and on the feathers of the cabecoté of India, the dull rusty red predominates. There are some shrikes, however, which add other colours to the red and white of their many relations. The barbary shrike, with the addition of black on the upper wings, and a red breast, has yellow touches on the head, thighs, and under tail, with tinges of green. There is a fine specimen in the British Museum collection, coloured in this way. The red throated shrike, which flies over the hills of Africa, seeking berries for its young, is decked in olive green plumage, with bright yellow breast and shoulders, and red throat, its tail and legs of black. The name of the green shrike of Madagascar speaks for itself; tchachert, as it is called in its native place, it is of a dull green, the long wings reaching nearly to the end of its tail. The purple-sided, the white-checked, the blue-shouldered, the brimstone, the olive, all suggest by their name the predominating colour, while the bronzed shrike, or bujunza, of Bengal, whose plumage has a brilliant blue gloss like bronze, appears in the sunshine to be dressed in bright green. The forktail crested shrike of South America has its long black forked tail edged with dark green; vast troops inhabit the Cape of Good Hope, where they make the air resound with the echo of their matin and even song. The natives call them the 'devils' because of their dark, sombre colouring.

The family of shrikes is usually divided into two great classes. the true shrikes, or *Laniinæ*, and the bush shrike, or *Thamnophilinæ*. The great grey shrike, living in the southern and warmer parts of Europe, is a typical bird of the true shrike. It occasionally visits England, but not commonly so; it is perhaps the largest branch of the shrike family, and frequents the

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forests of Siberia, where it lives the winter through. It has a most peculiar cry, which Naumann likens to 'Schäch, schäch' and its note when calling to its young is 'truü, truü.' It is a bird of about ten inches in length, the upper part of its body a pearly grey, the other parts mostly black, with patches of white here and there. One peculiarity of the shrike, not this species only, is the strange way they have of killing their prey and storing their food. When attacking a mouse or bird, the shrike bites the head, crushing the skull, thus immediately killing it. It will always commence its meal by devouring the head, and what is not eaten it sticks upon a thorn or sharp point that happens to be handy. As this butcher bird brings in fresh food it fills its larder with mice, frogs, shrews, lizards, grasshoppers, and other luscious morsels, impaling each one upon some spike or thorn. This habit is so strong and instinctive in the shrike, that when it is confined and becomes tame, it still continues the custom of impaling food, and if not provided with thorns, will hang the pieces of flesh between the wires of its cage. A cruel and ferocious bird, it will fly and run after prey with untiring persistency. But fierce and bloodthirsty as it is, it too has its enemies, and the falcon is one of the great terrors of its life. This terror, and the wonderful clear and far-seeing eye of the great grey shrike, are facts which are eagerly seized and made use of by the fowler who is trying to quarry a falcon. The man sets his nets for the falcon, and near to these, on a prominent mound, he ties the shrike, who may, when danger threatens, run into a small shelter which is provided. The fowler then hides away in his hut where he can watch proceedings without being seen. He knows very well that no falcon will come within sight without early warning from the shrike, so he busies himself with other work. Plenty of birds pass over the net, but no alarm is given, no noise heard save the continual 'schäch, schäch,' or the constant twitterings or imitative notes in which the shrike indulges. But as soon as the enemy appears the scene changes, the shrike begins to kick with fright, and as the falcon comes nearer and nearer, the shrike capers about in a frenzy, and runs in terror into its shelter.

The fowler then lets out his pigeons, which, fluttering about over the nets, attract the falcon, which stooping for its prey, is caught in the strong meshes, and is captured with triumph. In such a way does the fowler use this strange bird, and by this custom it has won the name of excubitor or watchman. The great grey shrike has as keen a sense of hearing as it has of sight; it hears an enemy or a friend from a great distance, and can discern the different notes of young birds. Its natural song is not a sweet one, but its voice is capable of modulation, and it is one of the birds which is fond of imitating others, not only by introducing the notes of others in its song and imitating the cries of its fellows, but often successfully copying a whole phrase of the sweet warblers' song, such as the skylark or thrush. It chooses the high branches of tall trees in which to build its nest, weaving it of fine grass, soft roots, and mosses, with a lining of down and wool. In this cosy nest the female lays four or five eggs in the season—they are of grey, with deeper grey or brown spots on the larger end.

A close relation of the great grey shrike is the red backed shrike, a rather smaller bird, not usually more than seven or eight inches long, the female being a little larger than her mate. Its wings are of a rusty red, hence its name, while its head and shoulders of ashy grey, its tail deep brown, other parts a variation of black red, and tips of white with a hint of red, hence some naturalists describe it blossom colour. The hooked beak with which it does such savage work is like a piece of shining jet. The male and female vary a little in distribution of colour, and the young ones take the mother's colouring until arriving near adult age, then the males change into a more masculine suit. In this surely they imitate the young male element of mankind, or man imitates the bird, which is it? They are not so ambitious in their nest building as the great grey shrike; they are content to build in hedges five or six feet from the ground; they choose this, strong grass and fibres for the exterior of their nests, if they <sup>cl</sup> dress them with hair, or any soft material procurable, but then are <sup>he</sup> neither uniformly nor securely made. The red backed <sup>he</sup> shrike has not learned his nest-making in the same univers: <sup>as</sup> the weaver

or the tailor bird ; the ends are left loose and untidy, the nest has an unfinished appearance, and the effect of a piece of clumsy work, and being large and not compact, is easily seen through the foliage, unless the latter is unusually thick. Five or six eggs are the general number laid ; they vary in colour, are more commonly blue or greenish white with a ring of rusty spots at the larger end. These birds are wont to hop about in pairs, among the hedges and bushes on the look-out for food ; they are good parents, paying every attention to their young, the mother tenderly keeping the little ones warm while the father flies over much ground to procure food for his family. When settling, these shrikes give the tail several wags up and down, very much in the style of the wagtail. It is called in Egypt the dagnousse, and known as a ferocious and greedy bird, strangling the young of other species without mercy. It strikes them on the head, tears open the brain and eyes, upon which it feeds first, then after eating the breast and more tender parts, throws away the remains. It is glad to capture a young pheasant, or any bird of tender flesh ; but supplies its own young chiefly with grasshoppers, chaffers, cocktail beetles, and such insects. These it impales upon the bushes near its nest in such large numbers as to be a veritable sign-post, 'This way to the shrike's nest.' It is so greedy a bird that when in confinement it will eat a whole sheep's kidney every day. Its home is in Africa, but it makes journeys north in the spring, travels through Italy and France, visiting us in the summer months ; then as autumn comes, off it goes back either to the temperate parts of Russia or to a warmer clime. In Egypt this species is caught in nets and sold for food, but being such fierce birds they have to be tied down to prevent disaster.

The woodchat is another shrike of pure breed ; it has most of the habits common to the shrike family, prominently that one of tearing and lacerating its prey, and of filling its larder with impaled game. For this practice of hanging its food, it is known at the Cape of Good Hope as the magistrate bird, a significant name, not especially complimentary to the Cape justices. It rarely travels so far north as England, known mainly in Africa, and common in the warmer districts of



Southern Europe. Its colouring is of rich chestnut red, with a good deal of black, relieved by white in places, and touches of grey. It is a smarter architect than the red backed shrike, more fastidious as to its selection of outlook and position, disdains either hedge or bush ; a good strong branch forking out from a knarled oak is most to its mind, with plenty of turnings and dubious ways, and thick, green curtains to shut out the evil eyes of the enemy, or the glare of the midday sun. It loves the scent of pines and brings in twigs of this favourite timber for the outer walls of its new house ; then it curls the moss in and out until it has woven a soft carpet, and lastly, it collects the tender grass and wool for the babies' cot. Into this the eggs are tucked soft and warm, and the mother puts over them the downy coverlet of her wings, and sits there patiently until the slender shells break and the birdlings peep out. For many days after the chicks are hatched the mother still keeps her nest, for warmth is as essential to the young birds as to the eggs, and if they were left to grow chill they would die. So in these early days the mother and children are dependent upon the father for food.

Another specimen is the cinereous shrike, one of larger size, generally over ten inches long and fourteen broad. It is known by various names according to the country in which it is found, in France it is called the French pie ; in India the wapaw whiskey john ; in Georgia the big-headed mocking-bird ; and in Java the chenta. It is common enough in the south of Europe, and abounds largely in such places as Gibraltar and along the Mediterranean coast. The cinereous shrikes do not commonly frequent England, but when they do pay us a visit they arrive about May, stay three or four months, then wend their way towards a warmer country. They are fond of the higher hills and the mountains, make for the light, exhilarating air, and plenty of sunshine. Their food is chiefly insects and small birds, which they seize by the throat, strangle, and like the tribe impale upon a thorn. They are marvellously clever at imitating the calls and songs of other birds, and are useful in this way for luring and catching young birds, as the Russians find to their profit. The nests are of heath and moss,

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with wool and gossamer linings, built half-way up the pine juniper trees.

The nests of the shrikes in general are not of any elaborate or specific interest; they are gipsy-like in their arrangement and their nests are mostly untidy, and of a somewhat slovenly nature. The nest of the jocose shrike, a small bird of India, is more uncommon than most of the shrike's nests; it is chiefly made of fibres suspended from two twigs; it hangs in the shape of a long purse with a large opening on one side. The bird is known in China as the cow-kee-quan, which means high-hair-hat, because it wears a crest very much like the head-dress of Chinese ladies, which is constructed of bunches of horse's hair added to their own. The jocose can erect its crest according to will or inclination. In India it bears the name bul-bul, the name of the Indian nightingale, because it can so well imitate the note of that bird, though naturally the jocose has a harsh unmusical voice. In some countries it is known as the fighting nightingale, because of its twin qualities of sweet song and ferocious disposition. It is considered a great treasure for the beauty of its song, and is captured and sold at a high price in the markets.

The silent shrike, too, which haunts the forests along the coasts of Natal has a nest of curious construction; it is mainly composed of batches of wool torn from various cotton plants. The mesembryanthemum is a general favourite whose conspicuous blossoms open to the sunshine, and close when clouds fill the sky and earth is overshadowed; the fig marigold, as some call it, yields fine soft wool, suitable for lining cosy nests. The shrike wedges the bits of cotton wool securely together, working them in and out with beak and claws until a soft, cosy, and secure repository is made for the precious eggs soon to be stowed in it. This is hung on to slender tree branches, and sways like an Indian cradle in the wind.

The nest of the drongear shrike is of singular fashion, made of flexible twigs and grasses, so flimsy and transparent, the very extreme of the nest of the silent shrike, so thin that the eggs, which are nearly square, are easily seen through the walls, for there is no lining to the nest, and it is erected in

forks at the end of tree branches in the mimosa woods of Cape Colony. The male and female share the labours of hatching, sitting upon the eggs in turn.

There are many more true shrikes, more even than I can mention, their numbers being legion; they vary slightly in habits, colour, and song, according to climate, environs, and other circumstances, varying too in disposition and in degrees of refinement; for some display rude and barbarous tastes, while others show more delicacy and refinement. There are shrikes whose fastidious appetites choose to dine upon 'brains à la canary,' with butterfly sauce; fillets of grouse; vol au vent of sparrow, garnished with moths and frogs' legs; vegetable salads, compote of fruit or ripe grain, and such dainty meals. But there are other shrikes of vulgar, unclean tastes, which act as scavengers, freeing cattle and sheep of noxious insects, destroying mice which pest the Carolina plantations; they eat beetles, the entrails of birds, and other objectionable food. Some there are, clamorous and noisy, screeching violently as they flutter swiftly in the sky, taunting and trying to rouse the ravens or crows, or other birds to combat; or croaking like an old gate on its rusty hinges. Others are musical and love melody, striving to emulate the sweetest songsters of the forest, and charm with their soft melodious notes. There are shrikes which combine the rainbow colours and irradiate like brilliants in the sunshine; while others wear a sombre, grey, and funereal costume. Unlike in many particulars, these birds are alike in the one great hereditary characteristic, which has earned them the contemptuous name of butcher birds.

Now we come to the second division or class, known as the bush shrikes or *Thamnophilinæ*. Very distant relatives of the *Lanius* or true shrike; sort of bushmen or niggers perhaps, half caste, but having the same far back ancestors, and therefore some of the same blood in their veins; but the blood has grown thinner and poorer in the one case and richer and bluer in the other. The vigors bush shrike is a typical bird of the *Thamnophilinæ* family branch; it has the hooked beak of its progenitors in prominence, with powerful curved claws,



dire instruments, ready sharpened for their deadly work. It is a fine majestic bird, fearless, even before larger and more formidable looking animals; it will fight even the eagle when put to it, and though a smaller bird will not budge or give up until it has conquered or died; the eagle, in many instances, having to give in from sheer weariness and exhaustion, rather than injury from wounds. This shrike lives mostly in the vast forests of Southern America, or amongst the thick, stubby brushwood, and on this account is provided with long legs and powerful grasp of feet, which can lay hold of the boughs as in a vice. It stalks along amongst the rank herbage and thick foliage, like a king of the domains, holds high its ruddy crest, taking in the situation, and saying in thought at least, 'I am monarch of all I survey; my right can no man dispute.' Because of its habit of threading a devious way through the dense underwood, its wings are short and rounded, with no superfluous points and decorations which would catch, entangle, or break during its occupations. To make up for this in personal appearance it has a fine long tail, and an elegant bonnet, with red and black tipped feathers, a gorgeous erection which it wears with great dignity and hauteur. It busies itself the whole day in searching for food: it feeds chiefly upon insects which infest the woods, and occasionally small reptiles, and when young birds are in season it gladly seizes the opportunity of diving upon the tender flesh. It is not a noisy bird, and scorns to cultivate any sort of song either by development or imitation, but from a sense of sociableness or joy it calls out at times its single note, 'cha-cha;' and in the breeding season especially one constantly hears this short, monotonous call.

Then there is the pied-crow bush shrike of New South Wales, a very talkative old bird, with a loud ringing voice, shrill and penetrating, heard long before the shrike is in sight. It shrieks, and yells, and scolds, and is often harsh and unmusical in its song, but evidently reaches its own ideal and considers itself a fine orator and singer. In dull weather it wears sombre and dark garments; but when the sun shines it has on a coat of rich, deep blue, with tail tips snowy white,

elegant and festive, of which the shrike is very proud. It parades its costume, not only before its prospective bride, but to passers by and any who will give a glance upwards when they hear the shrill, unpleasant cry. It has a black bill, with piercing eyes of bright bronzed yellow, like oriental jewels set in jet—fine topazes or precious stones of mesmeric power such as the witches wore as talismans, with which they worked wonders in the days of fairy tales. It feeds upon berries, fruit, seeds, and other vegetable produce, a cleanly bird with no voracious appetite; and for its food makes regular migrations to the corn and rice harvests of different countries. It travels with companions, forming batches of six or eight, and when flying the company show their attractive plumage to advantage. They are not expert travellers, avoid long journeys, flying with erratic, unsteady movements. They never travel for the sake of it, but choose a spot for their home among the bushes and forests, or up upon the mountains, and there stay until from scarcity of food they are bound to move on. But at other times they take no aerial flights, no soarings like the lark, but stay on the same boughs for weeks and months, leaving them only to fly to other clumps close by where they may find more berries, or can view the fields of ripening grain. They dislike open spaces, or wide areas, and always avoid the exertion of flying whenever possible. Though not particularly fascinating birds, having no sweet notes, they are valued as a delicacy of food and sold in the markets. They make their nests large and roomy, with rounded walls, cup shaped in the interior, constructed of short sticks, and lined with grass and leaves; and three or four eggs are the usual number laid in each nest. They prefer a lowly position for habitation and are well content to build in a bush, or upon the lower branches of trees.

Not much like the pied crow is the piping crow bush shrike, another native of New South Wales; not a lover of sea-air, but very common away from the coasts. It has bright plumage, jet black and snowy white in large contrasting masses, with deep ruddy hazel eyes and ink black bill. The colonists call

it the magpie, its feathers are coloured so like that talkative bird; though by others it is called tibicen, which means flute-player, from its piping, flute-like voice. It has a deliciously sweet and mellow tone, and sings a varied and jubilant song, which must be sung to the end whatever the disturbance or danger. It is a never-tiring little bird, an early riser, beginning the young day with a melodious matin, in clear strong notes. The day through it may be heard, at hot noon, in the cool evening, and again when most other songsters have long put their heads under their wings, it warbles forth a deep flute-toned song. And in its charming evening dress it rehearses in full orchestral concert, to any or no audience, as it happens, in joy and satisfaction giving its finale and choicest to the evening air. It is fond of the society of man, and needs very small encouragement to build in barn or outhouse, in orchard or garden, where it will charm the inhabitants with its fine and continual outpourings of song. It is no traveller, but sticks to its own country in true home-like fashion. Unlike the pied crow it prefers the open plains and wide grassy downs rather than any closed in forests. It feeds principally upon large grasshoppers, beetles, and other insects, though it is equally glad of larger prey, and being a remarkably good hunter, its prey have very little chance of escape. It is a hardy bird and well adapted for confinement—that is as well as any bird or other animal stands what is diametrically opposed to its nature. It is able to bear great variableness of climate, and can live on fruits, berries, seeds, and animal food, and thrive upon them. The nest in construction is much like the pied crow's, but the bird lodges it in the higher branches of lofty trees, as singing birds usually do, and has two broods of chicks in the season, hatching two to four at each sitting.

The Cunningham's bush shrike is a bird of contested lineage. Some will have it that this bird has nothing in common with the shrikes; it certainly has not much save in name, and a likeness in its hooked bill. Perhaps a paternal ancestor married into another clan or tribe, and so lost connection. It is usually grouped with *Alecturine*, or cock-tailed birds, and is found largely in the forests of South America. It is coloured much

after the pattern and tone of the true shrikes, having a preponderating tone of ashen grey with streaks of brown and a fine collar of bronzed purple, and some of the tail and wing feathers have the specific ruddy touches which are found in so many of the *Laniæ*. Its tail is of an uncommon length, the two outer feathers exceeding the others, forming a conspicuous ornament of graceful waving plumes. It feeds upon large insects, is not a cannibal, never eats its own kind, however small or tempting. It has fine strong wings which it uses with remarkable agility, flying at a break-neck rate through the air.

Another group of birds ranked with the shrikes by some naturalists, because of their sanguinary habits, or other traits common to the shrike family, are the drongo shrikes. Other naturalists spurn the notion of ranking them together. If they are not kin to the shrike family, why do they own the same name, I wonder. Surely all the Smiths in the world are akin if you look far enough back, and all the shrikes should have the same antediluvian ancestors. There are many varieties under this head, more than a few noticeable for their fine coats and elegance of flight. The drongo shrike is a highly prized bird in India, sought for its sweet song and its fine costume; its note is not unlike the mocking bird's. The natives call it huyan dustan, 'bird of a thousand tails,' from the fine rocket tail, white tipped, which it proudly spreads out for view. The sordid thrush, of which Mr. Gould speaks, is perhaps one of the most interesting species of this group. It is a beautiful and attractive bird, full of grace and elegance, swaying in the air with such ease, displaying a fine, widely spread white tipped tail, and singing with a strong, mellow voice, not unlike the swallow. It has a most ingenious and original habit, found perhaps amongst no other species of birds in the ornithological catalogue. A congregation of these thrush shrikes collect together upon one of the trees in an Australian wood, seven or eight of them hang on to a bough, others hang on to the tree branch, like a living curtain of black and white feathers, swinging as a clock pendulum backwards and forwards in the breeze. One is reminded of nothing so much as a swarm of

bees, or a cluster of busy ants. This bird is a favourite with the Australians, not only because of its beauty and elegance, but because of its friendly character, and pretty, winning ways. Building near the dwellings of man, it hovers in and out of its nest, passing his door, and looking in at his windows, giving him a morning and evening chirp. Fearless of his children, it spreads its wings for inspection, spying with coy air to see if he is bestowing sufficient admiration, and flying fearlessly around him if he pays a visit to the shallow, cup-shaped nest, which holds the mottled grey eggs.

And so there is among birds, variety as great, interesting and wonderful as among men or quadrupeds. We have yet to learn whether it is possible for man to acquire the language of animals, and teach to them his language. We have already heard of Professor Garnier who some years ago set off to Africa to study the vocabulary of the monkeys. And Monsieur Prevôt du Handray, who for some time has been paying close attention to the chicken dialects, by means of the phonograph. If these experiments bring about successful results, we have a wonderful field ready opened out in the future.

S. E. SAVILLE.

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## SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

## GERMANY.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (No. 4, 1900).—Professor Ryssel, of Zurich, continues here his examination of the earlier discovered fragments of the Hebrew texts of Ecclesiastius, begun in the last number. It is to the texts known now as A and B that he confines his attention in this present study. He compares these with the Syriac and Greek versions, and points out where corruptions or changes in A and B have crept in, and suggests several emendations—with a view, if possible, to restore the texts to their original form. He does not, in this section, reach yet the knotty question whether these texts represent the originals or are themselves translations. That question is reserved for a future paper.—Herr Hermann Kranichfeld discusses ‘Der Gedankengang in der Rede des Stephanus.’ The drift of Stephen’s argument as an answer to the charges laid against him is not easily seen in the form in which the report of it has come to us. It may have been apparent enough to the author of the Acts, or the reporter of the speech here, who knew the doctrines which lay, so to speak, at the back of Stephen’s reasoning, but it is difficult for any reader nowadays to discover them, and read the speech in the light of them. Herr Kranichfeld subjects the report of it, as we have it, to a minute analysis, carefully considering the opinions expressed by such critics as Baur, de Wette, Zeller, Overbeck, and others. The speech is not, however, so much an answer to the charges made against himself as an accusation made by him against his accusers, and the Jewish nation as a whole. Its thesis is: Israel never was in reality the people of God. It was not so in the time of the patriarchs. It was not so in the the time of Moses. It was not so in the time of the tabernacle, or when the temple bore witness to God’s presence in their midst. It is not so now. The reason is that at no time has Israel fulfilled its part of the covenant. The writer here, it may be said, does not regard the report of the speech as from the pen of Luke, but as taken by him from some written source, and he gives his reasons for this opinion at length.—Dr. Köhler, of Tübingen, writes ‘Über den Einfluss der deutschen Reformation auf das Reformationswerk des Johannes Honter, insbesondere auf seine Gottes-

dienstordnung.' Johannes Honter, who taught in Kronstadt from 1533, was one of the most scholarly and energetic of the pioneers of the Reformation in Transylvania. His earliest writings gave no indication of his having come under the influence of the reform movement, and aroused no suspicion on the part of the Church authorities as to his orthodoxy. It has been asserted often that he was a student at Wittenberg, and had there imbibed the reform spirit. It was really his personal studies of Augustine that led him to identify himself with the movement. It was in his edition of Augustine's *Catalogus Haeresen*, and in his volume of *Excerpts* from Augustine's writings, that the first symptoms of the change in him made themselves apparent. After the appearance of these volumes he openly identified himself with the reformers in at least his books, though what part, if any, he took in the practical work of reform in Kronstadt is unknown. His influence was certainly great in the direction taken by the leaders of the movement in their formulation of the doctrines of the Sacraments. Dr. Köhler shows this at some length.—'Ein Blick in die Mitarbeit der Gebildeten in Grossbritannien an der Lösung der naturwissenschaftlichen, religiösen und philosophischen Probleme mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Werke des Herzogs von Argyll,' is a survey by Dr. Rudolf Schmid, of Stuttgart, of the condition of scientific studies, especially in the province of the natural sciences, in this country, and of the influence of the late Duke of Argyll on both scientific and religious studies.—Herr E. Gunther contributes a brief exegetical paper on Rom. xi. 5, and Professor Loofs reviews Professor Barth's recent work, *Die Hauptprobleme des Lebens Jesu*.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (Aug., Sept., Oct.).—The August number opens with a novelette, or the first part of it, by Herr Ferdinand von Hornstein, a well known German poet and dramatist, entitled, 'Die Petersinsel.' It takes its title from a small island in Lake Biel, or Bienne, in Switzerland, Saint Pierre, sacred to the admirers of Rousseau because of the retreat he found there in 1765. The story is described by its author as 'Ein Bekenntniss Rousseau's des Jüngeren.'—Herr W. Gensel describes the works of art, the paintings and sculpture, exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. The article is not completed here.—Herr Elrich Adickes writes on 'Die Ganzen und die Halben: zwei Menschheitstypen.' The two types of manhood here introduced to us are the self-poised man, the man of independent mind, the whole man, and his opposite, the man who lacks self-reliance, who is always looking to others for guidance and help. The two specimens are illustrated in the

various walks of life, in politics, science, art, and philosophy.—‘Der “Rechte” der Gräfin Hahn-Hahn—eine Liebesgeschichte aus vormärzlicher Zeit,’ is an effort to direct attention to a writer of several romances of note in their day (some years ago), and to explain their influence. The ideal which Countess sought to find, and to portray, viz., the true marriage right man, is the hero of her novels, and our author here endeavours to show with what success she did so.—Herr R. M. writes on ‘Die Weltliteratur und die Gegenwart.’—Herr Meisner furnishes a few ‘Briefe von Charlotte Diede,’ a collection of letters of Wilhelm von Humboldt, and prefaces them with a short account of her history.—Lady Blennerhasset has a paper on Kingsley and her travels in West Africa. (Sept.)—In commemoration of the seventieth birthday of Marie von Eschenbach two writers contribute articles on her and on her poetical works, viz., Wilhelm Bölsche and Anton Bettelheim. F. von H. Hornstein continues and completes his story ‘Petersinsel.’—Eugen Jabel contributes an interesting article on ‘The Siberian Railway System,’ and describes its influence on the commercial life and prospects in the provinces through which it passes, and on Siberia especially, and the many advantages it gives and will give to Russia.—W. Gunse completes his article on ‘Die Kunst auf der Pariser Weltausstellung.’—Herr P. Bailleu writes on the political relations between Prussia and Russia in the first quarter of this century.—‘Eine Erinnerung an Karl Werder,’ is contributed by Herr Ferdinand Laban.—A humorous piece, ‘Der Reise in China,’ is from the pen of Isolde Kurze.—M. von Brand writes on the Chinese question, and the present troubles there. (Oct.)—This number opens with the first instalment of a novel by G. Baron von Ompteda, titled ‘Caecilia von Sarryn.’—The second that immediately follows—‘Berlin in October und November 1806’—contains a series of entries in the Diary of a diplomat, Gabriel de Bray, afterwards Count de Bray, who was presented then at the Court of Prussia the kingdom of Bavaria. These extracts are preceded by a short account of the life of their author. Though French by birth, he was continued in office, and trusted thoroughly by both Bavarians and Prussians, while Napoleon was carrying on his wars against these and other continental powers; and these extracts from his Diary throw a considerable amount of light on the details of Napoleon’s entry into Berlin, and the events connected with it, from October 11 to November 14. The extracts are presented here in German translation. M. von Brandt devotes an interesting paper to the ‘Faiths of Japan,’ taking occasion to introd



the readers of the *Rundschau* a writer whom he supposes to be little if at all known in the Fatherland, Lafcadio Hearn, who resided for a considerable time in Japan, and was an earnest and capable student of its history, its religions, Shintoism and Buddhism, and its daily life. Hearn's writings are published in America, and M. von Brandt has drawn much of the information he here gives on the religious beliefs and life of Japan from these.—'Die psychologische Denkrichtung in der Heilkunde,' by Otto Binswanger; 'Marie von Ebner-Eschenback und Louise von François,' continued by Anton Bettelheim; 'Zur charakteristik des Chinesen,' by Lady Blennerhasset; 'Australische skizzen,' by F. S. Delmer; with the usual political and literary *Rundschau*n, and book notices and appreciations, complete this number.

#### R U S S I A .

THE RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for March and April (No. 52) begins with some words from the Editors, M. L. M. Lopatin and Prince S. N. Trubetskoï, lamenting that the great loss of Professor N. A. Grot should be followed so soon by the decease of B. P. Preobrashenski, who was also Associate Editor.—This is followed by a notice from the Editors, of their late Associate, which is coupled with a tribute to his self-sacrificing, laborious character.—Then follows a brief biography. He distinguished himself, we are told, during his university career by a dissertation on the Realism of Spencer, and, on the advice of Professor Troitski he was selected and trained for the work of the Professorate. Like his contemporaries, he gave lessons and took a place on the staff of the *Juridical Vjestnik*, on which he was employed as secretary and member of the editorial staff. In 1885, he translated, with philological notes, Delbrück's work on the introduction to the teaching of Language. In 1888, began his fruitful and unwearied activity in the Moscow Psychological Society, especially in the editing and issue of its labours. On the 14th of February of the same year he read at the public sitting of the Psychological Society his 'Outlines of the Theory of the Knowledge of Schopenhauer,' printed in the fourth number of the *Russian Muir* for 1888. In the autumn of 1889, he took a place offered him in the Duma of the City of Moscow, and on the 1st of May, he was confirmed as Assistant to the Secretary for the City. On the 12th of May, 1889, he married, but on the 10th of March, 1891, he was left a widower, with two children of tender age. About this time, appeared the first symptoms of the dis-

ease which put an end to his own life in the 36th year of his age. With all his troubles he did not neglect science. To the *Russian Mutual* and to this Journal he contributed a series of papers on the work of the Psychological Society, as well as other original and translated articles.—This biographical notice is followed by another on Professor M. M. Troitski, who like Professor Preobrashenski, was originally connected with the Russian Church, his father having been a deacon in a village Church, in the Kaluga Government. He studied in Kiev with success, heard a course on Introduction to Philosophy and gave himself up to its study, especially as represented by Beneke and Herbart, read hard in philosophy, particularly in its history, also in psychology, which last he worked at in private. His interest and success in philosophy were remarkable by his teachers, especially his gift in philosophical analysis. In 1857 he finished his course as second pupil, and was named teacher at the Kiev Ecclesiastical Academy in Philosophical Science; besides this, he was entrusted with teaching the Greek class in the lower division. For his work on the judgment of the Fathers and Teachers of the first age of the Christian Church, an account of the relation of Greek Culture to Christianity, he received the degree of Master of Divinity and in 1859 was made Baccalaureat of the Academy. In 1861 he left the Academy and passed into the service of the Imperial Reichsdomain, Department of Imperial Control. The service of M. Troitski with the Minister of the Imperial Reichsdomain continued only for a half year. He was replaced by others, and then sent abroad to study for two years, where he heard lectures, in Jena and Göttingen, under a variety of professors. Of these we may mention Kuno Fischer, Teichmüller, Fechner, and Drobisch; in Berlin, Trendelenburg, and Waitz. In 1864 he returned to Russia, and took up his Doctoral Dissertation under the title of ‘German Psychology,’ which was added an excursus on English Psychology, in which he dealt with the subject in England in the time of Bacon and Locke. The study of the subject connected with the names of these men, excited much attention. In May, 1867, M. Troitski was named Professor in the University of Kazan. He remained there for two years when he was invited to the University of Warsaw. As Professor he read courses, on the whole of Philosophy and was greatly popular.—This paper is followed by one on the Characteristics of Professor Troitski, by B. N. Ivanski.—To this succeeds an article on the experiences of Receptive Vision, in which we are introduced to Fechner, a

referred back to Troitski and his discoveries in regard to Tone, or *Tone-empfindungen*.—We have here a supplementary paper by Baltalon taken from Fechner, on the new method of Æsthetical Experimental research, to be further developed in future articles.—Finally, we have a paper by Styukareff on an Extract from the Philosophy of Nature, and a paper on Experimental Data, as to Questions of Attention and Feeling, as a matter of Psychology.—The number ends with a Report on the Moscow Psychological Society.

## ITALY.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (July 16).—That meritorious novelist, Enrico Castelnova, begins a new novel in this number, entitled 'Giacomo,' the story of a vagabond match-boy in Venice, related in a graphic and taking style.—L. Capuano sends also a short story, 'The Birth-mark.'—F. Cerone gives an interesting account of secret societies in China, founding his paper on the statements of the Apostolic Bishop of Chei-choo.—E. Cavaliera describes the Agrarian Societies in Italy, and their effects, which promise in time a wealth of agriculture equal to that of any other country.—Signor O. Colombo publishes an account of the progress of electric-technic in Italy 'From 1867, when Pacinotti invented the first dynamo electric machine, to Marconi's last invention, a period of thirty years, this science grew gigantically, and Italy has always maintained the first post therein. The first city illumination was instituted in Milan in 1883, with 7000 lamps; now there is new motive power derived from the river Addo at 35 kilometres distance, furnishing nearly 100,000 incandescent lights and 1400 arcs, besides motive power for private industries and for the tramways. At the present moment there are in all Italy two million incandescent and 12,000 arc-lamps. Three Italian cities have electric tramways with a line development of about 690 kilometres, and others are in construction.' The article goes on to particularize the native force possible to utilize in Italy, amounting to more than three million horse-power.—The whole article is an irresistible argument for the employment of the natural energies of the peninsula to the fullest extent.—C. Schanzer examines the origins and future of administrative justice in Italy, advocating many reforms.—E. Fossataio relates the story of the German possessions in China, pointing out that the Latin race has pulled the chestnuts out of the fire for the Germans.—The 'Letter from Paris,' by G. Cena, describes the Exhibition at great length. (Aug. 1st).—Signora Deledda commences in this number a romance, entitled 'Elias Portolu,' the

Libraries in Italy, advocating many reforms.—A. Pratese his letters describing a journey to China and back.—E. B gives a sketch of the evolution of Italian thought in the of war since the 13th century.—Neera discourses on the rialistic view of happiness.—G. M. Flamingo describes the tion of English imperialism, and the tone of the article w easily understood on reading the concluding sentence : empire, built up by ardent adventurers, great capitalists, merchants, and splendid colonisers, which at many di periods, had the aid of Palmerston and Disraeli, finds no sole support in Lord Salisbury ; its new idols are Cromwe Wellington, or St. George, the protectors of mediæval and tant England.'—L. Einandi writes on the present Italian en tion.—(Aug. 16th.)—A. Fogazzaro publishes an addre Queen Margherita, full of feeling, on the death of King Hur —F. Bertolini describes the work of Cavour.—E. Arbib, the impulse of horror and indignation roused by the trage Monza, describes what he regards as the ideal of patri expressed in the writings of Amari, Ricasoli, and other Ita —Paolo Mantegazza begins here a series of papers on 'H Characters.' The name of the writer renders any expla needless comment. In these pages mothers will find very pr advice.—In this instalment Professor Montegazza give example of a catechism which anyone can answer himself his predilections to which the answers will fairly show his *acter*.—Follows a translation of Alfred Austin's lecture o realistic conception of the ideal, given at the meeting o Dante Society, London.—G. Passigli contributes an inter account of a journey in the petroleum region of the Cau well illustrated by snap-shots.—P. Liroy describes the i enemies of agriculture.—E. Barone writes on public spi

contributes an essay on some sonnets of G. Parini, going to prove that this eighteenth century poet was the least Christian of all his contemporaries.—A pleasant novelette entitled 'A Merry Comedy,' by Salvatore Farina, has all the simple charm we are accustomed to find in the veteran novelist's work.—Follow the third and fourth chapters of Professor Mariani's 'Historical Antecedents of Christianity,' the chapters being headed respectively 'The Pagan Religions and their various Contents' and 'The Approach to Christianity.'—Signora Deledda's romance, 'Elias Portalu' is concluded.—G. Sforza contributes the start of the end of a Bourbon, Don Ferdinand Charles.—We have then the third chapter of Professor Mantegazza's treatise on human character, in which are discussed talent and genius, resulting from the innumerable combinations possible in man, with his sixty-five thousand nervous cells, every one of which is a laboratory of energy, and no one of which is like the other.—G. Franciosi sends an interesting paper on the *Disammazzamento* Passion-Play. XXX describes the long stay of the late Friedrich Nietzsche at Turin in 1887-1888.—F. Cavallotti writes on the agrarian syndicate and the congress in Paris: and 'L'Espresso' has a paper on 'Italy and the Powers in China.'—The minister Sonnino publishes a long article, setting the table which distress Italy, and inviting an agreement between all the parliamentary groups with intent to arrive at the reforms which will ensure the welfare of the nation. He expresses his disapproval of the violent methods of the extreme parties, for their alliances and revolutionary tendencies, but confesses that their most important tendencies are just, and that to oppose the law of social progression can be nothing but harm.

LA RASSEGNA NAZIONALE July 1891.—G. Mantegazza describes the Chinese army as energetic and without real strength.—G. Mercalli describes the volcanic eruptions of Stromboli and Vesuvius in May, 1891.—L. Vigoderza gives a summary of the life of Father Herker.—G. Vitali writes a 'Commemorazione in Art.'—O. Deledda has an interesting story, under the title 'Colomba.'—Follows a glance at the Islamism of the nineteenth century by A. Malvezzi, and 'Financial Notes to P. de Morsier.'—The Rev. F. de Fazio reviews *Les Psaumes de Salomon*, by F. Allan.—There is also a short drama, 'A Puntigliosa Division,' by F. Bonatelli, directed against modern socialists.—Reviews notes close the number.—August 1.—T. A. writes on religious interests in Palestine, blaming the present action of the British protectorate.—A. Zaccaria reviews Sigismondo Malmonati's 'Idee del

'Agar.'—There is another installment of the novel 'The New Dawn.'—L. Lissone describes the usury practices in agricultural regions of Piemonte.—A. Parisotti writes on Etruscan archaeology, apropos of a recent book by Professor Maffei entitled *Elements d'archéologie chrétienne*.—The editor dedicates a page to the damage the atrocious murder of King Humbert I involves on the country.—(August 16th).—A. Conti contributes a deeply-felt article entitled 'The Heart of King Humbert I.'—Barilli writes on Fra Geraldo and his poem.—G. C. describes the acts of the Venice conclave from 1799 to 1800.—A. M. Cornelio writes on the works and character of the Rev. Don Carlo Testa.—O. Feruggia criticises the portrait of Vittoria Agénor, whose volume, *Leggenda Eterna*, was published this year in Milan.—A. Rossi has a brief biography of Giuseppe Torelli-Viollier.—P. Campello sends a paper on Pompeii and his action in 1831.—(September 1).—T. Cuturone discusses the old and difficult question of inheritance, summarising various authoritative opinions from men of different countries and many proposed reforms. In conclusion the writer holds that the problem arising from the present condition of the landowners in rural Italy ought to receive the serious consideration of her statesmen. The Government ought to moderate the overburdening taxes and change some portion of the law relating to hereditary succession.—F. Nunziante contributes a very interesting article on the Italians in France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.—A. Campani has founded on various accounts of the Life of Luigi Angelo, who lately died in London at the age of eighty-three years.—a portion of a book on the expedition of Savoy in 1834.—Signora Faldella is at present writing in continuation of her *Storia di Venezia* published in 1822. A preliminary from Rome

gence, and generally with a true and just perception of the necessities of the time. In fact, during King Humbert's reign the Crown was the only political institution which absolutely did its duty; magistrature and administration were often defective, but the Crown never failed in its special office. Humbert I. had the misfortune of never being surrounded by men equal to those who stood by his father.—Under the title of 'Mountain Stations in Tuscany,' Signora Siciliano pleasantly describes Montepieno and Boccaderio.—P. reviews the *Memoirs of De Amicis*.—(September 16).—T. del Lungo writes on the Medicean Republic.—F. Lampertico describes a festival of art and industry at Verona.—The young Roman patrician, Don Scipio Borghese, contributes some notes of his journey in Asia.—M. Malnate discusses 'Socialists and Malcontents.'—The novel 'Towards the New Day' is concluded.—Signora A. M. Cornelio writes on the murder of King Humbert, attributing the crime to the want of faith and evangelism.—O. P. writes on the organisation of the liberal parliamentary forces in Italy; and A. d'Arzago on the Conservative party.

MINERVA (July 22).—Under the rubric, 'In the World of Fine Arts,' this number relates the career of Giuseppe Pellizza, a young artist who lives in a kind of hermit retirement in an Alpine village of Piemonte. He was born at Volpedo, a small village in the Piemontese Apennines, in the year 1868. His father was a small farmer, and the boy Giuseppe himself dug, ploughed, and assisted at other rural work. Hard manual labour in the wide silence of the fields filled the thoughtful child with poetic visions of the symbolism which was one of the characteristics of his art. With much persuasion he determined his parents to send him to study drawing in the different cities of Italy, and, having mastered the art of design and painting, he returned to his native village and married while still very young. His paintings are almost the story of his simple retired life. He sent his first exhibition picture to Brera in 1885. He is a slow and conscientious painter, and produces a work only after mature consideration. The first canvas which attracted the attention of connoisseurs was that entitled 'Mammine' (Little Mothers), exhibited at Genoa in 1892, and representing a group of peasant infants attended by their little sisters, in the brilliant sunshine of Italian fields. At Milan, in 1894, he exhibited his 'Delusive Hopes' and 'Hayloft.' In the first a peasant girl bends low over her rake so as not to see the wedding procession of the man she loves passing at the end of the valley. In the

second a priest is administering the last sacrament to a dying old man stretched on a heap of hay. The following year Signor Pellizza exhibited at Venice the picture, 'A Procession,' a cortege of white-habited girls passing along a narrow street; the effect of light and colour is admirable. The best, most complete, and sincere painting of this artist is considered to be 'The Mirror of Life,' exhibited at Turin in 1898. It is a symbolic painting. A string of white and black lambs follow each other slowly across the fields, while the sun, striped with small clouds and steeped in approaching twilight, sheds a golden light on the flock of lambs, and the green of the meadow, on the frame of the picture are inscribed some words from a poem by Signor Pastonchi, beginning 'Sheep and clouds to one deception tend. The clouds are scarcely impelled by the breeze; the lambs have no pastor.' At the Venice exhibition last year Pellizza only exhibited his own portrait, surrounded by a somewhat phantasmagoric light. The handsome bearded face gives an impression of intense vitality. Pellizza is now working at a great symbolic canvas with immense diligence and enthusiasm. It is to be entitled 'Love.' It is also hoped that the painter will now complete his 'The Path of the Labourers,' a vast realist scene of peasant customs, already sketched on the canvas. (July 29)—This number's artist is Filippo Cifariello, a rising young sculptor, born at Molfetta, in Puglia, in 1864, but who came to Naples as a child with his parents. As a lad, he renounced a career of study in order to keep his impoverished parents, and being naturally artistic, he modelled figures in clay and sold them at a very low price. He managed, however, by degrees, to save enough money to enable him to study at the Institute of Fine Arts, where, being of a restless and rebellious character, he was not liked by his teachers. His work, however, was so good that he gained prizes, and rapidly surpassed his fellow-students. On leaving the school he attracted attention at the annual exhibition of the Neapolitan 'Promotrice' by a lovely statuette of a girl, called 'First Palpitations,' and a large figure, from the life, of a naked street-boy returning from the Feast of Piedigrotta, which was purchased by the King for the gallery of the palace Capodimonte. His success encouraged the artist to produce rapidly many other works, which, though by no means faultless, revealed acute observation of nature and almost too careful regard to minuteness. Cifariello continued to meet with much opposition in Naples, and went in dudgeon to Rome where he remained till 1896, when he was called to be artist



director at the great *biscuit* factory at Passau in Bavaria. While he was in Rome Cifariello created a 'Christ and Magdalene,' which obtained the gold medal at Palermo, and was purchased by the National Gallery of Modern Art. His 'Ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam,' the figure of a Christian martyr, obtained the gold medal at Barcelona, and was purchased for the Gallery of that city; and the 'Wrestler' was given a prize at the Salon in Paris. Cifariello, while attending to his duties at Passau, continues to produce works of sculpture, exhibiting at various continental cities. His noble bust of Arnold Böcklin, has been purchased by the Gallery of Modern Art at Venice.—(August 12)—V. Pica's interesting notices of modern artists continue in this number with an account of Guiseppi Mentessi, a painter of sentiment, simple, spontaneous, and natural.—(August 26)—Alceste Campriana is the name of the artist noticed in this number, who is better known abroad than at home.—(Sep. 9th)—In this number's rubric, 'In the world of fine arts,' Eduardo Dalbouv, the celebrated Neapolitan painter, is the subject of a sketch by V. Pico.—(Sep. 23)—We have here V. Pico's account of the eccentric, fervent, and original painter, Gaetano Previati, who, ten years ago, dedicated himself to suggestive visionary subjects, bringing down on himself great opposition.

RIVISTA D'ITALIA (August).—G. Mazzoni dedicates a poem to the memory of King Humbert; and A. Gotti describes some not very interesting incidents in the late lamented monarch's life.—In this number's instalment of the letters of Ugo Foscolo, there is one written from London in September, 1817, in which the writer says:—'There is much to be learned here. I find men full of integrity, firm in opinion, frank of speech, loyal in friendship, and much more hospitable than is generally believed. The women, especially those of the upper classes, receive one with much friendliness, and even affectionately, though some of them are amiably haughty and others dumbly proud. But many seem ready to throw themselves into your arms at first sight, and then grow cold and indifferent, for such sudden likings are only inspired by the eyes and ears. I am more fortunate than most men.'—A. Mangoni describes F. D. Guerrazzi in his quality as a journalist.—G. Pardi contributes a short article on Orsolina Catinelli, one of Ariosto's mistresses.—F. Malzutaio contributes the first translation ever made in Italian of the scattered thoughts of the Japanese poet, Kenko Isocida, who was born in 1282 and died in 1320. We quote a few passages as an example of the poet's ideas:—'Life ends inexorably. The dews on the ceme-

tery of Adascino are never dry, and the crematory furnace of Mount Toribi never ceases to smoke. But though not devoid of sorrow, the succession of life is an admirable thing. Of all mortal creatures man has the longest life, while the dragon-fly never sees the evening of his day, and the cicala knows neither spring nor autumn. A year passed in idleness seems very long, but if we are not content to be idle, the course of a thousand years would seem the dream of one night. Life is long and full of humiliations; therefore it would seem better to die before, at most arriving at forty years of age. Once past that age, man no longer cares for himself as he did before; he meddles with other people's affairs; he thinks day and night about his children, only desiring to live in order to contribute to their happiness; he has nothing in his mind except the desire to live which by degrees causes him to feel no compassion for others.—(September).—G. Mazzoni contributes a paper on Lorenzo da Ponte, founded on Signor Marchesan's 'Life and Works of L. da Ponte.'—M. Tamaro has an important historical essay on the origin and first acts of the Istrian communes.—A very learned and interesting paper is contributed by G. Bernardini on naturalism and religion in the paintings of the fifteenth century.—G. Trivero writes on 'Galatea and Ethic.'—N. Gigliucci contributes a merry little one-act comedy, entitled 'End of the Century.'—L. Lucatelli discusses Nietzsche philosophy.—Dr. C. Marinelli gives the outlines of the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition.

#### FRANCE.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 3, 1900).—M. E. Doutté continues here, and concludes, his series of papers on Saint Worship among the Mohammedans in Algeria and Morocco—'Les Marabouts.' What constitutes the saintliness and secures the worship of the masses there, as elsewhere, is a varied character. A marabout is defined in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* as a Mohammedan priest attached to a mosque. Our author here informs us that a marabout is neither a priest, nor has he any official position, or connection, with a mosque. What gives to a person the quality and rank of a marabout is either superior knowledge, good works, repute for justice, asceticism, madness, or imbecility, or direct descent from some one so distinguished. These qualifications are sometimes successfully simulated by crafty adventurers, and amusing instances are here given of the successful simulation of some of them by Europeans. Once attain to the reputation of a marabout and you may th

with impunity violate all the laws of the Koran. M. Douité tells of a marabout who easily disposed at any time of a bottle of Scotch whisky, and of another who was heard quite publicly, when trying to get his somewhat lazy steed to spur up, shouting in a distinctly London accent, 'Hang it, go on, can't yer!' Not a few of these saints are as flagrantly immoral as they are drunken, and instances are quoted also of their open violations of the laws of decency. A special section of this article is devoted to the rôle of women in connection with maraboutism. That rôle is curious when the place of women in the creed of Islam is considered. Instances are cited of feminine marabouts playing their part in leadership, in miracle-working, in prophecy, and influence on public affairs. Some of them too have assumed liberties with the moral law without losing in the least degree their repute thereby. Political power is not commonly asserted or exercised by the marabouts, but there are instances of its assumption and exercise by some of the more distinguished of the order. In a closing section of his article M. Douité points to some of the lessons which those having to do with the administrative department of affairs in Algeria might well pay heed to for their future guidance.—M. A. E. Chaignet devotes a paper to some of the early writings of Porphyry on 'The Philosophy of Oracles,' a work which has disappeared for centuries, and of which only fragments, quoted by other writers, have been preserved. M. Chaignet describes the nature and aim of Porphyry's work. It seems to have been a practical manual of rites and prayers for the use of Greek worshippers, and to show that it was by the due adoration of their ancestral deities that the past history of the Hellenes was so glorious, and that it could only be by the continuance of the same rites and religious observances that the same good fortune and prosperity could be maintained, and salvation be assured.—M. Leger furnishes next a paper read before the *Académie des Inscriptions* in April last on 'Svantovit et Saint Vit'; and Dr. A. Reville continues and concludes his summary and appreciation of Professor Tiele's Gifford Lectures, second series.—The usual reviews of books and 'Chronique' follow, completing this number. (No. 4.)—M. Louis Léger continues here his 'Études sur la Mythologie Slave,' and describes the ideas entertained by the ancient Slavs as to death and the future life.—E. Laetitia Moon Conrad follows with the first part of an article on the ideas as to a future life held, and the funeral rites and customs practised, by the Algonquin Indians. In this instalment of the article we have first an introductory section in which the sources of her knowledge are enumerated and appreciated, and

the course of her study is outlined. The article itself is divided into chapters, and then sub-divided into sections, each furnished with its own descriptive heading. In chapter first, 'Rites et coutumes,' we have a section devoted to the importance of such rites among primitive peoples generally. 'We accept,' she says 'and regard as well founded the idea that with primitive people the rite, or religious act, constitutes the essential part of religion. It is the sacrifice which establishes between the worshipper and his god the relations which are desired. Beliefs are of no great value. They are subject to frequent modifications. The rite practised alone are permanent. The people themselves hardly ever, if ever, ask the reason why these rites are used. If they are asked for the reason they are puzzled for an answer, and on the spur of the moment will perhaps give a guess as wide of the mark as could be. It is sufficient for their simple minds that the rites have been ritually performed. The customs observed and the rites practised among the Algonquin tribe are then minutely described. Certain are observed when sickness assails any one when death occurs, and the mode of death introduces others; the forms and terms of mourning on the part of the relatives are also detailed. These are all much the same as are to be found elsewhere among uncivilized races. She distinguishes the modifications in their rites and customs that followed their contact with the white race.—M. A. Barth continues his 'Bulletin des Religions de l'Inde,' dealing here still with the literature recently published on Buddhism.—M. E. Doutté adds some notes to his recent papers on the Marabouts of Algeria and Morocco, giving additional light on some points and answering criticisms passed on his papers.

REVUE DES ÉTUDES JUIVES—(No. 2, 1900).—M. S. Poznanski has the first place here with an article, 'Tanhou Yerouschalmi et son commentaire sur le livre de Jonas.' Tanhoum ben Joseph of Jerusalem flourished in the thirteenth century, and was the author of a series of commentaries in Arabic on all the books of the Bible. Fragments of his commentaries on Deuteronomy (the work was thought to be wholly lost) have been discovered in St. Petersburg, and have been published by Dr. Harkavy. That on the Prophets (Isaiah excepted), and on the Megilloth and Daniel, is in Oxford, while some of the others are in St. Petersburg. They have received a large amount of attention, and the commentary on Jonas has now been published by M. P. de Kokowzow, accompanied by an introduction, a translation (in Russian), and learned notes. M. Kokowzow maintains that these commentaries have

both a literary and a historical interest. Tanhoum is almost the only representative in the East of a biblical exegete that is at once moderate and rational at the period when he flourished, and his works form an inexhaustible treasure of exegetical and grammatical interest. He drew largely, it is true, from his predecessors, and he names several of those to whom he had been indebted. He was nevertheless an independent thinker and a distinguished philologist. His commentary on Jonah establishes this beyond cavil, and our author here gives conclusive examples of his erudition and his sane religious philosophy. The article is not finished in this number.—M. A. Büchler furnishes two brief studies—one on the use of certain terms in the Talmudic tractate, *Yelamdenu*, and the other on passages in the *Pesikta* bearing on 'The Tabernacle of Sodom.'—Under the title 'Le bibliothèque de Leon Mosconi' is given the price-list of the sale of Mosconi's books in 1377.—M. J. Bergmann, 'Deux polémistes juifs Italiens,' furnishes an account of two works written by Jews in defence of Judaism, in answer to controversial challenges (the fashion of the times) by Christian writers.—M. Abraham Dauon describes the condition of the Jewish refugees from Spain who found shelter in Salonica in the sixteenth century.—M. Ginsburgher writes on 'Les Memoriaux alsaciens.' There are several brief notes on a variety of subjects of minor importance, two of which we may name, though they are but notes, because of the interest taken just now on the subject with which they deal. They are notes, additional and corrective, on the Ben-Sira texts, and are from M. W. Bacher and M. Israel Levi. In the section, 'Actes et Conférences,' appears a lecture delivered at a meeting of the Société des Études Juives, on March last, by M. Auguste Sabatier. The title of the lecture is 'L'Apocalypse Juive et la Philosophie de l'histoire.' That these had any relationship the one to the other was first suggested by Lücke. The subject has engaged attention frequently since, and M. Sabatier discusses it very fully here. That the Jewish apocalyptic writers were among the first, if not the first, who tried to form a philosophy of history may seem, he says, a startling assertion bordering on paradox. Their writings have been commonly regarded as rather the products of men under the influence of overexcited imaginations than of rational and well-balanced judgment. The philosophy of history is in pursuit of permanent and regular laws of mental and social action. The two things seem to be poles asunder. But M. Sabatier says that here, as elsewhere, first impressions are deceptive, and he proceeds to

show that those Jewish rabbis to whom we owe those apocalyptic works were sober thinkers, and that there was a profound method in their 'madness.' In them in fact the philosophy of history took its origin. M. Sabatier shows how this was so, and then traces the history of it through the three stages of its advancement. The philosophy of history has passed through three stages, which he names the apocalyptic, the theological, and the philosophical. The second began with Augustine's *City of God*, and ended with Bossuet's *Discours sur l'histoire universelle*. The third stage began with the publication of Montesquieu's writings. Since then the idea of supernatural interventions in the guidance of the world's affairs has fallen into the background, and the explanation of the occurrences and events of daily life have been sought in the mundane action of local and climatic influences, and the native qualities of races. All along, however, the object has been to find out the explanation of the directing hand or influence that orders the course of the world's life and action.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE—(August).—There are three articles in this number besides a considerable number of reviews of recent philosophical books and magazines. The first is by M. Bourdeau on the 'Cause et origine du mal.' M. Bourdeau takes 'mal' here in its largest sense as including evil of every kind, and in every province of nature and life—physical, moral, social, political, etc. He traces the origin and cause of it to the constitution of the universe. It is the necessary accompaniment of all struggle, the necessary result of the conflict of the constituent elements of every organism or organisation of any kind. It is impossible to conceive of the cosmic procession of the world's order without friction. Life is impossible without death, struggle without resistance, joy without pain, growth without decay, good without evil, the victory of the fittest without the destruction of the weak and incompetent. But in all this there is no malign purpose. It is not, and has not been caused, or introduced into the evolution of the world by, or from, any evil or cruel intent, by any malicious or cruel being. It is the necessary concomitant of the energies and forces at play in the world's movement, of the action of the cells of every living organism, and of the units of every categories of living existences.—Dr. Santenoise writes on 'Religion et Folie,' on the exaggerations of the religious sentiment which lead to mental derangement or destruction of equilibrium. All fervid enthusiasms within the province of religion are in his eyes illustrations of this disordered state of mental balance, and all the great religious leaders in the world

history, Jesus not excepted, have been more or less under the influence of its presence in them.—M. G. Palante—‘Le mensonge de Groupe, étude sociologique’—finds a large element of falsehood in all social life, as well as in all individual life. He seems to regard it as the natural atmosphere in which society exists. The article is a sort of commentary, in cold blood, on the psalmist’s hasty outburst, ‘All men are liars.’—(September)—This number opens with a trenchant criticism of Pascal’s famous theory of the religious life as being a game of hazard, where the stake ventured is the repression of our carnal or sinful passions and the possible gain eternal life; or believing in God, though we cannot prove His existence, in the hope of winning eternal life by so doing. The article is the joint product of M. L. Dugas and M. Ch. Riquier, and it bears the title, ‘Le Pari de Pascal.’—M. R. de la Grasserie furnishes a study on ‘L’Individualisme religieux.’ There is a constant conflict going on everywhere in the social world between two contrary forces—individualism, and what, for want of a better term, this writer calls *sociétarisme*. ‘Socialism’ does not exactly describe what he wishes to denote, and by this word he endeavours to make his meaning clearer. *Sociétarisme* aims at such a co-ordination of men among themselves as to bring their collective force, mental and physical, to bear on the conduct of life. There must be due subordination of parts—a recognised hierarchy of government—in order to effect this. Individualism is directly opposed to this, and so the conflict proceeds. It is chiefly with the religious phases of this conflict, or the individualistic side of it that M. de la Grasserie deals here, or with the claims which the individual makes for immediate access to, and communion with God, as opposed to the mediation of priests, etc. M. le Baron C. Mourre writes on ‘Les causes psychologiques de l’Aboulie.’ The usual ‘Analyses and Comptes-rendus’ follow.—(Oct.)—M. Eugene de Roberty—‘Morale et Psychologie’—discusses the relations between Sociology and Psychology in order to determine which owes most to the other, whether it is the aggregations of human beings with their complex needs that evolve the mental and moral life within the individual, or man that makes the social order prior to social experiences. Beyond the initial stages the influence of one on the other is mutual, but our author thinks that the impulse to the evolution of mind came first from human gregariousness. *Sans socialité, pas d’idéologie*, and then later, *sans morale, pas de science*.—M. G. Milhaud—‘Les lois du mouvement et la philosophie de Leibnitz’—thinks that Liebnitz has rendered his ideas on the laws

of motion somewhat obscure by his expressing them only casually instead of expounding them fully and systematically and offers here some reflections on them which he hopes may make them clearer to the reader of that philosopher's works.—M. J. Novicow writes on 'Les castes et la sociologie biologique'; M. A. D. Xenopol on 'Les sciences naturelles et de l'histoire'; and M. L. Dauriac on 'L'hypnotisme et la psychologie musicale.'

REVUE SÉMITIQUE D'ÉPIGRAPHIE ET D'HISTOIRE ANCIENNE (No. 3, 1900).—M. J. Halévy, in the first section of his 'Recherches Bibliques,' continues his examination of the Book of Deuteronomy, with the object of showing that it is no earlier but later than P. The modern school of criticism asserts that P is the last of the constituent documents of the Pentateuch, and that it dates from and after the Exile. M. Halévy, in defence of the traditional view (with modifications) has, in these recent 'Recherches Bibliques,' examined the testimony of the Prophetic writings, and is here now examining Deut. to refute the position taken up by the representative of that school. We have had occasion in these Summaries frequently to illustrate the kind of evidence relied on by our author to substantiate his contention. He follows the same, or similar, lines in this section of his argument, and is, as usual, careful to note any weak points in the criticisms of his opponents. The chief part of this paper is devoted to the pretended alterations and additions to the original text said to have been introduced by redactors and copyists in the course of its transmission. M. Halévy admits, of course, that no text of antiquity has escaped, or could escape, unscathed from such misfortunes; but he stoutly denies that the text of Deut. has undergone the systematic modifications alleged by the Graffian school. He goes over these alleged alterations one by one, and meets the arguments put forward for their being alterations by redactors (at least where they are not mere slips of copyists) showing that the difficulties out of which the charges of alterations have arisen are for the most part imaginary, or are due to the exigencies of the position taken up by the school in question. M. Halévy then turns to the account of the finding of the Book of the Law given in 2 Kings xxii. 3—xxiii. 25, and finds there, too, a support to his contention. There is really nothing in Deuteronomy, says, that could possibly cause such emotion in the breast of Josiah as is described in 2 Kings when he heard the Law read to him. But if the Law read to him contained Leviticus xx 14-45, then his emotion finds its justification. M. Halévy fin



too, in the historical details furnished in the narrative in 2 Kings other arguments in favour of his views. He next turns to three poems of a very early date, and shows how they bear testimony in the same direction. They are contained in 1 Kings viii. 12-53; 2 Samuel i. 19-27; and Judges v.—M. Halévy gives next a copy of a revised text of the Mesha inscription, recently published by M. Lidzbarski, and accompanies it with a number of notes chiefly philological.—In still another article, entitled 'Le Sumérisme et l'histoire Babyloniennne,' M. Halévy replies to a paper read before the Asiatic Society in London, and since published in the *Journal of the Society*, under the heading, 'Sumerian and Cryptography;,' and reviews the Rev. Professor Radau's recent work, *Early Babylonian History down to the end of the Fourth Dynasty of Ur*. M. Halévy regards Mr. T. G. Pinches, the author of the paper in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*, as hardly foeman worthy of his steel, and the paper read before the Society as rather a curiosity than a solid contribution to the elucidation of the matter in dispute. He, however, promises to deal with some of Mr. Pinches' 'proofs' in a future number, and gives here his attention chiefly to Professor Radau's volume.—M. F. Nau continues and concludes his paper on the Syrian version of the Life of Schenoudi, and gives a translation of the version itself.—M. Mondon-Vidailhet continues, too, his article on 'Les dialectes éthiopiens du Gouraghè,' accompanying it with explanatory notes.—M. Halévy furnishes still another article, or a continuation, rather, of an article begun in last number, entitled, 'Un mot sur l'origine du commerce de l'étain.'—He furnishes also, as usual, the 'Bibliographie.'

REVUE CELTIQUE (July, 1900)—In an article bearing the title, 'Les Survivances du totémisme chez les anciens Celtes,' M. S. Reinach takes the following words of Caesar respecting the Bretons for his text: 'Leporem et gallinam et anserem gustare fas non putant; haec tamen alunt animi voluptatisque causa,' and controverts the current opinion as to the reason why certain animals were regarded as unclean among the Hebrews and others, and seeks to show that at least among the ancient Bretons no such reason for abstaining from the so-called unclean animals was known, but that the abstention was due rather to survivals of totemism. The article is exceedingly well done and will repay perusal to the theologian as well as to the folklorist.—Dr. Whitely Stokes continues his text and translation of Bruiden Da Chocae: The Hostel of Da Choca.—M. J. Leite de Vasconcellos discusses, under the title 'Onomasticon Lusitanien,' the derivation of

ately put forward by C. Stange or Hane, who critic current definition of dogma by Harnack and others formulated beliefs of the Church; and would have regarded as the reasoned religious thought of an adopted by the Church, and the history of dogma as the not of the formulated beliefs of the Church alone but important ideas. The Dutch writer finds this definiti too narrow, and proposes that the subject of the disci question should be considered to be the religious thought the Church only, but of human intellect in general. W regards the formulation of belief as a necessary stage of an inevitable manifestation of faith, even where no authority comes into play, he insists on it that the must regard all such embodiments of faith as local and porary. Intellect is not the main factor in religion but and worship, and in some fine sentences the natural r of religious ideas is spoken of as a thing that goes its itself, and which no man can either help or hinder.— Herderschee writes on 'Rebirth,' giving an account argument of Carl Andersen of Hamburg in favour of psychosis. This writer holds the words of Jesus (John iii. to teach the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, a d which as he shows us, and as most people know, has a not only in Buddhism but in many Christian ages and lan Herderschee disputes the exegesis which makes Jesus the re-birth of souls, and finds the doctrine of evolution s to that of metempsychosis as a motive of moral and s progress.—A discussion by Dr. M. H. Houtsma on the I text of Sirach is occupied principally with details. The considers the newly-discovered Hebrew fragments to b of the original, not as Margoliouth and Bickell have t translations from the Syriac. But he sees the text of

scholarship on having something better to show than the apologetic essays of Sayce. The New Testament part of the volume finds less favour. Dr. Headlam's argument about the census of Quirinus, and that about Peter and Paul at Rome are spoken of as weak and very defective.—(September).—The number opens with a very suggestive paper by Dr. C. B. Hyklema on 'The Science of Social Development.' Engaged in the practical work of the Church and concerned with the problem how Christianity, now its dogmatic and metaphysical system have fallen to decay, is in future to fulfil its mission to the multitude, the writer calls for the study of the history of religion, and specially the Christian religion, as a social force. What has it done to bind communities together? How can it still act in order to do so? It is essential that religion recognise the actual facts about its own origin and history; only thus can it be a doctrine not for an aristocracy or upper class alone, but for all. In the science of history, truthful and seriously-cultivated religion will find its best apology and its best guide to future success.—Dr. Knappert, known to the readers of this periodical from his papers on Germanic religion, gives the first part of an account of Jastrow's new Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. The work is spoken of as a standard one; and the writer has no contributions to make to the subject, but acts simply as a reporter.

DE GIDS.—(August).—'The Chinese Question,' by Henri Borel, a very one-sided paper, in which all the difficulties in China are laid at the door of the missionaries principally, and Europeans generally, who are the real barbarians—China possesses in its own religious and philosophical systems more than sufficient power to elevate its people, and so on.—An interesting paper by Dr. Kok is devoted to the comedies of Machiavelli—'La Mandragola,' 'Il Frate.' These comedies, heralding a new literature that was to culminate in Shakspeare and Molière, are highly interesting and worthy of study.—The short story, 'Too Late,' by Jeanne C. van Leijden, is a delicate study of a woman's feelings and her decision when her lover returns to her after they have both reached middle life.—'La Jeunesse Dorée,' by W. P. Kops, is a study of French Revolution history, 1794-95.—(Aug.-Sept.)—'Dutch Shakspeare Criticism,' by Dr. Byvanck, is a remarkable evidence of the thoroughness with which Shakspeare study is pursued in Holland. Byvanck takes as his text the lately published book of Dr. van Dam, 'Prosody and Text of Shakspeare,' and while he has much to say in disagreement with the conclusions

arrived at in it, he has also much praise for it, and himself offers many valuable suggestions as to the original text of the great dramatist.—(Sept.-Oct.)—The greatest part of these two numbers is taken up with a novel by Louis Couperus, or rather by his impressions of Java and life in the East thrown into dramatic shape. 'The still mysterious power' which the practical man of the West despises while he feels its influence and is in the end subdued by it, is the subject of the novel. Most life-like pictures are given of native life in princely families; also of the half-caste set and life in a Dutch residency town. The resident himself, a strong and well-conceived character, is perhaps the best drawn of all. He too succumbs in the end to the 'still power' which had quickly corrupted his wife and family, and ends by making himself give up the struggle as hopeless. The whole novel gives most unpleasant yet, one cannot help feeling, true impressions of a corrupt and degraded society, neither of East nor West. Certainly it is a powerfully written piece, and one feels all through it the languid enervating atmosphere of the tropics.—(Sept.)—Henri Borel gives a paper on Fra Angelico and his pictures, a pleasant chapter out of his notebook of travel in Italy.—Augusta de Wet has an appreciation of Marie Bilders van Bosse, an artist whose pictures and drawings, chiefly of Guelderland subjects, beech and birch trees and landscapes, brought her considerable fame.—(Oct.)—'A just Watchword,' by Molengraaf, is a plea for proportionate representation. This, he insists, ought to be inseparably joined with the demand for universal suffrage. One great objection to proportionate representation in Holland is that it would give Roman Catholics a largely increased number of seats in the second chamber; yet if it is the case that a third part of the population belongs to this party, why should they not have due representation? In Belgium, and in five of the Swiss cantons the system has been found practicable.—'Three books on India,' by C. Th. van Deventer, is a review of Augusta de Wet's 'Facts and Fancies about Java,' of Vett's 'Life in Dutch India,' of Chailly Bert's 'Java and its Inhabitants.'—Byronic treats of Nietzsche as a problem, saying he is one of those men who are out of harmony with their fellows and with life, yet have to be taken account of, and even make their mark on history like Shelley, Schopenhauer, Wagner. Nietzsche is the champion of individual energy as against the pressure of the mass, the customs of the mass, the virtue of the mass, etc.

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

BIBLIOTHÈQUE UNIVERSELLE (August, September, October)  
—In the first of these numbers, under the title 'Un tyj

d'officier français contemporain,' we have, in the first place, the first of two articles on Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil. The second instalment appears in the September number. The two are biographical, and chiefly in praise of the French Colonel who went out to assist the Boers, but whose advice does not seem to have been much appreciated by them. The papers are over the signature of M. Abel Veuglaire.—The papers on the history of the Boers in South Africa are continued.—The rest of the number is taken up with fiction and the usual chronicles, in the last of these reference is made to Messrs. Smith and Elder's *Dictionary of National Biography*, and to the Australian Federation.—The September number opens with a paper by M. L. Leger, in which he discourses on Pouchkine and French poetry.—The articles on the Paris Exhibition are continued, and a further instalment of M. J. Villars' articles dealing with the history of the Boers in South Africa is given.—Fiction, Chroniques, and the usual 'Bulletin littéraire et bibliographique' conclude the part.—The only novelties in the October number are an article by M. J. Hocart under the title 'La révolution française et la question juive,' and another from M. Michel Delines under the title, 'La musique dramatique en Russie.'—the rest of the principal articles are continuations.—As usual the 'Chroniques' are full of information: Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Avebury, the General Election, and the outbreak of the plague in Glasgow are among the subjects of remark.

## S W E D E N.

THE ARKIV FOR NORDISK FILOLOGI (Vol. XII.)—No. 1 contains, in the first place, a long article by Professor Bugge on the life of Harold Fairhair during his earlier life, and before his accession to the throne of Norway, the time especially connected with his name of Dovrefoster.—This is succeeded by O. Klockhoff on the Folkvisan on King Didrik and his Warriors, an article of no less than ninety pages.—The next article, by H. K. Fridrikson, is a critique of a verse of the Volundarkvitha, in which Odin reveals himself as tormented between two fires by King Geirrod, to avenge himself and raise his son Agnar to the throne. The paper concludes with a carefully constructed map of the popular speech of Denmark, which is a new and interesting method of exhibiting the speech of a country, as also of exhibiting its peculiarities. We have next the interpretation of a Runic Inscription, in which there is a decided difference between the two masters who have undertaken its interpretation, Professor Bugge and M. Burg.

—This is followed by selected pieces from Swedish authors, from 1526 to 1732, with remarks by Professor Tamm.—On this follows a paper on *gubbe* and *gumma*, ‘old man’ and ‘old woman,’ given by way of exercise on its various usages and applications in various languages.—Next we have an interpretation of the Runic Inscription on the stone known as the Tune Stone. This, according to Bugge and Wimmer’s reading, is ‘Woduride witada-halaiban; worahto: runor.’ According to Wimmer this is, ‘I viwar these runes after my war-comrade Wodurahalaiban.’ The word which presents the greatest difficulty is *witadahalaiban*. Notwithstanding several comparisons and an approximation to a verse, the effort to extract a meaning does not prove to be successful.—The number concludes with a lengthened Bibliography for the year 1898, and an Obituary Notice of Eirikur Jonsson, the author of the first attempt to complete Cleasby’s Dictionary and other works, by Finnur Jonsson.

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

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW (July, 1900).—Over the signature of Mr. G. B. Adam we have an article treating of ‘The Critical Period of English Constitutional History.’ Mr. Adam finds the really critical period in the constitutional history of England in the time of John, and discourses on the significance of the Magna Charta in connection with feudalism.—Mr. Hubert Hall contributes an article on the Colonial Policy of Chatham, in which he briefly defines the colonial question at the date of Pitt’s assumption of office from the respective points of view of the government and the governed with regard to the three main issues of the French war, extraordinary taxation, and illicit trade, and finds the general idea of Chatham’s colonial policy in the Provisional Act for settling the troubles in America which was introduced by him in the House of Lords, February 1st, 1775.—The next contribution by Mr. Max Ferrand, entitled ‘Territory and District’ and ‘The Judiciary Act, 1801.’—Mr. Howard L. Wilson discourses on ‘President Buchanan’s Proposed Intervention in Mexico.’—Under ‘Documents’ we have the Letters of Ebenezer Huntington, 1774-1781. Huntington attained the rank of brigadier-general, and his letters, as need hardly be said, are of interest in connection with the War of Independence.—The Book Notices are, as usual, numerous, and in most cases well done.—‘Notes and News’ contains much information use to students of history.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

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*The Holy Bible : Two Version Edition.* Oxford and London : Henry Frowde.

This beautiful edition of the Scriptures supplies exactly what has long been wanted in connection with the two English versions of them, and will be of immense convenience to those who are in the habit of consulting and comparing them. One great defect in the editions of the Revised Version—the absence of marginal references to parallel or illustrative passages and of indications of where the citations from the Old Testament in the New are to be found—was removed a short time ago by the publication of the whole of the Revised Version with a series of carefully considered marginal references. But even when this defect was removed another difficulty was still experienced. Except in the case of the New Testament, if the reader desired to see wherein the Revised Version differed from the Authorised, he was under the necessity of using two separate volumes. By the publication of the 'Two Version' edition both these difficulties or inconveniences have been removed. On opening the volume the reader has practically before him the text of the two versions and a series of marginal references to parallel and illustrative passages. This is managed by a simple system of signs, which admits of the volume being no larger than an ordinary Bible. In short, as we have already said, the edition is exactly what was wanted. The use of the supplemental volume either for parallel passages or for the corresponding text of the Old or the New Testament is done away with and the reader has now in his hand in one volume all that was supplied by the two. The copy before us is a beautiful specimen of typography and is printed on the famous Oxford India paper. It can be had in different sizes and bindings and with or without the Scottish Metrical Psalms and Paraphrases, and with or without the Church Hymnary.

*First Principles.* By HERBERT SPENCER. Sixth Edition (otherwise Eleventh Thousand). London and Edinburgh : Williams & Norgate. 1900.

In his retirement Mr. Herbert Spencer is apparently devoting his leisure to the preparation of new editions of his works. Already we have had revised issues of the *Essays*, the *Principles of Biology*, the *Principles of Psychology*, *Social Statics*, and several minor works. Here we have a new, and probably a finally revised edition, of the *First Principles*. Since its first lines were written forty years have elapsed, and a quarter of a century since it was thrown into what may be called its permanent form. From first to last considerable alterations have been made in it, but comparing the present issue with that of 1870 no change of any great importance has from a philosophical point of view been introduced. From a literary point of view, however, the revision has introduced many changes. Phrases have been altered, statements have been modified, sentences and even whole paragraphs have been suppressed. At the same time, while the work has been compressed, considerable additions have been made, so that

notwithstanding the excisions, the volume, though longer than more recent additions by some fifty pages, is still about the same length as the edition of 1870. The omissions are if anything improvements. The text has been relieved of redundancies, and the style has gained in force and precision. Here and there, too, the expression has been made more guarded, and the note of omniscience eliminated. The additions are in the main new illustrations, and such as the increase of knowledge or maturer thought has suggested. The central idea of the volume remains untouched. We have still the old division, 'The Unknowable' and 'The Knowable.' Knowledge, we are still told, is only of the phenomenal. As before, we are told that the 'deepest, widest, and most certain of all facts' is 'that the Power which the universe manifests to us is inscrutable,' and that the ultimate truth is the persistence of force. All through Mr. Spencer describes the manifestations of the power which to us is inscrutable, but still denies to us any knowledge of what it is, notwithstanding the many beautiful and wonderful things he tells us about it. In a post-script to Part I., however, Mr. Spencer tells us that the five chapters of which that consists have nothing to do with the chapters on the 'Knowable,' and that the latter may be read independently of them. With all deference, we venture to think that the relation between them is close, and that Part II. is the refutation of Part I., which is for the most part based upon the unfortunate conundrum started by Sir William Hamilton. A very useful index has been added to the volume, and a chapter on definitions might also have been added. But however much one may differ from Mr. Spencer, one cannot but welcome this volume as an excellent edition of a work which forms the introduction to one of the greatest systems of philosophy the nineteenth century has produced.

*A History of the English Church during the Civil Wars and under the Commonwealth. 1640-1660.* By WILLIAM A. SHAW  
Litt. D. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co  
1900.

Short as is the period which these two volumes cover, it is one of the most important in the history of the Church in England. The change introduced by Henry VIII., great as they were, were almost as nothing when compared with those which were effected during the years 1640-1660 'The whole ecclesiastical superstructure,' as Mr. Shaw remarks, 'was demolished - Episcopacy, the Spiritual Courts, Deans and Chapters, Convocation, the Book of Common Prayer, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the Psalter; the lands of the Bishops and of the Deans and Chapters were sold, and the Cathedrals were purified or defiled.' On this 'clean-sweep ground' an attempt was made, and in part successfully, to erect an entirely novel Church system. To use Mr. Shaw's words again, 'In place of Episcopal Church government, a Presbyterian organisation was introduced and a Presbyterian system of ordination. For the Spiritual Courts were substituted Presbyterian Assemblies (Parochial, Classical and Provincial) acting with a very real censorial jurisdiction, but in final subordination to a parliamentary committee sitting at Westminster. Instead of the Thirty-nine Articles, the Confession of Faith was introduced, and the Director in place of the Book of Common Prayer. New Catechisms and a metrical version were prepared, a parochial survey of the whole country was carried out, and extensive reorganisations of parishes effected. Finally the equivalent of a modern ecclesiastical commission (or let us say a Queen Anne's Bounty Scheme) was invented, a body of Trustees was endowe



with considerable revenues for the purpose of augmenting poor livings, and for years the work of this ecclesiastical charity and reorganisation scheme was earnestly pursued.' It is the history of this drastic revolution—the greatest that the Church in England has ever undergone—that Mr. Shaw here narrates and illustrates with a number of valuable appendices and documents. He begins, of course, with the work of demolition, describes the Petitions and Remonstrances presented to Parliament against the Established Church, and gives a very detailed account of the debates upon them in the House of Commons, basing his narrative chiefly on the Journals of the House, D'Ewes' *Diary* and Baillie's *Letters*. Then come the debates on Crew's report of 9th March, 1640-1, on the two Bishops' Bills, and on the Root-and-Branch Bill. This last, as a little attention to dates shows, was not introduced as a threat or to bring pressure on the Lords to pass the Bishops' Bill sent up to them from the Commons. It came later, and was due to the rejection of that Bill. Next come the debates on Innovations, on the Bill calling for an Assembly of Divines, and on the Solemn League and Covenant. All these points are dealt with in Mr. Shaw's first chapter. Quite as elaborate is the one which follows in which the constructive work of the Westminster Assembly is described, and a very admirable chapter it is. It is full of minute information. Great use is made of Baillie's *Letters*, Dr. Mitchell's work, and the *Commons' Journal*. The debates and intrigues of the various parties are traced from day to day, the dislike of the English to the *jus divinum* of Presbytery is accentuated, and here and there one has no difficulty in seeing how that, while drawn to Presbyterianism from political motives, there was little real liking for it either in Parliament or among the English people. So far as England was concerned, the work of the Westminster Divines was in the main abortive. They were a slow-moving body, and had often to be quickened by reminders from both Houses of Parliament that their proceedings were dilatory. With justice Mr. Shaw remarks that it is not a little curious that those portions of their accomplished work which have remained through later time as their most distinct and memorable work, i.e., the Confession of Faith and the Larger Catechism—should never have received the assent of the Parliament which called them together and at whose behest it was prepared. A similar fate met the metrical version of the Psalms they favoured. Though accepted by the Commons, it was never accepted by the Lords, and was therefore never legalised. On the other hand, like the Confession and the Larger Catechism, it found favour in Scotland, where it is still in use. Mr. Shaw's second volume, like his first, contains two chapters. The first of these is devoted to a description of the Presbyterian system set up by Parliament to take the place of Episcopacy. Practically it was the same as the system already in vogue in Scotland. There were points of difference, but they were of minor importance. The success of the system was small. It was established on paper, but not among the people. Many parishes refused to set up the machinery the system required: other parishes, and in some cases counties, excused themselves on the ground that the ministers and men required were not to be found among them. And even where the system was set up, its methods of discipline were not to the mind of the English people, the parochial elderships fell into decay; and the struggle which had always been going on between the Presbyterianism which Baillie and his coadjutors had laboured so indefatigably to introduce and maintain among their neighbours, and Independency with its larger toleration, was after a while decided in favour of the latter. Mr. Shaw's fourth and last chapter treats of the measures taken with 'scandalous ministers,' the sale of the church lands, finances and patronage. The appendices, as already said, are of exceptional value and contain a large amount of infor-

mation laboriously gathered together. First of all we have a copy of the proceedings of Bishop Williams' Committee, 1641; next a series of Clergy lists: 'Malignant' Clergy, 1640-42, Puritan Lectures, 1640-43, Royalist Clerical Sequestrations and Parliamentary Nominations, 1642-49; then follow lists of County Certificates; MS. Records of Plundered Ministers' Committee; the Report on Clerical Augmentations; Accounts of sale of Cathedral and Bishops' lands; MS. Records of the Church Survey, 1655-59. Altogether the work is a very scholarly production and the result of great labour. If a fault may be found with it, it is that sufficient prominence is scarcely given to the political events of the time in respect to their bearing upon Church matters. That they had a vast deal to do with shaping the ecclesiastical policy of the Long Parliament is certain, but one does not hear much about them in Mr. Shaw's pages, though here and there of course, one does, especially in the discussions on Discipline and in the excellent section on Toleration. The work, which will prove extremely useful to the student of the history of the English Commonwealth and the doings of the Long Parliament in Church matters, is a fitting companion to Baillie's *Letters* and the Minutes of the Westminster Assembly.

*The English Church in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.*  
By W. W. CAPES, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.  
1900.

This is the third volume of the *History of the English Church* which Messrs. Macmillan are bringing out under the joint editorship of the Dean of Winchester and the Rev. W. Hunt. Mr. Hunt's volume, which traces the history from its origin down to the Conquest we have already noticed. The Dean of Winchester's contribution is to deal with the history from the Conquest down to the end of the thirteenth century, but the publication of it has been unavoidably delayed and Mr. Capes' volume appears before it. Like Mr. Hunt's, Mr. Capes' volume is an excellent piece of work and confirms the expectation which was raised by its predecessor that when the series is completed it will be the best history of the English Church which has hitherto been published. The period assigned to Mr. Capes is full of incident and one of the most important in the whole history of the Church in England. The author has brought to his work excellent abilities, great industry and accurate scholarship. He has the art, too, of telling a story in clear and forcible language, and complicated as the history of the period is, he has managed to set it out with a precision and lucidity which not only make the perusal of his pages easy and entertaining, but also invest them with something of the charm of fascination. For his materials, as it is almost unnecessary to say, Mr. Capes, while not neglecting modern authorities, has gone back to contemporary documents and authors. The plan of the work it would appear does not admit of detailed references, but the lists of authorities printed at the end of each chapter, as well as the text, show that the work is not based upon merely second-hand knowledge, but is thoroughly entitled to be regarded as original. The central figure in the period is of course Wyclif, and comparison is at once suggestive with Mr. Trevelyan's treatment of that churchman. But Mr. Trevelyan's volume is written more from the point of view of a layman and a politician, while in that of Mr. Capes the aspects chiefly dwelt upon are the ecclesiastical and theological, not that the political is in any way ignored or neglected. Though less full than Mr. Trevelyan's, Mr. Capes' notes in this relation are weighty and judicious. In his analysis of Wyclif's theological, and indeed of the whole of his writings, Mr. Capes has the advantage of his theological training, while his criticisms

Wyclif's peculiar tenets are more elaborate and searching. With some of them as might be expected, Mr. Capes has little sympathy. The two portraits, however, supplement each other, and the reader of the one volume will require to read the other if he would form anything like an adequate or correct idea of the work and teaching of the great Oxford Professor. The immense influence of the Black Death upon the fortunes of the Church as well as upon the economical and social condition of the country is dwelt upon in a singularly instructive chapter, and is by no means underrated. As Mr. Capes shows, it is difficult to overrate it. Few events indeed have had a profounder influence on the condition of the English people, or in shaping the internal history of England. The freshest if not also the most instructive chapters Mr. Capes has written, are those which describe the internal condition of the Church. Nowhere else, we will venture to say, can so vivid and truthful a description of the religious life of the country during the two centuries under review be found as in the last seven chapters of the volume. They treat of all the different forms of religious life and activity as they appeared in the Bishop's palace, the cathedral, the monastery, the schools and the universities, in the parsonage and in the parish, and amongst the people whether in their homes or on pilgrimage. They are admirably done, and present one of the most striking pictures we have seen.

*Étude sur les Gesta Martyrum Romains.* Par ALBERT DUFOURCQ. Illustrated. Paris: Albert Fontemoing. 1900.

The Gesta of the Roman martyrs are here subjected to a very searching examination. M. Dufourcq has evidently devoted a vast amount of labour and attention to them, and the result is a scholarly and valuable work. The criticism is as candid as it is acute, and the suspicions which many have entertained respecting these ancient narratives are in many respects confirmed. After noticing the attitude of Jacob Voragine, Peter de Natalibus, Baronius, Tillemont, and several more modern writers towards the Gesta, he turns to the texts and the editors of them. Here he has a better word to say for Surius than one might have expected; while speaking highly of the work done by the Bollandists, he expresses himself as not altogether satisfied with it, believing that their search for MSS. has not been wide enough, and that their register of various readings leaves much to be desired. Dealing with the history of the Gesta, he maintains that though the martyrs themselves were known at Rome, there was there at the end of the fourth century no knowledge of their history such as we now have it, but that by the middle of the ninth century a detailed knowledge of their history was known throughout Christendom. The origin and spread of martyrology he attributes to monasticism, and notices the great work done in this connection at the 'seminary' of Cassiodorus, as also by Bede in England, Raban Maur in Germany, Florus in France, and by Ado and Usuard. Examining the texts he points out their philological peculiarities, and observes that their syntax is less Latin than their vocabulary, and that their style is less Latin than their syntax. He notices too the moral features of the Gesta, and contrasts them unfavourably in this respect with what in his opinion are the authentic Acta of SS. James and Mary, as printed by Rinart, p. 224 (Ed. 1689). M. Dufourcq then subjects to a careful critical analysis the Gesta of the Roman Martyrs, and is of opinion that the earliest of them belong to a period subsequent to the establishment of the Byzantine Empire and not later than 595, the year after the death of Gregory of Tours,

some of whose narratives, however, are evidently borrowed from sources earlier than his own date. The general conclusion to which M. Dufourcq comes is that the *Gesta* are apocryphal, in the sense of not being what they profess to be. 'They are not authentic documents respecting the history of the persecutions, but the work of clerics of little intellectual and moral culture writing at Rome when Italy was in the hands of the Ostrogoths, and using incomplete and deformed oral traditions. The amount of assistance which they can afford the historian is therefore small. They require to be used with great caution. At the same time they contain a number of details which are not without their value.' In other words, M. Dufourcq has arrived at the same conclusion respecting the Roman *Gesta* that M. Fustel de Coulanges arrived at some years ago respecting the *Lives of Saints* in general. In the course of his work M. Dufourcq touches upon many other interesting topics, and discusses in a far from inattractive way the influence which these ancient traditions of the Church have had upon art and literature.

*Byzantine Constantinople: The Walls of the City and adjoining Historical Sites.* By ALEXANDER VAN MILLINGEN, M.A., Professor of History, Robert College, Constantinople. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1899.

Of the many subjects which offer themselves to antiquarian and archæological research in New Rome, Professor van Millingen has here confined himself for the most part to the walls or fortifications which have from time to time been reared around Byzantium and Constantinople. To these he has devoted many years of careful study, and his work is one which will find its way among students, notwithstanding, if not in consequence of, the many difficult questions which he seeks to solve. That he has done wisely in confining his attention chiefly, and indeed almost exclusively, to the walls, no one can doubt. There is quite enough to be said about them to fill a good-sized volume. Mr. Van Millingen does not spend much time over purely preliminary matters. After a brief sketch of the geographical position of the city and of the promontory on which it stands, he begins at once with the fortifications which constituted the Acropolis of Byzantium, and are now represented by the walls, partly Byzantine and partly Turkish, which cling to the steep sides of the Seraglio plateau at the eastern extremity of the hill nearest the apex of the promontory and support the Imperial Museum, the kiosk of Abdul Medjid and the Imperial Kitchens. Next, he describes the second circuit of walls around Byzantium, of which the Anonymous of the eleventh century and his follower Codinus give a description. Starting from the Tower of the Acropolis at the apex of the promontory, Professor Van Millingen traces this wall along the Golden Horn as far west as the Tower of Eugenius where it left the shore and made for the Strategion and the Thermæ of Achilles, and from thence ascended the slope of the hill to the Chalco prateia or Brass Market, and reached the ridge of the promontory at the Milion, which is placed by Professor Van Millingen to the south-west of St. Sophia. From the Milion it proceeded to the twisted columns of the Tzycalarii, descending thence to the sea of Marmora at Topi, somewhere near the present Seraglio Lighthouse, where it turned northwards and ran along the shore to the apex of the promontory, past the sites subsequently occupied by the Thermæ of Arcadius and the Mangana. Professor Van Millingen is strongly tempted to reject the whole account of this wall a

legendary or as based upon the idea that the Arch of Urbicius and the Arch of the Milion represented gates in an old line of fortifications. The third line of walls, those torn down by Septimus Severus in 196, are described more minutely than either of the two just mentioned, and the course, which in the opinion of Mr. Van Millingen they took, is clearly set out. Judging by the style of their construction, they were built, Mr. Van Millingen is disposed to infer, soon after Pausanius followed up his victory on the field of Plataea by the expulsion of the Persians from Byzantium. Severus was not long in repenting the blunder he had made in pulling down these splendid ramparts, and ordered, at the instigation, it is said, of his son Caracalla, their reconstruction. On the disputed point as to whether the Forum of Constantinople stood upon the eastern or western side of the gate of Byzantium, Mr. Van Millingen argues strongly in favour of the western position, notwithstanding the arguments of Messrs. Lethaby and Swainson for the eastern position. As to the point where the walls reached the Sea of Marmora Mr. Van Millingen is undecided, but is of opinion that it could not have been far from the site occupied by the Seraglio Lighthouse. The limits of the city marked out by Constantinople are described as 'crossing the promontory along a line a short distance to the east of the Cistern of Mokius on the Seventh Hill (the Tchoukour Bostan, west of Avret Bazaar), and of the Cistern Aspar, at the head of the valley between the Fourth and Sixth Hills (the Tchoukour Bostan, on the right of the street leading from the Mosque of Sultan Mehemet to the Adrianople Gate). The southern end of the line reached the Sea of Marmora somewhere between the gates known respectively at present as Daoud Pasha Kapoussi and Psamathia Kapoussi, while its northern extremity abutted on the Golden Horn, in the neighbourhood of the Stamboul head of the inner bridge.' In an extremely interesting discussion on the localities and structures by which Byzantine writers have indicated the course of the Constantine wall, Mr. Van Millingen identifies as the Exokionion a district immediately outside the Constantinian Wall which obtained its name, afterwards corrupted into Hexakionion, from a column in the district bearing a statue of the founder of the city. It became celebrated in ecclesiastical history as the extra-mural suburb in which the Arians were allowed to hold their religious services until prohibited by Theodosius the Great, so that Arians and Exokionitai became synonymous. Gyllius placed the Exokionion on the Fifth Hill, while Dr. Mordtmann maintained that the designation applied to the extra-mural territory all along the land fortifications built by Constantine, but Mr. Van Millingen's arguments for placing it upon the Seventh Hill, apart from the fact that a part of the district of that hill bears the name *Alti Mermer*, the Turkish rendering of Hexakionion, the popular Byzantine alias of Exokionion, are strong and convincing. But it is to a description of the great walls of Theodosius, built during the reign of the second Emperor of that name by Anthemius and restored after the earthquake of 447, that the chief part of the volume is devoted. Here Mr. Van Millingen enters into an elaborate description of the walls and their ten gates, and gives an extremely attractive account of their history. Of the Golden Gate and its inscriptions he has much of great interest to tell. For the most part his statement is based upon the brilliant essay by Dr. Strzygowski. With Du Cange Mr. Van Millingen refers the building of the gate to the reign not of Theodosius II., but of Theodosius the Great. The entrance between the second and third towers to the north of the Golden Gate known at present, like the *Porta Aurea*, also by the name *Yedi Koulè Kapoussi*, and regarded by Dr. Paspates as of Turkish origin,

Mr. Van Millingen, while admitting that it has undergone repairs during Turkish times, maintains to be of the period of the Empire, for the reasons that it bears traces of Byzantine workmanship, and that the Porta Aurea being a State entrance, another gate was required in its immediate neighbourhood for the use of the public in this quarter of the capital. The ruined palace beside the Porta Nylokerkou, styled Tekfour Serai, which Gylden regarded as the Palace of the Hebdomon, is identified by Mr. Van Millingen as the Palace of the Porphyrogenitos, which 'formed an annex to the great Place of the Blackernæ.' The building at the north-western end of the Court of the Palace, the western façade of which, pierced by spacious windows, still surmounts the outer wall of the Court, is spoken of as 'another residence.' Dr. Paspates regarded it as the monastery of the Seven Orders of the Angels, mentioned by Cantacuzene, but that monastery and the gate named after it are pointed out as being at Thessalonica, and not at Constantinople. The walls of Manuel Comnenus, Heraclius, and Leo V., the Seaward Walls, and the walls along the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora with their gates are all fully described, as also the Tower of Anemas and Isaac Angelus. A chapter is devoted to the site of the Hebdomon, in which the author argues strongly and successfully against the generally accepted opinion that this suburb stood at the northern extremity of the Theodosian Walls, where the Palace of the Porphyrogenitos and the quarter of the Blackernæ were found, and in favour of the modern village of Makrikeni on the shore of the Sea of Marmora, three miles to the west of the Golden Gate. But the points of interest in the volume are almost innumerable. For the study of the topography of Constantinople the volume is invaluable. Much new light is thrown upon the subject, and a number of difficult questions are solved. The text is accompanied by a number of excellent maps and photographic illustrations which, especially the former, are of great service to the reader.

*The Register of the Privy Council of Scotland.* Edited and abridged by P. HUME BROWN, M.A., LL.D. Second Series. Vol. II. Edinburgh: 1900.

As stated by himself in the volume of the Privy Council Register immediately preceding this, Professor Masson's connection with the series a Editor ceased. The present volume is the first of the series for which Mr. Hume Brown is responsible. The editing and introduction follow the same lines as were laid down by Mr. Brown's predecessor during his nineteen years of office. The period covered by the volume is the fifteen months beginning on 3rd July, 1627. During the period some slight changes were made in the *personnel* of the Council. Sir Archibald Acheson of Glencairn was admitted a member, and at the same time the Lord Joint Secretary of State with Sir William Alexander of Menstrie. On the same day the office of Keeper of the Privy Seal changed hands passing from Sir Richard Cockburn of Clerkington to Thomas, Earl of Haddington, who in the previous year had been superseded as Secretary and President. On the death of Sir William Oliphant of Newton, his office of Lord Advocate was conferred upon Thomas Hope of Craighal Hope had already more than once made himself conspicuous in public affairs, but the most distinguished part of his career still lay before him. On June 12th Lord Lorne afterwards the great Marquess of Argyll, was added to the Council. During the whole of the period great difficulty was experienced in getting together so much as a quorum of the Council, and on several occasions the business had to be postponed owing to a *leg quorum* not being present. Of the fifty-four persons who nominally cor

## *Contemporary Literature.*

posed the Council, the names of about forty appear in the record of meetings. The English lords do not appear to have attended at all, other permanent absentees were the Earls of Glencairn, Wigton, Tullidine, Kellie, and Annandale, Viscount Ayr, Lords Cranston and Drummie. The most assiduous in their attendance among the non-official members were the Earls of Nithsdale and Lauderdale, Lord Carnegie, and the Master of Jedburgh. The average attendance was about twelve, and the maximum of members present never exceeded twenty. During the fifteen months no outstanding events are recorded. The period was marked by the steady continuation of the policy which had been initiated at the beginning of the new reign, and was already giving rise to some uneasiness among all classes of the population as affecting the interests of clergy and laity alike. The famous edict for the revocation of the alienated property of the Pre-Reformation Church was still in operation, and, notwithstanding the opposition it met with, several fresh steps were taken to enforce it. The Commissioners themselves, however, were slow to move in the matter, and when they were summoned to meet under the presidency of Archbishop Spottiswoode, on June 4th, 1628, 'few or none' put in an appearance. One subject which occupied a great part of the attention of the Council was the raising of troops. From his father, Charles had inherited his part in the 'Thirty Years' War, and Scottish troops had already been sent to the assistance of Count Mansfield, Christian IV. of Denmark, and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. When war broke out with Spain and the expedition was sent to France for the relief of the Huguenots besieged in Rochelle, Scotland was required to send further contingents. In raising the levies the Council experienced the greatest difficulty. An ordinance of the 10th of July, 1627, affords a notable proof of the zeal of the recruiting officers. So hardly were they put to it to raise the requisite quota that certain of them, we are told, 'hes of laith entered in dealing with some young boyes in the Colledge of Edinburgh, and by thair alluring speeches hes corrupted the boyes and induced thame without the knowledge and allowance of thair parents or of the principall and regents of the Colledge who hes the charge of the education of thame, to inroll themselves under thair charge and to ressave pay.' The result was that the alarmed parents removed their sons from the College of Edinburgh and sent them to St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, where they were out of the way of the 'alluring speeches' of the recruiting officers. The Council checked the evil by a summary order declaring that all recruiting officers found decoying such youths would be pursued 'with all vigour and severitie' as 'contemners and violators of his Majesteis Counsell.' For the German wars over 14,000 men had already been raised. The nucleus of this body comprised men of good family, both Highland and Lowland, but the rank and file was made up of 'a riff-raff of incorrigible beggars and vagabonds picked up from the highways, criminals released from the gaols, bankrupts that had been skulking for years from their creditors.' Wherever they were congregated they were a menace to the public peace, and to provide against possible mischief from them the Council passed a very necessary ordinance, decreeing that should any disorder arise among the various bands, the Councillor who was in the neighbourhood should summon his nearest fellow Councillors, or, failing them, two or three justices of the peace, and deal with each case as the accredited representative of the Council. The precaution was not of much avail, however, for three months after the ordinance was issued we read that by the presence of the troops in Burntisland 'the peace of the said burgh is verrie farre disturbit, the inhabitants thair of oft tymes threatened and persewit of thair lyffes, and manie forder inconveniences ar lyke to fall out to the

brock of his Majesty's subjects without remedie be provydit.' As a result the magistrates were empowered to exact pledges from the citizens that they would bear arms for the king both themselves and their children, and that they would be as 'obedient and good subjects.' The policy proved to be very effective, but by the end of the month the citizens had withdrawn from their presence by their removal to the East of Newcastle to Germany. Similar assortments were raised for the Spanish and French wars. As fighting bodies they were scarcely to be feared, however narrowly they might be watched while waiting for the transport, as soon as they set foot on a foreign shore they deserted by thousands and sought to take sides with those whom they were sent to fight. When the general purpose of the Council had to make preparations for the defence of the coast there was a widespread alarm lest a French fleet should at any moment appear off the coast and effect a landing. To meet this danger the Council could reckon on the support of all responsible citizens. In August, 1627, it was reported that the enemy's ships had already been seen, and an effort was made to organise the national defences both by sea and land. Three ships had been ordered to be fitted out, but to man and equip them seems to have driven the Council to desperation. Receiving no pay, the crews were in a chronic state of mutiny, and every device adopted to obtain money with which to silence them proved a failure. Letters of marque were issued to private owners. The most notable volunteer in this way was James, Marquess of Hamilton. With a 'worthy and noble intention' he undertook 'to sett out some shippes to sea in these troublous tymes, both for the better defence of this his Majesty's obedient kingdome of Scotland, as lykeways for the better effecting of his generous desires upon his Majesty's enemies and other-ways for the honour of that kingdome.' The Marquess received a commission to equip five ships, the commission to last for five years unless peace were concluded before the expiry of that term. As a means of national defence much zeal was shown by the Council in organising national militia. The national wapinschaws were revived, and every male between sixteen and sixty was commanded to take part in them, measure were taken to see that there were no absentees, and on the 9th October, 1629, an urgent order was issued to the Eastern Counties, where the inhabitants were expected to have to bear the first brunt of the invasion, directing their fencible men to hold themselves in readiness to proceed with expedition to any point on the coast that might be threatened. Not since the Spanish Armada had the country passed through an experience with which it had once been familiar. But by the close of 1627 the alarm seems to have abated consequent on the withdrawal of Buckingham with the remnant of his army from La Rochelle. Other matters which engaged the attention of the Council were the revival of the disused Justice Ayres, the revival of Roman Catholicism, the regulation of the woollen and textile trades, the coal and salt industries, the manufacture of salt-petre, the importation of French goods and the tanning trade. In connection with this last may be noticed a curious case of socialistic legislation which arose out of a complaint from the shoemakers of Cupar-Fife. The magistrates of that town had taken upon them to fix the prices of boot and shoes. For refusing to obey the decree seven of the craft in the town were each fined five pounds Scots and on refusing to pay the fine were lodged in the Tolbooth. On this they lodged a complaint with the Council, and when summoned to state their case pled that there was no precedent in the kingdom for the proceeding of the magistrates, that it was a 'perverting of the law of nature,' and that in the case of commodities like boots and shoes it was impossible to fix 'a definitive price.' Th



magistrates responded that they had done their best to get the shoemakers to arrive at some arrangement as to the price of these goods, but all their overtures being rejected, they had been compelled to take matters into their own hands. The Council decided that the defenders had acted 'laughfallie, legallie and formallie,' and condemned the recalcitrant shoemakers to be conveyed back to the Tolbooth and to lie there till they gave caution for their future obedience. Cases of witchcraft are numerous. Numerous instances of disorderly conduct requiring the attention of the Council are recorded. An interesting document containing the Lyon-King's description of a Scottish coronation is printed in the volume. Another almost equally interesting document gives some details of the action of Gustavus Adolphus when engaged in his second Prussian campaign. Mr. Hume Brown notes that during the period covered by the volume the foreign trade of the country was dislocated, provisions were dear, the exchequer was empty, that the country was in a state of disquiet in consequence of the war, and that a vague uneasiness pervaded all classes as the outcome of the steps taken in connection with the Edict of Revocation.

*A History of Norway from the Earliest Times.* By HJALMAR H. BOYESEN. With a new Chapter on the Recent History of Norway, by C. F. KEARY. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1900.

Mr. Boyesen's very readable history of his native country, which had already run through some two or three editions before its lamented author's death, is here added to the 'Story of the Nations' series. It is not, by any means, an attempt at a complete history of Norway, in the sense of giving an account of all the phases through which the national life of the country has passed. Of the growth of institutions or of sociological phenomena very little is said, and to learn the history of the people, of its ideas, of its literature, and of the development of the other phenomena of its intellectual and spiritual life, one must look elsewhere. That which is particularly dwelt upon is the dramatic phases of its historical events. More space is given, therefore, to the national hero, Olaf Tryggvesson, whose life was crowded with so many striking events, than is given to kings who reigned much longer but in quieter times. For the same reason the four centuries of the union with Denmark are treated with great brevity, each of the centuries having on an average ten pages devoted to it. But the union has never been looked upon with favour, and though many things of importance doubtless happened during the period, native historians have never felt drawn towards the history of their country during what they have been in the habit of regarding as 'the time of her degradation.' Mr. Boyesen goes far enough back, and begins with the question—'Who were the Norsemen.' He admits with others that they were preceded in the country by an altogether different race, and finds, in accordance with a prevalent theory, that their original home was probably in 'that part of Asia which the ancients called Bactria, near the sources of the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes.' That their name does not occur among those of the Aryan immigrants into Europe he accounts for by saying that it is solely derived from the country in which they settled. As might be expected, we have an interesting account of the old Norse religion and of the many of the relics which the 'hardy Norseman' has left behind him, and of his hostings. Harold the Fairhaired's struggles with his yeomen are carefully narrated, and there are stirring chapters on Eric Blood-axe and Earl Hakon. The

story of the discovery of Vinland, or North America, is told with less fulness than might have been expected, and is on the whole disappointing. There are good chapters, however, on Olaf Trygvesson, Olaf the Saint, Hakon the Good, Magnus the Good, and Magnus Erlingsson. Of Hakon's raid upon the Scottish coast in the reign of Alexander III., we have the following account: 'A dispute concerning the Orkneys and the Shetland Isles led to war with the Scottish King Alexander III. Hakon, determined to maintain his power over these distant dependencies, which had already cost Norway so much blood and treasure, started with his fleet for Scotland (1265), but suffered severely from a storm which wrecked many of his ships. He sailed round to the western side of Scotland, ravaged the coasts of Cantire and Bute, and fought a battle at Largs (near the entrance to the Firth of Clyde), in which, according to the account of the Scots, the Norsemen were defeated, while, according to the Sagas, they were victorious. At best, however, the battle afforded them no advantage. For Hakon retired, immediately after, to the Orkneys, where he determined to spend the winter, hoping to renew the campaign again in the spring.' This puts the matter for Hakon as favourably as possible, and rather hides the fact that he was utterly defeated. Mr. Boyesen briefly discusses the political situation down to about the close of the seventies, at which point it is taken up by Mr. Keary, who gives a brief account of the political events which have transpired up to the autumn of last year. The book, as we have said, is very readable, and may be heartily commended to those who wish to form an acquaintance with the history of a people who at one time made themselves feared throughout Europe, and in their sagas have a literature which is peculiarly their own.

*Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln: A Contribution to the Religious, Political and Intellectual History of the Thirteenth Century.* By FRANCIS SEYMOUR STEVENSON, M.P. London: Macmillan & Co. 1899.

For the purpose of elucidating the religious, political and intellectual life of England during the thirteenth century, Mr. Stevenson could not have chosen a better subject than the life of Grosseteste the great reforming Bishop of the century. His hand was in almost everything, and if he was not at the head of all the great movements which were on foot in England during his day, he was at least an important factor in them. By following his career—a career of exceptional distinction—Mr. Stevenson has been compelled to discuss the state of learning in the country, during the thirteenth century, the condition of Oxford, the coming and influence of the Friars, the internal economy and condition of the Church, its political relations, the relations between the King, Church and people, the condition of the monasteries, the various reforms which were attempted, and the measure of success they met with. Here and there, too, he has had to enter upon the relations of the Roman Curia to the Church in England and to discuss the manner in which the proposals of the Pope were received by the English prelates. For dealing with all these topics during the period referred to, Grosseteste's biography affords an excellent opportunity. Grosseteste was one of those men who make history. Most things he touched seemed to start up into fresh importance, and became something like questions of the hour. He was a man of great practical common sense, of intense and many-sided activity, and of resolute will. Now and then he gave way to his impulsiveness, but he was sagacious

enough to see his mistakes and wise enough to do the best he could to correct them. As a rule the course of action he adopted was justified by the results. That he did a good work in his day there can be no doubt; nor can there be that he was not without enemies. Neither Popes nor Kings cared to have much to do with him, except when their dealings were perfectly constitutional, and still less did indulgent abbots or weak or vacillating bishops. Intensely active himself, and always working up to a high ideal, whether as Chancellor of Oxford, Archdeacon of Leicester, or Bishop of Lincoln, though full of charity towards the infirm and penitent, he had no patience with the indolent or corrupt, sternly refused to lend himself to the illegal practices which had already crept into the Church, and did what in him lay to right what was wrong. In Mr. Stevenson he has found a highly competent biographer, who has spared no pains in attempting to solve, and usually with remarkable success, the many problems connected with his name. The picture which Mr. Stevenson has given of his life, if not what is called 'brilliant,' is certainly full and effective. That the volume is scholarly need hardly be said. Mr. Stevenson is well acquainted with the somewhat extensive literature connected with Grosseteste, and students of the thirteenth century or of the history of the Church in England during that period, will find the volume more than ordinarily helpful. It is not unlikely indeed that we have here the standard biography of the great prelate, who though but Bishop of Lincoln, was for a time practically the head of the English Church.

*Through the First Antarctic Night, 1898-1899: A Narrative of the Voyage of the 'Belgica' among newly discovered Lands and over an Unknown Sea about the South Pole.* By FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D. Illustrated. London: William Heinemann. 1900.

In the expedition, the history of which is here described, Mr. Cook acted as surgeon and anthropologist. The expedition was organised by Lieutenant Adrien de Gerlache, and left Antwerp at the end of August, 1897, in the *Belgica*, a Norwegian sealer of about 250 tons burden, which had been secured for the purpose. Though not strengthened on the plan of Nansen's vessel the *Fram*, the *Belgica* proved herself sufficiently strong to endure the collisions and ice pressures to which during her entombment in the Antarctic night she was exposed. The members of the expedition included seven officers and twelve seamen. Lieutenant A. de Gerlache acted as Commandant, and Captain Lecointe as the chief executive officer and hydrographer. Among the experts were M. Danco, who acted as magnetician, M. Racowitza, to whom was assigned the post of naturalist, and M. Arctowski, who held the office of geologist, oceanographer and meteorologist, and was assisted in the meteorological department by M. Dobrowolski. Leaving Staten Island on January 13, 1898, the South Shetland islands were sighted a week later, where during a violent tempest a young Norwegian sailor, Wiencke, had the misfortune to fall overboard and was drowned. On January 23 the outer edge of a new land, the Palmer Archipelago was discovered, and a new highway to the Pacific, which compares favourably with Magellan Strait. To the east and west about five hundred miles of a new land—supposed to be a continental mass surrounding the South Pole—was also discovered. The *Belgica* then passed out into the South Pacific, and after skirting the western shores of Grahamland to Adelaide Island and proceeding thence to Alexander Island, an attempt was made to enter the main body of the pack-ice westward. Late in February

the expedition entered the main body of the sea-ice with the intention of passing straight westward and westward, but after making about ninety miles, the ice closed in, and the vessel was firmly held in its grip for close on eighteen days. The vessel was finally released and freed from the ice, from about 85° to 100° longitude, and between the 70 and 72 south latitude. The vessel sailed on the 14th of March, 1891, and made immediately for Port Adair, the nearest coast of New Zealand, sailing thence, after a few days, to London. Dr. Cook's journal runs to about four hundred pages, and the descriptions of his voyage are intensely interesting. The lands discovered by the expedition are attractive, being covered with a cap of snow and a growth of vegetation of enormous thickness. As for the seas, except in the Bay of St. Paul, they were for the most part unseen, though frequently glimpsed. But the discovery at Easter Island of the interesting discovery was that of three distinct races, and not to one, as has been generally supposed. The Aikeboots, the Yahgans and the Onas. The Aikeboots are the most extinct, and the lowest and most dejected of the human race, to be found in the Western Chilean Channels, living in huts, and using stone tools, and using mussels, snails, crabs, and the like for food. Dr. Cook describes them as short and imperfectly developed. The Yahgans inhabit the islands about Cape Horn and northward to Easter Island. They are the most numerous and powerful of the three, but are now nearly extinct. The Onas are a race of natives. They are of a white complexion, and have hitherto refused to receive missionaries among them. Their houses are on the main island of Tierra del Fuego, and they have been found to keep as their preserve for centuries, and still use the same, neither the Aikeboots nor the Yahgans nor white men yet being able to approach them. They give great trouble to the sheep-farmers on the island, but are gradually receding before the advance of such animals as has been introduced into the island by the Europeans and Americans who find sheep-farming there a lucrative industry. The only weapons the Onas possess are bows and arrows. If they were able to obtain guns and supplies they would, according to Dr. Cook, clear their islands of sheep in less than a month. So long as the sea was open, a voyage of the *Belgica* was at times exciting enough; but when closed, the monotony of the ice, all the exertement went out of it. Arctic regions are a region of elements, as well as long stretches of calm weather and of ice, which is not much troubled by danger; but in the Antarctic region the weather is one which was extremely monotonous. Fogs alternated with the ice, and a clear sky was seldom seen. Sometimes, however, the celestial phenomena were of great beauty. Writing on April 5, with the temperature falling from 18° to 27° Dr. Cook says—'We saw little of the sun, but a mercurian burst at its setting, but the moon has had for us a more extraordinary. It is full, and rose over the north at half-past three this afternoon. The purple twilight curve at this time was feeble but distinctly visible. The moon rose slowly behind this, and had the appearance of a great irregular ball of crude gold, but as it rose above the purple and over the usual line of orange-red, which limits the curve, it was a full sharply-cut globe, pale yellow and fresh, as though washed in polar whiteness.' This was at 5 o'clock. The sun had just sunk under a line of snow flashed by a rich rose colour, and the sky above it, in the west, was fired by a mass of fiery clouds. As the moon ascended, all of this display of vivid colours faded into a fine electric glow, which is seen only over the polar peak. By this time we were able to read ordinary print a dozen o'clock at night. The heavens at this time were so bright that only the stars to the sixth magnitude were visible.' Fog and storm however, made up most of weather during the *Belgica's* fourteen months

imprisonment. The only sport to be had was hunting for penguins and seals. Fortunately the officers had their observations to make and record, but in spite of this the time soon began to hang heavily upon their hands and life became monotonous in the extreme to all the members of the expedition. Soon after the polar night set in, the absence of light began to tell upon their health as well as upon their spirits. Danco, who had a weak heart, after a lingering illness, died, and one of the sailors became insane. After entering the pack all began to eat less and soon lost all relish for food. Writing in May Dr. Cook says: 'Physically, we are steadily losing strength, though our weight remains nearly the same, with a slight increase in some. All seem puffy about the eyes and ankles, and the muscles, which were hard earlier, are now soft, though not reduced in size. We are pale, and the skin is unusually oily. The hair grows rapidly, and the skin about the nails has a tendency to creep over them, seemingly to protect them from the cold. The heart action is failing in force and is decidedly irregular. Indeed, this organ responds to the slightest stimulation in an alarming manner. If we walk hurriedly around the ship the pulse rises to 110 beats, and if we continue for fifteen minutes it intermits, and there is also some difficulty of respiration. The observers going only one hundred yards to the observatories, come in almost breathless after their short run. The usual pulse, too, is extremely changeable from day to day. Now it is full, regular, and vigorous; again it is soft, intermittent and feeble. In one case it was, yesterday, 43, to-day it is 98, but the man complains of nothing and does his regular work. The sun seems to supply an indescribable something which controls and steadies the heart. In its absence it goes like an engine without a governor.' Dr. Cook notices many other effects of the absence of sunlight. His observations in this connection indeed are among the most valuable in the volume. The object of the expedition was not to reach the South Pole but to make observations in the interest of science. Those which were made have not yet been set in order for publication, but a commission is said to be engaged upon them. Dr. Cook's narrative is for the general reader and will amply repay perusal. Those who are meditating a voyage similar to that he describes, and those who wish to know what its discomforts and hardships are, or to see how little romance there is in it, or how different an Antarctic is from an Arctic voyage, cannot do better than read this admirably illustrated and singularly attractive volume.

*China: The Long Lived Empire.* By ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE. London: Macmillan & Co. 1900.

Books on China are numerous, and at the present moment, when the eyes of most people are eagerly turned to that distressful country, are eagerly sought after. Among the many contending for public acceptance the one whose title we have given above has many things to commend it. Mrs. or Miss Scidmore has evidently a long and interesting acquaintance with the Far East, and especially with the Celestial Empire so far as she has visited it. She has been not a little venturesome, and now and again has run considerable risk in her efforts to pry into the more intimate life of the Chinese, and to understand their ways. The parts visited by her were chiefly Peking and the Great Wall, Shanghai and the Yangtsi, and Canton. More than one half of the volume deals with Peking, its environs, and the country to the north, and is full of adventures, sight-seeing, and minute observation, with here and there a dash of history. On the Yangtsi Mrs. Scidmore travelled over ground which for the most

part has recently been described by Mrs. Bishop. All the same, her narrative is well worth reading. The same requires to be said about the first part of the volume. The author is, to say the least, an acute observer, and can put down upon paper all that she has seen, in a most graphic way. Her description of the great bore of Hangchow, of Shanghai, of the Ming tombs, and of Canton, as of her visit to a provincial yamen, are all excellent. Mrs. Seidmore writes, indeed, with great sprightliness, and notwithstanding its frequent Americanisms her volume is more than readable. It is one of those books which have something of interest on every page, and when not instructive are at least entertaining. The author is thoroughly hopeless about the regeneration of the people originating among themselves. Everywhere she is struck with their indifference, and is of opinion that the only hope of the country is for some foreign power or powers to take it in hand. Here and there we have a word in praise of American diplomacy, and quite as often a word of dispraise for the diplomacy both of America and of all the rest of the Powers. But as a book written to convey a knowledge of the present condition of China, the volume is remarkably informing and attractive. One excellent feature of the work, which ought not to be left unnoticed, is its numerous and well executed illustrations.

*Autumn in Argyleshire with Rod and Gun.* By the Hon. A. E. GATHORNE HARDY. Illustrations by Archibald Thorburn Longmans, Green & Co. 1900.

The perusal of the pages of this volume cannot fail to recall to the mind of sportsmen who have handled the gun and rod over what Mr. Gathorne Hardy calls 'the great playground of the British race,' pleasant recollection of their own personal experience of a similar nature while seeking health and restful relaxation during their autumn holidays. Mr. Gathorne Hardy's recollections extend over the autumns of no fewer than thirty years, and refer to almost every kind of sport to be had in the Highland or on the western coast of Scotland. Grouse-shooting and grouse-driving chasing the roe, deer-stalking, seal-shooting, salmon and trout fishing, sea dredging, and other forms of sport and recreation all play a part in his recollections. The scene of most of them was in Argyleshire, on the great estate of Poltalloch, but Mr. Gathorne-Hardy has been in most parts of Scotland, and there are few places where good sport is to be had in which he has not shot or fished. Of grouse-shooting he writes as follows:—'Those happy Twelfth's! my memory carries me back over thirty years, ever autumn of which has been spent in the North. There are few parts of Scotland from Sutherland to the Border which have not echoed to my gun. What varieties of scene, what differences of climate, flit across the mind eye at the thought of the first day of the season; tropical heat, arctic cold, light breezes, and shifting of clouds; thunder and lightning and torrent of rain; the round rolling hills of Ross-shire; the Perthshire tableland so easy to walk after the hard climb; the broken mountains of Argyl with their succession of small hills and valleys and constantly recurring visions of blue sea and distant islands; the down-like Border country intersected by Esk, Teviot, and Dryfe, and rich with a thousand memories of Christopher North and Sir Walter Scott. Each of these spots has charm of its own, of Caledonia, like another Queen,

"Governs men by change, and so she sways all moods."

Asthe blissful date draws round, I feel at peace with all mankind, ar disinclined to take a controversial line. Let others exalt the varied char

### Contemporary Literature.

of driving, shooting over dogs, walking in line, or stalking the old round the hillocks, each method has its uses, each its delights, but at least tolerate the idiosyncrasies of others.' Mr. Gathorne-Hardy notices the great changes that have followed the wholesale system of letting sporting rights, and gives valuable advice to those intending 'take a moor.' Mr. Aflalo calculated that every brace of grouse costs a shooting tenant £1; 'but,' says Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, 'although I he to differ from so high an authority I should prefer to fix the figure at something much nearer a pound a bird.' Good fishing rents, he observes, have more than doubled in amount in the last twenty years, but it is only fair to the proprietors to add, he observes, that the requirements of tenants in respect of house accommodation, furniture and sanitary arrangements have greatly increased, and that a very large proportion of the apparent increase of rent represents interest on outlay necessitated by such demands. Some of Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's performances with the rod as here recorded are remarkable. In a very bad season (1894) in five successive days he caught in all thirty-five salmon weighing from four and a-half pounds to seventeen and a-half pounds each. One of his sons was irreverent enough to tell him not to publish these things if he wished to retain his character for honesty and truthfulness; but as he tells us that he always minimises the weight of his fish and that his luck was exceptional, one can only believe him. With this single exception, it may be said Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's recollections contain nothing extraordinary, but they are all extremely interesting and suffused with a genial humour which makes the perusal of them a pleasure.

*Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland: Collected entirely from Oral sources.* By JOHN GREGORSON CAMPBELL, minister of Tiree. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 1900.

The late minister of Tiree is already well known as an expert collector of the Folk-lore of the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Not the least valuable of his work in this direction was his excellent volume contributed to Lord Archibald Campbell's 'Argyleshire Series' under the title of *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition*, a volume full of stories, poems and traditions of the celebrated Fionn and his band of warriors. The tales in the present volume, like those in the one just referred to, have all been collected from the mouths of the people in many districts, and represent part of the labour of thirty years. The first part is devoted to a collection of stories about fairies, the second to stories about tutelary deities; then we have a number of legends about Urisk, the Blue-men, and the Mermaid and the Water-horse. After these we have a chapter on Highland superstitions about animals and another on superstitions about rising and dressing, combing the hair, baking, salt, cheese, suicides, oaths and evil spirits. There are chapters too on augury, premonitions and divination, spells, and the black art. Altogether the volume is in its way singularly interesting, and forms a rich mine for the folklorist. Some of the stories may be met with under other versions, but most of them appear here for the first time and are wonderfully varied. The light they throw upon the Highlanders' ways of thinking is remarkable. It is to be hoped that the volume will meet with the success it deserves, and that the companion volume in the hands of the editor, on witchcraft and second sight, will soon follow.

*A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.* Edited by Dr. JAMES A. W. MURRAY. Input—Invalid. (Vol. V.) Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1900.

In this double Section the *New English Dictionary* continues to maintain its superiority over all other Dictionaries of the English language. No fewer than 3028 main words, 47 combinations explained under them and 184 subordinate entries of obsolete forms, etc., in all 3259 words, are given here. About 815 of the main words are obsolete, 42 are not fully naturalized, and 2171 are current. The number of illustrative quotations used is 12,808, or over six times the number used in any other of the large English dictionaries. All the words begin with In-, and the whole list of such words is in the present part almost exhausted. Most of the words are of Latin origin, though a number of them are from the Teutonic source. One curious word is *interfere* which was originally a term in farriery. In connection with the word *intend*, no fewer than 33 senses or sub-senses are registered, but of these no more than six are now in use. Both *intention* and *instance* it is shown have a peculiar history. So again have *instalment*, *instance*, *interlope* and *interloper*. The earliest known examples of the use of the two last words in English are not earlier than the sixteenth century, and no form or cognate of the words is found in any other language until after 1700, when it seems to have been adopted in French and Dutch. Dr. Murray regards the second syllable as a dialectical form of *leap*, as in *land-loper*. Much interesting information is also given in connection with *inquest*, *inquisition*, *insect*, *install*, *institute*, *insurance*, *interdict*, *interlude*, and many other words. Scottish words are not numerous, but among others dealt with are *input*; *inquest*, in the sense of questioned; *inquit*, to redeem from being pledged; *inring*, a term known to curlers; *inrush*, an inrush; *inru*: to incur; *insameikle*, *insch*, *insched*, *insere*, *inspreith*, *inspraith*, furniture *insuffer*, *insurak*, *intake*, *intaking*, *intercommuner*, *interlocutor*, *intran*, *intring*, *inthrough*, and *intil*.

Father Maher's admirable volume entitled *Psychology: Empirical and Rational* (Longmans), has reached its fourth edition. It has been re-written and considerably enlarged. Already regarded as one of the best handbooks on the subject, in its revised and enlarged form it will not fail to approve itself still more to the teacher and student. We need hardly say that the author has included in his survey the most recent publications on the subject and has added to the number of books to be read in French and German, as well as in English, by writers on both sides of the Atlantic. It is a remarkably catholic book, and deserves all the success it has met with.

Another notable re-issue of the quarter is that of the late J. A. Symonds' well-known *Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama* (Smith, Elder). The volume has long been out of print and difficult to obtain. To students and also to the general reader, this handsome reprint of a volume which fills a distinct place in English literature, and, though not without its faults in execution, is without an equal, will undoubtedly prove exceedingly welcome. The volume, though of comparatively small size, is handsomely printed and uniform with Messrs. Smith, Elder's new edition of Mr. Symonds' *Renaissance* and *Essays*, etc.



### *Contemporary Literature.*

Another reprint, though more particularly for students, is Mr. C. Bastable's *Theory of International Trade* (Macmillan). In this, its 3d edition the work has been carefully revised, and one or two blemishes have been removed. An appendix has been added dealing with certain points in dispute, and the text, thus relieved of controversial matter, is more suitable for the use of students.

Professor Smart's volume entitled *Taxation of Land Values and the Single Tax* (Maclehose) has been written chiefly, or at least primarily, for the information and enlightenment of the citizens of Glasgow. It makes no profession to be a contribution to economic science. All it claims to be is an exposition of the recognised theory of taxation and the application of its two concrete proposals for legislation. The proposals, as will be gathered from the title, are the taxation of land values and the single tax. After a chapter on the theory of taxation, Professor Smart analyses the resolutions of the London County Councils on the taxation of land values and the Glasgow Bill, in which these resolutions were practically embodied, and in which they were proposed to be applied to the Burghs of Scotland. There is also a chapter on the Single Tax proposal. The exposition is popular, and though there is probably no likelihood of either proposal being reduced to practice so long as our legislators continue the traditions of the country and do not lose their turn for practical affairs and their instincts of justice, the book is well worth reading if for no other purpose than to enable one to meet the theories of faddists who never tire of proclaiming the nostrums it deals with.

*Life and Times of Donald Cargill* (Alex. Gardner), by the Rev. W. H. Carslaw, M.A., is the second volume of the author's series of 'Heroes of the Covenant.' Mr. Carslaw tells the story of the famous minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow, who played so large a part in the doings of the Covenanters, with simplicity and freshness. Research has enabled him to increase the sum of our knowledge of Cargill, and to throw fresh light upon the times in which he lived.

Books received:—*Christ the Truth* (Macmillan), by the Rev. William Medley, M.A., of Rawdon College; *Government or Human Evolution: Justice* (Longmans), by Edmond Kelly, M.A., F.G.S.; *The Conception of Immortality* (Houghton, Mifflin), by Josiah Royce; *The Prince: a Play* (Macmillan), by Adolphus A. Jack; *A New Metrical Version of the Psalms of David* (F. M'Neill, Tranent), by P. M'Neill; *Scottish National Dances* (Edinburgh), by J. Grahamsley Atkinson, Jnr.; *Experimental Study of Children* (Washington), by A. MacDonald.

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Vol. XXXVI.

No. LXXII.

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*OCTOBER, 1900.*

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