ARTICLE X.

CRITICAL NOTES.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

THE Life of Gladstone by Justin McCarthy[1] is without doubt the most interesting biography that has appeared since Boswell gave Johnson a new and unending lease of life. It is written in a fascinating style, as entertaining as a fairy tale, and yet instructive in almost every line. For while there is no "preaching," yet we cannot arise from the perusal of this book without being inspired with resolves to do more and better for the good of the world. The biographer has the historic spirit, as has been well displayed in his previous writings, and this gift is conspicuous in the work before us. There is no other book which gives us as true and interesting a narrative of England's progress, and her influence on the destinies of the world since the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832, when Gladstone's public life began. Every event political, religious, social, or educational is touched upon; often briefly, as was inevitable from the size of the book and its purpose; yet with a master hand, and in a way to make us desire for more. The great men who were the contemporaries are described, and their share in public measures sketched, in such a masterly way that they stand in clear outline before us. And, what adds greatly to the value of the work, is the large number of portraits and photographic views, some seventy-six in all: so that we have a most valuable album of noted characters in Britain who have figured during this century. The book is gotten up in such a dainty style that it looks almost too nice to touch.

Though the book is certainly well written, we must take exception to a few things which betray carelessness or hurry. While this is confessedly the life of Gladstone, there may be too much reiteration of the name. This very often occurs twice, or even more, in a single sentence. Had the name been used twelve hundred times less, much space could have been saved for valuable uses, and the simple pronoun made the meaning equally clear, and the writing more terse. On page 163 Mr. McCarthy criticises Disraeli, and tries to show his lack of culture by his interpretation of the word "University," and the title to one of Cardinal

[1] The Story of Gladstone's Life. By Justin McCarthy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1897.

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Newman's books, "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ." In both cases the critic is wrong, and shows in himself the same sort of deficiency which he blames in the author of "Endymion." But these are slight blemishes, and they in no way destroy the wonderful charm of the whole book.

Mr. Gladstone is one of the few great men in the world's history who have shown equal vigor in their earliest manhood and extreme age. At the age of twenty-two he had won the highest possible place for ability and culture by taking the "Double First" at Oxford; and his writing when in his eighty-eighth year shows no abatement in keenness of intellect and literary polish. For sixty-three years, "two generations of articulate-speaking men," he has been in public life. Four times he has been Prime Minister, a greater number than ever fell to the lot of any other man; and, had he not definitely abandoned public life in 1894, he would, without doubt, have been called upon again to kiss the Queen's hand, and assume the greatest office in his country. And when he was not prime minister he very frequently had the care of the finances; where he exhibited a power never equaled of making the details of a "Budget" exhibit the charm of fascinating eloquence.

Mr. Gladstone is known almost equally well throughout the civilized world. And justly so, because he has given his life for the common interests of humanity. He is honored as much in America as in England, where he is, without doubt, the most popular commoner which that country has ever possessed. He is not, it is true, popular with the Tories, who are the enemies of progress, because he is the friend of the laboring-man. He is not liked by the profane and unbelieving, because he is emphatically a religious man. But with the virtuous, the cultured, the friends of the oppressed, he is the most widely known and best beloved person in the world.

This "Story" of his life meets a strongly felt want. It is rare to have a biography of a man while living, except it be to serve some political purpose as an aid to his popularity, or to injure his advancement. But nothing of this sort is possible here. Mr. Gladstone definitively abandoned public life in March, 1894, and hence there is nothing to be gained by a biography, either for his political friends or foes. Most elderly statesmen, even those of marked ability, after they have retired from public life, are *exceedingly dead*, whether they wish it or not. But the Grand Old Man is very much alive, very much in evidence, despite his voluntary retirement. No man living, not even the cavorting young Kaiser, occupies so much of the public notice as the venerable statesman who has retired to his Welsh castle.

He has always been a most devoted Christian. While at Eton and Oxford he was known as thoroughly religious. And his religion was of that hearty, unaffected sort which won credit for being sincere while it escaped the censure of being strait-laced. It requires much good sense, as well as sincere piety, to hold the balance between these two tempers

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while in college. For the average student is censorious,—especially of one who has the reputation of being pious, and will not descend to such wild excesses as many good people think pardonable during the university course. A close study of Mr. Gladstone's character reveals moral earnestness as the leading trait. He is the personification of conscientiousness. He desires always to do right. In fact we do not believe that he ever listened to a temptation to do what he thought to be wrong. He has changed many times during his public life, and has therefore been often charged with inconsistency. But every man of progress must change. It is only those who have no reason for their convictions, i.e. those who never learn anything, or outgrow their swaddling-bands, who do not change their opinions. But he has always been brave enough to acknowledge his errors and strong enough to forsake them when the onward march of human progress—the logic of events—opened his eyes either to new truths, or new modifications of old ones. A notable instance was his attitude toward our country during the early years of our civil war. He made a speech at Newcastle in October, 1862, in which he said: "Jefferson Davis had made an army, had made a navy, and, more than that, had made a nation." But he soon saw his error, and made the most frank and hearty acknowledgement of, and sorrow for, his great mistake.

He began his public life as a Tory, the pet of Oxford and the landed aristocracy. He changed, as the light of progress dawned upon him, to a moderate Liberal. He extended the Franchise gradually until it became, as we in this country think it should be, dependent upon manhood alone. Though always a devout churchman he often worshiped with Dissenters; and when in the Highlands he started the Psalm, with his wonderfully melodious voice, in the Scotch Presbyterian kirk. Though devoted to Episcopacy in England, he disestablished this church in Ireland; thus freeing the seven-eighths of the population who are Catholics from the odious burden of supporting a church whose doctrines they did not believe, and whose worship they would not attend. While his maiden speech in Parliament was a defense of slavery in the English colony of Demarara, he has labored for forty years to give justice to the Irish tenant—who has been oppressed until his cry reached heaven as distinctly as that of the slave did in the United States. To achieve Home Rule for Ireland he went into a Parliamentary election when he was eighty-four, speaking daily for hours at a time with all the vigor of his early manhood, secured a large majority, carried his measure in the House of Commons triumphantly—only to have his cherished policy of justice to the Irish tenant balked by the House of Lords, where every reform in England has been temporarily checked. But "his soul will go marching on," whether he be in this world or the next, until justice is done to Ireland, and the separation of the Church from the State, for which he has labored and prayed, shall be made complete.

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It was not strange that men like Disraeli and Palmerston, who did not think a conscience paid for its keeping, were amazed at his course. For if they had any convictions, except the one cherished motto, "To be all things to all men, if by any possibility we may gain *some*thing," nobody ever knew what their convictions and principles were, least of all themselves. To part company from his constituencies and his colleagues in Parliament cost him many a pang; and some of his saddest plaints were his parting addresses to those boroughs which once sought, and afterwards rejected him, as their representative. But, as between conscience in one end of the balance and political honors, friendships, or even reputation for consistency, in the other, these would not have the weight of a feather. The seer of human nature said,

> "Set honor in one eye and death i' the other
> And I will look on both indifferently."

Substitute "conscience" for "honor," and this would apply to Gladstone in every part of his life, public or private, even to the minutest action. Thus he was always an enigma to such men as Derby, Cobden, Hartington, Lowe, or even to Russell and Bright. They thought it the very essence of political life to observe the way the popular wind blew; and, therefore, it was folly to stickle for matters to be decided by utility or policy. With these two eyes they thought it possible to see both ways; but he with one, that is, conscience as the rule of life, saw more than they with two. Yet those who with fancied stereoscopic power make the photographs of wire-pulling and straightforward dealing blend into one solid picture of righteousness, effect only a blur, and render life not worth living.

Nothing better illustrates the fixed trend of Mr. Gladstone's mind than his last great undertaking, the edition of Bishop Butler's works. This author will be known through all time as the one who brought into clear prominence the doctrine of the "Supremacy of Conscience." Both the "Analogy" and the "Sermons," particularly the latter, teach this more than any other doctrine; and it is not too much to say that Butler appeals to his Editor's true character more than any other uninspired author. And it is eminently fitting that the greatest statesman, scholar, and man of affairs should give his maturest powers to the editing of the noblest work ever written in the English language.

We leave McCarthy's "Story" with the feeling of profound gratitude to the biographer for giving us such a clear, lifelike, and, in the main, fair delineation of the life of the most renowned Englishman of any age. We could wish that he had made the literary and religious life of his subject more prominent. But, from the employments of Mr. McCarthy as a professed politician and a writer somewhat of the Bohemian sort, this was scarcely to be expected. Admirers of Mr. Gladstone's religious character will have "to read between the lines" of this charming narrative. There is enough given them that, by a little use of the imagina-

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tion, they can form a perfect picture in this aspect of his life. The constant marvel is that he can be so great and in so many lines of thought and action. For he appears as a man of the highest order in human nature, no matter in what light we view his wonderful personality.

SINCE the above was in type the sun has set. There was the Divine light at the eventide as there had been during life's long day. The "Amen," in response to the Service for the Dying, was a fit ending for the voice which had always plead that the will of God might be done. The finish was as beautiful as the preceding course in life's struggle had been brave; and we can in our souls hear the plaudit: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" There is nothing to be desired but that he might have been spared the long agony of his terrible disease. Perhaps it was necessary that he should "be made perfect through suffering," the keenest that ever separates the soul from the body; and that he might give an example of uncomplaining endurance in physical pain, as he had so often in mental distress when hounded by ungrateful men. The discordant voice of invective was hushed while the world waited and prayed around the sick couch at Hawarden. All recognized at last the sublimity of that character which for half a century had directed, and the transcendent genius which had devised, those measures which will have a wider and more permanent influence for good than those of any other mere man in the world's history. He showed by an illustration, before which pessimism and agnosticism must be dumb, that life is worth living. For though few, if any, are endowed with such forces of heart and brain, yet all can be strong by laying hold of that Strength in whose might he battled; and can conquer in the Name which implanted his conscience.

The charm of that voice in the Senate or on the Hustings, whether pleading in the Forum for the rights of man, swelling the Psalm in church, or enlivening the social gathering, will be heard no more. The pen which illustrated classic literature, or taught statecraft; which could turn out a Greek epigram, or explain the profound truths of the Moral Law, is stilled forever. But the forces which he started will work on irresistibly, as the beneficent powers of Nature which act unseen and renew the face of the earth with heavenly beauty. Whether we consider the mental or bodily strength with which he was endowed, the marvelous culture which he imbibed from every source, the prolonged energy and industry with which he wrought for every interest dear to man, the unsullied purity of his character and unswerving devotion to duty, we find few, if any, peers; and certainly no superior. His magnanimity to his opponents equaled his devotion to his followers; his modesty in imparting knowledge surpassed, if that were possible, its boundless wealth. The world feels itself poorer at his departure. Though dowered by his legacies of speech and writing, it will miss the witchery of a presence

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which quickened with light and warmth every interest bound up in its advancement. Three hundred years ago the seer foresaw him in his "mind's eye," and uttered the prophecy which now has had its fulfillment:—

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

JACOB COOPER.

THE DRAMATIC QUALITIES OF THE BOOK OF ACTS.

THE book of the Acts of the Apostles is a history. It is, however, highly artistic in structure. It has to a notable degree certain qualities of the drama. Its name allies it to drama, for drama has for its distinctive field the representation of action. The word "drama" is from a Greek word meaning "an act." An essential feature in drama is a plot —a unity binding all acts and events together. The book of the Acts has this feature as distinctly as any drama ever written.

The first fourteen verses correspond to the prologue characteristic of drama, containing, as usual, introductory statements, including "the plot." Comparison may be made, from the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus to Shakespeare's Henry VIII. In the opening of this book is found something like the *dramatist personae* which appears at the opening of dramas. The gist of "the plot" is in the eighth verse, "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa and Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." No drama holds to its plot with more artistic effect than does the book of Acts to the working out of this announcement. As the history proceeds, actors and their doings are brought forward and dropped according to their relation to this unifying utterance. Over and over the speech or event is brought to a head in the word "witness," and the Holy Spirit is never lost sight of as the empowering agency. The development of the widening range of witness-bearing is held to throughout in strict conformity to "the plot." The first seven chapters are given to scenes in Jerusalem. In the opening of the eighth chapter "they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judæa and Samaria," and "went everywhere preaching the word." The transformation of Peter comes next, and his consequent witness-bearing to Gentiles (x. 39, 41). All this is highly dramatic in its scenic setting. Peter's part in the book culminates in his conclusive speech before the Jerusalem council, and his disappearance is marked by the midnight scene of escape from prison, the knock at the securely closed door of the prayer-meeting, and the overjoyed Rhoda within running to tell the praying band while "Peter continued knocking"! Could anything be more artistic than this narrative, or could there be a more dramatic incident fixed upon to mark disappearance from the scenes?

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Meanwhile Saul has been introduced gradually, in a most skillful way from a dramatic point of view. With the disappearance of Peter, "Barnabas and Saul" (Barnabas being always first named for a time) start by direction of the Holy Spirit on a witness-bearing tour of still wider range than Peter's. Saul is presently called Paul without a word of explanation. The introduction of the changed name is timed with such artistic precision as to register the dramatic development to a nicety. For a little it is "Barnabas and Paul" and "Paul and Barnabas" interchangeably. Then they separate, Barnabas disappears, Paul has his vision of the man of Macedonia calling him to Europe. It is set in order as finely as fiction could be set. Paul's tours absorb all attention thereafter, without a break. The star has been on the stage in reserve from the time he stood aside as a young man guarding the clothes of a mob; now he commands all eyes by the royal grandeur of devoted deeds.

Paul's missionary tours are as romantic in the setting given them, as the dramatized history of Shakespeare's pages. His speeches and the scenes of their making are given in such picturesque form, that they would charm an audience if reproduced to-day. His "I appeal unto Caesar," comes just in time to carry out "the plot" by heading off the inclination to release him. The governor's "Unto Caesar shalt thou go," fixes the trend of events. Could this crisis be more dramatic in its setting? Then through what scenes, historic of course, but described with the most artistic attentiveness to "the plot," does Paul at last reach Rome! The introductory scene in that city is given. He is "persuading them concerning Jesus." Abruptly the book closes. The plot is completed. In the metropolis of the world-empire the word is fulfilled, "Ye shall be my witnesses."

A fact pointing to the dramatic structure of this book is that it readily falls into parts bearing a relation to the whole like that of the acts of a drama. The scenes of the first seven chapters are laid in Jerusalem, and close with the tragic death of Stephen. The next five chapters are laid in Judæa and Samaria, center about Peter, and close with his disappearance. The third act, if one may so speak, is laid in a still widening field, showing Barnabas and Paul in Asia Minor, closing with the disappearance of Barnabas, and Paul's vision of the man of Macedonia calling him to Europe. The fourth ends with the final arrest of Paul at Jerusalem after his preaching in Europe as far as Athens and Corinth. In the fifth part is that splendid series of scenes and speeches culminating in the dauntless preacher's establishment in Rome.

A most important item in the evidence of dramatic structure, is that the speeches are constantly in direct discourse. The narrative usually does little more than make up the circumstantial setting and connect the shifting scenes and appropriate speeches, very much as the stage directions do in an actual drama. A good example of the artistic character of this speech-making in the first person, is in chapter second, where

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the multitude present on Pentecost is made to rehearse a list of seventeen names descriptive of its motley make-up, closing with the words, "We do hear them speak in our own tongues the mighty works of God." It makes one think of the utterances of the chorus in a Greek drama. Yet what actually occurred is plainly seen.

One more most interesting bit of evidence may be mentioned. At Stephen's stoning, they laid their garments at the feet of "a young man named Saul." When it is remembered that this was written when Saul was the great Paul, known throughout the churches as probably no other man was, the artistic quality is seen to be very pronounced in this nicety in keeping the perspective. How fine is the dramatic quality of the single remark in closing the scene: "And Saul was consenting unto his death." Why mention that of "a young man named Saul," who stood looking on? It is clearly a dramatic touch.

I am not able to name out of all prose literature the equal of this book in such literary qualities. In view of these, its exact adherence to the style and subject-matter of veritable history makes this book a literary rarity, as unique in its type as it is choice in its execution.

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THE HIGHER CRITICISM APPLIED TO A "MODERN INSTANCE."

IN this note I endeavor to apply the critical principles with which we are familiar, when applied to "the Hexateuch," to a well-known ode of the poet Burns. I shall endeavor to show that it must have proceeded from at least two "sources," with a probable admixture by a third hand in the last stanza, which, after approved precedent, I venture to ascribe to a "compiler," who "appears to have introduced slight additions of his own." I shall distinguish the sources as B^1 and B^2, and the compiler as C. The ode consists of nine stanzas, and it will be seen at a glance that the principal line of demarcation falls after the fifth of these. The first five I assign to B^1, the next three unhesitatingly to B^2, while of the last I speak with more reserve, and leave to more curious and minute critics the question, in what proportions it is to be divided between B^2 and C. I fear I shall hardly make my remarks intelligible without a transcript of the greater part of the poem, which, happily, is not long.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

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Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east!

* * * * * * *

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

* * * * * * *

Above, each row of asterisks marks a stanza missed, and it is here that the line of demarcation occurs. I proceed to B^2, in four stanzas, the last modified by C:—

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but heaven
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

In B^1 the dialect is the Scottish vernacular, in B^2 the classic English meets us. Their differences are far more strongly marked than those on account of which certain metrical pieces in the Old Testament, e.g., the Song of Moses in Deut. xxxii., have been assigned to a poet of Northern Israel. For here the differences include that of grammatical form, and that of vocabulary as well as that of divergent moldings of words common to both dialects. The one glaring instance of grammatical form is that of the third person singular of the verb in classic English being used for the second in Scotch. This occurs five times in the five stanzas of B^1—"Thou 's [has] met," "Thou . . . adorns," and in the two omitted stanzas, "Thou glinted forth," "Thou lifts," and "Thou lies." Con-

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trast with these repeated instances the opposite one in the concluding stanza, "Thou who *mourn'st*," for which B^1 would certainly have given "Thou that mourns." A different vocabulary is shown by the terms, *stoure*, *weet*, *bield;* modified word-forms meet us in *maun*, *neebor*, *cauld*, *wa'*, and in the easily recognized *amang*, *stane*, *alane*, *snawie;* while in the phrase, *the histie stibble-field*, we have an example of each of these two latter combined.

I have dwelt thus far on linguistic points. But the contrast in the thoughts presented is no less marked than that of language. Who does not see that pure physical objectivity characterizes B^1, while B^2 is marked by moral subjectivity and sentimental reflection? The former deals with rustic features which appeal directly and simply to the senses, like those of Mrs. Barbauld's "Ode to Spring." The latter exhibits in every stanza a new image of pathetic sadness. Moreover, the two differences correspond and confirm one another. The northern dialect claims the physical realm as its own, and the southern the ethical. That B^1 and B^2 "form two clearly definable independent sources is a conclusion that may be accepted without hesitation," since form and matter concur to establish it.

But, further, B^2 "is marked by a series of recurring features which are absent from the others," and in it "particular formulæ are repeated with great frequency," considering the brevity of the work. Thus we have in stanza vi., "such is the fate of artless maid"; in vii., we have ditto repeated "of simple bard"; in viii., "such fate," with a slight variation, "to suffering worth"; while in ix., the variation from the norm, due, perhaps, as above suggested, to C, is greater, the phrase appearing as "*that* fate is thine," and being here transposed from the first to the second line of the stanza. Again, we have a precisely similar formulaic recurrence in the fifth line of every stanza in succession, "*Till* she, like thee, . . *Till* billows rage, . . *Till* wrenched of, . . . *Till* crushed beneath," etc. This love of formulaic iterancy is wholly absent from B^1, the "style" of which "is freer and more varied"; while these last four stanzas are "marked uniformly by the same distinctive and stereotyped phraseology" in each.

Yet more, B^2 exhibits a "distinctive and stereotyped" syntactic form likewise. In every one of its stanzas except the last, the second and the third line form each a compound term *constructed in apposition to a simple term in the first line*, and yet not coupled to each other by any conjunction. To put it briefly, every such pair of lines forms apposed *asyndeta*. Thus to "maid" in stanza vi., line 1, is apposed, "Sweet floweret of," etc., and again is apposed, "by love's simplicity," etc. To "bard" in vii. 1 is apposed, "On . . . luckless starred," and again is apposed "unskillful he," etc., where "he" virtually repeats the first term. Again, in viii. 1 "suffering worth" (a poetical abstraction for "a worthy man who suffers") has similarly attached to it its two following lines:

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and although helped by the relative "who," yet the effect is the same. Thus "sentences cast in the same type recur." From any such monotony of structure B^1 is wholly free; not to mention that such a poetical abstraction as that just noticed is wholly foreign to his rustic muse. "Suffering worth" reminds us of Shakespeare's phrase "patient merit," and this suggests that the author had access to sources of culture to which that of B^1 was a stranger.

The compiler, whose hand we trace in the closing stanza, or else the poet of B^2, had evidently, in his apostrophe to himself, "E'en thou who mourn'st," reproduced a trace of Gray's "Elegy" in the stanza which links to it the personality of the poet,

> "For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
> Dost in these lines their artless tale relate," etc.

But he had forgotten that "thee" of the preceding stanzas is the daisy itself. Here then the hand of a compiler seems clearly betrayed. Of course we need not doubt that the poet of B^2 had B^1 before him, and adjusted a moral, or series of morals, to it; to which joint composition C put some finishing touches, and thus completed "the process by which the" *Ode to the Daisy* "assumed its present shape."

To sum up then, B^1 and B^2 are distinct from each other, as being products respectively of a northern and a southern dialect; and this affects their grammatical form, including that of the verb personal, the vocabulary, and the type of word-molding. They are distinct also in respect of marked phraseological recurrences, which one exhibits freely, while from the other they are wholly absent. They are distinct in respect of syntactical arrangement, which in B^1 is free and varied, but in B^2 tends to fall into a fixed norm. And they are even more strongly contrasted, if possible, in respect of subject-matter, and the absence or presence of implied references to other standard works. And "where," as in the case before us, "the differences are," in proportion to the very slight bulk of the whole, "at once *numerous*, *recurrent*, and *systematic*, they may be regarded as conclusive evidence that the compositions in which they occur are not the work of one and the same author."

But indeed we know from another poem in the same collection, in the same northern dialect, and in the same meter, that B^1 could moralize, when the fit seized him, and that too without forsaking his native rustic tongue. I will quote a short sample only from the stanzas, "To a Mouse," whose nest, it seems, had been stirred by the same plowshare which tore up the daisy:—

> "Thou saw[1] the fields laid bare an' waste,
> An' weary winter comin' fast,
> An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
> Thou thought[1] to dwell;
> Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
> Out thro' thy cell.

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"That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Hae cost thee mony a weary nibble.
Now thou's turn'd[1] out for a' thy trouble,
But[2] house or hauld,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch cauld!"

Then follows the moral:—

"But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promis'd joy."

"Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!"

Here then we trace the hand and style of B^1 throughout. Thus the argument from resemblance confirms that from difference; and both together lead us to an assured conviction that B^1 and B^2 are distinct and separate authors. In this last case, however, there is no B^3, and therefore no room for the work of C.

I venture, therefore, to express the *genesis* of the "Ode to the Daisy," by the formula $B^1+B^2+B^3\times C$. The quotations in inverted commas, where not from the poem itself, are from the valuable article of Professor S. R. Driver on "Genesis,"[3] in his enumeration of the characteristics which distinguish the P of the critics from their J or JE. Where the phrases of so distinguished an authority were so apposite to the purpose, it would have been a mere affectation of originality to invent new ones. I am not aware that I have omitted any of the tests applied by him. I am not conscious of using them in any changed sense; or if any change there be, it is a change to *a fortiori;* for, *e.g.*, the difference between Scotch vernacular and classic English is greater than any amount of difference in style where the vernacular used is the same. Some may perhaps be led by the above to frame and apply a destructive hypothetical syllogism:—"If A is B, then C is D; but, if C be not D, then A is not B"; or, to clothe form with matter:—"If the method of the higher criticism is trustworthy, then the above Ode must be by more than one author." Any who have got thus far will be able to judge for themselves, whether this consequent is to be admitted or denied, and to clinch the argument accordingly.

HENRY HAYMAN.

ALDINGHAM, ULVERSTON.

[1] These will be recognized as examples of the dialectic usage of the verb personal above referred to in the text.

[2] "But" in the northern dialect is a preposition "without."

[3] Dict. of the Bible, 2d ed., I. ii. pp. 1149, foll.

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DR. HAYMAN ON THE UNITY OF HOMER.

THE preceding critical note is not Dr. Hayman's first piece of iconoclastic work. For forty years he has been a keen student of the Homeric question, and has revealed many a joint in the harness of the critics. Believing in the essential unity and early date of the two great epics, he has shown in numerous instances, particularly in his monumental edition of the Odyssey, by applying it to other poets ancient or modern, that some arbitrary standard adopted by the critics proves altogether too much; as, for example, that Homer was contemporary with poets who lived in three different centuries. In the light of comparative philology, his suggestions concerning the Homeric treatment of the digamma are especially remarkable, since they were made at least twenty-five years ago.

H. W. MAGOUN.

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