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A table of contents for the *London Quarterly Review* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_london-quarterly-and-holborn-review_01.php

THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1874.

- ART. I.—1. *The Odes of Horace*. Translated into English Lyric Verse, by LORD RAVENSWORTH. Dedicated to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. London: Best. 1867.
2. *Horace. Odes, Epodes, and the Secular Song*. Newly Translated into English Verse by C. S. MATHEWS, A.M. London: Longmans. 1867.
3. *The Odes of Horace*. Translated into Unrhymed Metre, by F. D. NEWMAN. London: Chapman. 1853.
4. *The Odes of Horace*. By Professor CONINGTON. London: Bell and Daldy. 1870.
5. *The Odes of Horace*. A Metrical Translation, by Lord LYTTON. London: Blackwood and Sons. 1869.
6. *Horace*. By THEODORE MARTIN. London: Blackwood. 1870.
7. *The Works of Horace*. Rendered into English Prose, by JAMES LONSDALE, M.A. (late Classical Professor in King's College, London); and SAMUEL LEE, M.A., Latin Lecturer at University College, London. London: Macmillan. 1873.

THE poetry of the ancient classical world, whose vitality has lived through the death of empires, and has long survived the gifted race that gave it birth, shows in our time no symptom of the neglect and oblivion that falls so often to the lot of old age, no sign of dethronement from its "place of pride" to make way for a more fortunate and popular rival in the affections of the cultivated heart of humanity. The poets of Greece and Rome are still supreme

sovereigns on Parnassus, and still "rule our spirits from their urns." They are still our models and our masters. The appearance of other stars in the poetical firmament has not eclipsed their glory. The distance of twenty or thirty centuries has neither dimmed nor diminished their splendour, nor thinned the mighty music of those entrancing strains which still fill the mind of mankind with a charm alike exquisite and incomparable. Much of the grandeur of our epic poetry is merely an echo of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*; much of our highest lyric poetry is merely a reflection of the glow and glory of the Horatian lyre. The finest and the grandest fancies of the muse come to us from classic antiquity, still untouched by the destructive hand of time, still gilding the highest summit of imaginative genius with a sunshine that never sets. Time only teaches us their priceless worth:—

"Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

And of Homer in Greek and of Horace in Latin is this especially true. The long list we have given of recent translators of Horace's *Odes* testifies to the unfailing zeal with which the greatest of Roman lyric poets is still studied, as well as to the abiding hold which classical poetry still retains on the affections of modern culture. This is the sincerest and sweetest of all homage the cultured taste can pay to the majesty of the classic muse. Nor are such translations without service or without interest. To the classical reader, a passage in the original, hidden in impenetrable mist, notwithstanding the laboured learning of annotators to enlighten us, may be made clear as the day itself by the light of a happy translation. Non-classical readers who are anxious to learn something of the world's unapproachable masterpieces in the art of poetry can gratify such a craving for the beautiful only by having recourse to the best versions of the originals they can command in their own language. Who will venture to deny that it is a far higher and surer index of cultivation to have read Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, through the medium, however dim and inadequate, of Pope, and Dryden, and Francis, than not to have read them at all? Who will venture to deny the value of translation for the classics in these days, when the soul of culture, with its increasing and ever-deepening sympathies with all that is most beautiful and perfect in art, goes back more and more to the very fountain-head of poetical

inspiration, to the Helicons of hoary antiquity—in these days when the band of plodding, resolute, self-educators in classical literature is vastly on the increase, and when, accordingly, a plentiful crop of excellent classical translations is a boon of the highest order to such students, who are anxious to bridge over the gulf of so many centuries which separate them from the brightest lights of the classical world? Nor is this all. For it is not possible to adequately enter into a conception of the beauty and power of the classical element which pervades our own literature—in prose as in verse—without some knowledge of the far, far distant sources to which our best writers owe so much in tone, in thought, in turn of expression, in allusion, in imagery, and in illustration. For all this certainly the best makeshift for the non-classical student is an excellent translation, and therefore it ought to be a matter of sincere congratulation to all interested in the progress of our higher culture, when new and useful additions are made to our translational literature.

Of all Pagan poets, Homer and Horace have tempted the greatest number of translators, and attained the widest popularity. Of the *Odes* of Horace, Lord Lytton observes, with truth, “No collection of small poems, ancient or modern, has so universally pleased the taste of all nations as Horace’s *Odes*, or been so steadfastly secure from all capricious fluctuations of time and fashion. In vain have writers insisted on the superior genius evinced in the scanty relics left to us of Greek lyrics, and even on the more spontaneous inspiration which they detect in the exquisite delicacy of form that distinguishes the muse of Catullus. Horace still reigns supreme as the lyrical singer most enthroned in the affections, most congenial to the taste of the complex multitude of students in every land and in every age.”

It is not difficult to account for this marvellous popularity—this unusual hold that the Venusian bard has had upon so many generations of men, in lands so distant, amongst races so diverse. His exquisite felicity of language, his vigour and never-failing common sense, the charm of his music, the tender touches of his pathos, the mingled grace and grandeur of his patriotic strains, his sweet sympathy with the sweetest passions of the human heart, his love of all that is loveliest and highest in human nature, and his undisguised hatred and contempt for all that is mean and contemptible—these have all contributed in abundance to

his popularity. But beyond these various gifts, Horace was endowed with a versatility and manysidedness of genius, in which he stands altogether unapproachable and alone amongst the poets of antiquity, and takes his place next to Shakespeare amongst the poets of modern times. It was by this gift he became a Paul amongst poets, and sang of "all things to all men." No wonder he won to himself the heart of the world by his perfect sympathy with the world and its ways. He caters for all tastes, he has charms for all ages, for all capacities, and for all conditions of life. In the busy walk of the city we are as much at home with him as in the tranquil retirement of the country. He is at once the sweetest consoler of honest poverty, the sternest rebuker of wealthy luxury. He is the most welcome of all poetic companions, whether in the sunshine or in the shade of our eventful existence. In his genius we find a lyric, a dramatic, a didactic, and a comic element of the highest class. In his lyrics there is something to charm the most diverse tastes, the most contradictory characters. The heart that is burdened with the cares and sorrows of earth, and meditates on the common lot allotted to all the children of men, finds a fulness of sympathy in the tender strains which sing of the path of death to be trodden by all—of that King of Terrors, who knocks at the hovel of the pauper and the palace of the prince with impartial rigour. Here, too, the lover, in the flower of his youth and the springtide of his enjoyment, will find many a strain to echo the music of his own soul, when it is touched by the tenderest of passions, and to paint the most glowing scenes of his own happiest hours with the darling of his heart.

Horace has laid his claim upon the culture of the world by his exquisite grace, by the perfection of his taste. He stands alone amongst all poets for the singular polish and perfection of his form. It is this artistic perfection—this *curiosa felicitas*—this tender grace, this matchless and marvellous delicacy of touch, which has always formed the charm and the most distinguishing characteristic of his poetry, and the more especially in the *Odes*, called in Latin *Carmina*, a term which, by a most happy coincidence, denotes a charm and a song. The perfection of finish shown in the *Odes* is absolutely without a rival. Horace elaborated his *Odes* to the utmost. "*Operosa carmina fingo*" was true to the letter. He never used a word too much, a thought that was superfluous. Every Ode is a gem, not

merely carved by his cunning hand to consummate form, but polished to perfection by the fineness of his taste, by his self-exacting labour. No writer was ever more sparing of language. In a few words he paints a whole scene, tells a whole tale. He tolerates nothing tedious, no vagueness, no verbiage. His finest lyrics are picturesque. It is on these pictures that Horace is most artistic, most laconic, most perfect in his finish. In two or three lines of description from his hand, we have a perfect and imperishable likeness. This concentrated graphic force of the poet arose from the clearness of his sight, which took in the characteristic features at a single glance, as well as from the sureness of his hand, unerring as instinct itself, which struck off the image conceived at a single stroke.

When Horace invites Tyndaris to his villa, what a picture he paints! See, here are the she-goats browsing amidst the arbuté grove on the wild thyme; see them from the smooth rocks and the far-retiring vale of the sloping Ustica—a summer shelter from the blaze of the burning dog star, a bower of bloom and bliss for happy lovers, beneath its sheltering shades to sing of love upon the lyre, and to quaff the nectar of the harmless Lesbian wine (*innocentis Lesbii*). Look, too, at his picture of winter. Here is Mount Soracte standing out before our eyes, *lovely to look upon* in its (*candida*) radiant robes of snow; here are the woodland boughs labouring beneath their snowy burden, and the floods bound in fetters of frost—but there (mark the emphasis of contrast, which is the very soul of the picturesque in all art) is the bright and blazing yule log, on the winter hearth, piled high, and close at hand the mellow Sabine wine to gladden the heart; and there in yonder nook is the love-lorn girl, slyly stealing from her lover, but not displeased to pay the forfeit with her lips due to her furtive flight. So happy and light is the poet's touch that it sets before us and for ever, with equal truth to nature, the foaming flood as it leaps from rock to rock, as well as the sweet and silent stream that steals along with faltering foot. With our own eyes we seem to see the marble shrine of his Glycera, with its wreath of curling incense rising to the skies, the crystal clearness of his Bandusian fountain, bleeding with the blood of the victim sacrificed. We see his trembling fawn on the hill tops, startling at the breeze, which is but the breath of spring, and the Graces, with Venus at their head, leading the dance

of delight beneath the beaming moon, while Vulcan sweats at his blazing forge. We see, too, the glassy gleam of Circe's loveliness, the rosy neck of his Lydia, the dazzling and dangerous beauty of his Glycera. So clear and strong, too, is the voice of the singer, as it comes to us across nineteen centuries of time, that we still hear the thunder as it shakes the sky of Italy, still hear the blare of the clarion, the clash of arms, the song of Bacchus as he sings to the Satyrs, the whispered words of plighted youth and maid, and the strains of Sappho and Alcæus thrilling with their majestic melodies the tenants of the region of eternal rest beyond the grave, even as Horace heard or seemed to hear them.

Professor Lonsdale, in his admirable *Introduction to the Odes of Horace*, selects the songs of Beranger as the nearest modern approach to the lyrics of the Latin poet. He holds that Burns is the master of Horace in passion and spirit. This we admit; but to our mind no two poets in distant ages born have so much in common as Burns and Horace. Both were born of humble blood, were blessed with the best of fathers, and trained under the purest of home influences. Much both of them owed to patronage, but they were both men of singularly independent spirit, sterling integrity, haughty and self-asserting in their self-respect, and yet withal penetrated with the most lively sense of gratitude to their benefactors and patrons. Their views on religion were alike unsettled, although they had the same unshaken trust in Providence and the same holy horror of cant and hypocrisy. Both were satirists, laughing at folly rather than lashing it with a Juvenal's scorpion scourge. Both were lovers, unhappy in their first loves; and the love songs of both have the same softness and sweetness, the same fire of the tender passion—

" Sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear."

We cannot, however, go along with those critics who represent Horace as lacking true passion, as altogether incapable of the deepest devotion to womankind. Accordingly, writes Mr. Theodore Martin, "Of all those infinitely various chords of deep emotion and imaginative tenderness, of which occasional traces are to be found in the literature of antiquity, and with which modern poetry, from Dante to Tennyson, is familiar, no hint is to be found in his pages; and his deepest feeling is at best but a ferment of the blood;

it is never the all-absorbing devotion of the heart. He has learned by his own experience just enough of the tender passion to enable him to write pretty verses about it, and to rally, not unsympathetically, such of his friends as had not escaped so lightly from the flame. Therefore it is that, as has been truly said, 'his love ditties are, as it were, like flowers, beautiful in form and rich in hues, but without the scent that breathes to the heart.' We seek in them in vain for the tenderness, the negation of self, the passion and the pathos, which are the soul of all true poetry."

We have not so learned Horace. Is there no sympathy with the "negation of self"—the truest mark of the truest passion, in the picture of Hypermnestra, who, to her glory, broke her oath ("splendide mendax"), and forfeited her life to an enraged father, to save the lord of her love? Where, we ask, has Burns, or Sappho, or any other, the most passionate poet of the passions, painted the all-absorbing devotion of the love-lorn heart in more genuine colours of the heart, than in such lines as these?—

"'Twas night!—let me recall to thee that night!

The silver moon, in the unclouded sky,

Amid the lesser stars was shining bright,

When in the words I did adjure thee by,

Thou by thy clinging arms, more tightly knit

Around me than the ivy clasps the oak,

Didst breathe a vow—mocking the gods with it—

A vow which, false one, thou hast foully broke—

That while the ravening wolf should hunt the flocks,

The shipman's foe, Orion, vex the sea,

And zephyrs waft the unshorn Apollo's locks,

So long wouldst thou be fond, be true to me."

—THEODORE MARTIN.

True it is, Horace sings much of the beauty of Lydia, of Chloe, of Lalage, and of other charmers, but to assume that all these ladies, if they existed in the flesh, were equally dear to the heart of the poet, and that, therefore, he was an alien to the inspiration of a genuine passion, would be as absurd as to assume that the fair ones to whom Moore and Burns addressed their songs were all equally dear to the writers, and, therefore, that these poets had never known the sweetness and power of a true and tender attachment. It would, we venture to think, be next to impossible to find, in any poet, a more glowing and impressive description of the overmastering power of love,

over soul and body, and of its surpassing happiness, when reciprocated to the full, than in such verses as these, which we quote from Lord Ravensworth's charming version :—

“To LYDIA.

“When thou, O Lydia, praisest thus
The youthful bloom of Telephus,
His rosy neck and waxen arms,
What jealousy my soul alarms !
No certain form my thoughts retain,
My colour flies, then comes again ;
And tears, that rush unbidden, prove
The pangs of unregarded love.
I burn to see thy shoulders white
Deformed by his intemperate spite ;
Or where thy lips, in frenzied joy,
Were pressed by the impassioned boy.
Oh, dream not, Lydia, that such love
Constant like mine can ever prove !
And shun that sweet, but barb'rous kiss,
Which Venus steeps in treble bliss.
Thrice happy those united minds
Whom love, in links unbroken, binds—
Love that defies each fretful breath—
Love that can only end with death !”

Is there “no passion and no pathos” in the tender thought of the poet, that to leave the winsome wife (“*placens uxor*”) for ever is the bitterest of all human pangs, at the hour of death, to the departing husband ? Is there no pathos in the poet's sigh for “the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still,” as his soul looks back across thirty years of life to his long-lost but never-to-be-forgotten Cinara ?—

“The winged years relentless pass,
I am not now what once I was
In Cinara's blest day.

* * * * *

But cruel fate to Cinara gave
A brilliant youth, an early grave.”

—LORD RAVENSWORTH.

“The gentle Cinara” was the one imperishable passion of the poet's heart. She loved him, as he tells us, for himself alone, and was repaid by a love that was “love for ever-more.” Horace, moreover, had an eye quick to see, and

eager to welcome and appreciate, what was sweetest and purest in womanhood. How fondly he dwells upon the charms of Phyllis, a girl so loyal to her love, so utterly beyond the power of gold to corrupt ("sic fidelem sic aversam lucro"). How fondly he dwells "on the tender and temperate passions of the hearth," to borrow the exquisite language of Lord Lytton, in his exquisite introduction to his translation of the *Odes*. How bitterly he weeps over the moral blight that blasted the bloom of domestic happiness at Rome, and over the fast young ladies of his time, who were rotten before they were ripe in their womanhood, familiar as they were, from their youngest years, with the sins of passion before they felt its power.

Though Burns was incapable of reading Horace, there are many parallel passages in the two poets which point to a remarkable similarity of tone of thought, temper, and taste. The well-known stanza in Horace beginning—

"Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum,"

might be almost rendered in Burns' words—

"If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But *never can be blest*."

The sentiment, too, of "Non semper imbres" is identical with—

"Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour."

With Burns' lines—

"The scented birk, the hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,"

may be compared Horace's—

"Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis."

The praises of Bacchus are sung most cordially by both poets, and almost in the same strain, for Horace's—

"Tu sapientum
Curas et arcanum pates.

* * * *

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis, "

may be rendered most adequately by—

“Thou cheers the head o’ doited Lear,
 Thou cheers the heart o’ drooping Care,
 Thou strings the nerves o’ Labour sair,
 At’s weary toil;
 Thou even brightens dark Despair
 With glowing smile.

* * * *

’Twill make a man forget his woe,
 ’Twill heighten all his joy;
 ’Twill make the widow’s heart to sing,
 Tho’ the tear was in her eye.”

It is curious, also, to note such similarity of language as Horace’s “*exilis domus Plutonia*,” and “*arboribusque comæ*,” and Burns’ “narrow house of death,” and “leafy locks.”

Horace has always held a high place amongst the most cherished studies of Eton, and it is not a little singular, that of the versions now before us the best of these are by Eton men. The almost unknown translation by Lord Derby, and the well-known editions of Horace by Dean Milman and Mr. Yonge are “all the work of Etonians. The latter editor tells us that he has “lived at Eton in a Horatian atmosphere, and Eton men seem to regard Horace as an Etonian.” To the glory of Eton, we must set down the fact that the best prose version of Horace—that of Professor Lonsdale—as well as the best version in verse—that of Lord Ravensworth—are by alumni of that great school. Probably, no schoolmaster taught Horace so enthusiastically as did old Dr. Keate, of Eton. Canning, one of the most brilliant of Etonians, had a marked *penchant* for Horace, notwithstanding his singular application of “*fortiter occupa portum*,”—“Take your port like a man,” when he pressed his friend to a convivial glass. When Dr. Goodall, Provost of Eton, was asked what he thought of *omnibuses*, which had just been introduced into London, he replied, “Horace has settled this by saying, ‘*Omnibus hoc vitium est*.’” And, again, being asked to take some trifle at dinner, he said, “No, thank you! ‘*hæ nugæ seria ducunt in mala*.’” It is said of the late Marquis of Wellesley, the brother of the great Duke of Wellington, an Etonian, and one of the most accomplished scholars of his time, that he scarcely ever passed a day without reading some portion of Horace—in this respect following

the practice of "the judicious Hooker," who valued Horace above all other Latin writers, for his wit and wisdom. The great statesman and orator, Charles James Fox, and Sir Henry Saville, were not only distinguished alumni of Eton, but remarkable for their love of the Venusian bard. Of one thing we feel perfectly convinced, that there is no author of antiquity that can be so fully understood and enjoyed by gentlemen as Horace, and that gentlemen have best succeeded as translators.

The most unsuccessful version of Horace is that of Mr. C. J. Matthews, M.A., of which we give the following extract, as a specimen of the author's persistent quaintness, pervading as it does every page of his extraordinary translation:—

PERSIUS ODI (Od. I., xxxviii.)

"Boy, Persian tastes shan't deck my feast,
Crowns, linden-fastened, like me least;
Roses, late blooming, here and there
Collected spare;
Myrtles, with all the pains you please,
Beneath a tangled vine, and these
Not unbecomingly I sip,
You serve my lip."

Another signal failure is that of Lord Lytton's version—the most ambitious of all failures—notwithstanding the pompous and flattering heralding it received at its first appearance by the leading journals and reviews of the day. Lord Lytton is a free copier rather than a careful and self-exacting translator. He puts before us a rhetorical and pompous transcript, not of the thing itself, but of his impression of it, often spirited and vigorous, and often arresting the attention by the sheer force of brilliancy and novelty. His license is unbounded; he invents his metres, uses them without restraint and without consistency, allows himself as many words as he wants, and adopts a phraseology which is neither Latin nor English, but a cross between the two, and more remarkable for unattractive than for attractive peculiarities or felicities. Lord Redesdale, we believe, was the first to suggest that Horace might be most fitly rendered by an English adaptation of the classical metres. "My own plan," writes Lord Lytton, "when I originally commenced these translations, was, in the first instance, to attempt a close imitation of the ancient measure, the scansion being, of course (as in English or

German hexameters and pentameters), by accent, not quantity, and then to make such modifications of flow and cadence as seemed to me best to harmonise the rhythm to the English ear, while preserving as much as possible that which has been called 'the type' of the original. But as there are more ways than one by which such modifications may attain the objects required, so it soon appeared to me best to vary the modifications according as the prevalent spirit of the Ode demanded lively and sportive, or serious and dignified expression."

Now, had Lord Lytton kept close to the old "type," as Tennyson has done in certain imitations of the Horatian measures, we believe his rhythmic harmonies would have been more successful, but, instead of this, he has tried to serve two masters, to put new wine into old bottles; and the verses, by being made to halt between the old principle and the new, too often come to a standstill, and break utterly down. What, for example, can be so utterly unlike Horace's grand and stately movement in the famous Alcaic lines, beginning "*Hæc arte Pollux et vagus Hercules*," as the following shilly-shally, anapæstic shamble of Lord Lytton:—

"By this virtue did Pollux and wandering Alcides
Scale, with toil, starry ramparts, and enter on heaven,
Whom between, now Augustus reclined,
Quaffs the nectar that purples his lip."

Unrhymed anapæstic metres of this sort, varied by the use of the trochaic termination, in alternate and, at times, in successive lines, are commonly employed by Lord Lytton for rendering all forms of the anapæstics in Horace, and even for the rendering the Sapphic and Alcaic Odes, in which the vivacity of the thought seems to inspire a corresponding briskness of movement. It is impossible to compare with Horace the Lyttonian immeasurable measures, as we deliberately term them; utterly incapable are they of scansion, without a conviction that they fail in their author's avowed purpose of suggesting a true impression of the original, and that they are alike without harmony or charm, native or borrowed. So much for the form. Nor is the substance much better. To start with, Lord Lytton is a warm admirer of Horace's terseness, but in his translation, which gives us thirty words for Horace's fifteen, he seems to have forgotten or ignored this excellence of the original. In his preface

Lord Lytton protests loudly against "needless amplification." But what of such translations as "the grand *woman-queen*," for "non humilis mulier"? Did the noble author ever know of a *man-queen*? What of Horace's three words, simple and terse, "*gelu flumine constiterint*," "needlessly amplified" by two jumbled metaphors, neither of which is found in the original:—

"And the rush of the rivers is locked,
Halting mute in the grips of the frost."

Then "*Quam jocus circumvolat et Cupido*" becomes ringed round by the *hovering play* (*sic*) of "mirth and love."

For Horace's "*Quam fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum Discernunt avide*," we get the following "needless amplification":—

"How the drunkard divides right from wrong,
By the *vanishing* line (!) of his lust."

For the two simple words, "*triste lignum*," we get—

"*Felon, traitor of wood, arboretted assassin!*"

Another very common sin of Lord Lytton's commission is his needless introduction of metaphors and allusions not to be traced in the original, as, for example, when he renders

"*Nullum sæva caput Proserpina fugit*,"

by

"*Each head must pay to Proserpine the poll tax.*"

In the same strain of unwarranted metaphor and irrelevant and needless amplification, we have the shady bank ("*umbrosam umbram*") presented as "banks that find their *pall of state* on *shadowy summer boughs*!" But Lord Lytton goes beyond all endurance when he gives "wide and far on Trojan dust he *stamped his great image*," for "*posuit crines in pulvere Teucro*." A Saturday Reviewer, who lauded Lord Lytton's version to the skies, in praises as false as they were fulsome, declared that "*in no single instance had he misinterpreted his author.*" We much fear that the critic in question never took the trouble of comparing the Latin with the English of Lord Lytton, for it abounds with the grossest of blunders. In Ode XIII. of the Second Book, Lord Lytton treats "*timidos lyncas*" with silent contempt, and gives in translation not one of these

words. "*Robustæ fores*," doors of oak (*robur*), is translated, or rather traduced, by "*solid doors*." Again, Lord Lytton translates "*vada*" (shallows) by "*plains*," as if the word were "*æquora*." Then we have "*visere gestiens*" rendered by "*bounding blithely to visit*," which the noble translator justifies in a note, that proves only his ignorance of the two distinct senses of the verb "*gestio*"—the sense of bounding or gesticulating, and the other sense of yearning or passionately desiring a thing. Now, it is only in this latter sense that *gestio* can be taken in construction with the infinitive mood—a point he fails utterly to see.

As a critic of the Horatian poetry, Lord Lytton is neither very original, nor very correct when he does happen to be original. He lays it down as a canon of criticism, that Horace is peculiar amongst the classic poets in his habit of using proper and local names instead of general names; of individualising the general and abstract into the particular and concrete; of speaking, for example, of the Myrtoan or Caspian sea, when he speaks of the sea in general; of speaking of the wealth of Attalus, when he speaks of wealth in general. Now, this habit is not by any means peculiar to Horace, as Lord Lytton would have his readers believe. It is eminently Virgilian, and often to be found in Lucan, Lucretius, and Ovid. It is, we believe, the natural outcome of the matter-of-fact and objective tendency of the Roman genius, as well as of the peculiar circumstances and peculiar inspiration of Roman poetry. The Romans loved to deal with *things* rather than with *principles*, with *particular* names rather than with *general* names. The Romans loved to dwell on the *individual* rather than the *class* to which it belonged, and to suggest the class by the individual as a type. This concretion of the Roman imagination stamped its impression upon the very character of the Latin language and the Latin style, and could not but essentially affect the character of its poetry. Again, Lord Lytton sees in Horace's religious and philosophic views "*a practical philosophy, which, even in its inconsistencies, establishes a harmony with our inconsistent natures*." Whatever this "*heedless rhetoric*" may mean, it is certainly very clear to us, from Horace's own language, that he was one of the many wise and witty Pagans who "*by wisdom knew not God*," though he believed in a Providence; and, being bound by no distinctive religious creed, he naturally used the mythology of

his age and country to embellish his poetry. But even here he is full of self-contradiction. He sings at one time of the spirits of the dead as "*fabled ghosts*" ("*fabulæ manes*"); he sings of the gods as passing a life free from care for mankind ("*securum agere ævum*"), and yet three times over does he actually contradict this by three distinct instances of the providential care bestowed in his preservation by the gods; as when Faunus saved him from the falling tree that nearly broke his skull; as when Apollo comes to the city to deliver him ("*sic me servavit Apollo*"); and lastly, when Mercury delivers him from the terrible carnage of Philippi.

Professor Newman's translation has adopted the principle that each Latin metre should have one and only one English representative. Professor Newman forgets, with Lord Lytton, that what the genius of the classical languages made an easy and agreeable task to those who wrote in those polysyllabic languages, so rich in inflexions, the genius of English, which is poor in inflexion, and essentially a monosyllabic language, makes almost an impossibility to an English versifier. If Milton, Tennyson, and Longfellow have failed to reproduce in an English form the metre of ancient classical poetry, it is not to be wondered that artists so inferior as Lord Lytton, or Professor Newman, could not succeed. Milton, in his version of the fifth ode of the first part, and in his choral strophes in *Samson Agonistes*, was the first to attempt the reproduction of the classical metres in our language, and he brought to his attempt the very finest and subtlest faculties, both of genius and practice, that can belong to a versifier that is a poet both by nature and art. To discard the old machinery of recurrent rhymes, which has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of our poetical language, to set aside the thousand familiar and expected effects of beat, and pause, and repetition, and of the modulation of measure-sound that makes the ever-changing charm of lyrical verse,—to set aside all this for the disappointing, unfamiliar machinery of verses, each with a different ending, unrelieved by any new grace of expression, any new harmony of sound, is simply the work of a visionary, working, not for the enjoyment of his readers, but the gratification of a crotchety and perverted taste. We scarcely know of a single lyric stanza without rhyme in English, the sound and the movement of which

will fill the ear with as much pleasure as the commonest and sorriest rhymed quatrain of an old English ballad, however homely the wording, however commonplace the conception.

The Sapphics of Horace are exquisite in their cadences ; from no other metre do we catch a clearer or sweeter music ; and yet, such marvellous sweetness of tone and such exquisite grace of movement as is here found, is rendered by Professor Newman after this fashion :—

“Mercurius, son of Atlas's daughter !
 Thy eloquent voice refin'd the wildness
 Of newsprung men, and taught the fashion
 Of graceful wrestling.
 Thee will I sing,—the swift *attendant*
 Of gods and mighty Jove,—contriver
 Of the bent lyres,—to thieve at pleasure,
 Jocosely skilful.
 From THEE, an infant, stern Apollo
 With threats demanded restitution
 Of stolen cows ; but laughed on knowing
 His quiver vanish'd.
 With thee, as guide, from Ilium's ramparts
 Rich Priam 'scap'd the proud Atridæ,
 Thessalian fires, and camp'd heroes,
 To Troy unfriendly.
 Thou pious souls in blissful dwellings
 Lodgest,—the vulgar herd restraining
 With golden rod ;—belov'd by powers
 Upper and weaker.”

In this mongrel Sapphic-Iambic version of Horace's pure Sapphic, we note more than a failure of form, symmetry, and harmony, for we note three mistakes very singular for a scholar of Professor Newman's high rank to perpetrate. Now, Mercury was especially the god of *craft*, and Horace strongly brings out this *characteristic* of Mercury, in his distinctive epithet *catus*, which Professor Newman actually ignores and omits, by giving no equivalent to it in his English. Then “nuntium,” the *messenger* (of the gods), another *characteristic* of the god, is mis-translated by *attendant*, as if it were comitem in the original. Lastly, the spirits of the dead, called by Horace “*levem turbam*,” “a crowd of *shadows*,” is here strangely misrepresented by “the *vulgar herd*.” It is certainly remarkable that three of the most significant words in the original,

which colour the whole tone of the poet's thought, and give us the real key to his meaning, are thus utterly perverted and misrepresented in Professor Newman's version of this magnificent Ode.

It is an all-pervading and persistent fault in this translation, that obscure and antiquated forms of expression are used, instead of simple and modern English. Thus we find, in the very first Ode, such expressions as "Lydian eld," "quirital mob." Elsewhere we find such phrases as "*tangled fields*" (whatever this means), "*the sage thrice-aged*." We are at a loss to understand why, as a translation from the Latin, the Greek term *Heracles* should be substituted for the well-known English and Latin term "*Hercules*." Another peculiarity of this version is the translator's constant practice of accentuating words and syllables as a guide to the reader. This he justifies on two grounds: first, he thinks, in the introduction of metres not previously familiar, it is right some indication should be made of what sort of reading is desirable; and, in the next place, he appeals to the practice of composers, who, for the benefit of the musician, mark their composition with such directions as *allegro*, *amoroso*,—a kind of reasoning which to us appears entirely out of place.

Professor Conington's version of the Horatian *Odes* is a compromise, and not altogether successful. The learned Professor aimed at being accurate and literal, at measuring out the number and the length of his lines according to the measure of Horace. Like Professor Newman, too, he is anxious to preserve as much as possible the rhythmic form of the Horatian metre; but he is as wisely anxious to preserve the melody of rhyme, which is of the essence of English lyrical poetry; and further because, as he modestly tells us, "that rhyme is an inferior artist's only chance of giving pleasure." His two most common metrical sins are, his substitution of the Iambic movement for the Sapphic and Anapestic of the original, and his double inconsistency in rendering the same Horatian metre by different English metres, and different Horatian metres by the same English measure. The avowed "tentative" character of this version may be seen in the *four* different measures by which the second asclepiad of Horace is here rendered. Here is a sample, and a very favourable sample, of what Professor Conington has made of the

Alcaic of Horace, in its sprightliest and most lively movement :—

“ You fly me, Chloe, as o’er trackless hills
 A young fawn runs her timorous dam to find,
 Whom empty terror thrills
 Of woods and whispering wind:
 Whether ’tis Spring’s first shiver, faintly heard
 Through the light leaves, or lizards in the brake
 The rustling thorns have stirr’d,
 Her heart, her knees, they quake :
 Yet I, who chase you, no grim lion am,
 No tiger fell, to crush you in my gripe ;
 Come, learn to leave your dam
 For lover’s kisses ripe.”

This kind of verse, good as it is, is scarcely an adequate representation of the grace and sweetness of the original. Here the translator has followed the old reading of the original, to the neglect of Mr. Monro’s happy emendation of “vepris” for “veris,” and “adventum” for “adventus,” who justly remarks that “the zephyr blowing steadily for days together would be the last thing to startle a fawn.” We beg further to object that the *abstract* “adventus” is not after Horace’s concrete style, which the translator again ignores when he renders “*Gatulus leo*” by the *general* term “grim lion.” Allowance, and ample allowance, should, of course, be made to the translator who takes upon himself the arduous task of writing in *rhyme* ; and therefore we find no fault with many of the laxest renderings of Professor Conington, as we feel that he is working in chains. When, however, he goes out of his way to paraphrase, to pervert, or to dilute the force of the original, under no metrical temptation, there we feel he is utterly without excuse. For this reason we condemn his common-place metaphor of “*ruby lips*” (Ode xiii., Part 1) for Horace’s unmetaphorical “*dulcia oscula*” (thy *darling* lips), his absurdity “with a *window* in its mind” for Horace’s simple “*perlucidior vitro*” (“*more translucent than glass*”). Horace’s “*nefas scire*” he loosely renders “his *forbidden* knowledge,” although as a scholar he must have known that “*nefas*” carries with it a divine prohibition. It is equally hard to understand so faulty and unpoetic a rendering as this—

“ For your dames divide
 On peaceful lyre the *several* parts of song,”

for the words—

“Grataque feminis
Imbelli citharæ carmina divides.”

Most translators and commentators here take “divides” as “sing and play alternately,” and take “grata” with “feminis,” as it is in the Latin collocation, sings “the delights of women,” that is songs of *love*, which are naturally sung to the lyre of *peace*.

Professor Lonsdale and Mr. Lee, who are the best authorities on the question of textual scholarship, render the passage—

“And on the unwarlike lyre accompany your song,
The *delight of women*.”

Professor Newman, another eminent Latinist, writes—

“And soundest quaverings
Sweet to woman's ear on harp unwarlike.”

Lord Lytton translates the passage thus—

“Charm women
With songs set to chords not of war.”

Mr. Theodore Martin gives it—

“And laid with thy lute midst a *bevy of girls*,
Troll thy *measures effeminate* all the day long.”

And Lord Ravensworth, true to the full force and sweetness of the original, better than all, gives us—

“Thou hast combed thy golden hair,
And warblest, in thy chamber lying,
From death and danger meanly flying,
Love-ditties to the fair.”

Even poor Francis here has done better than the Oxford Professor, by his—

“In vain you sweep the unwarlike string,
And *tender airs to females sing.*”

The rhymed versions of Lord Ravensworth and of Mr. Theodore Martin leave all their rivals far behind. They differ much, the one from the other, but they have many qualities of excellence in common, and more especially the qualities of easy elegance, of sweetness of cadence, of a rich and poetical vocabulary worthy of Horace. They have many deficiencies in common. Both, though in different degrees, fail to render with perfect precision the

finest half-tints of Horace's pictures, though they are by far the most successful of all translators in giving a transcript of his brightest lights and darkest shades. Both of these translators have followed the example of Dryden rather than that of Professor Conington, by avoiding a rendering which sacrifices the spirit to the letter of the verse, and by avoiding a condensation of phraseology which is simply bald where it happens to be at all intelligible. Both translators are spirited, and sing in a strain of genuine poetry, even when not altogether in accord with the notes of Horace. The annotations of both are scholarly, and betray an intimate and loving familiarity with the mind and feelings of Horace, and will be found to be singularly attractive to the lover of the Venusian bard. The purity of their English is another great feature, and it is pleasant to hear these strains of music drawn from "the pure wells of English undefiled," when we have so few translators amongst us who can write their native language with that degree of purity and perfect and easy grace which we find in every page of these versions.

The translation of Lord Ravensworth is more paraphrastic than that of Mr. T. Martin, and comes home more directly to the English ear, by the adoption of metres to which the English ear has been long accustomed. Mr. Martin is a fluent and facile versifier, and turns Horace into any kind of metre which may take his fancy at the moment. At times his metrical form is fashioned, one would think, deliberately, with a view to present a contrast with the original, as for example when we have the Ionic à Minori run into this mould—

"Maids ne'er to cheer heart's love,
 Poor souls, may give play,
 Nor waah in the wine-cup
 Their troubles away."

By a singular waywardness of taste, Mr. Martin alternately versifies some of the stateliest and grandest of the Horatian *Odes* into the tripping and tippling measures of Moore. This grave error Lord Ravensworth nowhere perpetrates. Let us compare these translations in that exquisite Ode to Barine (the eighth of the second book):—

LORD RAVENSWORTH.

"Barine! if some vengeance dread
 Fell on your trebly perjured head,

Did but a single tooth or nail
Turn black, I might believe your tale !

" But still the oftener that you dare
To outrage heaven with oaths, more fair
That face becomes, and, still the more,
Admirers thicken and adore.

" It answers then to treat with scorn
A parent's ashes, and suborn
The silent stars and heavenly powers,
To favour falsehood such as yours.

" For Venus laughs at woman's wiles ;
The Graces laugh, and Cupid smiles,
All as he barbs his glowing darts
On whetstone red with bleeding hearts.

" Besides, each day augments your train,
Each hour new charms your slaves enchain ;
Nay, even those who late forswore
Your roof still linger round the door.

" Thee mothers for their striplings dread,
Old men, and virgins lately wed,
Lest thine alluring air delay
The bridegroom on his homeward way."

MR. T. MARTIN.

" If for thy perjuries and broken truth,
Barine, thou hadst ever come to harm,
Hadst lost, but in a nail, or blacken'd tooth,
One single charm,

" I'd trust thee ; but when thou art most forsworn,
Thou blazest forth with beauty most supreme,
And of our young art noon, night, and morn,
The thought, the dream.

" To thee 'tis gain thy mother's dust to mock,
To mock the silent watchfires of the night,
All heaven, the gods, on whom death's very shock
Can never light.

" Smiles Venus' self, I vow, to see thy arts,
The guileless nymphs and cruel Cupid smile,
And, smiling, whets on bloody stone his darts
Of fire the while.

" Nay, more, our youth grow up to be thy prey,
New slaves throng round, and those who crouched at first,
Though oft they threaten, leave not for a day
Thy roof accurst.

"Thee mothers for their unfledged younglings dread,
 Thee niggard old men dread, and brides new made,
 In misery, lest their lords neglect their bed,
 By thee delay'd."

Here we hold that Lord Ravensworth is *facile princeps*. His version has, we dare not say, all the tender grace of the Latin, but it has certainly more of it than any other version, while more than any other it reads with the ease and charming freshness of an original poem. It lacks, as all its rivals lack, Horace's exquisite finish, his perfect style, though it echoes so much of his tone with singular force. Amongst its unrivalled felicities we may, in special, note its happy handling of the crucial difficulty of all translators, the "*tua aura*," which is here perfectly rendered "*thine alluring air*," omitted by Mr. Martin, and, with some translators, spoiled by paraphrase of the text. It is, however, to the credit of Mr. Martin, that he has brought out what Lord Ravensworth has omitted—the significant epithet "*parcis*," as applied by the poet to the old men, who naturally dreaded the pull upon their purse-strings by the gallants of Barine, who seems to have had a passion for ready cash. We much prefer Mr. Martin's "*younglings*" to Lord Ravensworth's "*striplings*," but without the *unfledged*, for Horace's "*juvencis*" speaks of *beasts*, not birds. The commentators and translators for the most part agree to take "*juvencis*" here as *masculine*, and apply it to "*sons*," instead of as feminine, as applied to "*daughters*." We think Horace certainly meant the latter application. The dread of mothers for their *daughters* certainly points to the undesirable example of the fast Barine. Ovid, we know, applies "*juvenca*" (*grais*) to the lovely Helen, and Horace frequently applies "*juvenca*" to a young woman (sec. iii. 5); but no passage can be shown in Latin poetry where *juvenca*s is used of men, except in the disputed point before us. Nor is this all. In most of the Indo-Germanic languages a young woman is metaphorically described as a *heifer*, but young men are not correspondingly described as *bullocks* or *steers*, though Mr. Mathews, the most extraordinary of all translators, in the most extraordinary passage of his translation, thus renders the crucial lines of this crucial ode:—

"Of you maternity's afraid
 For *steers* she gives the human herd,

Of you grey fatherhood that spares
 For spending heirs ;
 " Of you poor maids, at morning wed,
 Lest due arrival to their bed
 Your coming down the wind at eve
 Chance to reprove."

Lord Ravensworth fails most in some of the tarest and most pregnant passages of the poet, as in rendering "*neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*" by "lays aside his slackened bow"—where Mr. Martin is truer to the poet by giving us "not always bends in ire Apollo his dread bow." The most common faults of Mr. Martin's version are verbiage, surplusage, and weak finals in his verses. We can well fancy an Irish American, who talks of Americay, making *Bandusia* rhyme with play, but we cannot well fancy an accomplished scholar and an elegant versifier, such as Mr. Martin undoubtedly is, song-singing after this fashion:—

" Oh, fountain of *Bandusia*,
 Sparkling brighter in thy play."

Again, we find, in a retranslation of the same Ode, "*Bandusia's dell*" run into a rhyme with "flowers as well." Then we have often such limping, loose-jointed rhymes as "*now*" with "*low*," "*which I*" with "*ally*," "*bow*" with "*show*," "*did he*" with "*free*."

With a grace that does Lord Ravensworth credit, he presents us with several specimens of translation from the gifted pen of the late Lord Derby, which he modestly prefers to his own versions. Lord Derby printed privately a volume of short translations, and, judging from the following charming specimen which we take from his noble friend and school-fellow's volume, we are led to deeply regret that this translation was not unreservedly given to the public. Lord Derby's version of the beautiful love-ditty (*Bk. iii. Od. 9*) beginning "*Donec gratus eram*," reflecting, as it does, most of the charms of the original, breathes most of its fine flavour, and leaves all rivals far behind. We have only space for the two closing stanzas, which tell of the reconciliation of the lovers:—

" HORACE.
 " What, if the former chain,
 That he too rashly broke,
 We yet should wear again,
 And bow once more, beneath the accustomed yoke?"

If Chloe's sway no more I own,
And Lydia fill the vacant throne ?

"LYDIA.

"Though bright as morning star
My Calais' beaming brow :
Though more inconstant far,
And easier chafed than Adria's billows thou,
With thee my life I'd gladly spend,
Content with thee that life to end."

The Globe Edition of Horace, which stands the last upon our list, is a work of sterling scholarship, and it is the most accurate and trustworthy of all translations of Horace in our language. Its prose is flowing, elegant everywhere; and in the *Odes* it becomes rhythmical, where often it is very charming in its cadences. The accomplished translators, Professor Lonsdale and Mr. Lee, profess to make an attempt (in their prose and literal rendering) towards the expression in another language of the exquisite felicity and delicate lightness of phrase, so difficult to handle without spoiling, which characterise the *Odes of Horace* above all poems. In this attempt their success is remarkably great, though by no means complete; simply because no *prose*, however rhythmical, can do complete justice to the exquisite finish of the Horatian form. Here, however, is a specimen taken as a parallel to the passage given from Lord Derby's version :—

"HORACE.

"What if our ancient love return, and clasp our parted selves with yoke of brass ? If Chloe with the auburn hair is spurned, and the door ope to Lydia scorned before ?

"LYDIA.

"Albeit he is fairer than a star, you more light than cork, and more passionate than the frantic Adrian sea, with you I'd love to live, with you I'd gladly die."

The value of this faithful and finished translation is enhanced by the numerous introductions, notes, and indices, which make it the most complete storehouse of Horatian criticism and information we have seen on this side of the Continent. To the scholar, the student, and the general reader, it is the most serviceable guide to a thorough acquaintance with the poetry, mind, and meaning

of Horace. On a few points of scholarship we must express a difference. We cannot accept (Od. I. vii.) "my partners and comrades" as a very clear and satisfactory rendering of "*socii comitesque*" (ye that share *my journey and my fate*). Again, "*duplicis Ulyssis*" is not "the *shrewd*" but the "*double-faced Ulysses*"—it is a *reproach* and not a *compliment*; "*pede libero*" is not "a merry," but an "*unsandalled*" foot, for the *dance* was sacred and on holy ground; "*robustæ fores*" are not "*massive*" but "*oaken doors*," a *special*, not a general term, to correspond with "the wall of *brass*." Horace is always *special*, never generic; "*prisci Catonis*" is not "*antique Cato*" (whatever that may mean), but "*good old Cato*" (*priscus* always marks *what is best* in antiquity, and would be a pet word with the Roman conservatives). These may be small matters, but it is attention to small matters which insures perfection in translation as in other departments of art.

We have purposely held back to the close of our remarks the faults and failings we have found *common to all translations of Horace*. The very essence of ancient, as of modern poetry, is to be found, we conceive, in the bold and brilliant metaphor—in the fine fancies and the impressive imaginings of the poet. Why, then, we ask, with some degree of surprise, is it that our translators will persist, one after the other, in ignoring the metaphors of Horace? In the spring, Horace tells us, the trees resume "their tresses" (*arboribusque comæ*): his translators, one and all, wipe out this fine fancy, by telling us, in the commonest of prosaic commonplace, that the foliage returns to the trees. Not after this present fashion would Horace have been translated by the ploughman poet who sang of Nature—

Her leafy locks wave in the breeze.

Horace plaintively sings, in another place, that "the mountain ashes are *widowed* of their leaves." Our translators, becoming prosy, tell, in the most prosaic of prose, that "they are *stript* of their leaves." Horace sings of "the *winged chariot*" of the god driven through the heavens, a splendid and a sublime conception, which is done to the death by the translators into the miserable commonplace "*swift*," forgetful alike of Plato's *πτηνὸν ἄρμα* and Ovid's "*aligero axe*."

The two Horatian terms most commonly mistranslated

by our scholars are "*dirus*" and "*impius*." Now "*dirus*," as we have elsewhere written, in both Virgil and Horace, is best rendered, not by "*dire*" or "*direful*," as by other translators, but by "*avenging*" or "*accursed*" (derived as it is from "*dei-ira*"). In the Second Ode, "*diræ grandinis*" is given by the translators "*dire hail*" for "*avenging hail*;" this is simply English brass in exchange for Roman gold, and it utterly fails to represent what Horace especially wished to represent in his Ode—the fact that the hail was sent to *avenge* the murder of Cæsar. This is corroborated by Virgil, who at the close of his First Georgic enumerates a series of terrible prodigies sent by heaven to mark the *anger of the gods* against that hideous crime; and adds, "*diri toties arsere cometæ*." Then, again, in this Second Ode of Horace several deities are assigned by the poet himself as the *avengers* of Cæsar ("*Cæsaris ultor*"). Three times over does Horace apply "*dirus*" to Hannibal, the greatest scourge and curse ever sent by the gods to Rome, as he appeared to Roman eyes. Yet this, the Roman point of view, naturally taken by Horace, is lost sight of in most of our translations—that of Professor Lonsdale and Mr. Lee being most free from this inadvertence, giving, as they do in some places, "*accursed Hannibal*." Lord Lytton and a host of others translate Horace's "*Titanos impius*," in genuine schoolboy fashion, the *impious Titans*, apparently in the dark that the Latin "*impius*," oftener than not, means *unnatural*, "*wanting in natural affection*," as here, where the term marks out the chief sin of the Titans, who were so *unnatural* as to rebel against their *father*. Again, "*impia bella*" are so called because in them the claims of *nature* are set aside when father fights against son, and the son against father. Horace also applies the term to the Danaïdes, who slew their *husbands*, oblivious of the affection due by nature from a wife to her husband.

With no metrical form of the metrical translators have we any perfect sympathy. We want to see Horace's Alcaics and Sapphics reproduced in something of their original form, but with English rhyme, without which no lyric can succeed in charming the English ear. The difficulty of writing English Alcaics with taste and accuracy rests on the rarity of spondees, such as are necessary in the beginning of the first two lines; but the difficulty is not insuperable in the hands of a painstaking and

exacting artist. As an example of what we propose, we give, with all its imperfections, the following version of the first two stanzas of "*Vides ut alta*," written some years ago, "*inter sylvas Academi*," on the banks of the Isis:—

"See Mount Soracte, crowned with a crown of snow,
How brightly it beams! See the forests bent low,
Their loads of white boughs scarce sustaining,
As the frost all the river is chaining.

"Thaw, thaw the cold air; heap higher and higher,
Feast-master, large logs to replenish the fire.
Broach, broach the wine, our choicest and best,
Four summers now treasured in Sabine chest."

- ART. II.—1. *Acadian Geology. The Geological Structure, Organic Remains, and Mineral Resources of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island.*** By JOHN WILLIAM DAWSON, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of M'Gill College and University, Montreal, M.A., F.R.S., &c., &c. Second Edition. London: Macmillan and Co. Pp. 687.
2. *The Story of the Earth and Man.* By J. W. DAWSON. Second Edition. Pp. 397. London: Hodder and Stoughton.
3. *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with an Outline of Glacial and Post-Tertiary Geology, and Remarks on the Origin of Species, with Special Reference to Man's First Appearance on the Earth.* By SIR CHARLES LYELL, Bart., M.A., F.R.S. Fourth Edition. London: Murray.

Who was Adam? "The first man that God made, and the father of us all." So we were taught in childhood; and as we advanced to mature age we found that teaching corroborated by history, which records the years and generations from Adam to the Christian era. Moreover, the catechism of childhood was confirmed by the words of Christ concerning Him "which made them *at the beginning*;" and by the words of Paul respecting "the first man Adam." But now we are called upon to throw aside the creed of history, and embrace a new creed, founded—not on buried forests, stones, and dead bones, but on conclusions which some men attempt to draw from such relics. The purpose of the present article is to discuss this novel creed as defended by its most popular advocate, Sir Charles Lyell, in his last work, availing ourselves of other works only as they throw light on the main question.

About eighteen years ago, Dr. Dawson published the volume first named above, dedicating it to Sir C. Lyell, who had extended to him—then a young geologist—kind aid and encouragement. Twelve years later the second edition was issued, the dedication being renewed, with an acknowledgment of the friendly interest which Sir C.

Lyell had ever manifested in the labours of the author's riper years. The name Acadia, according to Dr. Dawson, is of native origin, being derived from Kady or Cadie, which means "region, field, ground, land, or place;" and he zealously retains it as the name of the three provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. The geology of Acadia, as given in much detail, supplies us with the means of testing some of the *hypotheses* of European geologists, by the *facts* of a region in which stone implements have been but lately exchanged for iron, and in which the rate of change possible in forests can be measured with certainty.

The work of Sir C. Lyell is deeply and, to many, painfully interesting. Except the remarkable volume by Dr. Mansel, which shot like a blazing comet across the firmament, and with a comet's speed disappeared from view, we know of no modern book of solid reading to be compared in general interest with the *Antiquity of Man*. The first edition appeared in 1863: in two months a second was called for, and before the end of the year a third. These facts we suspect are not to be ascribed so much to the scientific thirst of the community as to the perception of the moral and religious questions which the controversy involves. We should say also that the interest awakened was not only immediate and lively, as in the case of Dr. Mansel's work, but has been continuous; for a fourth edition has been required and published, and the following are its opening lines:—

"No subject has during the last ten years excited more curiosity and general interest among geologists and the public than the question of the antiquity of the human race, or, in other words, whether or no we have sufficient evidence in caves, or in the superficial deposits, commonly called drift, or 'diluvium,' to prove the former co-existence of man with certain extinct mammalia."—P. 1.

Sir C. Lyell is not alone in supposing that ten, twenty, or fifty thousand years—or, indeed, a far longer and unmeasured duration—may be assigned to mankind; but on him chiefly rests the very grave responsibility of giving currency to that opinion. A single sentence from him hinting even a doubt whether the evidence sustained the conclusion, would, in one week, change the opinions of millions, and work a marvellous change in the tone of almost all the journals and other periodicals of the land, so far as the subject before us is concerned. In our number for

October, 1871, we gave the antiquaries full credit for a readiness to admit, from time to time, the errors into which they had previously fallen, and that admission was made with special, though not declared, reference to Sir C. Lyell. The volume he has now published compels us to modify the acknowledgment; for in it the author appears, as we may show in the sequel, hopelessly wedded to the theory he has espoused, and scarcely able to weigh any evidence that may bring it into doubt.

The writings of our geological antiquaries abound in guesses. The authors heap hypothesis upon hypothesis, and the reader—not, perhaps, having the time or information necessary for testing them—is in no small danger of allowing them to pass for probabilities, regarding them as so many lines of evidence; but guesses unsustained by evidence are of no force, however great their number. If, instead of converging to a point, they run in parallel lines, they may mislead, they cannot guide. Abundant illustration of this remark may be found in the work before us.

After an introductory chapter, Sir Charles Lyell enters on his inquiry by adducing the authority that has led geologists of England to believe in the stone, bronze, and iron ages of mankind.

“A stone implement was found under a buried Scotch fir at a great depth in the peat. By collecting and studying a vast variety of such implements, and other articles of human workmanship, preserved in peat and in sand-dunes on the coast, as also in certain shell-mounds of the aborigines presently to be described, the Danish and Swedish antiquaries and naturalists, MM. Nilsson, Steenstrup, Forchhammer, Thomsen, Worsaae, and others have succeeded in establishing a chronological succession of periods, which they have called the ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron, named from the materials which have, each in their turn, served for the fabrication of implements.”—P. 8.

The opinion zealously advocated by English antiquaries is, that each of the three ages was of long duration; and they divide the stone age into two, the earliest being supposed to reach back to a period where “the mind is lost in the vista of antiquity displayed.”* Let it be observed that what is said to be established relates to Denmark only, though archæologists are very much in the habit of employ-

* Evans's *Ancient Stone Implements*, p. 622.

ing words which, like those cited above, may mean much more than they would venture to assert. Sir C. Lyell ought to have said that the foreign gentlemen he names "have succeeded in establishing a succession of periods" in *Denmark*: but if he had thus plainly told the whole truth, his case would have been a very poor one; for, according to the admissions of his friend Mr. Evans, the iron age in Denmark goes back to *about* the Christian era, the bronze age one or two thousand years farther, the stone age or ages comprising all earlier human times. Now, allowing that "*about*" the Christian era means 1,874 years ago, and taking the maximum of two instead of the minimum of one thousand years for the bronze period, we are carried back into the stone age of Denmark 3,874 years ago. We have not the least faith in these guesses—for mere guesses they are—but, admitting them, what then? Mr. Evans, who has probably the best collection of Danish flints out of Denmark, admits that he does not remember to have seen any Danish specimen, "unless possibly a mere flake or rough block," which, if placed before him without remark, he should have taken to belong to the old stone age; the flints of the new stone age defy all attempts to arrange them chronologically by their appearance; and the new stone age comes down in England to the year 1,100 A.D., and in Denmark, according to Mr. Evans's guess, possibly ended less than 3,000 years ago. Whence it clearly follows that the evidence offered from Denmark of the great longevity of the human race wholly fails.

In contrast to the wild *speculations* of the antiquaries, we quote some *facts* supplied by Dr. Dawson, who describes specimens of the stone age of Acadia closely resembling the *haches* to be found in our museums.

"In a region whose history extends backward scarce three hundred years, pre-historic times may seem to have little interest, in so far as the human period is concerned. Yet I think that something may be learned at a time when pre-historic human remains are exciting so much attention in the old world, by referring to the more recent 'stone age' of Acadia. Those who speculate as to the antiquity of man, and the ages of stone, bronze, and iron in Europe, and who, looking back on the earlier of these periods through the mists of centuries, attach to it a fabulous antiquity, may derive some lessons from a country in which the stone age existed three hundred years ago, and has yet passed away as completely as though it had never been. The Micmac still pitches his rude wigwam of

birch bark within sight of the largest cities of Acadia ; but he has entered into the iron age, and the stone weapons of his ancestors are as much objects of curiosity to him as to his neighbours of European origin."—*Acadia*, p. 41.

After three or four descriptive pages the writer adds—

"Such was the stone age of three centuries ago in Acadia ; and it is instructive to bear in mind that in a country in the latitude of France, this was not only the stone age, but also the age of the caribou or reindeer, and moose and beaver, animals now verging towards extinction, and of no more importance to the present inhabitants than the park deer are to those of the old world. With the exception of a few of the forest-clad hilly districts, Nova Scotia is now as unsuitable to the existence of the reindeer and moose as France is, and yet three centuries ago these animals were the chief food of its inhabitants. No material change of climate has occurred, but the iron age has introduced a new race, and the forests have been cleared away."—*Ibid.* p. 45.

"The monuments of the stone age are few. Piles of shells of oysters and other mollusks, in some parts of the coast, mark the site of former summer encampments. Numerous stone implements are found on some old battle-grounds or cemeteries, or on the sites of villages ; and occasional specimens are turned up by the plough. But this is nearly all ; and if the written record of the discovery and colonisation of the country did not prevent, we might, in so far as the monumental history is concerned, believe the close of the stone age to have belonged to a remote antiquity. If the Micmacs had been replaced by a semi-barbarous race, not keeping written records, and destroying the aborigines, or incorporating them with themselves, the date of the stone age would already be altogether uncertain."—*Ibid.* p. 45.

It is difficult to suppose that Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Evans, and Sir John Lubbock have not taken the trouble to read *Acadia* ; and more difficult to understand how, if they have read it, they can persist in maintaining those views of European antiquities and past changes which their works exhibit. To those of our readers who have access to it, we recommend the perusal of the fifth chapter ; and, for the sake of others, we cite the closing paragraph of that chapter :—

"On the whole, nothing can be more striking to any one acquainted with the American Indian, than the entire similarity of the traces of pre-historic man in Europe to those which remain of the primitive condition of the American aborigines, whether we consider their food, their implements and weapons, or their modes of sepulture ; and it seems evident that if these pre-historic remains

are ever to be correctly interpreted by European antiquaries, they must avail themselves of American light for their guidance. Much of this light has already been thrown on this subject by my friend Professor Wilson, in his *Pre-Historic Man*; but one can scarcely open any European book on this subject, or glance at any of the numerous articles and papers on this fertile theme in scientific journals, without wishing that those who discuss pre-historic man in Europe, knew a little more of his analogue in America. The subject is a tempting one, but I must close this notice, already too long for the space I should devote to it, by remarking, that the relations in America of the short-headed and long-headed races of men, are by no means dissimilar from those of the two similar races in Europe; while it is also evident that some pre-historic skulls, supposed to be of vast antiquity, as, for instance, that of Engis, bear a very close resemblance to those of the Algonquin and Iroquois Indians."—*Ibid.* p. 57.

Were the question in hand one of scientific interest only, the present article might here be concluded, leaving it to the antiquarian geologists of this country to adjust their theories to the facts of the Western Continent; but the close connection of that question with far higher than scientific inquiries will justify a more detailed investigation; and, as it is proposed to expose the enormous demands made on human credulity in the name of science, we beg our readers not to pass lightly over the seemingly unattractive lines that follow, but to weigh them carefully. They contain the author's own statement of those Danish antiquities already referred to.

"The deposits of peat in Denmark, varying in depth from ten to thirty feet, have been formed in hollows or depressions in the northern drift or boulder formation hereafter to be described. The lowest stratum, two to three feet thick, consists of swamp-peat composed chiefly of a kind of moss called sphagnum, above which lies another growth of peat, not made up exclusively of aquatic or swamp plants. Around the borders of the bogs, and at various depths in them, lie trunks of trees, especially the Scotch fir (*Pinus sylvestris*), often three feet in diameter, which must have grown on the margin of the peat mosses, and have frequently fallen into them. This tree is not now, nor has it ever been in historical times, a native of the Danish Islands, and when introduced there has not thriven; yet it was evidently indigenous in the human period, for Steenstrup has taken out with his own hands a flint instrument from below a buried trunk of one of these pines. It appears clear that the same Scotch fir was afterwards supplanted by the semile variety of the common oak, of which many prostrate trunks occur in the peat at higher levels than the pines; and still higher the peduncu-

lated or stalked variety of the same oak (*Quercus Robur*, L.) occurs with the alder (*Alnus glutinosus*, L.), birch (*Betula verrucosa*, Ehrh.), and hazel (*Coryllus Avellana*, L.). The oak has now in its turn been almost superseded in Denmark by the common beech (*Fagus sylvatica*, L.). Other trees, such as the white birch (*Betula alba*), characterise the lower part of the bogs, and disappear from the higher; while others again, like the aspen (*Populus tremula*), occur at all levels, and still flourish in Denmark. All the land and fresh water shells, and all the mammalia as well as the plants whose remains occur buried in the Danish peat, are of recent species."—*Antiquity of Man*, p. 7.

"What may be the antiquity of the earliest human remains preserved in the Danish peat cannot be estimated in centuries with any approach to accuracy. In the first place, in going back to the bronze age, we already find ourselves beyond the reach of history, or even of tradition. In the time of the Romans the Danish Isles were covered, as now, with magnificent beech forests. Nowhere in the world does this tree flourish more luxuriantly than in Denmark, and eighteen centuries seem to have done little or nothing toward modifying the character of the forest vegetation. Yet in the antecedent bronze period there were no beech trees, or at most but a few stragglers, the country being then covered with oak. In the age of stone, again, the Scotch fir prevailed, and already there were human inhabitants in those old pine forests. How many generations of each species of tree flourished in succession before the pine was supplanted by the oak, and the oak by the beech, can be but vaguely conjectured, but the minimum of time required for the formation of so much peat must, according to the estimate of Steenstrup and other good authorities, have amounted to at least 4,000 years; and there is nothing in the observed rate of the growth of peat opposed to the conclusion that the number of centuries may have been four times as great."—*Ibid.* p. 17.

What a mass of hypothesis is here! The impression slipped into the minds of most readers by these paragraphs is likely to be, that Denmark has abounded first in pine forests, next in forests of two kinds of oaks in succession, then in beech forests; and as the beech has assigned to it a duration of eighteen centuries, the inference is suggested that the fourfold growth carries us back far beyond the time of history and tradition, and so establishes the "antiquity of man." Now it appears that in one or more pieces of bog, pine trunks are found buried. That is the evidence of the pine age in Denmark! For the same slender reason we are to believe in two oak ages in that country. And then comes the beech era of eighteen hundred years' duration at least. But where? In "the

Danish isles." Which isles? The author gives us no authority for his assertion, and we doubt whether he can produce any; and if he can, the isles are not Denmark. He wholly fails to identify the places where he says beech luxuriated 1,800 years since with the region where he supposes oak and pine prevailed in yet earlier times. For aught that appears the bog is on the peninsula. Supposing all these hypothetical questions decided in the author's favour, what is the evidence of human existence having been coeval with, or previous to, the pine growth? *One flint*, which we must assume to have been manufactured—all Danish specimens are not to be relied on—and that one, buried under a pine trunk the relative position of which among the "various depths" is not named; nor can we feel any certainty that the flint may not have been of the age of the *Quercus Robur*, and have sunk afterwards to the place where it was found. The huge structure of hypothesis we have described has for its basis *that one flint*. Beside all this, Sir Charles knows, what he might have told us, that a succession of forests destroyed by axe, fire, or other causes, is no certain evidence of a great lapse of time. Dr. Dawson, after some explanatory pages, sums up the matter as follows:—

"It thus appears that, in the course of between two and three centuries, large areas of the Acadian provinces have passed through two or more of the following conditions:—1. That of primitive forest; 2. That of second growth forest; 3. That of the burned barren; 4. That of cultivated fields. Each of these changes is accompanied with modifications of the animal population; and in primitive states of society each would imply a change in the habits of the people, and, if very extensive, might even cause migrations of tribes and important changes of population. On the one hand, all the changes observed in Denmark may have taken place within a minimum time of two thousand years. On the other hand, no one can affirm that either of the three successive forests may not have flourished for that length of time. A chronology measured by years, and based on such dates, is evidently worthless."—Pp. 55, 57.

The closing sentence of the last quotation from the *Antiquity of Man* relates to peat. A strong desire to ensure attention to it, leads us to cite it again:—

"The minimum of time required for the formation of so much peat [from ten to thirty feet] must, according to the estimate of

Steenstrup and other good authorities, have amounted to at least 4,000 years; and there is nothing in the observed rate of the growth of peat opposed to the conclusion that the number of centuries may have been four times as great."—P. 17.

This is untrue and absurd. It supplies one of many examples of the eagerness of the author to catch at any statements or inferences which accord with his theory of long dates and slow processes. That he should have kept this delusion about peat before the public for more than ten years, is sufficient to destroy confidence in the soundness of his judgment, and especially in his estimate of "good authorities." In our issue for October, 1871, we gave at length, from the *Philosophical Transactions*, the testimony of the Earl of Cromartie, that he himself had known good peat fit for digging wholly produced in the parish of Lochbrun after he was nineteen years old. "Bogs and peaty swamps are very numerous in Nova Scotia. . . . The growth of peat is variable. It goes on very rapidly when moisture and other conditions are favourable."* In *Man and Nature*, the author, Mr. Marsh, writes (p. 348) of North Holland:—"When the turf or peat has been cut, leaving water less than a yard deep, *Equisetum limosum* grows at once, and is followed by the second class of marsh plants mentioned above. Their roots do not become detached from the bottom in such shallow water, but form ordinary turf or peat. These processes are so rapid that a thickness of from three to six feet of turf is formed in half a century, and many men have lived to mow grass where they have fished in boyhood, and to cut turf twice in the same spot." If from three to six feet may be formed in half a century, thirty feet may be formed at the quickest rate in two hundred and fifty years; at the slowest rate in five hundred. Yet Sir C. Lyell asserts that there is *nothing* in the observed rate of the growth of peat opposed to the conclusion that thirty feet of peat in Denmark may have required for its growth SIXTEEN THOUSAND YEARS!! When will people understand that the Popes of Science are as exorbitant in their claims on human credulity as is the Pope of Rome?

In the third chapter, the author discusses the Nile sediment, and again revels in hypotheses:—"Were we to assume six inches [deposit] in a century, the burnt brick met with

* *Acadia*, pp. 35, 56.

at a depth of sixty feet would be 12,000 years old. . . . Were we to take two and a half inches, a work of art seventy-two feet deep must have been buried more than 30,000 years ago.”* The Nile is still but partially known. The assumption that its rate of deposit has been equable is a mere guess—and an unreasonable one.† *Were we to assume* that the Nile once equalled the Eau Brink Cut in England, in its depositing power, the burnt brick must have been buried twelve years, and the other work of art almost fifteen years. We do not mean that the latter hypotheses are of any force; but assuredly they are as good as the longer guesses, and far nearer the truth: for the remains of ox, hog, dog, and other existing mammals found by the borings about the Nile, together with remains of pottery, bespeak no very ancient date. With his curiously easy assumption of the premisses, the geological Baronet records also the age of the delta of the Mississippi, which he calculates has been formed by the river in 67,000 years! *Were we to assume* that Dr. Dawson has a claim to be heard, the question has quite a new aspect; for he informs us that the deposits of the delta “have been found by Hilgard to be in great part marine.”‡ According, therefore, to this last account, Sir Charles Lyell, who should have worked out the problem of the combined forces of river and sea, has considered only the Mississippi, and wholly overlooked that trifling factor of the problem, the Atlantic ocean.

Chapters four to seven of *Antiquity of Man* relate to deposits of bones, &c., in caves; and in most of the chapters from the tenth to the nineteenth, stress is laid on the same kind of deposits. Indeed, the one question of the book, according to the testimony already copied from the first page, is—“Whether or no we have sufficient evidence in caves, or in the superficial deposits, commonly called drift, or ‘diluvium,’ to prove the former co-existence of man with certain *extinct* mammalia.” Of the drift, or diluvium, we shall have somewhat to say hereafter. Limiting ourselves for the present to deposits in caves, we remind the reader that fragments of extinct mammals may afford not the slightest evidence of the antiquity of man, though found in conjunction with his bones. The entire question

* *Antiquity of Man*, p. 40. † *Philosophical Transactions*, Vol. cxlv, p. 108.

‡ *The Story of the Earth and Man*, p. 296.

turns upon the time when the mammals were extinguished: and Sir Charles Lyell knows that he cannot prove that mammalia—we do not say any mammal*—found in any cave, were extinct a thousand years ago: and yet his book teems with accounts of the remains of mammals found in caves. He begins his description of them with a rather long reference to the researches carried on by Dr. Schmerling in the neighbourhood of Liège. Now, after an introductory chapter, Dr. Schmerling proceeds to describe "*la caverne de Chokier*," near a village of that name, two leagues and a half from Liège, on the left bank of the Meuse: in which cavern were found remains of horse, bear, hyæna, rhinoceros, elephant, wolf, fox, stag, bat, and cat (*felis*). The great and most uncomfortable toil which Dr. Schmerling underwent in his explorations entitles him to our gratitude, as do the published results, both verbal and pictorial, of his toil; but they throw no light on human antiquity. The bones extracted from the *caverne de Chokier* do not, like the "work of art" in the loess of the Nile, tell us of creatures living on the earth thirty thousand years ago, but of creatures which are all living now.†

Whenever a stored cavern is discovered, there is almost sure to appear in the journals a description of bones found in it, and often with their scientific names, leaving people to imagine that some additional evidence has been obtained that Adam was not the first man. The public should be told two things—first, what animals are extinct; secondly, when they became extinct. The very heart of Sir Charles Lyell's case is found in "extinct mammalia;" and yet he supplies no answer to either of those essential questions. Mr. (now Sir John) Lubbock gives, in the first edition of *Pre-historic Times*, a list of eleven mammals, and in the last edition a list of seventeen, as "either extinct or very much restricted in their geographical distribution since the appearance of man in Europe—a handsomely vague

* The exception is the mammoth *Elephas primigenius*. The home of this huge creature was in the far north. Fragments of it have been found distributed about the northern temperate zone, having been probably strewed there by the cause—whatever that was—which strewed the same region with boulders. Any man finding a tooth of a mammoth would be likely to convey it to his home, whether that home were a cavern or a house. "At all the five stations there have been found separate plates of the molar teeth of *Elephas primigenius*, the occurrence of which is evidently connected with intentional introduction."—*Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ*, pp. 5–8. Thus is the conjunction of the remains of mammoth and man accounted for.

† *Recherches*, par le Docteur P. C. Schmerling, Liège, 1833, pp. 24 to 29.

date. In the first edition he names seven species as "entirely extinct;" in the last edition he allows it to be doubtful whether four of those seven are extinct; a significant proof of the uncertainty belonging to the whole question of "extinct mammalia." Sir John Lubbock, in his later work, admits that "there are but six kinds which are absolutely extinct" now; and as four out of the seven have vanished from his first list, it is probable that the six composing the last list may be in like manner diminished hereafter: those six being three species of the rhinoceros—namely, *tichorhinus*, *leptorhinus*, *hemitæchus*; two species of elephant—namely, *primigenius* and *antiquus*, and the Irish elk. Respecting four of these six, it may confidently be affirmed that if *Rhinoceros leptorhinus* and *hemitæchus*, and *Elephas antiquus* were distinct species, there is no proof that they and the Irish elk were extinct a thousand years ago: so that there are only two fossil mammals the remains of which can be fairly adduced as proofs of the antiquity of the human race—namely, the mammoth and the hairy rhinoceros. The latter was, perhaps, contemporary with the *Elephas primigenius* (mammoth), and its fragments may have been distributed by the same means as the bones of the mammoth. We deny, therefore, that the bones found in caves afford any clear proof of the "antiquity of man."

And if they do, they show something more, proving equally the antiquity of the "red-deer, roe, wild cat, wild boar, wolf, fox, weasel, hare, rabbit, hedgehog, mole, dormouse, field-mouse, water-rat, and shrew."* Do our geological antiquaries mean that we have the remains of mice, and rabbits, and hedgehogs, which are more than seven thousand years old? If not, all the talk about the antiquity of man, as shown by bone caverns, is irrelevant.

The book on which we have freely commented being on "the geological evidences of the antiquity of man," we do not think it needful to follow the author into the discussion of "the monuments and traditions of Egypt and other Oriental countries;" nor shall we devote many lines to the last five chapters of the book, in which Mr. Darwin's theory of the transmutation of species is fully adopted and applied; but shall notice only what the author thinks increases greatly the value of this last issue of his work.

* *Ant. of Man*, p. 70.

"In Part III., I have been enabled to make one very important addition. At the time when the third edition of this work was published, the absence of intermediate links was one of the greatest difficulties experienced by the advocates of transmutation. Since then, three intermediate fossil forms have been discovered, linking together the two classes, Aves and Reptilia (p. 483); and among the mammalia, two extremely ancient and less specialised forms of the horse have been found in the Upper and Lower Miocene formations, affording evidence of the gradual modifications of this animal from a different ancestral type."—Part. IX. p. 491.

Affording evidence! It is not true. The discovery of a new species, even supposing the hypothesis to be confirmed, affords no proof that it grew out of a lower species, or tends to produce a higher. "Very important addition!" The bat which flits about in the twilight blends the mammal and the bird; but what has that to do with evolution? The supposition that some mouse 90,000 years ago, seized with a strong desire to fly, threw out the buds of wings which its descendants, inheriting the same desire, improved, till the mouse could fly like the swift, is a hypothesis which throws into the shade the 67,000 years of the delta of the Mississippi and the 16,000 years' growth of peat. That the varieties of living creatures are greater than man at present knows may be true enough, but that the species of living creatures have produced one another is quite a different matter, of which the "very important addition" affords not the slightest evidence. The poet Thomson sings—

"Look nature through, 'tis revolution all."

Darwin and Lyell cry, "Look nature through, 'tis evolution all," though they cannot find it anywhere.

There is yet one other part of the subject to which careful attention is requested, and that is the valley of the Somme. To it Sir Charles Lyell devotes two chapters, covering fifty pages. Wrought flints brought from thence are supposed to afford evidence of vast antiquity, and that valley may be called the stock argument of the antiquaries; for if flints be found in Suffolk, Beds, or elsewhere, they and the gravels containing them are forthwith compared to the drift and flints of the Somme; these materials of Picardy being to those worshippers of long dates what *Magna Charta* is to the laws of England. They themselves would probably admit that if the geological tale of the

Somme be worthy only of laughter, their vocation is nearly gone. Let us then patiently inquire about the evidence of human workmanship in its flints, and the age of its gravel.

In the fracture and friction of ages, stones of all kinds have undergone great changes, and beyond dispute there must be many which have been by such means shaped into some resemblance to those fashioned by design. We have been accustomed, however, to think that many, if not most of the flints found in ordinary museums present indubitable marks of manufacture. Well do we remember Professor Sedgwick having such specimens on the table of his lecture room, and saying to his class, "There they are, you can examine them for yourselves. One thing is certain, they are manufactured." With his usual good sense, he said no more about them, but stopped where the evidence did; but it seems now not quite certain that such evidence of manufacture as we have hitherto deemed indisputable, is so; for in a lecture delivered in the Royal Institution, April 4th, 1879, by Professor Tyndall, we find the following statements:—

"To Dr. Hooker I have been indebted for some examples of stones, the first examples of which were picked up by Mr. Hackworth on the shores of Lyell's Bay, New Zealand. . . . The stones, which have a strong resemblance to works of human art, occur in great abundance, and of various sizes, from half-an-inch to several inches in length. A large number were exhibited, showing the various forms, which are those of wedges, knives, arrow-heads, &c., and all with sharp-cutting edges. . . . Dr. Hector stated that although, as a group, the specimens on the table could not well be mistaken for artificial productions, still the forms are so peculiar, and the edges, in a few of them, so perfect, that if they were discovered associated with human works, there is no doubt that they would have been referred to the so-called 'stone period.'"—*Macmillan's Magazine* for May, 1873, p. 57.

The valley of the Somme is a mile broad. *Were we to assume*—and this is assumed, and without the assumption *cadit quæstio*—that the river at a remote era was a hundred feet higher than now; *were we to assume* that it was of much more force than at present; and *were we to assume* that it made the valley, the gravels it deposited must certainly be very ancient, and the upper older than the lower. But then what sensible man will pin his faith on a

group of such big hypotheses, each one of which is dubious?

"The calculations of long time based on the gravels of the Somme, on the cone of the Tinière, on the peat-bogs of France and Denmark, on certain cavern deposits, have all been shown to be more or less at fault; and possibly none of these reach further back than the six or seven thousand years which, according to Dr. Andrews, have elapsed since the close of the boulder clay deposits in America. . . In 1865, I had an opportunity to examine the now celebrated gravels of St. Acheul, on the Somme, by some supposed to go back to a very ancient period. With the papers of Prestwich and other able observers in my hand, I could conclude merely that the undisturbed gravels were older than the Roman period, but how much older only detailed topographical surveys could prove; and that taking into account the probabilities of a different level of the land, a wooded condition of the country, a greater rainfall, and a glacial filling of the Somme valley, with clay and stones subsequently cut out by running water, the gravels could scarcely be older than the Abbeville peat."—*Earth and Man*, pp. 292, 293.

The history of the flints of the valley of the Somme is yet to be told. In the valley and at Abbeville lived that amiable enthusiast M. Boucher de Perthes, a gentleman of fortune and considerable literary ability. He inherited some taste for antiquarian researches from his father, and as early as the year 1805 he began his own antiquarian pursuits; but it was not till 1830 that he commenced those special investigations, through which he became the founder of that school in which Sir Charles Lyell is the most advanced pupil. The collection of antiquities once commenced, became a passion with him; and now that he is gone, his handsome house in the Rue de Perthes is called the Musée de Perthes, and is well worth a visit by the traveller. Its many rooms are crowded with curiosities, for which he seems to have had an omnivorous appetite. In one place is a mummy with the hideous face uncovered, in another a large collection of old china; a group here of paintings, there of carved work; and in one room an abundance of the flints on which his world-wide notoriety rests. From 1830 to 1840 very extensive diggings were made at Abbeville, with a view to the erection of fortifications, the improvement of the canal, and the formation of the railroad. M. Boucher de Perthes watched these and other excavations with great care, and for years he did not allow any considerable earthwork to be carried on in the neighbourhood

of Abbeville, without diligent examination on his part. While so employed he found some pieces of flint, which he persuaded himself had been fashioned by man; but they were so rude that nobody but himself believed they had been manufactured: and he himself would not have perceived it but for his strong and singular faith!

"I traced the hand of man in the hatchets, and I judged rightly, but the proof of the workmanship was dubious, and the angles were blunted; the broad shape of the tools differed from that of the polished hatchets which alone were then known. In short, if the traces of human work were to be seen, it was indispensable to the perception of them to have the eyes of faith. I had them, but I alone had them. My opinion found little favour; I had not a single disciple."*

The modern school, of which Sir Charles Lyell is the leading exponent, has its origin in that strange faith of M. Boucher de Perthes, which, of course, led him to follow up his investigations with increasing ardour. It is evident, however, that one pair of eyes was quite insufficient for the range of observation required, and accordingly he sought for coadjutors, but could not find one among geologists, who smiled at his illusions, so he had recourse to the workmen, who were as faithless as the men of science; but he showed them his stones, he made drawings for them of those stones as he imagined they had been before they were broken, *he quickened their vision by distributing money among them*; and after many months, the workmen began to see and believe and find. Before the year 1840 he had twenty flint instruments wherewith to instruct and convince his neighbours.† From that time the valley of the Somme

* Lest the reader should suspect—as well he might—an unfair translation, the words of the author are subjoined:—"J'y voyais des haches, et je voyais juste, mais la coupe en était vague et les angles émoussés; leur forme aplatie différait de celle des haches polies, les seules que l'on connaît alors; enfin, si des traces de travail s'y révélaient, il fallait réellement, pour les voir, avoir les yeux de la foi. Je les avais, mais je les avais seul: ma doctrine s'étendait peu, je n'avais pas un seul disciple."—*Antiquités Celtiques*, Vol. III. p. 11.

† "Il me fallait d'autres preuves, dès-lors d'autres recherches, et pour les étendre je pris des associés. Je ne les choisis point parmi des géologues, je n'en aurais pas trouvé; au seul mot de hache et de diluvium, je les voyais sourire. Ce fut donc chez les ouvriers que je cherchai mes aides. Je leur montrai mes pierres; je leur fis voir aussi des dessins qui les représentaient telles devaient être avant d'avoir été émoussées par le frottement diluvien.

"Nonobstant ces soins, il me fallut plusieurs mois pour former mes élèves: mais avec de la patience, des primes distribuées à propos et surtout la découverte de quelques morceaux nettement taillés que, sous leurs yeux, je retirai des

became more and more prolific, its treasures improving in kind as they multiplied in number. The greater part of those carefully preserved in the museum of M. Perthes are as rude as the pieces which may be picked up wherever broken flints abound: but among them are not a few giving, as it seems to us, ample evidence of manufacture; and others bearing a comical resemblance to various animals or parts of animals, which latter their owner prized highly as the earliest specimens of human art. In this latter part of his creed his English disciples have inconsistently declined to follow him.

M. Boucher de Perthes, having by the process described by himself, succeeded in creating an impression that the valley was remarkable for its antiquarian stores, persons from the neighbourhood, and from a distance, sought a share of the spoil. The demand for flints so grew, that amateurs hastened to the spot, eager to procure them at any price.* Of course the demand created the supply. The workmen became skilful both in making the *haches* and in hiding them in the gravel.† It was not pleasant to be imposed upon; and the leading geologists of this country determined therefore to have recourse to a crucial test. An Englishman, Mr. Keeping, who had been thoroughly accustomed in early life to handle the pick-axe, and had afterwards obtained much knowledge of practical geology, was despatched to Abbeville to investigate the gravels of the neighbourhood. The workmen there, reluctant to submit to the test, were at length induced to do so by M. Boucher de Perthes' earnest pleading. The surface earth was to be removed for Mr. Keeping, and subsequent proceedings to be according to his directions, two workmen being placed absolutely at his disposal. He remained there eight days, and threw down tons of gravel by his own labour. The results, as stated by himself, may be seen in the *Athenæum* of July 4th, 1863. He brought home seven manufactured flints, the finding of which he carefully describes, and adds, "I have every reason to believe that all the specimens I

banca, je parvins à les rendre tout aussi habiles que moi, et avant la fin de 1840, j'avais pu vous offrir et soumettre à l'examen de l'Institut une vingtaine de silex où la main humaine était manifeste."—*Ant. Cel.* iii. p. 11.

* "Des amateurs imprudents, sans se préoccuper de l'origine, voulaient des haches à tout prix."—*Ant. Cel.* iii. p. xvii.

† "Genuine implements have been hitherto comparatively rare at Moulin Quignon. The suspected implements are now found in abundance."—Letter of Mr. Jno. Evans in *Athenæum*, June 6, 1863.

have brought from Moulin Quignon were placed there on purpose for me to find." The reader will perhaps be glad to see also the opinion of the honorary secretary of the Geological and Numismatic Societies of London, in reply to Mr. Prestwich:—

"The proofs I gave in my former letter were, I think, sufficient to show that a regular system of imposition has been carried on by the gravel-diggers of Abbeville; that the majority of implements lately obtained at Moulin Quignon are false. . . . But if more conclusive evidence of fraud be required, I am now prepared to give it." Then follows the account of Mr. Keeping's work.

The writer of this article recently went to the valley of the Somme for the sole purpose of making observations in the vicinity of both Amiens and Abbeville. He visited St. Acheul, Menchecourt, and Moulin Quignon, and examined various excavations, some of which were completed, and others in progress. Nowhere in the valley did either guide, or cab-driver, or workman, offer a stone or other antique for sale. The people in the two towns seemed to regard inquiries about the places as surprising and amusing. A few well-cut flints for sale in an old curiosity shop, at prices varying from two francs upwards, were the only trace detected of those wonderful treasures which have been vaunted as the strongest evidence of the vast antiquity of the human race.

Every good and wise man is prepared with all his heart to follow truth at every risk to his estate, his creed, his life. Men of science have been much in the habit of claiming for themselves the credit of a special reverence for truth. We doubt if they have made, or will make good, that claim. The time is at hand when their love of truth will be put to new proof. Questions mooted in this article cannot much longer be passed by in silence, or with a sneer at the ignorance of those who raise them. Three things are now manifest respecting the valley of the Somme: first, though it is notorious that workmen are keenly alive to any curiosities they turn up from the soil, the workmen of that valley did not suspect that the flints they had been turning up all their lives bore marks of design, till they were set to look for them, and paid for finding them. Secondly, from the time the flints began to be paid for, they improved in kind, and multiplied in number; the demand created the supply. Thirdly, from

the time when it began to be known that forgeries were to be suspected, the demand drooped, and the supply diminished, till at length the demand ceased and the valley became barren. If neither of these three facts can be denied—and we do not think any geologist of reputation will deny either of them and affix his name to that denial—the conclusion is inevitable. We can understand why that valley, which a little while since yielded to the *savans* antiquities by hundreds, now yields none at all. The whole tale about those wonderful flints of Picardy, in the contemplation of which “the mind is almost lost in the vista of antiquity revealed,” resolves itself into the skill with which the craftsmen of the valley have imposed on their many dupes.

In extenuation of this want of perspicacity, it is but fair to remember that it is not singular. The manufacture of antiques is one of the most common and thriving trades of the world. Flint Jack has enriched the collection of not a few of the siliceous connoisseurs of Great Britain and Ireland, and travellers find abundance of forged antiquities for sale in Cyprus and Athens, in Thebes and Damascus, in Jerusalem, and almost everywhere. A friend of ours was lately on the summit of the great pyramid. An English-speaking Arab, who had heard him accosted as Doctor, offered him on that lofty mart an antique. “No,” was the reply, “I shall not buy that, it was made in Birmingham.” “You are mistaken, Doctor, it was made in London.”

But can it be, says some one, that our most eminent men, whose word has been regarded as law, have been thus imposed upon? Let us see. Twenty years after the demand and payment for the flints of the valley of the Somme had commenced, Sir Charles Lyell went thither. He could find nothing; but *obtained from the workmen* seventy flint tools. Sir John Lubbock has since been there several times, and examined all the principal pits, and never found a perfect hatchet. Whence, then, their faith? In the year 1869 two members of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Prestwich and Mr. Evans, went to the valley, and *obtained from the workmen* many specimens, but could not find one themselves. At Amiens they made known their strong desire to see one in the gravel, and left instructions that if one were discovered soon, they should be sent for. Of course one was soon found. When they had proceeded

to Abbeville, a distance of about thirty miles, a telegram summoned them back. They returned in haste, and to their great joy saw one flint tool in the gravel. They photographed it as it lay, and then Mr. Prestwich took it out with his own hand; and they returned in triumph to London. That grand discovery, so made, was duly reported to the Royal Society. That one flint, so obtained, became the basis of the faith of the men of science. The thing would be incredible, if it were not incontestable:—

“Mr. Prestwich ‘succeeded in dissipating all doubts from the minds of his geological friends by extracting with his own hands from a bed of undisturbed gravel at St. Acheul, a well-shaped flint hatchet.’”

This statement may be found in *Antiquity of Man*, p. 149, but without any hint of the suspicious circumstances attending the discovery of the flint. Another significant fact is, that an appendix descriptive of the tricks played by the workmen of the valley, which was inserted in the third edition, is omitted from the fourth.

This review is written not without a knowledge of the anger with which some of our former remarks on the present subject have been received; nor without a full anticipation of the sort of treatment these pages are likely to meet with. *Inimicus* rather than *hostis* seems to be the name which many of the chief sons of science would give to any one who dares to call in question their hypotheses. Mr. Dawson, after those statements we have copied respecting the comparatively recent date of the phenomena of Picardy, proceeds thus:—

“To have published such views in England would have been simply to have delivered myself into the hands of the Philistines. I therefore contented myself with recording my opinion in Canada. Tylor and Andrews have, however, I think, subsequently shown that my impressions were correct.

“In like manner I fail to perceive, and I think all American geologists acquainted with the pre-historic movements of the Western Continent must agree with me, any evidence of great antiquity in the caves of Belgium and England, the kitchen-middens of Denmark, the rock-shelters of France, the lake habitations of Switzerland. At the same time, I would disclaim all attempts to resolve their dates into precise terms of years.”—*The Story of the Earth and Man*, p. 294.

We have endeavoured to show that the forests and peat of Denmark, the sandy deposits of the Nile and Missis-

sippi, the contents of European caves, and of the valley of the Somme, afford no evidence whatever of times antecedent to those of history. Expecting little attention from the school assailed, we venture earnestly to appeal to thoughtful readers, and in particular to gentlemen accustomed to speak through the press, who probably have often felt that the fashionable antiquarian theories are very questionable, and beg them to investigate the subject for themselves; being well assured that it will soon be generally admitted that a more thorough example of building in the air has never been known since Jack and the Beanstalk, than "*The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man*, by Sir Charles Lyell, Baronet.

- ART. III.—1. *Catalogue of the Works of Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.* Exhibited at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, 1874.
2. *Catalogue of an Exhibition of the Engraved Works of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.*; Comprising several Private Etchings done by Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and the Duchess of Bedford. Now on View at the Burlington Gallery, 191, Piccadilly. Collected and Exhibited by Messrs. Graves and Co. 1874.
3. *Memoirs of Sir Edwin Landseer.* A Sketch of the Life of the Artist, illustrated with Reproductions of Twenty-four of his Most Popular Works. Being a New Edition of the "Early Works of Sir Edwin Landseer." By F. G. STEPHENS, Author of "Flemish Relics," "Memorials of Mulready," &c. London: Bell and Sons. 1874.

It was a graceful thought that prompted the Royal Academy to devote its Winter Exhibition this year entirely to the works of Sir Edwin Landseer. For more than forty years he had been, in the full sense, a member of that august body; for fifty-eight a contributor to its annual display. During the whole of this long period no English artist had enjoyed greater popularity. There was no name which the visitor at Somerset House, and Trafalgar Square, and Burlington House, looked for more eagerly in the yearly catalogue, none that rewarded his search more habitually, both by its presence and the work to which it was attached. And when at last the master died, in the fulness of years and honour, it was fitting that his brethren should pay this tribute to his memory of using their influence, great for such a purpose, to gather together the scattered memorials of his art, and so let the world see what manner of man he was, and what the value of the sum total of his labours. To all classes of great men there is some peculiarly appropriate mode of paying posthumous honour; and to the painter this is surely the most appropriate. Here is his life's work; so he strove from year to year, now successfully evolving, according to the gift that was in him, new forms of beauty from his own brain and the great world around; now, it may be, falter-

ing in his task. Here it all is, strength and weakness together. But if he were great at all, surely we owe him the fullest light. A mutilated exhibition would be as poor a compliment as a flattered portrait.

Such a compliment, however, it would seem, had better pleased certain critics than the openness and unselected fulness of the present display at Burlington House—or rather, perhaps, we should say that they would have been even better pleased if Landseer had passed away with as little honour as might be, seeing that they admire him but very moderately. Take the following as a sample of their objections:—"The motive of the Royal Academy in opening this exhibition was doubtless to do honour to Landseer's memory. For years the name of the painter has stood foremost in popular regard, and it was fitting that the body to which he belonged should do all in its power to serve his memory. But the best intentions do not always secure the desired result, and it is open to question whether Landseer's fame will be at all increased by the facilities given for a calm and deliberate review of his work." Even so, O critic; let us grant the result. Should the Academy desire to place Landseer in a more prominent niche of the temple of fame than that to which he is by just right entitled? Should Landseer himself desire to occupy a position from which the future, that great iconoclast, would so inevitably drag him down? *Vérité quand même, vérité toujours.* The work which an artist, whatever be the form of his art, regards as simply tentative and deliberately rejects as valueless—that let us not profanely pry into. But then there is no reason to believe that we are thus intruding on ground from which he would have shut us out—the more thorough and complete our exploration the better. If he be worthy of such scrutiny—for life is too short for indiscriminate study—let us see all. No, we have no objection to the too great comprehensiveness of the exhibition at Burlington House. We should have been satisfied with nothing less. Indeed we should have liked more. There are several of the master's best pictures, and notably the noble contingent at South Kensington, which might profitably have been brought to take their part in his last great battle against adverse criticism and destroying time. We should also have wished for a complete collection of his etchings, and a far larger assortment of engravings from his works.

In addition to what it has done, the Academy ought, in fact, to have performed the work left to the private enterprise of Messrs. Graves and Co., whose catalogue also they might have taken as a model for completeness and careful compilation. And, as we are here for the moment in a grumbling vein, let us add that the arrangement of the pictures for exhibition should, in our opinion, unquestionably have been chronological. This might have involved some trouble, though not very much, and might in some degree have interfered with the symmetry of the rooms. But inasmuch as no one lives in the furnitureless halls of Burlington House, and as their general appearance is of very infinitesimal importance when compared with the advantageous disposition of the individual pictures, we opine that this latter point should never greatly weigh with the hanging committee—and least of all certainly in an exhibition like the present, of which the object is partly critical and partly biographical.

Before considering it, however, in the former aspect, let us, with the help of Mr. Stephens' interesting sketch, and such other data as we can collect, recapitulate the more important among the few known facts of Landseer's life. Though the memorials are scanty, for its chief incidents seem to have been the production of pictures, let us try to study for a moment the history of the man himself.

He belonged to a family of artists. His father, John Landseer, was an engraver of merit—he copied some of Turner's earlier works—an archæologist of no mean standing in his time, a man of considerable combative energy, who held it to be his mission to obtain a due recognition of the claims of engravers to a full share in the honours of the Academy, a projector of periodicals on art, a critic and public lecturer. Of one of his performances in the latter capacity, Crabb Robinson, who, in a very extraordinary way, seems to have heard everybody and seen everything that was at all worth hearing or seeing during the course of a long life, gives the following graphic sketch:—"He is animated in style; but the animation is produced by indulgence in sarcasm and emphatic diction. He pronounces his words in italics, and by colouring strongly he produces an effect easily." The portrait by the son at the Academy Exhibition was taken at a time when age had evidently to some extent sobered all this exuberant vitality. It represents an old

man with long grey hair, and sensible full face, somewhat resolute perhaps, but not overbearingly so—a man of intelligence, as we should read the signs, rather than of any great ideal power or genius. Edwin's mother, though not, so far as we are aware, herself an artist, yet holds a modest place in art annals, for she figures as a beautiful gleaner, bearing a sheaf of corn on her head, in Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture of the family of Macklin the publisher. His brothers, both older than himself, are Thomas, the well-known engraver, by whom so many of his works have been translated into black and white, and Charles, the painter and Academician.

Our first glimpse of the future master is a very early one. The child that was father of the man, and proved his paternity by drawing animals at five years old, was a very little father. As compared with this Cruikshank was quite an old boy when he first took the etching needle in hand; even John Stuart Mill scarcely knew Greek at a more precocious age. We can imagine how the fond father would at first scarcely dare to recognise in the pencil marks more than an infant's natural love of scribbling; with what pride and joy he would at last allow himself to acknowledge the budding of real genius in his son. As soon as the lad could hold a drawing instrument firmly, he was sent with his older brothers into Hampstead Heath, and into the surrounding fields, to sketch,—their work being corrected on their return. Many years afterwards, the artist, with that kind of wistful pathos that attaches to every man's reminiscences of his own childhood, would point out special spots in these early and favourite haunts, the stile at which he used to rest, and the tree in whose shadow he used to sit. There was one field, specially, close to where the Finchley Road Station now stands, which he had much affected; alas! as we write, it is probably being invaded by those ungraceful rows of brickwork that are to show posterity—if they last so long—what manner of builders we were. Several of the drawings of this early time are still extant. There is a frame of them at the South Kensington Museum—a dog, a cow, a parrot, a cat, some pigs and a donkey. There are four or five more at Burlington House, two of them with this inscription, in the painter's own handwriting,—“Done at Malden by the little boy Edwin, when ten years old, now Sir E. Landseer, the old boy, 1866.” They are

all very clever child's sketches, executed of course with the cramped niggling touch of inexperience, but showing already traces of that peculiar feeling for truth of animal character and attitude in which the man has never been surpassed.

And so we continue to catch glimpses of him through his boyhood, now as a very juvenile student, "a pretty little curly-headed boy," according to the report of his older friend and companion Leslie, "dividing his time between Polito's wild beasts at Exeter Change and the Royal Academy Schools," and winning the heart of Fuseli "by his talents and gentle manners," so that the old professor "would look round for him and say, 'Where is my little dog-boy?'" Anon we find him sitting to Leslie, on whom his "curly head" seems to have made a deep impression, for a picture of the death of the lad Rutland in the third part of *King Henry VI.* Then again, we read in *Haydon's Diary* how, "in 1815, Mr. Landseer, the engraver, brought me his sons, and said, 'When do you intend to let your beard grow and take pupils?' I said, 'If my instructions are useful or valuable, now.' 'Will you let my boys come?' I said, 'Certainly.' Charles and Thomas, it was immediately arranged, should come every Monday morning, when I was to give them work for the week. Edwin took my dissections of the lion, and I advised him to dissect animals as the only mode of acquiring a knowledge of their construction." Poor Haydon, so full of arrogance and self-assertion, a kind of unsuccessful prototype of the Belgian artist Wiertz, a martyr to "high art," impecuniosity, and faith in a mighty genius which alas he did not possess, and destined as by a kind of grotesque inversion of the fable of the frog, to burst with envy at the success of Tom Thumb—poor Haydon, what a sad life was his, and what a tragic end! It does not appear that Landseer received much practical instruction from him, except in the matter of the dissecting. But that hint was in itself invaluable. Many years afterwards, when asked by the Royal Commissioners who sat in 1863 to consider the then position of the Academy, whether he had "any suggestions to make with regard to any improvements in the methods of teaching in the schools?" he answered, "There is one point to which, I think, a little more prominence might be given, and which is very essential in art education, whether the student is intending to become a painter or a sculptor,

and that is anatomical study. I think there ought to be a stricter examination in that than there is at present ;" and he added, "it is a very important branch of education." Nor was his admiration for this sterner side of the artist's training merely Platonic. The pleasant story is told how, one evening, when his guests were assembled round the dinner-table, the servant opened the door, and inquired, in the most matter-of-fact manner, but somewhat to the consternation of the visitors, who were not equally accustomed to the ways of the house, "Please, sir, had you ordered a lion?" The royal beast was fortunately dead, so that all fears were soon allayed, and had been sent from the Zoological Gardens for dissection. Before quitting the subject of Haydon, we may mention, as a kindly trait in Sir Edwin, that he purchased the "Judgment of Solomon," one of those large pictures which his old master had painted for posterity, but which, in the meanwhile, the present was treating with a good deal of neglect, and relegating to attics and cellars, as poor Haydon, who was himself no better housed, complained with bitter magniloquence.

During all these early years the youth was by no means idle. The name of "Master Edwin Landseer" appears in many catalogues of contemporary exhibitions. In 1815, when he was thirteen years old, he sent his first contributions to the Royal Academy—portraits of a mule and of two dogs together. In 1818 his *Fighting Dogs Getting Wind*, exhibited at the rooms of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours, attracted considerable attention—it is a spirited piece of canine tussling, as may be seen at Burlington House—and was purchased by Sir George Beaumont, a great art authority in those days. "Our English Snyders" was the laudatory epithet applied to the young painter *apropos* of this picture by the *Examiner* newspaper—the old *Examiner* of the Hunts. Four years afterwards the British Institution presented him with £150 for his *Larder Invaded*. And in 1824—the same year in which he executed his thoroughly mature work of the *Cat's-paw*—he went a tour into Scotland with Leslie, and was shortly taken by Sir Walter Scott to Abbotsford, where Leslie prophesied that he would "make himself very popular with the master and mistress of the house by sketching their doggies for them." Leslie had a more difficult task to perform. He was to paint a portrait of

the great Sir Walter himself, but found him a very bad sitter, soon weary of the irksomeness of inactivity, and ever and anon dashing out for a romp with his dogs.

It was about this time that Landseer, now a young man of twenty-two, left the paternal roof, and took the house near Regent's Park, which he occupied till his death. Though already a rising and successful painter, this act of emancipation was not performed without a good deal of trepidation. The son neither then was, nor ever became, a man of business. Like so many other geniuses—though let us not be misunderstood, we are very far indeed from implying that this is a necessary accompaniment of genius, and it is certainly an unfortunate one,—like so many geniuses, we say, he was quite helpless in money affairs. His father managed them for him in his youth, and in later life Mr. Jacob Bell, to whose munificence the public owes the possession of so many of Landseer's masterpieces, performed the same kindly office on his behalf. It appears to have been to these and to other friends of similarly clear intelligence, aided, of course, by a uniform popularity of success, which made poverty almost impossible, that he owed the considerable sum left at his decease. We may add that it has been asserted that he derived much more from his interest in the engravings of his works than from the actual sale of the works themselves.

Henceforward, the biographer has little to record. In 1826, when just twenty-four years old, that being the earliest limit of eligibility, he was chosen to be an associate of the Academy; and in 1831 he received the full honour of membership. Almost every year he repaired to the hunting-fields of North Britain—hunting-fields to him in a double sense, for he found there subjects as well as sport.* Almost every year his inexhaustible pencil contributed to the various London exhibitions. There are traces of several excursions to the Continent; once to Switzerland, as evidenced by a series of scenes round Geneva; once again to Belgium, collecting materials for his large picture of the Duke of Wellington showing the field of Waterloo to Lady Vernon. Here the artist is

* He was not a very keen sportsman. The story is told how at the most critical moments he would disgust his attendant gillies by dashing down his gun and taking out his sketch-book.

said to have astonished and somewhat scandalised his more frugal foreign brethren of the brush by his princely practices. To Italy, the chosen home of art study, he says, in his evidence before the Royal Commission, that he had never been ; yet he entirely recognised the advantages to be derived from a sojourn there. All accounts concur in representing him as a most pleasant and genial companion, courted of all, from the Queen downwards, not only for his art, but for his social talents. Among other gifts, he was a capital mimic. The story is told how, one day, when he had been dining with Chantrey, then in the evening of his life, the latter left his place at the head of the table and installed Landseer therein, for the better observation of some reflections in the polished mahogany. "Young man," said Landseer, imitating to perfection the old sculptor's voice and manner, "I daresay you think yourself very ornamental ; just make yourself useful, and ring for some more wine." The amused host "did as he was bid." "John," called out Landseer to the astonished servant, who saw his master standing before the fire, and could not conceive how it was that his voice should come from the table, "John, bring up another bottle of my best claret."

And so years sped on, full of work indeed, but work done in an almost unbroken sunlight of success, and cheered by applause given neither grudgingly nor unwisely, and by consciousness of power ; full also of all that might seem calculated to make life happy. He had, indeed, no wife to share his honours, and no children to inherit them ; but, in default of these, he had loving relatives and "troops of friends." Everything seemed to have smiled upon him from his youth up. God had given him genius, genius for a most fascinating art, and had placed him in circumstances the most favourable for its growth and development. No parental hostility had forced his mind into uncongenial channels ; no untoward poverty had checked the upsoaring of his spirit ; he had not had to fight his way, inch by inch, into public notice and recognition, or himself to create a slowly widening circle of admirers for his work. Applause had come to him early, and had greeted him continuously and without stint. It had been echoed by the great public, by his own profession, by critics—with as much unanimity as that Ishmaelitish body ever shows in such matters—and latterly by foreign

judges.* If his life and art training had a fault, it was an utter absence of the "sweet uses of adversity." Few men could have remained conscientious art-workers, ever bracing themselves for the winning of new palms of conquest, in such an enervating atmosphere, and have said, as he did with truth, to the Royal Commission, "We are students all our lives." That he was unspoiled as a painter and a man by all the flattery he received, especially in youth, is very singular. Even of him it may be doubted whether he might not, under adverse pressure, have been a better colourist, at least in the general average of his works, than he actually was,—of which more anon. Be that as it may, it would seem, as we have just said, that he had everything calculated to make life happy. And yet, such is that strange fatality which seems bent on equalising the lot of men, so that, when outward circumstances appear most radiant, then misery in equal proportion comes from within—the evening of his day was clouded by melancholy. Allied to his vivid imagination was a spirit morbidly sensitive. He had always been subject to fits of depression—a malady to which those who are most brilliant in society, and therefore generally counted happy, seem particularly subject—and during the last years of his life these fits grew upon him terribly. He imagined slights when there is every reason to believe none were intended, was haunted for days by visions of his own obsequies, found no refuge in his art, grew worse and worse, and finally died on the 1st of October in last year, and was borne, with all honour, to his grave in that "younger pile" where lie Reynolds and Turner, and others of the goodly fraternity of great English painters.

Between the two dates—the date when a goodly child was born into the world on the 7th of March, 1802, and the date when a great artist died on the 1st of October, 1873—lie all that multitude of paintings, sketches, drawings, etchings, sculptures, which go to make this man's life work. "There they are, my fifty poems finished." The

* A gold medal of the first class was awarded to him at the Paris Exhibition of 1855. *Appropos* of this, Forster, in his *Life of Dickens*, says: "How well I remember the humour of Landseer's description of the Emperor on the day when the prizes were given, and, as his old friend the painter came up, the comical expression in his face that said plainly, 'What an odd thing this is altogether, isn't it?' composing itself to gravity as he took Edwin by the hand, and said in cordial English, 'I am very glad to see you.' They had indeed met in London under very different circumstances."

subtle brain has ceased to think; the eye that was so keen is closed; the deft hand has lost its cunning. What is the sum of it all—what is it all worth? Let us try, with such best critic craft as we possess,—and far be it from us to magnify our office, the critic's dissecting knife is a blunt instrument at the best, swerving often at the caprice of the hand that holds it, and too seldom reaching the real vital principle of the object of study;—let us try, we say, to determine what are the characteristics of Landseer's work; in what respect he differs from his predecessors and contemporaries who have treated the same class of subjects; in what he succeeded best; what was his position as an artist; whether the high estimation in which he was held by his own generation will prove to be only a passing blaze of popularity, and our descendants wonder what we found to admire in him, and so moralise over our ignorance and want of taste. To these questions it is not indeed our intention to give a categorical reply, as if we were answering one of those ingenious papers with which an examiner tests the ignorance of a trembling candidate, but rather strive to let such views as we possess appear from the general course of our remarks.

Now the first thing that strikes one in a review of Landseer's works is, that a large proportion of them aim at being something different—we will not for the moment say better—than transcripts of animal life, photographs of scenes in which animals play a more or less prominent part. Many of them are this, and this alone, no doubt. The line that divides his art from that of nearly all other animal painters, also separates his own pictures into two distinct classes. On one side of that line are his portraits of individual beasts, compositions in which one or more of them are appropriately set, sometimes telling the story of their juxtaposition, when there is such a story to tell, sometimes merely setting forth a claim to existence as representations of things in themselves beautiful, or gracefully arranged, or as pieces of fine workmanship. On the other side of the line are the pictures into which the artist has thrown a peculiar and very subtle charm, educing from his materials, not a direct moral lesson as sturdy William Hogarth would have done, but a power of awakening thought and feeling in others, of stirring them deeply—pictures now idyllic with all the simple happiness in mere living of the brute inhabitants of the field, now

epic with their strifes and struggles, their wars and conquests, now dramatic with the play of their strange minds, so mysteriously like and yet unlike our own, now lyric with their joys and griefs—pictures, in short, which, as Mr. Ruskin said, in his healthy earlier admiration for the artist, are poems. And if it be objected that the dividing line between the two classes of works be not here traced with perfect mathematical precision, we answer that an exact definition of the difference between poetry and prose in literature is also a desideratum, and that yet in fact the distinction is grasped by simple men. Practically, no one can fail to recognise that the motive, whatever it was, to which we owe the large portrait of *Voltigeur*, who won the Derby in 1850, was not the same as the inspiration which gave us the *Random Shot*. There is no fault to find with the proportions, or sleek satin skin of the racer, or with the painting of the straw on which he stands, or of the two tortoiseshell cats who roll therein. The technical skill is admirable. But these things neither waken, nor were meant to waken, any responsive chord of feeling in the spectator's mind, unless, possibly, he happened to be a jockey or a betting man. They are quite prosaic. Now turn to the *Random Shot*. A doe, stricken by some untoward ball, has painfully toiled to the summit of a snow-clad slope, and then, after a few, very few, ineffectual struggles, fallen down to die. She lies upon her side, her eyes glassy in death, her limbs stiffening with the cold. Her fawn, a poor dappled little slender brown beastie, has followed her, and now tries to draw from the old motherly fount the drops of sustenance she shall enjoy no more. Such are the simple elements of the picture. But what are words to describe the pitiless beauty of the evening rose-flush upon the snow, the cruel coldness of the blue shadows and rarefied still air, the fair desolateness of the whole scene? All nature seems to mock the sufferings of these two hapless innocent creatures—the one just dead, the other doomed to die—and smiles on heedless of their fate. The frosty shadows creeping upwards from the lower hills will be almost a relief from the unfeeling splendour of the sunlight.

It is in the works of which this is a noble specimen—works in which the poetry of animal life, running so curiously parallel to the poetry of human life, is strikingly embodied, that Landseer's originality is, to our thinking,

most shown. The older masters painted animals but sparingly, and seldom introduced them as a principal element in their pictures. When Veronese, Velasquez, or Vandyck give us a dog or a horse, it is rather as a noble adjunct in a sumptuous scene, or as a characteristic possession of the person whose portrait they are executing, than as a thing particularly interesting in itself. Rubens, the magnificent Fleming, certainly gives a more prominent place to beasts, and, attracted apparently by the savage energy of the subject, revels in an occasional lion hunt; Snyders, his friend and pupil, dwells habitually on the sterner aspects of the chase; the later cattle painters, Cuyp, who steeped his meadow scenes in such golden sunlight, and the sturdier Paul Potter, are animal painters entirely after the modern kind—we can trace their fainter echoes in contemporary art—but even in them there is no trace of controlling feeling or sentiment. Perhaps of all the ancients, Dürer studied the subject in a spirit most akin to that of Landseer. His dogs and pigs and horses have an individual life, a distinct character of their own. One feels that to him one beast was not as another beast, a patch of necessary colour, a superior kind of stage property, but a creature into whose mind it was worth while, if possible, to enter. The group of hounds in the *Conversion of St. Hubert*, and especially the sagacious old fellow who sits facing the spectator, are creatures of the same kind of inspiration to which we owe that noble fraternity of dogs who look out upon us from Landseer's canvasses.

So again, among modern animal painters he holds a most distinct place. He has imitators, no doubt, like Mr. Rivière—certainly not rivals—but of those who are neither directly nor indirectly his descendants, not one possesses his peculiar excellences. Descamps, in a sombre mood of mind, has painted some admirable dogs, and so has the Belgian Stevens. The agricultural scenes of Troyon and Rosa Bonheur possess extraordinary vigour, and their cattle and horses and sheep are certainly executed with more rough power and less civilised refinement than Landseer was in the habit of showing. Mr. Davis has a keen eye for beauty of a quiet and placid kind, and sets his slowly ruminating cows in appropriate surroundings of meadow-land and summer-evening light. Mr. Beavis' horses are full of energy and work. Messrs. Ansdell and Cooper represent fairly the average standard

of animal painting. But in none of these is there Landseer's vein of poetry; not one has seen so far into brute nature, and passed by so entire a transmigration into the beast's soul, into its limited blind feeling, so simple and often so strong, and its groping rudimentary reasonings.

Of course we are perfectly aware of the counter-accusation that has been brought against the painter in this matter. It has been said, over and over again—for the remark once made seemed too acute to be allowed to drop—all this pretended insight is a mere *ad captandum* trick. Landseer seemed to be revealing the animal's inner mind, and unvailing what may be called its personality, when in fact he was only putting a man's mind into the form of an animal. His beasts are no more beasts than those of Æsop or La Fontaine. They might just as well, for any truth to their real natures, allow their "rank tongues to blossom into speech," and conclude with an improving moral. Now, in answering this objection, we are, in some sense, impeded by the many-sidedness of Landseer's art. Animals may be treated in several ways. They may be considered, according to the mode just indicated, as mere pegs, on which to hang caricatures of humanity; some, on the other hand—as Swift for instance—have regarded them as the nobler type of beings, of which humanity itself was the caricature, the contrast between the Yahoo and the equine creatures with the unpronounceable name being very forcibly insisted upon. The Darwinites look upon them as men in a more or less partial state of development; and most of us, whether or not we have any theory to account for the resemblance, must recognise in them the rudiments of a mind and conscience akin to our own. By all these aspects of his subject Landseer was at various times impressed. It is true that in some, not many, of his pictures, the animal is not really, essentially, an animal at all. This is the case not only in such works as the scene from *Comus*, or from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where the fancy of the poet is itself double-natured; but also in such early works as *The Braggart*—three dogs, supposed to represent England, Scotland, and Ireland, holding an animated discussion—and *The Travelled Monkey* astonishing his kind, who had remained in their native woods, by a display of the airs, graces, and costumes of an exquisite of the last century. It is the case also, to some extent,

in that fine series of works with which the accusation is most generally connected. The *Laying Down the Law*, and *Diogenes and Alexander*, and *Jack in Office* are confessedly—their very names imply it—scenes that have had their counterpart in human life. But here a very important distinction has to be drawn. The scene is human—in the case of the *Laying Down the Law* we confess altogether too artificial for our taste—but the dogs are not human. Every one who has lived in the familiar intercourse of affection with these beasts, and watched them habitually and narrowly, will bear us out when we say that the expression of face and attitude in all these various hounds and bull-dogs, terriers, spaniels, and nondescripts, are perfectly possible and very characteristic. No one, of course, has ever seen quite so effective a *tableau vivant* as is formed by some of these groups. But astute and foxy-looking dogs, dogs of a courtier-like solemnity, dogs proletarian and mendicant, dogs pompous and overbearing, dogs refined and gentlemanly, dogs vulgar and demoralised—in short, all the wonderful assortment of canine creatures to be found on the master's canvasses—these one may recognise as thoroughly and amazingly real. And our conclusion is, that Landseer occasionally practised that branch of art of which the best known examples are the little French clay figures of monkeys disporting themselves as men, and of which his brother Thomas has given us many etched examples, but that his work habitually was directed to higher ends. If the *Monarch of the Glen* reminds one faintly of a human gallant, vain of his successes with the fair sex, or the *Sick Monkey* recalls a suffering child, it is because similar causes produce similar results, and because the deer, the ape, and man have somewhat in common.

Nearly allied to this power of rendering what we may venture to call the psychology of beasthood was his singular skill in the drawing of animal forms. He caught the most fleeting and characteristic attitudes of his—not sitters, for they would do anything but sit quiet—with a kind of faultless instinct. This gift no one has ever contested. Mr. Ruskin said, many years ago:—"Mr. Landseer is much more a natural historian than a painter; and the power of his work depends more on his knowledge and love of animals—on his understanding of their minds and ways—on his unerring notice and memory of their gestures and

expressions, than on artistical and technical excellence. He never aims at colour; his composition is always weak, and his execution, though partially dexterous, and admirably adapted to the imitations of certain textures and surfaces, is far from being that of a great painter, attained by the mastery of every various difficulty, and changefully adapted to the treatment of every object." To some points in this judgment—not altogether left unqualified by the author himself—we shall have to revert. Our concern for the moment is with the painter's admitted power of reproducing animal forms and movements. Doubtless this power had been greatly increased by years of zealous toil. But, in such a matter, practice is not all. We have seen hundreds—literally hundreds—of Etty's studies of human figures. Scarcely an evening passed of which he did not spend a portion drawing from the life. His devotion to his art was unremitting, and in certain gifts, especially that of colour, he was behind no single painter of the last generation. And yet how comparatively few of his figures there are which seem posed naturally—in which there is not some awkwardness or sign of attitudinising; while Gavarni, the French caricaturist, with not a tithe of the same trouble, even when merely scrawling with his pencil over his paper, always conveys the impression of perfect ease and appropriateness. His figures seem to be doing just what we should expect them to do.* Labour in this matter, therefore, and care are not everything; and though Landseer strengthened the gift that was in him by assiduous study, yet the gift itself was something quite peculiar and *sui generis*. And what a wonderful gift it was! How admirably his brush seems to give life to these countless creatures—how various they are, and each how full of character! Here are squirrels sitting upright on a bough (look at them in the engraving rather than the painting, for the grey colour of the fur has suffered), in shy, alert enjoyment of a bunch of hazel nuts. Here are foxes, neither "caught yet," nor—if we may judge by their astute glance—at all likely to be caught. Here are a group of otter hounds, looking up, with that peculiar melancholy which distinguishes the breed, at their poor lithe foe writhing on the top of the huntsman's spear. But if we once begin to

* It is but just, however, to remark that Etty was dealing mainly with undraped figures, which offer peculiar difficulties.

enumerate dogs, where are we to stop? There are dogs at the Free Kirk, behaving with the utmost propriety; dogs partaking of a Highland breakfast; collies busily engaged in scratching sheep out of snow-drifts; terriers no less busily engaged in exterminating their natural enemies, the rats; Newfoundlands watching by the sea for some opportunity of earning the Humane Society's medal; deer-hounds in full cry, or keeping at a respectful distance from the sharp antlers of the stag; dogs luxuriating in everything that wealth can procure for canine enjoyment, and dogs mourning in broken-hearted sorrow at the loss of those they love—dogs, in short, of all sorts, sizes, colours, and nationalities. Then there are deer, too, in every variety of circumstance—stags locked in deadly combat for the lordship of their frightened herds, or bellowing defiance at one another across a moon-lit lake, or breasting the angry waters in a vain attempt to escape from the pursuing hounds, or turning round on those hounds, and keeping them at bay in majestic fury; or wearily reaching, faint, dripping, and yet saved, some desired haven of refuge; or, lying down, wounded and dying, amid kindly and helpful does. And besides these animals, what shall we say of horses, goats, sheep, oxen, pigs—the sturdy boar of England being contrasted with his gaunt, long-legged French brother—monkeys, lions, polar bears, and numerous others, down to hedgehogs, to say nothing of feathered fowls innumerable? This is indeed a menagerie, a happy family, a zoological garden, a compendium of animated nature; but the variety is not more singular—nay, is less so—than the completeness and individuality of each representation. *Hic labor, hoc opus est.*

It is characteristic of Landseer, and the objection has sometimes been urged against him, that the animals which he most affected were rather what may be called the animals of high-life—the deer, the dog, the horse—animals ennobled by association with the rich and great, than those of a more sturdy and robust type. Thus, though both cattle and pigs figure in the above catalogue, yet the latter are only found in very early works; and the cattle are either park-rangers, and so akin to the deer, like the Chillingham bulls, or else in exceptionally admirable condition, like the cow in the *Maid and the Magpie*. In speaking of an artist so many-sided, it is scarcely possible to make a general statement that shall be absolutely without excep-

tions, and there are, no doubt, some of Landseer's works that are as vigorous and uncivilised, as disdainful of drawing-room conventionalities, as heart can desire. But still we cannot but admit that this persistent preference for the aristocratic side of animal life points to a weakness in the painter. Where his work fails it is usually in this direction. There are too many pictures at Burlington House spoiled for all art purposes by a want of natural freshness and picturesqueness in subject and treatment. Possibly patrons may in some degree have been responsible for this, but not altogether; and the fault is most glaring where, in fact, we should expect it to be so. The many pictures executed for royalty are by no means in the painter's happiest manner. It is not that the Queen and the Prince Consort were bad judges of art—the contrary is known to have been the case—but that their surroundings were too luxurious and well ordered to furnish materials which he could advantageously turn to account. *Eos*, though a beautiful greyhound, was too silky and sleek, and the Prince Consort's hat and gloves too new and unsullied to make a satisfactory picture. *Windsor Castle in Modern Times* is, doubtless, an admirably appointed royal residence—it unquestionably contains some very nice dogs, if we may judge by this glimpse into it—and the gardens outside are exceedingly trim, but the rude splendour of the ancient times was probably more picturesque. So again, H.M. the Queen as Queen Philippa, and H.R.H. as King Edward III., notwithstanding some fine passages of imitative painting in ermine and cloth of gold, are thoroughly crude and unsatisfactory. No skill of light or colour has been used to take away from the unreality and masqueradishness of the whole thing. But why insist? The defect is patent. It re-appears in the several portraits of aristocratic beauties and aristocratic children,—portraits that in spirit and arrangement bring with them, as it were, a faint whiff from the keepsakes and annuals of a forgotten fashion,—and in such lackadaisical sketches as the *Charles Sheridan with Mrs. Brinsley Sheridan and Child*. We do not in the least mean to convey the idea that such subjects are unpaintable. Strictly speaking *nothing* is unpaintable. Reynolds and Vandyck dealt with sitters of as noble breeding, and amid surroundings no less sumptuous. There are pictures by Titian and Veronese in which the dress is as rich with silk and gold as that of Edward III.;

and no one thinks of disputing that these are works of high and enduring art. But with Landseer one feels—we hope we are doing him no wrong—that the spirit of the painter himself got sometimes entangled in the golden chains of rank and wealth, and had not always a clear vision of the great realities underlying rank, wealth, and all other things. He was like a poet, content with *vers de société*, when he might always have sung in a loftier strain.

It was in these works of lower aim, and in some sense, if we may venture to say so, of a satisfied mediocrity of scope, that are most apparent those defects of colour and composition which hostile criticism has insisted upon. Of shortcomings in the latter respect we shall say but little, for the simple reason that we think they have been much exaggerated. Composition, as we need scarcely remind the reader, is something different from the mere life-like pose and natural arrangement of the figures of men and animals, wherein, as already said, Landseer is masterly; it consists in the general disposal of all the groups and lines in a picture so that they shall be at once pleasing to the eye and in harmony with the dominant feeling. Now, that Landseer was equally successful in this, would be too much to affirm, though there are many of his works in which the composition is exceedingly good, as for instance *The Sanctuary*, with its suave curves in water and sky all speaking of rest after toil and danger, yet there are none in which it stamps itself as exquisite. He is never *rhythmical* like the great old masters, or like the late Mr. Mason. But, on the other hand, he is not defective. We can recall scarcely an instance in which the composition is absolutely bad or obviously offensive, and many in which it is excellent. He is far superior to the average of contemporary painters in this respect.

As regards colour, however, we fear that the same cannot be asserted. Here indeed his art fails. Here is the weak point in his harness through which the enemy's shaft reaches home. In his average works the general tone is unquestionably weak, cold and chalky, devoid of general harmony, and unsuffused by the rich glow of life. This is the more singular because no one could better imitate the exact hue and texture of an animal's skin or a bird's feathers. Just as he always places the creature in its most appropriate and life-like attitude, and yet occasionally fails to dispose his whole picture in a perfectly

harmonious manner ; so he will, to give one instance out of many, render with a swift dexterity that is positively marvellous, the delicate white downiness of a swan's white plumage, and the texture of its web feet, and the glossy sheen on the inside of an eagle's wing, and yet leave the whole of the *Swannery Invaded by Eagles* clay-cold and chalky. The beauty and the blemish come oddly together, and come together so constantly throughout the master's works ! It seems so strange that the eye and hand trained to execute these feats of imitative skill should not have perceived and remedied the defect in greater matters. Was anything, one wonders, impossible to the man who could achieve such admirable results, and by such simple means—a few strokes of the brush giving form and colour, aye, even the very make and substance of the varied coverings of so many living things. Perhaps not ; and yet the wonderful facility of execution, bred of his very knowledge of means and effects, may itself have proved a snare to him. There are at the South Kensington Museum two admirable little silky King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, stated to have been painted, dogs, cavalier's hat, long plume and all, in two days, and Jacob Bell's ill-fated blood-hound, killed in the act of springing to greet his master's return, was painted in about the same time. In these cases it was not the more haste and the worse speed, for the work is good, even very good. But how much of flimsiness may have been due to the habit of painting at this rate.

Another singular point connected with Landseer's shortcomings as a colourist is, that he managed his light and shade extremely well, though he often managed his colour badly. This explains why his pictures engrave so satisfactorily ; for when translated into pure black and white, light and shade are everything, and the colour of the original goes for very little. The hard patch of vermilion formed by the huntsman's coat in the *Otter Hunt* disappears of course in the printer's ink of the plate ; the thin unsubstantial colour of the *Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time*, and the clayey hue of the artist's own portrait as he sits sketching with his two dogs, as *Connoisseurs*, looking over his shoulders, disappears likewise. But the careful disposal of the light, its hoarding for special purposes of emphasis, as in the *Shepherd's Chief Mourner*, *There's Life in the Old Dog yet*, and the *Cat's-paw*, or diffusion under peculiar atmo-

spheric circumstances, as in the *Children of the Mist*—on these engraving seizes as its peculiar property. And to his engravers Landseer unquestionably owes much, not only, as we have already seen, financially, but in popularity and public recognition. They took his work, of which it so happened that their art was able to reproduce some of the best qualities, and disseminated it through almost every house in the land. Small is the proportion of well-to-do Englishmen who can afford to possess one of the originals. Even smaller the proportion who in some nook or corner of their dwellings do not possess an engraved copy.

And yet one more point of singularity connected with Landseer's colour. Poor as it unquestionably is in the general average of his work, we cannot but suspect that he might have done better things when we see what a marked improvement there is in his best pictures, in those into which he had evidently thrown his full strength. We have already spoken of the *Random Shot*. There is no faltering here, but a difficult and unusual effect of light rendered with peculiar delicacy, the whole in perfect keeping. So also in the *Hunted Stag*, that poor "strong swimmer in his agony," who has just overturned one of the pursuing dogs, and strains every nerve to escape from the second, there is no shortcoming to deplore. The vigour of the action, the arrowy directness with which the fierce beast makes for the deer's throat, the despair in the upturned face with its glaring eyeballs, the boiling of the water around the combatants, the storm that is lashing the lake into angry foam—all these are not more admirable than the powerful painting and colour. Nor in the *Stag at Bay*, as he stands in his pride, knee-deep in water, fronting his foes and compelling their respect,—nor again in the *Event in the Forest*, where the fox and the eagle are gathering together at the fall of an antlered monarch of the glen, who lies prone amid the wintry rocks—nor in these, nor in the painter's other similar great works of poetical art, do we think the characteristic fault is to be found. Nor yet finally in that which, according to our judgment, is his greatest picture, pregnant with bitter meaning as a chapter in Ecclesiastes, sad with the unfulfilled projects of life, cheered but by the rays of an eternal and uncertain twilight, the picture which shows how *man has proposed and God disposed*,—how the men who steered northward, in manly enterprise and hope, seeking the great undiscovered passage, have found

no resting place even for their bones amid the weird translucent iceheaps, and make but a meal for the hungry bears.

There are certain critics who regard popularity as the unpardonable sin. They can forgive everything else in an artist. Let the painter draw or colour imperfectly, and his work be defaced by the most obvious mannerisms; let the poet's diction be harsh and obscure, or his ideas sacrificed to fluent alliteration—so long as he appeals only to an esoteric body, who drape themselves in their superiority to other men—they will forgive everything. But if he makes his appeal to the great public which knows nothing of cliques and coteries; if he succeeds in stirring their thoughts and feelings, then, though he may do it by means which are high and noble, how eagerly will every deficiency and shortcoming be noted; how gleefully exposed. And yet what an erroneous bias this is, and what a narrow view of art. The greatest men have in all ages been the most popular—popular because their work was sufficiently robust, interesting, and full of vitality, to please, not alone the "fit and few," but also the many. The old masters are, most of them, pre-eminently popular. So is Shakespeare; and he was successful in this world's affairs besides. So is Chaucer, allowance being made for inevitable archaisms of language. A play of Molière pleases the most uneducated audience. So does an air of Mozart or a chorus of Handel. Even a child will take the greatest delight in looking at a book of engravings from Turner. We do not mean, of course, that there is no good art that will not stand this test, or that we have exhausted the subject. Either proposition were absurd. All we wish to show is that there is a certain class of art, and that the very greatest, which is universal in its appeal, and rises superior to intellectual class distinctions, and that in railing against popularity we are in danger of overlooking this truth. Now, the question we would ask finally with regard to Landseer is, whether his work is entitled to take rank in this class, or whether it only commends itself to the uneducated spectator by some kindred vulgarity, and should be frowned upon by the educated. We have already spoken of his shortcomings: they are not far to seek. His colour, except when working at his best, was poor; his composition not excellent. But in power of drawing and painting animal life, of expressing insight into animal character and sym-

pathy with animal feeling, in the divine faculty of casting a halo of poetry over his subject—in these he has never been surpassed. His humour and pathos are admirable; his technical painting of certain substances no less so. Of course we cannot have everything. If work be characteristic, it cannot at the same time be monumental. The modern painter's dogs, each with its individuality so strongly marked, are not conceived in the same spirit as the horses on the frieze of the Parthenon. Let us recognise the necessary limitations of art, and not look for excellences that exclude each other. Some men may have done this or that better than Landseer; but, taken for all in all, he holds the very first position among animal painters, and from that position posterity is not, in our opinion, likely to depose him.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Slave Trade in Africa in 1872, Principally carried on for the Supply of Turkey, Egypt, Persia, and Zanzibar.* By E. F. BERLIOZ, Professor of History in the Lyceum of Lyons. From the French, with a Preface, by JOSEPH COOPER. London: Marsh, Bishops-gate-street Without. 1872.
2. *Dhow-chasing in Zanzibar Waters, South-Eastern Coast of Africa.* By Captain G. L. SULLIVAN, R.N., late Commander of H.M.S. *Daphne*. London: Sampson Low. 1873.
3. *Slave-catching in the Indian Ocean.* By Captain COLOMB, R.N., of H.M.S. *Naiad*. Bentley. 1873.

WE had thought that the question of negro slavery was one on which there could not be two opinions. England spent more than twenty millions sterling, besides for many years maintaining a cruising squadron on a most unhealthy coast, in order to effect its suppression. Suppressed the traffic was at last along the West Coast of Africa, the original scene of its horrors; Mr. Pope Hennessy officially declared, more than three years ago, that it existed no longer. But the slave-trade on the East Coast has only just ceased to be sanctioned by a British treaty; and that in the interior—westward as well as eastward—goes on more briskly than ever, though what result Sir Samuel Baker's expedition will produce on it remains to be seen.

Moreover, a view of the subject is being extensively put forward which, if it gets many supporters in high places, will seriously hinder the work of total suppression. It is argued plausibly, and by those who have some experience of Eastern life, that though the enslaving of the negro to the white man tends inevitably to the degradation of both, it is by no means so when the master is an Arab or other Oriental. The distance between the negro and the white man is so great as to forbid all hope that the former will be bettered by the connection. In the other case the two may and will draw together; and the negro will be humanised by living in a Mahometan family and sharing the privileges of Mahometan equality. Such is the position, much modified from that of Mr. Carlyle, with his "beneficent

whip;" not at all original, because it is found in writers such as Bruce the traveller; certainly illogical into the bargain, and breaking down under the first careful examination of how things really are; but yet possessing a certain plausibility, and supported (we regret to say) by the touching pictures of model Oriental households which occur in books like that of Lady Duff Gordon, for instance. No doubt slavery in an Arab or Egyptian household is a wholly different thing from slavery on an estate in Carolina or in Cuba. But there are two points to be remembered: all Eastern households are not model households; in many the unrestrained will of the master works misery for which the Moslem theory of equality before God and the law offers but slight palliation; and, further, before the slave gets placed in any household, promising or unpromising, he must be hunted, caught, brought across some half a continent, set up for sale once and again; and it is a question whether even the most abundant chances of "rising in the social scale" could compensate for the misery inevitable from such a set of proceedings. "But," says Captain Colomb, "the horrors of the land-journey are exaggerated; and the state of the negro at home is a state of such utter and hopeless wretchedness, that even the most painful emancipation from it must be a gain. Besides, the death and desolation described by Dr. Livingstone and others are due rather to famines than to war." It is no doubt true that the negro at home is not in a paradisaic state. He is constantly exposed to the ravages of war; and war both brings famine and aids that which is due to the seasons. Moreover, it is a distinct gain that prisoners should be made slaves of instead of being killed, and sometimes eaten into the bargain. But then, whence come these constant inroads? Why is war the normal state of large districts of Central Africa? Mainly on account of this very slave trade which is supposed to temper its severity. Tribes quarrel, no doubt, about ivory, about herds and wells, about anything; savage man is seldom at a loss for reasons for attacking his neighbour. But we maintain that the certainty of a profitable market is the sole cause of many wars besides making rival tribes always readier to take offence, and keeping up indefinitely the contests which might else be stopped. Those who doubt whether or not the slave traffic is destructive of life, should study the little book of M. Berlioz and the figures given by Captain Sullivan. Even

Captain Colomb, quasi-apologist as he sometimes seems to be, admits that, from whatever causes, three at least are generally sacrificed for every slave imported into Zanzibar. Captain Sullivan says, the loss is nearer nine than three. And, if anything like this is true of the comparatively short journey down to the East Coast, what must be the unhappy case of the captives who are compelled to traverse half the length of Africa till at last they find a market at Khartoum or Gondokoro? The wide-spread desolation, the truly unspeakable misery, wrought by this man-hunt, in the interests of which great part of a continent is parcelled out and kept like a vast preserve, make it a question whether the advance of Mahometanism has not done more harm than good in Africa.

No doubt, as Mr. Carlyle long ago pointed out, Mahometanism, among fetish worshippers, is a civilising influence. The lively picture which Mr. Winwood Reade (in that strange book *The Martyrdom of Man*) draws of the heathen negro village, where every one all through life is a prey to alarms, from the girl who may be carried off just while she has gone to draw water, to the man whose life may at any moment be slandered away by some malicious sorcerer, is no doubt truthfully enough contrasted with the same village when its people, converted to Islam, are clothed and in their right mind. But how, if the spread of Mahometanism means the further development of the man-hunting system, the systematising (in fact) of the previously occasional irregular slave traffic? This seems hitherto to have been the case; though, for such a result to follow from the diffusion of the Mahometan principles of equality, is an instance of the irony of circumstances. Theory and practice are not more at variance here than they are, unhappily, in many matters of Christian conduct. The theory is clear enough. In Persia a legal decision has been sought and obtained, though the question is one on which students of the Koran would imagine no dispute to be possible. Col. Shiel, instructed in 1846 by our Government to ascertain the views of the Persian Government on this subject, got a decree from six of the chief mollahs at Teheran that, "selling slaves is an abomination to the noble faith; the worst of men is the seller of men, was a saying of the Prophet." So, in Turkey, in 1854, the Sultan issued a firman, having special reference to the Circassian slave trade, to this effect: "Man, the

most noble of all God's creatures, was made free. Selling people as animals, or as articles of furniture, is contrary to the will of the Sovereign Creator." And, in Egypt, in 1867, Nubar Pacha's reply to the deputation from the Paris Conference was that, though the Mussulman's creed did not forbid slavery, still it was unquestionably "a horrible institution, inconsistent with civilisation and humanity, and that, therefore, it must be abolished." He added that the progress of Egypt depended on its abolition; and said that, *if the slave traffic was stopped*, slavery (not being recruited from without) would die a natural death in fifteen years. We trust that the Khedive meant what he said; for some have come to the conclusion that he, as well as his people, favours slavery, and that he will attempt to manage the great accession of territory which, through Sir S. Baker, he is acquiring, on the old slave-trading system. Unhappily he was quite justified in retorting that the African slave trade has always been mainly carried on by Europeans, "by whose religion," he remarked, "slavery is condemned." Even in his own dominions some of the most notorious slave-dealers are Europeans, and the trade along the upper waters of the Nile is (M. Berlioz tells us) almost wholly in their hands. Then, too, there are the Portuguese on the Zambesi, among whom slavery is rampant, with the usual results to morality. An eye-witness, writing in the *Cornhill Magazine*, in April, 1872, says: "I never was in an atmosphere of greater depravity. From the Senhor to the youngest slave just emerging from boyhood, you could distinguish nothing but foul minds; you heard scarcely anything but foul words; I saw little else but foul deeds. It seemed as though these people were encircled with evil of the worst conceivable form, until its essence had moulded itself into their very natures, and they had become the embodiments of unmitigated, uncontrolled wickedness. When I was again among the unsophisticated natives, I felt I was breathing a purer moral atmosphere." This is strong language; and one can scarcely believe that the negro who loses so much by being transplanted into a Portuguese household can gain greatly by becoming a slave in an Arab family. We will not believe that Orientals are exceptions to the general law (enunciated by Dora Greenwell in her eloquent paper in the *Contemporary Review* of last June), that "mutual degradation is the necessary conse-

quence of slavery; it curseth him that gives and him that takes; if the inferior carries the chain round his ankle, the superior must wear it round his wrist." No doubt Captain Colomb is right in saying that it is wholly impossible to give the Arabs a notion of how we feel on the subject: "they simply look on us as robbers, who take their negroes in order to save ourselves the trouble and cost of procuring them for ourselves." This is a point to which the Captain returns again and again. "The Arab has no notion and can form no conception of our sentiments regarding slavery. Though he frees so many slaves as a thank-offering for Allah's mercies to him, it is entirely a voluntary business with him. There is no more moral pressure put upon him to abjure slavery than there is on a Christian to build a church."* The Koran, no doubt, by insisting on the equality of all true believers, tends indirectly to extinguish slavery, though it acquiesces in it as an institution almost as completely as the law of Moses does. The slave is not at his owner's mercy; even in Zanzibar he can compel his master to sell him if he can prove that he is cruelly treated: he earns money (instead of, as formerly in the United States, working wholly for his master); very often he is himself a slave-owner, for he is only bound to work five days a week till noon, and all after time is his own. For an Arab to sell a purchased slave is a sign of extreme poverty; to sell those born in his service shows utter ruin. The Arab, in buying a slave, thinks that he only buys a part of his labour, and the two (we are told) often get devotedly attached to one another, the relation resembling that between patron and client, or between feudal lord and serf. The negroes like slavery to Arabs: "many of those rescued by cruisers slip away into the hands of Arabs; of slavery to other negroes they have the utmost horror." Indeed the Arab character, as described by Captain Colomb, is singularly winning. Did he only see exceptionally good specimens, or have other writers maligned these interesting Semites? Even on the Suez Railway, where everything looks so temporary and everybody so Frenchified, and where the screaming crowd jumps on carriage steps and buffers just as the train starts, he is struck with "these beautiful Arab faces, such as we might fancy David to have been,

belying their life of turbulence." The Arabs in Zanzibar remind him of Irish gentlemen. The same want of cash, the same encumbered estates : "the Arab's land is almost always in the hands of some Kutch or Bombay banyan. He is like the Irish gentleman, because he is real and natural, and free from pettiness, envy or guile; because fearless in outward demeanour and yet of a highly nervous organisation; because plain in dress, so unlike the vulgar splendour of Indian princes; because he is an anachronism, as so many have declared the Irish landlord to be." Further, the Arab is quiescent—not to say lazy—on religious principles. One thinks of Turks as idle; but Captain Colomb decides that "the Arab's fatalism is a fatalism of inaction, the Turk's a fatalism of action. Here, as in the south of Ireland, man has made his religion. It has its beautiful points; it breathes a child-like faith in God's unlimited goodness. The Arab suffers directly at God's hands, and loves while he suffers; he has the two Irish curses of constitutional weakness, and indolence plus poverty; riches are in both cases too far away to stimulate exertion. The very ejaculations of the two people are the same: *insh-Allah* means, not 'please God,' but 'glory to God.'" We quote all this because, though it has no direct bearing on our subject, it enables us, by seeing how our author deals with a matter on which we can form an opinion, to gauge to some extent his judgment on other questions. His book, "a mass of notes not prepared for publication, in which the contrast between the ludicrous and the painful has been advisedly preserved," and, in a less degree Captain Sullivan's volume contrast strikingly with that of Professor Berlioz. The Englishman sees both sides of the question, whether, as in Captain Sullivan's case, his own mind is well made up, or, as in the case of Captain Colomb, he is fairly puzzled as to the right course. The Frenchman, having taken his line, goes ahead impetuously, and sweeps into his argument all sorts of evidence—some, like that of the runaway sepoy, who accompanied a slave caravan, and "saw many women killed on the march," of a kind which rather damages than strengthens a good cause.

For reading, of course, we recommend either of the English books; it requires a Victor Hugo or a Louis Blanc to make a French socio-political essay palatable. Captain Colomb's, especially, is a very pleasant book; full

withal of information. What he says of the "kidney-shaped sacs" of animalcules which make the Red Sea deserve its name, will be new to many; so will the "traces of so many ruined civilisations seen on the Arabian coast—Bushire, Hormuz ('if all the world were a gold ring, Hormuz would be the pearl in it'), Bunder Abbas, Basadore, each belonging to a different epoch." Very interesting is the glimpse of the Muscat gardens, flourishing literally amongst cinder *débris*, and the Isle of Kisen, where the cows give good milk from a diet of dates and salt fish, while all the drinking-water has to be brought from fifty miles off. There is a good deal, too, about the Wahabees, those Mahometan Puritans who retain the Arab carelessness of human life, and who, while they rigorously abstain from silk clothing, tobacco, pork and rum, "are great slavers, laugh at philanthropy, and talk of us English as successful pirates."

Very graphic is Captain Colomb's sketch of his actual operations. He does not like the work. "Spreading the spider's web, or rather planning the ant-lion's den, is rather unworthy of the British navy. It is poor work to catch, after long waiting, a dhow with one child on board, as to whom it is doubtful whether he is there for the first time, or is not rather a domestic slave, and therefore not to be meddled with." Six captures, giving a claim on the British treasury for £2,200, fell to his share during the cruise described in his book. It is to be hoped that, in dealing with these six, *his own total ignorance of Arabic* and his interpreter's very imperfect knowledge of English did not lead him into any mistakes like those recently committed in the Red Sea by the captain of the *Thetis*. In this dhow-catching, as in other things, the big fishes seem to have the best chance. We often hear of dhows burnt because just one or two negroes, supposed to be "slaves for sale" (not for domestic use), were found in them. Once only does the Captain fall in with two large slavers which are run aground, and from which several hundred negroes—the whole cargoes, in fact, except sixty whom he succeeds in "cutting out"—are driven up country. The horrors to which these poor creatures must have been subjected, in a run of a hundred miles over hot waterless rocks, may well make us join in our author's doubt as to the practical usefulness of the blockade. Our more than doubt on this point leads us,

however, to join issue with him as to the value of the lately-abrogated treaty. As Captain Sullivan well showed, to permit slave traffic to go on between the northern and southern ports of Seyd Burgash's territory was like giving "law" to the fox, in order to ensure an exciting run. This is over ; and with it disappears the difficulty hitherto unsolved of disposing of the captured negroes. We went to work as usual with no apparatus ready ; the negroes lived a lazy useless life on "Slave Island," off Aden, till they could be shipped off to Bombay ; and there, "like masterless pariah dogs," they sunk into the abominably filthy lower strata of an Eastern city. No wonder, when the proportion of births and deaths among the Bombay negroes was as 37 to 75, Captain Colomb should speak of England as "hiding her head in the sands of her own law. . . ." "Even those who are apprenticed to Mauritius planters are abandoned by them when their term is over ; nor do we, who intercepted them on the way to masters who would have taken care of them for life, take any further notice of our *protégés*. Bishop Ryan finds that, thus left to themselves, they are generally very degraded and very ignorant, and often very destitute. In fact, we leave them to go to the dogs their own way, rather than infringe a principle which to them is wholly inapplicable. . . . They can't squat, as they do in the West Indies ; so they either manage to sell themselves again, or sink into 'long shore loafers.'" It is indeed sad to think how much valuable human material has been wasted owing to the total want of provision for these rescued slaves. For what the Kroomen have become—in many things quite a match for British sailors—shows how valuable this negro raw material is. It needs "working up." Captain Colomb's idea is some such modified slavery as Mr. Sunley established in the Comoro Isles ; but in all such "colonies" everything depends on the character of the chief. What is admirable under a Sunley would in other hands soon degenerate into the condition of the Portuguese settlements on the Zambesi. Industrial settlements must be public and not private in character, and must be periodically inspected ; and since, though the coast traffic be stopped, there will for a long time be plenty of slave-gangs to be seized in the interior, it is well to remember that our present free-negro settlements need supplementing. Plenty of work under proper direction is the chief thing needful for humanising the negro ;

and Captain Sullivan's suggestion, that liberated slaves should be employed in making a really good road to Lake Tanganyika and beyond it, a road guarded by military posts, seems a very practical one.* To check the slave trade without improving the condition of the negro at home may be possible, but would not be desirable. Trade in palm-oil, Dr. Livingstone used to say, would kill out slavery; and if slavery is mainly due to the negro character, we must strive to raise that character: all our work in Africa, and not our Missionary effort only, must tend to that end. This will necessitate a good deal of active interference. To expect that "the civilising influences of commerce" will suffice is certainly not warranted by experience; "the gospel of trade" has often proved the very opposite of good news to uncivilised races. Missionary work has done much, and will do more; but to do good it must be practical. Glorious mistakes, like that of poor Bishop Mackenzie, are to fruitful Missionary work what the Balaclava charge was to a regular campaign. Too often the isolated preacher is looked on as the medicine-man of a more powerful race, and the Bible comes to be revered as the *fetish* of the nation which has rifles and revolvers and unlimited cotton cloth. Combine spiritual teaching with the arts of life, as many of our best men have done in the Pacific Islands, and the real meaning of the truths taught necessarily becomes more apparent to minds opened by their outward surroundings. We may surely learn from the success of the London Mission in Madagascar. That Mission never for an instant left its spiritual functions in abeyance, but it also proved by teaching the natives to read, and by organising the language during the long period from 1818 onward, when proselytising was impossible, that Christianity is the religion of common sense, and the result is a *Christian nation*. And, though Captain Colomb may call the religion of the Madagase "a thin varnish," and may laugh at their "sketchy music, reminding one of Turner at his maddest—the ghosts and shadows of all tunes, changing from the Devil's tattoo to the morning hymn and the Aurora waltz," he testifies to the practical value of their creed by styling them "the best niggers out."

* What would Sir Garnet Wolseley have lately given for such a road to Commanie.

For free negro settlements a "beneficent despotism" (our readers will not misunderstand the term) is undoubtedly the best thing. The difficulty is to secure the beneficence and combine it with efficiency. It has been done, however, to a great extent, in some of the South Sea Islands; it may be done in Africa, if we can but free ourselves from what Captain Colomb well calls "our cocoon of sentiment." Deal with the negro as boys are dealt with at school, as sailors are dealt with in a man-of-war; that is the treatment which has succeeded with the Kroomen. Remember that, however stringent your rules, they will be laxer than those enforced on him in his wild state by the public opinion of his tribe.

The sum of the whole is that England, being pledged to put an end to the slave trade on the East African coast, is, by this one fact, bound to do more. First, she must take care that these Egyptian annexations do not give an impetus to the Central African slave traffic; nay, she must set herself resolutely to stop this central traffic, as well by putting pressure on Egypt as by forming free-negro settlements, which will be anti-slavery settlements in the interior. Next, she must take care to have these settlements arranged before she takes any other step. There must be no more waste of human material through not knowing what to do with the rescued slaves. Sailors are fine fellows (though our naval authors found the fiery zeal which led their crews to "run a muck" in a slave market somewhat unmanageable); they make the best of nurses for negro children; but the future of the freed negro must not be left to them. Still less must the said negro be left to himself. Captain Sullivan may well laugh at the *Times* correspondent, who says, "the freed slave has his destiny in his own hands;" he has, in the same sense, and in no other, in which the London street Arab is master of his destiny. He needs to be picked out of the stream, which will else sweep him into deeper degradation than any slavery.

Is this something we did not bargain for? Then let us remember that we have no right to destroy existing arrangements, unless we can replace them by something better. As things were, any ruffian who could set up with a few baskets of dates bought on credit could hope to make his fortune by slave-carrying from Zanzibar. A slave ten years old costs in Central Africa two yards of calico (say tenpence); food, tax, &c., would raise this to seven dollars in Zanzibar; but at Muscat he would fetch £8. No wonder

the dealers could afford to lose five-sixths of their cargoes. But then there was this grain of compensation; those who escaped generally got a comfortable home. If we cut the negro off from this, we must give him the chance of bettering at home. Dahomey "customs," Ashantee wars, and such like, are not pleasant alternatives to the slave trade.

But how can England undertake a work of this kind, the civilising of a continent? England will not have to work alone; the other Powers who have joined her in destroying West Indian slavery must join in this "necessary corollary" of their former work. Moreover, if once we set ourselves heartily to put down the Central African slave traffic, the zeal of our Missionary Societies may be trusted to do a great deal towards keeping up the free negro settlements, which we have spoken of as guarantees that slavery shall never make head again. Finally, if we do not undertake the work, Captain Colomb assures us that Germany will, and will be withheld by no sentimental scruples from dealing with "Quashee" according to Mr. Carlyle's recipe.

There ought to be no more temporising with the matter. If we feel that, whatever domestic slavery in the East may be, the African slave trade is horrible and destructive, and that it must be put an end to, let the thing be done, and let the necessary steps be taken to cure the evil at its source. If England is in earnest, other nations will be; and then the Portuguese in Eastern Africa and the French and Italians (too often consular agents) in Egypt, who are the chief sinners, will be called to account by their respective Governments, and the frightfully demoralising traffic of which they are the real agents will come to an end. But England must be in earnest. Fifteen years ago a firman was issued forbidding the importation of slaves into Khartoum; they are still marched up in gangs by the so-called ivory merchants; the ivory is brought into Khartoum, the slaves are kept outside until they can be sent on down the river. M. Berlioz says that the head merchants engaged in thus nullifying good laws are mostly his own countrymen. Conduct of this kind must be treated (as it deserves to be) like piracy.

But, that England may come to this great work with clean hands, she must wipe off the reproach which cases like that of the *Carl* have brought upon her at the South Seas. Before these pages are in print, the report of the Government Commission to Fiji may, perhaps, be made.

public. Whatever may be thought of annexing those islands, there can be no doubt that the South Sea labour traffic must be abolished. It is a very different thing for natives to be taught to work in their own islands, as they have been by our Missionaries, and for them to be carried off, under contracts of the meaning of which they are wholly ignorant, to labour in a strange place, amid surroundings which must often destroy all chance of their moral or spiritual advancement. Either we must summarily put an end to that horrible system of "black-birding," which has caused so many fearful reprisals—the death of Bishop Patteson among them—or we must be silent when any African prince reproaches us with our inconsistency. The question of coolie labour is not to be settled in a few rhetorical phrases; but this much may be safely laid down: no man can righteously be taken from his home without his full and intelligent consent. We fear that this condition is scarcely ever fulfilled in the South Seas: we are sure that it is often disregarded in the case of Chinese coolies. From one point of view, the Polynesian is more of a "burning question" than the African. Unless it is settled soon, there will be no natives to protect. "Black-birding" is a rapidly destructive process to the black-birds.

We hope these things will be looked into; and we desire once more to enunciate the proposition that the true way to civilise either African, or Fijian, or Erromangan, is not by tearing him from his home, but by working with him there, patiently and firmly, even as a good master educates by patient firmness the undeveloped characters of his boys.

- ART. V.—1. *The Capital of the Tycoon, a Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Japan.* By Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., H.M. Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary in Japan. Two Volumes. Maps, Chromolithographs, &c. Longmans. 1863.
2. *New Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun; its Annals During the Past Twenty Years, Recording the Remarkable Progress of the Japanese in Western Civilisation.* By SAMUEL MOSSMAN, Author of "China; its History, Institutions, and Inhabitants," &c. Murray. 1873.
3. *Tales of Old Japan.* By A. B. MITFORD, Second Secretary to the British Legation in Japan. (Illustrations by Japanese Artists). Macmillan. 1871.
4. *The Mission of Lord Elgin, H.M. Plenipotentiary to China and Japan.* By LAWRENCE OLIPHANT. Murray. 1859.
5. *Quedah. A Cruise in Japanese Waters.* By Captain SHERARD OSBORNE, R.N. Blackwood. 1861.
6. *Yedo and Peking, a Narrative of a Journey to the Capitals of Japan and China, with Notices Agricultural, Horticultural, &c.* By ROBERT FORTUNE, Honorary Member of the Agri. Hort. Society of India. Murray. 1863.
7. *Japan as It Is.* By AIDÉ HUMBERT, of the French Legation. Translated, with Many Illustrations. Bentley. 1874.
8. *Le Japon en 1867.* Par M. J. LAYBLE, Capitaine de Frégate. "Revue des Deux Mondes," Feb. 1 and 15, 1868.

It is now nearly fifty years since Charles Gutzloff, on his missionary voyage, touched at the Loochoo Isles, and, finding there a Japanese junk, spoke Christian truth and distributed tracts to the sailors. This was the first time for nearly two centuries that any Christian intercourse had taken place between the Japanese and the outer world. Gutzloff found the sailors very anxious to talk and to receive books, but the Loochoo mandarins were much displeased, and soon cut off all intercourse between him and the junk. "I earnestly prayed (says he) that my books

might yet reach Japan, to which none of our Missionaries have yet had access."

Japan and her dependencies are in a very different condition now. Instead of Gutzloff warned off from Corea with the cold remark: "to receive your letter and presents is illegal," and prevented even from taking a walk in Loochoo, as soon as it was found that he was getting into conversation with the people, we have China "opened up," Corea "brought to reason" by a war with the United States, the Loochoo Isles (where all that was known of Europeans was a faint recollection of Captain Beechy) a regular place of call for ships of all nations; while Japan, where Gutzloff, with all his courage and energy, did not even attempt a landing, has been thoroughly revolutionised, and is now supplied with lighthouses, electric telegraph, submarine cable, a new calendar, a great exhibition, a national debt, gas in its capital city, and a railway between that city and the chief foreign settlement of Yokohama.

How has Christianity fared amid all these changes? What has been done for God, when so much has been done for mammon? Can the Missionary say anything which shall at all match Mr. Mossman's jubilant cry: "Japan has entered into the comity of nations. The feudal system and the power of a sanguinary domineering oligarchy is swept away. The hated foreigners, instead of being rigorously shut out from the land, are in large numbers and at large salaries in government employ; and all this, which Europe took ages to accomplish, Japan has done in one generation?" This is very encouraging to people who think that civilisation consists in wearing leather boots and chimney-pot hats, and in talking English and drinking bitter beer and brandy instead of *saki*. It is certainly the most complete and remarkable change that the world has ever seen; and we can only hope that the country in which it has been made may not sink to the dead level of uniformity with which the world is threatened. While Mr. Mossman shouts "Forward, onward, New Japan, Land of the Rising Sun," those who know something of "New Bengal" and "Young Bombay" may be pardoned for doubting whether the consummation attained in certain circles in some parts of India is the most desirable in the world. A thin veneer of European culture without the least trace of Christianity is a loss instead of a gain. An old self-evolved system is destroyed; and what re-

places it is based on nothing higher than expediency and the sacred duty of forcing a trade at any cost.

But how does Christianity now stand in Japan? Mr. Mossman's chronicle tells us that so recently as 1868, when lighthouses were being set up, and *kinsats* or bank notes issued, while a loan was being negotiated, when a roaring trade was being done at Nagasaki in hats, coats, and blankets, boots and watches, when the great daimio (feudal baron) Satsuma had long been working cotton mills at Kagosima, and both parties in the civil war were ruining themselves by purchasing steam-ships and rifled cannon—while there were all these signs of "progress," a persecution of Christians was begun. The little remnant which had lasted on since St. Francis Xavier's time was "deported" to the Goto Isles under circumstances of cruelty which, though no doubt exaggerated by the Romanist clergy, were quite enough to prove that the troubles of Japan were now, as of old, laid to the door of that Faith which its modern professors had managed to thoroughly subordinate to the pursuit of gain.

Some time after, when the great daimios had surrendered their feudal rights, when the Japanese Parliament had opened in seventeen committees, and the new Government had started its "organ," the *Kioto Gazette*, even then Christianity was so far from receiving toleration that a number of peasants who had strayed out of curiosity into one of the chapels in Yokohama were at once thrown into prison.

It was not till last March that the old notice boards threatening converts with torture and death were taken down. At the same time the deported Christians were released; but the feeling was so strong against them that, though they had "official protection," they suffered a good deal on their way back to their homes. Indeed, during the food and other riots of last year, among the other cries: "bring back the old calendar; leave off cutting down trees; officer each district out of its own magnates; let us dress our hair in the old style;" loudest of all were the cries "no Christianity; no European books."

Up to the present time all we can say is that Christianity is tolerated and that is all. Buddhism has been officially repressed; Church and State have been so far separated that the endowments are almost all secularised; the Buddhist priests may marry, and are not confined to a

fish diet. We heard something of an attempt to form a new State religion—a compound of Buddhism and Sintooism (the old Japanese “worship of the gods”), which may be classed with the proposal to supersede the Japanese language by a sort of pigeon-English. But there is nothing encouraging in this. Many of the educated Japanese care as little for religion as the corresponding class in China. Philosophic atheism does not prepare the mind for the reception of Divine truth; and official religions, compounded to order, must tend to produce philosophic unbelief in thinking minds.

Recasting history is, perhaps, of all tasks the most unprofitable. Still we cannot help wishing that Japan had been “opened up” in a different way. Humanly speaking, the eagerness of traders which hurried, and at the same time complicated, the relations between Japan and the outer world, has been distinctly a spiritual and moral loss. God, who so often brings good out of evil, may see fit so to order events that the break-up of Japanese institutions may lead to a wholesale outgrowth of Christianity. But man would have had more hope that His truth, who said, “Ye cannot serve God and mammon,” would take real hold of the Japanese had it permeated the country as an independent influence, instead of getting discredit as the creed of unscrupulous traders, and following in the wake of events which have disgusted some of the best minds in Japan with Western civilisation. Christianity will now be based, as of old, on foreign trade; and, in the same way, if the “national” party is ever strong enough to turn out the foreigner, it will go too, as it did more than two centuries back. But, putting aside this most unlikely contingency, we cannot surely expect in the Japanese a zeal which our own people have done their best to quench. The trader has but a very negative tolerance of his own faith. If its diffusion threatens to be bad for trade, he will have no hesitation in stifling it in Japan, as the East India Company so long stifled it in India. Romanism failed in Japan; and Sir R. Alcock, while making due allowance for the alarm caused by the pretensions of the Pope, shows that its failure was partly due to its having come in along with an active foreign trade, which “raised prices,” and so caused internal discontent, just as the trade of the last twenty years has done, and to its having been supported by great feudatories, princes who (like

the daimios in the recent civil struggle) were eager to assert their complete independence. Every Christian must pray that Protestantism may not be permanently hindered by the same causes. Its success in every heathen land must depend largely on the conduct of Christian traders, Christian sailors, Christian officials; but more in Japan than elsewhere; because there it is the creed of those whose advent has led to a more thorough "break-up" than the world has ever before seen. Hence a twofold danger: Japanese Tories look askance at all pertaining to those who destroyed their time-hallowed institutions, and Japanese "Progressives" are only too likely to disregard the whole matter of religion, nor will the example of some of our traders lead them to do otherwise.

Very little was known of Japan before the sixteenth century. Marco Polo calls it Chipangu; "a great island 1,800 miles from the mainland: the inhabitants are white, civilised, and well-favoured. They are idolaters, and dependent on nobody. The quantity of gold is endless, for its export is forbidden." The old Venetian's stories about the palace "roofed with fine gold, and floored with gold slabs a good two fingers thick," are repeated in Kaempfer; and M. Pauthier, the able translator of old Chinese records, quoted in Colonel Yule's splendid edition of Marco Polo, shows that the statements occur in Chinese contemporary writers. Edrisi, the Arabian, says: "gold is so common in Japan that dog-collars are made of it." There certainly was a vast amount of gold in the country when, not twenty years ago, the swarm of Western traders lighted upon it. We can well imagine officials and even naval officers throwing up their appointments and "going for gold," when that metal was *only five times the value of silver*. At this rate it was possible to buy up cobangs for Mexican dollars, sell them again in China or at Singapore, and net a profit of nearly two hundred per cent. We did not hear much of the pearls, which, says Polo, "are in great plenty, and one is put into the mouth of a corpse when it is taken to burial;" but the gold was plentiful enough to stand a drain of seven or eight years, during which "the Japanese standard was righting itself," i.e., its people were awaking to the fact that they were selling their gold far too cheap.

Polo's only historical fact about Chipangu (Jih-pan-kwe, the kingdom of Jih-pan, the Chinese for Nippon, which is said to mean the sun-rising) is the expedition of Kublay

Khan, which so far resembled the Invincible Armada, that it was partly destroyed by storms on that iron-bound coast. In 1279, "the great Khan sent out 100,000 men under two great barons, from his ports of Zayton and Kinsey. They occupied the open country, but could take no forts; and the two barons quarrelled greatly." Then came the storm, destroying all but 80,000 men, who were driven on a small uninhabited island, where the Admiral-baron left them to shift for themselves. The Japanese fleet came down upon them, but by drawing their enemies inland, and then hastily fetching a compass, they surprised the fleet while empty of defenders, seized it, sailed to Nippon, and marched on the capital with Japanese flags and emblems flying. Getting admission by this trick, they turned out all except the pretty women, and stood a seven months' siege, during which they made desperate efforts to send word to Kublay. Their lives were spared; but they were never allowed to quit the island. The Admiral-baron was put to death as soon as he reached Kublay's court. So says the Venetian Herodotus. The Japanese records speak of numerous expeditions all beaten off; they also relate this "crowning mercy," the capture of the 80,000 Mongols, —all put to death, they say, except three, who were sent with the news to Kublay, and to them they add 1,200 Southern Chinese, who were spared for slaves. According to them, the quarrelsome Admiral was never heard of again; and modern writers have accounted for Mexican civilisation by supposing that his fleet was driven across the Pacific.* Kublay tried, in 1283, to send out another armament; but the bare idea of it almost occasioned a revolt: as the Japanese histories say, the success of their famous archers was evident proof of the protection of the gods.

From that time to 1540 there is a complete blank. Then three Portuguese adventurers, guided by the captain of a Chinese junk, were well received by the Prince of Bungo; and very soon a Portuguese ship came every year bringing woollens, furs, silks, and taffetas. About the same time a noble named Hansiro had to fly for manslaughter, and made his way to Goa. Here he was converted to Christianity, and in his new zeal persuaded his teachers to send a mission to Japan. St. Francis Xavier headed the party, which was accompanied by a number of merchants; and

* A comparison between the Chinese and Mexican Calendars may help towards settling the question.

the Japanese were equally eager to listen to the Jesuits and to buy the foreign goods. In fact, the great nobles quarrelled as to who should first receive the Portuguese; and several of the latter settled and married native heiresses. The bonzes got angry; but the emperor posed them with the question: "How many religions are there now in Japan?" "Thirty-five." "Well, what harm can be done if there should be thirty-six?"

Forty years after this a Japanese embassy was sent with presents to Pope Gregory XIII. Its journey through Spain and Italy was a triumphal procession. But while the guns of the Vatican were thundering out a welcome, the Emperor Kubo-sama was razing the churches and persecuting the Christian religion. Men travelled slowly in those days; the ambassadors were eight years absent, and when they returned, bringing with them the Superior of the Order of Jesuits to the scene of his expected triumph, they found the Prince of Bungo dead, and Christianity suppressed by order of Taiko-sama, the conqueror of Corea, and such Christians as continued faithful living in concealment. From 1587 to 1635 was a sad time of persecution and martyrdom, and the ruin of trade. In 1635, the Portuguese were shut up in Desima amid the jeers of their Dutch rivals, who had meanwhile obtained a footing in the islands.* Two years after, Simabara, the Japanese Rochelle, fell battered by Dutch artillery, and became the grave of 87,000 Christians; the Portuguese were forbidden all access to the country, and the Dutch were consigned to the same prison-island from which they were expelled. It is remarkable, as exemplifying the contrast which exists throughout between Japan and England, that in the same year in which Simabara was stormed and the martyrs (canonised not long ago by Pius IX.) were flung from the rocky island of Pappenberg in Nagasaki bay, the Pilgrim Fathers went off to New Plymouth.

Henceforth, for more than two centuries, it was death for a Japanese to leave his country. A nation which had been noted for maritime enterprise became thoroughly stay-at-home; and intercourse with the outer world was confined to the yearly arrival of a Dutch ship at the settlement which, under most humiliating conditions,

* The Englishman, Will Adama, while in prison in Lisbon, heard from Portuguese sailors about Japan; from him the knowledge spread to the English and Dutch.

(their envoys to Yeddo having to play antics, show their coat-tails, sham drunkenness, &c., for the amusement of the court), that nation was allowed to keep up at Desima.

As we said, Sir R. Alcock discusses the reasons which led to these stringent measures. The encouragement which the Jesuits seemed to give to the pretensions of the feudal chiefs counted for something. More alarming still was the sudden growth of a foreign trade which emptied the country of its precious metals—of late the reaction is strong in Japan, and stronger still in China, where, 'because we are supposed to have drained the country of its silver, we now have to take twice as much tea and silk as they will take goods. But the chief cause was the arrogance of the Papacy. When the Prince of Bungo wrote, "To him who ought to be adored, and who holds the place of the King of heaven," and the Prince of Omara says, "I adore the most holy Pope, who holds the place of God on earth," it cannot be wondered at that Taiko-sama, whose work with his feudatories is comparable with that of Louis XI. or Richelieu, should have felt that it was war to the death between him and those who taught a divided allegiance. If the story of the Spaniard who, when asked how his master had won half the world, replied, "he first sends priests to convert the people, and then troops to join the converts," is not true, it first expresses the feeling with which a Japanese ruler would look on the course of Christian annexations. The feeling remained so strong, that when Japan began to be "opened up," there was a marked difference between the way in which Protestants and Romanists were received; a decided dislike, for instance, to enter into relations with the French, as belonging to the faith which had before been weighed and found wanting. We fear subsequent proof that trade is of no religion has obliterated this distinction, and has led too many Japanese to look on all forms of Christianity as much the same.

During the two centuries of exclusion Europe only heard of Japan through Kaempfer, Thunberg, Siebold, and other physicians to the Dutch settlement; but their accounts are not much more satisfactory than those of Mendez Pinto, "prince of liars," as Congreve calls him, or the letters of the Jesuit missionaries and the other matter with which Purchas has filled up his compilation.

Thunberg, a Swede who wrote in 1750, found everything to praise in Japan. "In many points," he says, "the

people are above Europeans. Above all are they remarkable for their great and universal love of country. Justice among them is impartial; there are no foreign wars, no strife of sects; no hunger or want; no new fashions." The picture is marred by the confession that the criminal code is the bloodiest in the world; and that the dwellers in a whole street are sometimes sacrificed for the misdeed of one householder. "Still," says Dr. Thunberg, "it is much better thus to recognise mutual responsibility than, as in Europe, to pretend to hold parents free from the guilt of their children's misbehaviour, which is the sure result of parental neglect."

Commodore Perry, who, as we shall see, visited Japan in 1853, was struck above all with the spy system. "Spies everywhere, even on the Emperor; an universal secret police, endurable because it presses equally on all. It is probably this system which has destroyed all idea of secrecy, and led to the shop and house fronts being open to the streets, and also to the public bathings, and other strange customs." Dr. Macgowan, who was with Commodore Perry, remarks that Japan is the land of contradictions: "there is no thieving, yet plenty of street broils; the people are well to do, yet there is much beggary and drunkenness; the state of women is higher than elsewhere in the East, yet prostitution thrives and is legalised."

Of the internal government of Japan Western nations had the very vaguest notions. There was a "temporal emperor," or Tycoon, at Yedo, and a "spiritual emperor," or Mikado, at Miako. It was not discovered till long after ports had been opened and treaties signed that this Tycoon (or Siogoon) was really only a mayor of the palace, with no real power to make treaties or pass edicts. By the way this powerlessness of the Siogoon (whose authority dates from 1185) only dawned on the Japanese when it became necessary to try to keep the foreigners out of their treaty rights, and when the over-rapid "march of events" had driven a powerful party to reactionary measures.

Of all the books on our list Sir R. Alcock's sets forth most plainly the inherent difficulties under which all commercial and diplomatic relations with the far East must be maintained. It has often been pointed out to our shame that we do not deal with Orientals as we do with fellow Europeans. The answer is; we cannot do so, for the consciousness of weakness drives the Oriental to

lies which baffle all attempts at dealing on equal terms. Besides there are two antagonist classes at home, the philanthropists, who urge us to keep peace; the manufacturers, eager to open new markets. These latter carry the day, and so we force ourselves into an unprepared country; British subjects are illtreated, and we hold imperfect Eastern governments responsible for results which no government in the world could prevent.

The relations between the treaty powers and Japan have set in a striking light the difficulties of fusing into a harmonious co-existence the progressive development of an inferior people and the immediate interests of a superior, where an obviously higher and lower plane of civilisation intersect each other; and the rapidity with which the work has had to be done has been perilous for Japan, and has made its case unlike that of any of the countries with which it has been compared.

Of course it is easy, for instance, to draw comparisons between Great Britain and Japan; both are island empires; the population of the two is nearly the same; the people of both are intensely patriotic, and have a high sense of their own superiority. Some might add that both are fond of strong drinks, and intensely aristocratic in their instincts. But the contrasts are more striking than the resemblances. There thirty millions of people have been shut up for two centuries in absolute isolation; the merchant, who must have held a fair position when Japanese junks sailed all over the Indian archipelago, has sunk into degradation; not only the forms of government but the smallest observances of life have been stereotyped; *espionnage* is, so to speak, the basis of administration. These are quite as foreign to our ways as trifles like drawing a plane to instead of from them, turning locks the wrong way, stitching from instead of to, tethering horses with their heads to the stable door, and so on.

It is possible to conceive of Japan as having grown into a great empire, to which Mexico and Peru should have stood in the same relations as North America and Australia do to us. Why not? There seems little doubt that Mexico at least was peopled by Japanese, mixed perhaps with kindred Mongols. To say nothing of Kublay's Admiral-baron, the great North-east Pacific drift would carry ships safely and surely across the ocean; but in those days of imperfect navigation it was hopeless for them to return. The

Mexican empire, if not wholly founded, may very possibly have been reconstructed by Japanese castaways in the days when great fleets used to put out from Japan to conquer Corea or Loochoo; but even if this was so, it is no exception to the rule that "westward the course of empires holds its way;" no profit came to the mother country from this vast Eastern colony.

The state of things in Japan from 1645 to 1853 was much as if all the harbours in Great Britain were closed, and all in Ireland except Cork, where only two foreign ships were allowed to enter every year at intervals of six months, trade being carried on on terms so humiliating that only one nation could be found to accept them, the factors, clerks, &c., being shut up, say, in Spike Island, and only the head-man being allowed to travel, in close custody, once in three years, as far as London with a costly tribute for his sovereign. It may be questioned whether, with our institutions, we should have succeeded in maintaining in complete isolation, and yet in very tolerable comfort and truly marvellous cleanness, a population of thirty millions. It was an "egg-shell civilisation;" but so long as it lasted it kept the contents of the egg sweet and compact.

The Dutch seem never to have extended their ambition beyond the artificial islet of Desima—fan-shaped, because, when the then Emperor was asked what should be the shape of the "barbarian's prison," he replied by unfolding his fan. The Chinese, under their own head-man, had comparative freedom in a certain quarter of Nagasaki. And that was all that Japan knew of foreigners till the Russians, who had taken advantage of our Chinese wars to push on their frontier along the Amoor, seized Saghalien, nominally a Japanese island, and occupied some of the islands of the true Japanese group.

Then interference on the part of the great powers became inevitable. The United States began it. Commodore Perry anchored in Yedo Gulf on July 8th, 1853, with instructions to show "a manly spirit of conciliation. In pursuance of these he refused to communicate with any official who was not of high rank, and demanded as a right, instead of soliciting as a favour, those acts of courtesy which are due from one civilised nation to another." (*Perry's Expedition to Japan*, by Dr. Hawks.) The Commodore, when at last he admitted the vice-governor on board his flag-ship, was told that Nagasaki

was the only place where, by the laws of Japan, foreign business could go on. "I have come here to be near Yedo, and I shall not go to Nagasaki," was his reply. Strangely enough, though the bay was full of armed boats, while beacons were lighted, rockets thrown up, and great bells tolled on shore, there was no attempt at an attack. The Governor of Uraga came on board, and was received by the lieutenant, the Commodore refusing to hold an interview with any one but "a counsellor of the empire." Of course there was more delay while advices were waited for from Yedo ; and this the Commodore turned to account by taking soundings, in spite of the protests of the Japanese authorities. What the Russians would say to a party which should be surveying the harbour of Kronstadt while endeavouring to force on the Czar a commercial treaty it is needless to inquire. Lord Strangford and others have adverted forcibly enough on the cool way in which we insist on Orientals fulfilling all the requirements of international usage, while we act towards them in a way in which we should not think of acting towards any of the nations among whom this international usage has grown up. The case is one which might puzzle even a Grotius or a Puffendorf. The Japanese had a full right to shut out foreigners and to prohibit their own subjects from leaving their islands ; but they had not a right to kill all foreigners shipwrecked on their coasts, and to refuse food and water to ships driven into their harbours by want or stress of weather ; and when they hesitated about giving way in these things, Commodore Perry was justified in taking what seemed the best steps for overawing them into acquiescence.

It was a grand day for the United States when the Commodore forced two high-class *daimios* to receive the President's letter, which was brought ashore with great ceremony, bands playing, sailors and marines drawn up to receive it, stars and stripes flying, and ships' guns firing a grand salute. "Next spring," said the Commodore, when the dumb show of the interview was over, "I shall be back, and shall hope for a favourable answer." The purport of the treaty was simple enough : "There was a time when your laws were new, and if you change them now so far as to allow free trade with the United States, it would be a very good thing for both. All that my Commodore wants are friendship, commerce, a supply

of coal and provisions, and protection for our shipwrecked people."

According to promise, the Commodore reappeared next February, and met the temporising of the officials with the firm assurance that he sought the treaty as a right. "I must remain here," he said, "till I have a satisfactory answer." We may fancy the feelings of Hayashi Daigaku *no-kami* (first rank), and the other native commissioners, "angust-looking personages, with grave but courteous manners, clad in rich flowing robes of silk," when they received such a "man in possession" into the temporary treaty-hall. Their gravity, however, was not proof against the desire to inspect the American presents, among which was a miniature locomotive, with car, &c., that was soon at work on a circular railway. One might expect anything in the way of treaties, after having seen "a dignified official whirling round at the rate of twenty miles an hour—clinging with a desperate hold to the edge of the car, grinning intensely with a kind of laughing timidity, and his body shaking convulsively, as his loose robes were flying in the wind." Indeed, during the whole stay of the United States expedition, there was an odd struggle between the inordinate curiosity of the Japanese and their sense of etiquette. They fingered the broadcloth of the sailors, pulled their lappels, tried their pockets, handled their small arms, and "showed a peculiar passion for buttons." It was not till by and by that the extreme reserve with which Europeans have since been treated had been instilled into the non-official mind. Dr. Hawks, Commodore Perry's historian, makes the not very reconcileable remark that, "in their compliance and imitativeness lies a promise of the comparatively easy introduction of foreign customs and habits, *if not of the nobler principles and better life of a higher civilisation.*" Unfortunately, in Dr. Hawks's *if not* lies the whole difficulty of the question; our customs and habits, our bitter beer and varnished boots, are sure to make their way, but are we taking due care that our nobler principles and better life shall go along with them?

Part of the Commodore's claim—kindness to the shipwrecked (which, in fact, always was the rule, despite laws to the contrary) and supplies to passing ships—was granted at once; but the Japanese naturally hesitated about unrestricted trade where notions of prices and of

the worth of things were so dissimilar; they asked for five years' trial trade at Nagasaki. This was rejected, and at last, after the usual tedious shiftiness, Simoda and Hakodadi were opened to the Americans, and "the treaty of Kanagawi" was duly signed, the Commodore presenting the First Commissioner with an American flag; "which he considered the highest expression of national courtesy and friendship he could offer." Commodore Perry then sailed to Simoda, having got such a glimpse of Yedo as convinced him that it could easily be destroyed by a few steamers of very light draught, carrying very heavy guns.

Simoda pleased the Americans exceedingly. At first they were watched by spies, who drove the inhabitants indoors, and compelled them to shut up their houses; but, when the Commodore vigorously protested that he was not going to be treated like a Dutchman, the restriction was withdrawn. Rough, firm where his own wishes were concerned, Commodore Perry was careful to respect Japanese laws in matters indifferent; two "scholars" were most anxious to be taken over to the United States, and, risking capital punishment, made their way to the flag-ship. The Commodore sent them ashore again, and a few days after some of the officers saw them inside the open bamboo cages of the prison. Had the Americans known more of the cruel Japanese code, they would have kept the poor fellows instead of sending them back to certain death.

After the Americans had gone, the Russians came, under Admiral Poutiatin, partly to try to negotiate a treaty, partly to keep out of Admiral Stirling's way; and during their stay Simoda was wholly destroyed by an earthquake and great tidal wave. The readiness of the Japanese to substitute it for Nagasaki was now explained; it was, of all places in the islands, the most subject to earthquakes. Very soon, too, began a fresh difficulty. A party of American traders, with wives and families, settled down at Simoda, which (*more Japonico*) had very soon been rebuilt. "No," said the Japanese, "we meant trading, not settling;" and while the American authorities thought the point serious enough to be referred to the two Governments, the traders decided it by coming into residence. At last a compromise was made; "temporary residence" was allowed by the Japanese and accepted by the Americans.

Naturally the Dutch wished to share in the American

success; but the latter rejected their advances. "You helped to bombard the Christians in Simabara, and so to extinguish Christianity in Japan. You again and again schemed to keep out the English, and in 1808 you very nearly succeeded in getting Pellew and all his men murdered. We have made our treaty without seeing a Dutchman or using a Dutch document; and we will have none of your attempts to show that it is through you our negotiation has turned out well."

Meanwhile, the Russians and the English had obtained treaties virtually the same as that with the United States; but the French failed to do so, though the French captain had on board two Japanese rescued three years before from the wreck of a junk, and hoped by restoring them to their country to make a beginning of friendly relations. The Japanese actually refused to receive their shipwrecked countrymen at the hands of Frenchmen. They had to be put on board the *Powhattan*, and thence handed over by the American envoy! No doubt that dread of Popery, of which we elsewhere saw the origin, was at the bottom of this distinction thus sharply drawn between the French and the other Great Powers.

Meanwhile, Mr. Townsend Harris, American Consul-General, took up his quarters at Simoda; but the port never succeeded as a place of traffic: and by and by, after Lord Elgin's visit, the Americans were glad to take a share in the treaty of 1858. They had found that their treaty was only made with the Siogoon (Tycoon), who turned out to be merely General-in-Chief, and whose acts were repudiated by the Mikado. Indeed our sole reason for giving the details of the American mission at such length is, that it was the first meeting of Japanese and foreigners on a footing of equality, and it undoubtedly prepared the way for future efforts. The Americans could not fail to have seen that, since China was being opened up to the Western Powers Japan's turn must come, unless, indeed, Russia should step in and assume the protectorate of the group; moreover the Crimean war gave them for a time the whole field to themselves.

It was not till the autumn of 1858, after the news of the treaty of Tien-tsin must have been carried to Japan, that Lord Elgin sailed across, taking a steam-yacht as a present for the "Tycoon," and, disregarding the remonstrances of the native officials, steamed up close to Yedo. In

the interval, the Japanese had been eager imitators of our arts and manufactures, and lavish purchasers of our war materials. His Lordship judged that there was water enough for his ships from seeing a Japanese fleet of large war-steamers* lying close in-shore; such a change had been wrought in five years. Lord Elgin found his five Commissioners very affable; they lunched with him with the greatest zest, facetiously hoping that the treaty would not taste of ham and champagne. The people everywhere crowded to see the foreigners: "mothers with small babies hanging over their shoulders, children dodging under old people's legs, and old people tottering after children; bathers of both sexes, regardless of the fact that they had nothing on but soap or the Japanese substitute for it, crowding the doorways;" the *mot d'ordre*, "keep clear of the foreigners," had evidently not yet been issued. The result was that, for the first time in the annals of Japan, her forts fired a salute in honour of a foreign flag, and a treaty was concluded far more comprehensive than that with the United States. A diplomatic agent, free to travel all over the realm, was to reside at Yedo; there were to be consuls at all the treaty-ports. Hakodadi, Kanagawa, and Nagasaki were to be opened in July, 1859; Neeagata in 1860; Hiogo and Osaka in 1863. British subjects were to be free to trade, paying the treaty-tariff duties. As soon as the English got back to China, the French determined to try again. Their position as our allies in China secured them a courteous reception; Baron Gros and his suite spent some £1,200 on lacquer-ware and porcelain. The Japanese tried to keep them from Yedo, where cholera (introduced by an American ship) was raging, and where the Tycoon was lying dead; but the Ambassador would take no denial, and fixing his headquarters in a temple, he managed in a month to secure for France a share in the Elgin treaty.

So far all seemed *couleur de rose*; but the Japanese had not the least intention of suffering the treaty to be carried into execution. They yielded for the time; but they hoped to thwart and weary out those whose claims they had not dared to refuse. The national party, too, was strengthened by an internal revolution; the Siogoon's

* Their first steamer they are said to have had to steer in a circle round Yedo harbour till the steam was exhausted, because they did not know how to stop it.

power had for generations been on the wane, and he was almost as much under the control of the great council of five as the Mikado had been under that of the old Siogoons. His having made a treaty with the foreigners was the death-blow to his waning influence. The great feudal barons (daimios) declared that they would maintain by force the old laws of Japan. By an emissary of one of them the Siagoon was assassinated, and all the signing plenipotentiaries were banished or ordered to perform *hari-kari*.

This was a bad prospect for Mr. (now Sir Rutherford) Alcock, who arrived at Yedo as resident envoy at the end of June 1859. He found the Japanese "prepared for a policy of negation in the hope of baffling those Western Powers which an inexorable fate had let drop upon them. . . . The first ambassador extraordinary had been received with smiles; he was met with scowls and attempts at assassination, amid which he had to endeavour to turn paper concessions into every-day realities."

It certainly was the most singular experiment the world has ever seen, to allow all at once the free circulation of foreigners after two hundred years of absolute exclusion; and no wonder the Japanese were alarmed when they saw what the carrying out of it involved. As Sir R. Alcock remarks, they had everything to learn of the principles which govern the relations between the Western Powers, and their plea of unpreparedness is surely a valid one. They made a great effort to evade the treaty in one particular. Kanagawa, the shipping port of Yedo, was to be the site of the first foreign settlement. "No," said they; "Kanagawa is on our sacred high road; you shall have Yokohama instead;" their reason being that the latter place could be easily watched and isolated.

We have been quoting mainly from the second book on our list—such a mere compilation that we were astonished to see it put forth by such a publisher as Murray. Mr. Mossman's book is valuable indeed as a chronicle of the startling events of the last twenty years, interspersed with notes on the Japanese character and institutions, and on the nature of their Government; but it makes no pretensions to literary merit. The style is often scarcely English;* and it is disfigured with a good deal of that

* Such errors, too, as *infra dignitas, Romanus sum, de jure*, abound. The author will quote Latin to his own confusion.

commercial clap-trap which is the weakness of so many of our newspaper writers. Thus, while Mr. Mossman triumphantly exclaims how great has been the gain to Japan during these twenty years, he forgets that his "pioneer of commerce" is not generally the most respectable of the merchant class; that traders who have failed discreditably, men on 'change who have had a hint to go, "bad bargains" of all sorts who think that they can "keep their wind," are too often the "pioneers" whom we send out as samples of our Western civilisation. No wonder the conduct of some of these men gave an excuse for the non-fulfilment of the treaty, and strengthened the Japanese in their notion that the merchant ranks below the agriculturist; and no wonder "the ministers and members of the legations" were rather disposed to snub the pushing traders than "to use their influence sufficiently with the native authorities to impress upon them the position which merchants hold in England in relation to mechanics and agricultural labourers." The *Japan Times*, which Mr. Mossman often quotes, is never tired of crying out that: "Capital has its dignity as well as labour; and it has been the greatest mistake made by the successive representatives of Great Britain that they have done nothing to advance this truth among the official classes of the Japanese. On the contrary, they have at times studied to depreciate the importance of the trading class, by permitting themselves to malign us to the authorities." We certainly cannot wonder that our representatives should have declined to answer for the character of all the motley population of Yokohama; especially when we learn that the settlement itself was forced into existence by the irresistible eagerness of the traders. Negotiations were still pending; the Japanese Commissioners, as we said, wished to give Yokohama in place of Kanagawa. Mr. Alcock objected; for the place was a swamp, on which a village had been, in hot haste, extemporised, and the approach to which had been solidly laid on granite blocks before it was proposed to the envoy. This made our envoy anxious to insist on the literal carrying out of the treaty. Yokohama was a swamp, and the western Powers must not even appear to submit to dictation. But while he was negotiating, a flight of traders settled down on Yokohama; they were determined to begin at once, and cared little whether or not the place where they trafficked

was or was not suitable for a permanent settlement. Their object was to sell their cargoes, and their impetuosity decided the question; it was no use asking for another location when Yokohama had already been occupied; all that came of the affair was a good deal of squabbling between Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary and the unruly merchants. The Japanese must have thought these quarrels about the most remarkable of all their experiences of Western life. The idea of a merchant daring to bandy words with a high Government officer! Why the insult was enough to move the whole British Legation to commit instant *hari-kari*; for in Japan the merchant and trader rank at the bottom of the social scale. First comes the Mikado ("spiritual emperor" we used to call him, though he is no more spiritual than the Queen as head of the Church of England, or the Czar as head of the Greek Church); next the princes who were his great court officers at Kioto (the Miaco, or metropolis); next the great hereditary feudal lords, called *daimios*, among whom the Siogoon (Tycoon, "temporal emperor," really "mayor of the palace") was chosen; then the *samourai*, "braves," entitled to wear two swords, and including the retainers of the different daimios. After these came the tillers of the soil; then the miners, "the original creators of wealth;" next the artisans; and lastly the merchants, "brokers between producer and consumer, whose toil is the lightest and their profits a mere increase upon cost." Such being the feelings of the Japanese people, we can understand how stupefied they must have been to see war steamers bearing down upon them, with envoys enforcing treaties at the point of the bayonet, and plenipotentiaries determining to be satisfied with nothing less than free and open intercourse, and all to gratify a few unscrupulous members of the class which every one in Japan treated with supreme contempt.

We remember Horace's fine scorn at the successful contractors, the Spanish ship's captain, the wealthy freedman—how he cries: "what's the use of keeping up a fleet against pirates—*hoc, hoc, tribuno militum?*" So must a daimio have felt when he saw such a fuss made about mere traders; while, as for the snubbings of official fellow-countrymen, we can well understand that the "motley crew" could hardly escape a snubbing from men some of whom held the traditions of the old East India Company, with

all its jealousy of interlopers? Our system in India was, indeed, just the opposite of that which we have been called upon to inaugurate in China and Japan. Here it is open ports, unrestricted trade, free intercourse; there no one could trade without leave, and the Government itself, the great trader, kept a firm check on every one else's conduct. The result was a standard of public honour considerably above the average. Englishmen might, in private, be overbearing, sometimes vicious; but, being picked men, they were men of their word; and this high character for truth and uprightness has been our greatest protection in India: it has done more for us than many regiments of sepoys. We may doubt whether those who so prematurely pounced down on Yokohama would be likely to give the Japanese an equally high opinion of our sense of honour. This was unfortunate; for sense of honour of a peculiar kind is a very strong feeling among this strange people. It does not keep them from lying. Sir R. Alcock says that, officially, there are no such liars in the world, and official practice has told on private intercourse. But in feeling an affront or even a slight, no race of men was ever so sensitive. This sensitiveness has been the cause of much trouble. Mr. Henskin, the American Secretary of Legation, who had acted as interpreter to Lord Elgin's mission, was murdered in January, 1861, because he had insulted the ex-governor of Yokohama. The circumstances were as follows. There was an interpreter (skilled in old Dutch—the Japanese would have no modern variations) called Dankutchi, who, years before, had been picked up far out at sea on a piece of wreck by an American ship. Brought up in the United States, this man had come over with the legation, and had afterwards transferred his services to Mr. Alcock. He was a proud, ill-tempered fellow, fond of purposely breaking through Japanese rules, and showing his superiority to the feelings of his countrymen. In fact, he seems to have been a good sample of the travelled Japanese, of whose insufferable conceit and overbearing manner even the resident Europeans are at last beginning to complain. Of course he was constantly getting into trouble with the *yakonins* (soldier officials), and had often been threatened by some of them. One day he was murdered in broad daylight at the gate of Mr. Alcock's residence. No redress could be obtained; but the body was buried with full Buddhist rites, and was fol-

lowed to the grave by members of all the legations, and by two *Governors of Foreign Affairs*. One of these felt so much the indignity of having been obliged, with his suite, to humble himself before the body of a mere fisherman, that, after an angry correspondence with Mr. Heuskin, he committed *hari-kari*, enjoining on his immediate followers the duty of avenging his death. Heuskin, a Dutchman, well skilled in Japanese, was naturally in general request, while Dutch was the official language; but his manner is said to have been peculiarly offensive to native functionaries; and on him, as proximate cause of their master's suicide, fell the vengeance of the retainers.

This instance may suffice to show the morbid sense of honour of the high-class Japanese; for one who has been lowered in the eyes of his countrymen nothing remains but suicide. Death frees him from irreparable ignominy; and, *vendetta*-like, the work of hunting down those who made the suicide inevitable is handed on as a sacred duty to the dead man's followers.

With such men collisions were inevitable; the wonder is, not that they happened, but that they were not much more numerous. Given a people in the same social condition in which the Scotch were when Bruce struck the Red Comyn and his friend Kirkpatrick earned the family motto, "I mak' sicher," and place among them a number of eager, active Western folk, bent on combining diplomacy and trade, not concealing their contempt for Japanese etiquette, and coolly urging, when things went too slowly, the unanswerable plea of the stronger, and you have a full explanation of the "outrages" so often repeated, and in some cases so severely expiated. Our feudal barons were never given to perform "the happy despatch;" but suppose Bruce to have met his death through some foreigners who rode rough-shod over old Scottish usages, in reliance on their improved weapons, and on the strength of the governments that backed them up, Bruce's henchmen and retainers would think revenge a sacred duty. And if several such cases had happened, the matter would have ceased to be personal and would have assumed a national aspect. That it had done so in Japan may be surmised from the paper, signed with fourteen names, found on a man who was killed in an attack on the British Legation not long after Mr. Alcock had insisted on making a journey through the length and breadth of

the land. The explanation in this case was that the Daimio of Tsusima had been insulted by a Russian ship's captain, and finding he could get no redress had sent a band of retainers to take vengeance on the foreigners indiscriminately. The document runs thus: "I, though a person of low degree, have not patience to stand by and see the sacred empire defiled by the foreigner. Therefore I have determined in my heart to follow out my master's will. . . . If this thing, from time to time, may cause the foreigner to retire and partly tranquillise the minds of Mikado and Siogoon, I shall take to myself the highest praise. Regardless of my own life I am determined to set out."

We are somewhat anticipating events ; but we are anxious to show the double difficulty in which our envoy was placed, with eager traders on the one hand, and on the other shifty Japanese, wholly unprepared for reciprocity. Collisions were inevitable, and are certainly not to be laid to the charge of the political agents, whose courage must have been severely tested by the feeling that they—a few English and Americans—were alone and absolutely undefended in the great city of Yedo, not even a gunboat being within two months' call, and a bloody revolution raging at the same time through the empire. Sir R. Alcock complains of this method of leaving an envoy alone in the wilderness, and the Russians certainly acted quite differently. Their ambassador, who soon joined his two brethren, brought a guard of a hundred men ; but in spite of this, his arrival seemed the signal for an outburst of fury. First, three Russians were murdered at Kanagawa ; then, early in 1860, the settlement at Yokohama was set on fire and almost all burned ; then, as we have already related, Dankutchi was killed ; then two Dutch skippers ; and then, at the instigation of Mito-no-kami, the most fiercely "national" of the daimios, the Siogoon himself,* Ikamo-no-kami, was set upon and beheaded in his norimon (palkee) in broad daylight in sight of his own palace. Most significant of all was the fact that the head was carried to Kioto (Miako), the Mikado's capital, and there exposed as "the head of a traitor who had broken the most sacred laws of Japan." It would be but small consolation to Mr. Alcock that he was soon after

* Every American treaty cost the life of a Tycoon.—Alcock.

admitted to present his credentials to the new Siogoon; for it was evident that the party which was wise enough to see that terms ought to be kept with the foreigners was too weak to keep the advocates of violence in check.

Before long Mr. Heuskin is murdered (Jan. 1861); a furious attack on the British Legation follows Mr. Alcock's long overland journey; and, after other murders, the *vendetta* culminates in the assassination of Mr. Richardson on the great Yedo highway. This was not a premeditated act; it was the immediate result of a breach of native usage. A great daimio, Shimadzoo Saburo, father of Satsuma-no-kami,* was going by, expecting the same abject reverence from foreigners which his class were accustomed to receive from their countrymen. When a daimio passes the common people hide or prostrate themselves, and lesser dignitaries, if on horseback, humbly dismount. The old writers give this as a reason why among the many fine bronzes in Japan there is not a single equestrian statue. Of course a party of English merchants out on a pleasure trip—a lady, Mrs. Borrodaile, being with them—was not likely to keep out of the way in spite of the warnings of the *samurai* (retainers). The insult was keenly felt; it was an attack on the great man's dignity, and moreover, if the Japanese tradesman saw other merchants acting in this independent way, he would feel ashamed of himself, and would by-and-by begin likewise to refuse to do obeisance.

No wonder the poor Japanese Ministers for Foreign Affairs deplored to the foreign envoys their powerlessness to prevent such outrages, and laid the blame on Western impatience. "We want time," they wrote; "we have every desire to give the fullest execution to the treaties and to satisfy your wishes, but we are but a small country, and you press us too vehemently, and come upon us too suddenly with the vast demands of this all-devouring Western trade." They even sent a mission to Europe, which was well received, and obtained a delay of five years in opening the three remaining ports.

This respite was absolutely necessary; for Japan was just now in the throes of a wonderful change—the power was reverting from the Siogoon to the Mikado. Hitherto Yedo had thriven from the enforced residence there of all the

* Daimios not seldom retire in favour of their sons, still retaining, however, their position in the national council.

great daimios. Their wives and families had to live there always, as hostages; and they, with their retainers, had to come up for at least six months in the year. Sir R. Alcock found that even in their fastnesses they looked on the high road as "*Tycoon's ground*." Henceforth the daimios of the first rank were only to come up once in seven years, and then only for a hundred days; the second rank once in three years; for the third rank the old usage was retained, except as to the detention of wives and children. Evidently the Siogoon's prestige was disappearing, and the Mikado (who was at one time so poor that his great lords had to maintain themselves by teaching the national game of football) was coming into notice. Yedo was too near the hated foreigner; and therefore Kioto came into favour with the "national" party. The result was that early in 1863 the Mikado issued a decree ordering the Siogoon to "fix a time when communications with the ugly barbarians shall cease;" and more than a hundred daimios—those who had had some personal intercourse with foreigners—were degraded and deprived of their property.

Meanwhile, the English had not forgotten the murder of Richardson and the rest; and Admiral Kuper, with a large fleet, demanded an indemnity of 400,000 Mexican dollars. At last this was paid; but the Siogoon's Government declared that it could no longer be responsible for life and property, the Legations must defend themselves as best they could. Very soon a little private war breaks out in Simonosaki Straits between Chosin, daimio of Nagato, and the allied fleets. Admiral Jaurez takes a fort and does other mischief; and Admiral Kuper is sent to chastise Satsuma, unless he makes full reparation for Mr. Richardson's murder. The Admiral bombards Kagosima, and thereby burns 180,000 unoffending people out of house and home, and destroys three of Satsuma's steamers loaded with rice, silk, and copper. "This Palmerston policy," says Mr. Mossman, in his worst style, "terrified the warlike Asiatics. They admired it, though the English press cried out against the barbarous outrage on humanity. The burning of the three steamers went beyond their notions of warfare," i.e., the Western traders, supremely indifferent to the fate of the ruined Kagosimans, grieved over the loss of the three cargoes.

At any rate Satsuma was cowed, and thenceforth the party which, having learnt the power of the Western nations,

felt that the day of exclusion was gone by, numbered him among its leaders. We might have thought that this party would have supported the Siogoon against the "obstructive" Mikado. But no; as far as the very intricate internal policy of the Japanese can be understood, it would seem that the "liberal" daimios were jealous of the wealth and importance which the opening of the treaty-ports—all in his territory—had given to the Siogoon. "He is our inferior; yet he presumes to feast the plenipotentiaries. If the foreigner is to come in, he shall come to our ports as well. Let him treat with us as with independent princes." Hence much fighting, in which the French take the Siogoon's side; and "Japanese progress" is illustrated by a battle between one of Satsuma's war-steamers and one belonging to the Siogoon. While the "advanced party" is thus divided, there are the old-fashioned daimios, like Chosiu, who object altogether to any dealings with foreigners, and who are very angry because the Mikado at last endorses the Siogoon's treaties; and there are the disbanded retainers (ronins, "*wave-men*," going about disguised in masks of basket-work), comparable with the "broken clans" in various struggles between Lowland and Highland, who revenged the successive advances of the barbarians by an occasional assassination. Thus the murder of Major Baldwin and Lieutenant Bird follows "the grand review in which our troops are brigaded with those of the Siogoon," and one of the three who suffered for it said, as he died, "to kill foreigners is the desire of a patriotic Japanese."

This is at the end of 1864, after we have bombarded our way into the inland sea; while Colonel Neale, Sir R. Alcock's *locum tenens*, is threatening, "if you stop our trade, we'll cut off your coasting traffic;" and while the national party attacks "Kioto the holy," and burns half of it, crying out, "it is impossible to remain passive under the overbearing proceedings of those who would even suffer Christianity to be introduced;" and while, at the same time, one of the great northern daimios admits, "it's hopeless to keep out the foreigner; Japan, one against five, would be shivered like a roof-tile if she tried to do so."

The civil war is long and severe, lasting almost till 1869. The daimios, all against the Siogoon, are split into progressives and re-actionists; but, as if despairing of doing anything without a recognised head, they bring out the Mikado, each party claiming to be under him while acting

for itself; finally, Yoshi Hisa, the last Siogoon, gives in, and the office is abrogated. Then, for a time, the struggle seems to be local, rather than for any definite principle. The northern clans set up a rival Mikado. Chosiu, the great southern chief, had before retired to a monastery ("letting his hair grow," in opposition to the mediæval usage); but other leaders are found; the great cemetery of Yedo (so beautiful in Mr. Mitford's description) becomes like Père la Chaise in the last days of the Commune, and the war is rolled northward, and ends with the surrender of Hakodadi to the real Mikado's troops. Meanwhile, Satsuma had eleven young clansmen studying in England; and, though the finances, exhausted in the purchase of war-steamers, by some of which the Americans netted monstrous sums, were wholly unequal to meet the "indemnity," a large number of Japanese went to the Paris Exhibition, and lived in very unedifying luxury in their hotel in the Champs Elysées.

Then, in 1869, a change took place, of which it is impossible, from the data given, to explain the full significance. The eighteen great daimios (in opposition to the lesser ones, who still held back) suddenly gave up their feudal rights; abandoned their titles, satisfied henceforth to be called "persons of honour;" gave up, too, their vast incomes (ranging from £150,000 to nearly a million sterling), and agreed to rule their old domains as governors appointed by the Mikado. They are said "to have seen the harm of rival clans and of various laws in different provinces, and to have made this sacrifice to centralisation that Japan might be able to take her place among other countries." If so, it is perhaps the most wonderful instance of the self-denial of a class that the world has ever seen. With our low estimate of Eastern people (Sir R. Alcock expresses the general feeling when he says, "it's no good pretending to disinterestedness in dealing with them"), we find it impossible to give a set of Eastern chiefs credit for such patriotism. At any rate, if we refuse to make an exception in favour of a people whose customs teach them to prefer honour to life, and whose feelings might just possibly lead them to prefer the common weal to individual wealth, we must credit these daimios with remarkable good sense and clear-sightedness. They resemble ourselves in knowing when they were beaten. At first they all tried to be independent; and the opening up of the country was the

signal for anarchy. But when they found the treaty-powers would not recognise their independence, they felt that it was necessary to choose a head. The double government of Siogoon and Mikado was costly and cumbersome; so they fell back on the Mikado, and strengthened his position by resigning all their independent rights into his hands.*

How far the surrender was *bonâ fide* remains to be proved. For the present Sir R. Alcock's lament that "feudalism lies in our path" is obsolete. The daimios, who were never allowed to visit each other unless they were blood relations, whose wives and children were kept at Yedo as hostages to the Siogoon, and who themselves, with their relatives, had to live in that city for six months of the year, are now as unfettered in their movements as any of the Japanese. A daimio's wife did the honours when Sir Harry and Lady Parkes visited Chosiu's castle; and the Mikado, who, when in 1868 our envoy had an interview with him, was so placed that none of his daimios could see him, now travels with a very small retinue in plain blue and gold uniform, while his wife "receives" ambassadresses; and at the same time retrenchment is carried so far that his majesty will not allow the palace, burnt during the civil war, to be rebuilt.

"The Mikado's (or, as he is now called, the Tenno's) message to the House" savours of the impossible; yet it is a fact. "Adapt yourselves," said he, "to the spirit of the times, still taking our ancestors' laws as the basis of your legislation." When sending out, in 1872, a new embassy with fifty-three boys and eight girls to be educated (making now 600 "Japanese abroad"), he said, "My country is now undergoing a complete change from old to new ideas, which I sincerely desire. . . . During youth it is positively necessary to view foreign lands, that our country may be able to take an honourable stand amongst nations."

Strangest of all is the entire absence of Eastern hyperbole in Japanese State papers and speeches. Is the prediction that one speech shall spread over all the world to receive its first fulfilment in the far East by the substitution, first of plain English official forms and then of English

* The Siogoon managed to get all the good of foreign trade—selling the prince of Fizen's coal, for instance, very dear, while he forced the owner to sell it to him very cheap.

letters and language, for the elaborate phrases, difficult alphabet, and intricate speech of Japan? We do not look forward with pleasure to such a change; oneness of speech certainly does not hinder war, and we see no sufficient gain in the uniformity to balance the evils of a dead level. Individuality is rare enough at present; how could it exist at all when all the world, clothed alike, should be reading the same magazines or the same "penny awfuls?" Many things in Japanese progress we consider a distinct loss to the world's picturesqueness. Of what possible use is it that the Japanese soldier has ceased to wear his imposing dress, and with his black shoddy coatee, heavy with Belgian lace, his bulging knees, and the boots for which the use of sandals has so ill-prepared him, and his two swords sticking out behind, now looks like a cross between a monkey and a *sergent de ville*? We do not suppose that he will ever be of any use against European troops; Japan will be protected, not by her "re-organised" army, but by the joint guarantee of the Western Powers; and as a militia the old army was just as useful, and far less costly, in its old garb. We distinctly object to a shoe-black brigade at Yedo, as we also do to the twelve Bavarian brewers who have set up business in the island. Indeed we sympathise with the lady who, when her husband came home, some time after the new edicts, with a most un-Japanese beard and head of hair, went off in dudgeon to her uncle, and was disgusted to find that he too had let his grizzled hair grow over the whole skull. She then took refuge in a temple, where the priests had still shaven crowns; but after a time (the story says) they were afraid to offer her further protection, and she became a wanderer in the streets. "Men, improve your minds during the time you used to waste in shaving; women, do up your own hair, and all of you dress alike." They are plausible injunctions; but those who grieve over the adoption in our fashionable circles of the fashions of the *demi-monde* will regret the abolition of the distinctive costume which in Japan used to mark the latter class. A new calendar, beginning on January 1st, 1873 (or 2333 from the date of the first of the Mikados), and identical with the European, no doubt has its advantages; but, just as the old-world farmer was necessarily a bit of an astronomer, so it must have required some effort of mind to master the old luni-solar calendar with its intercalations, whereas a modern almanac certainly

makes no call on the reflective faculties. European nations, blinded by the splendour of their material productions, their hardware, their cotton, their munitions of war, do not notice the strange fact that an European can get (and many hundreds of thousands do get) through life without thinking at all. This matter of the calendar may serve to show the difference; a cultivated European is far above a Chinese or Japanese, but cultivated Europeans are in an immense minority; and the uncultivated mass is helped through life by the very swing of our progress in a way which is destructive to self-culture. We quite agree with Sir R. Alcock: "the English are the stronger race, it is doubtful whether they are the more civilised."

Japan, then, as the result of her great revolution, has got a newspaper in which "questions like Papal infallibility are discussed." Her officials have become too enlightened to commit voluntary suicide when convicted of a mistake; the late Siogoon never thought of such a thing, though an officer who last year tried to calm a food and anti-Christian riot, promised the rioters he would do so if he could not get the governor's consent to their terms. The Japanese Ambassador to China managed to get himself received by the Emperor before any of his non-Asiatic brethren. Above all, Japan has got a debt—90½ millions, at heavy interest. The Siagoons impoverished the country by buying dollars to coin into *itziboos*. When the gold had been mostly drained out, the Japanese said: "we'll pay you in dollars." "No," replied the foreigners, "you shall pay us in *itziboos*,"—the native silver currency, which the Japanese had stupidly depressed, fixing the rate at 814 to the 100 dollars, instead of 210, which would have been weight for weight, hoping thereby in some strange way to hinder traffic. So the Siogoon had to pay for his steamers in *itziboos* at this enormous discount. Moreover there are foreigners with salaries of from £100 to £3,500, the native governors getting only £56! There has been a great exhibition at Miako (Kioto); and there is an arsenal under French management at Yokosha. Lastly, "Young Japan" is beginning to return from abroad, and is bringing back the vices as well as the culture of the West, along with a most unwarrantable contempt for the old national ways.

Is this worth the struggle which it has cost? Can it

be called a hopeful prospect for the spread of true Christianity? Here are thirty millions whom Sir R. Alcock pronounces "as industrious, kindly, and well-disposed as any in the world," and of whom he, ten years ago, said, "there is little hope of their spontaneously fusing into their own the most suitable elements of our civilisation." What would he say now? Would he deem what they have adopted suitable, or the reverse? As he well remarks, "we do not want to absorb their civilisation, as the Spaniards did that of Mexico." Happily, we have begun in a far better way than did the conquerors of the New World; but there is a gradual degradation which is as bad as the cruellest conquest; let us trust that this may not come to Japan as the result of its contact with the modern world. Else to the question which heads the last chapter in Kaempfer's history, "is it for the good of the Japanese empire to keep it shut up as it now is?" there will, unhappily, be only one answer possible.

But we must draw to a close; we have no space to follow Mr. Fortune through the grand scenery which he visited, and among the rare plants and trees which he describes. He speaks of the politeness with which he is everywhere treated, and the delight with which the people show him their gardens: "some not larger than a good-sized dining-room; but the surface varied by little mounds of turf, on which are planted dwarf trees clipped into fancy forms, and by miniature lakes, in which are kept gold and silver fish, and tortoises; . . . these are the gardens of the respectable working classes." No doubt our so-called "Dutch gardening" came from China or Japan, probably from the latter; and people who can, "in a hungry sand, produce an azalea forty feet in circumference, and flat at top like a dining-table," could not fail to excite the enthusiasm of an eager horticulturist. Besides the trees, Mr. Fortune is delighted with the toys: "one, so small that we could scarcely see it, when put on hot charcoal, moved about for all the world like a brilliant caterpillar;" with the use of paper (not made of rags) for all purposes; with the temples at Kamakura and their huge bronze statues; with the cleverness that exchanges their straw horse-shoes for iron ones, which they had seen only once; with the weird chivalry of their old histories—that, for instance, of the chief whose life Yoritomo, the first Tycoon, spared, and who replied, "I can love none but my slain master. I

owe you a debt of gratitude ; but I can never look on you without wishing to slay you. Thus, then, I avoid ingratitude, and reconcile my conflicting duties ;" and so saying, he tore out his eyes, and presented them to Yoritomo on a salver. The Tycoon released him, and he founded the "order of the blind." Everything, in fact, is *coulleur de rose* for Mr. Fortune. He even has a word of sympathy for the assassins who try "to make the empire sparkle in foreign regions by a great deed, and to benefit the country by ridding it of the presence of the foreigner." He very fairly lays much of the blame on "our rough manners ;" and, speaking of the murder of Mr. Alcock's servant and of an attempt on a Frenchman's life, he gives it as "the general impression that these men were not altogether blameless, and had brought their punishment on themselves." His account of Dr. Siebold (author of *Flora Japonica*) is in striking contrast with the killings and rumours of killings which make up so large a part of Sir R. Alcock's narrative. "'Doctor (said I), you appear to be quite a prince among the people in this part of Japan.' He smiled, and said, 'he liked the Japanese, and believed the regard was mutual ;' and, with a touch of sarcasm, added, 'it is not necessary for me to carry a revolver in my belt, like the good folks in Desima and Nagasaki.'"

Mr. Fortune praises everything except the total want of mutton ; the strange plan of pocketing the fragments at a meal ; the love of *saki*—"all Yedo gets drunk at sunset, and lots of the drunkards go about with two swords ; and the peddling ways of the merchants, so different from those of the Chinaman, whose word is his bond, and whose *put-e-book* is as good as a bank of England note."

This trade trickiness is noticed too by Sir R. Alcock, who is also much worried by the shameless lying of all classes, and by the *ometskis* (spies), who dog him everywhere. Lying, however, and trade tricks, he remarks, are not unknown in Europe ; if Sir H. Wotton could define an ambassador as "a man of quality, sent abroad to lie for the good of his country," we need not be astonished at the Japanese persistence in doing the same at home. As to the troubles and dangers undergone by our envoys, a little judicious expenditure at first—a guard of troopers (even had they been Sikhs) at the Legation, would have prevented many evils. Our plan was, as usual, to plant our officials alone and unprotected, like thorns in the eyes of a jealous

government; and then, when the inevitable mischiefs followed, to come down on the Japanese for compensation, and to go to war with them when this was not forthcoming. Sir R. Alcock confesses that it was most unfair to charge the Japanese authorities with the care of unprotected foreigners; the wonder is, there was not a Sicilian Vespers of the whole of them; the Japanese have their *frankpledge*, like the old English, but in spite of that a Norman was often killed without the murderer being discovered. Our own rowdies are also much to blame. Sir R. Alcock knew an instance in China in which four of these gentry, with revolvers and bowie knives, *drew the taxes from a whole district*. One instructive case is given both by Fortune and Alcock. No one may use fire-arms within ten *re* (some twenty-five miles) of the Siogoon's residence; it is death for a Japanese to do so. Nevertheless, a brave Briton at Kanagawa went out shooting, and was coming home gun in hand, his servant carrying the game, when a body of police seized the servant. The master turned round, fired at the nearest policeman, shattered his arm and severely wounded him in the chest. Could we wonder if the *lex talionis* had been carried out in such a case by such a people as the Japanese? Fancy the affair having occurred in Berlin! The result was, that the sportsman was condemned to deportation and a fine of 1,000 dollars. Sir R. Alcock added three months' imprisonment to this ridiculously inadequate sentence. But the culprit (by a series of convenient official blunders) was only kept in prison twenty-four hours, his fine was ostentatiously subscribed for by "the community," and Sir Rutherford had an action brought against him for false imprisonment. As he mildly hints: "the Anglo-Saxon race don't like the restraints of law; and in Eastern settlements they are easily able to resist it without discredit, and without serious risk. . . . One must have lived in such places to realise the spirit in which all exercise of judicial power is regarded and canvassed." Of course, if a native is the complainant, *Civis Romanus* behaves as Juvenal describes the Roman soldier behaving in Egypt; and we can understand the paroxysm of rage with which he would hear himself sentenced for breaking native laws. Sir R. Alcock thinks the evil might be met by the appointment of a visiting judge. It must be met somehow, for surely every treaty-power which claims for its subjects the privilege of "extritoriality," lays on itself

a very solemn obligation as to vigorous repression of lawlessness, and stern punishment of offenders. When we see with what a high hand things are carried by "rowdy" Western men among Asiatics, we cannot wonder at the King of Siam, who replied to the French engineer's proposal to dredge away the bar at his river's mouth: "if it were not there, I would pay to have one made."

There can be no "mental recognition of our superiority" unless our pioneers can be taught or compelled to act more like apostles of real culture and higher principles of life.

Of these higher principles, Sir R. Alcock thinks the Japanese have developed very little. He admits their cleverness. They are the neatest carpenters and best coopers in the world; they have an admirable rotation of crops, and keep their land even painfully clean; their lacquer and bronze and porcelain are inimitable; they can mend cast iron; they stop the mischief of floods by filling bamboo-nets with heaps of stones; their jugglers are the best in the world—in fact, they can do everything except dress hides and understand the currency question; and when courtesy leads a Japanese to speak of himself to a European as "your stupid younger brother," it is very probable that he is the cleverer of the two. Their feudalism ("without chivalry," says Sir R. Alcock, forgetting that in Europe chivalry was a protest against the unbearable evils of feudalism) has secured to them "blessings which all our boasted freedom and civilisation have failed to win for us,—national prosperity, independence, freedom from war, and material progress in the arts of life." In spite of all the talk about the oppression of the daimios, the universal testimony is that the peasantry were happy and contented. The distress began with the foreign trade, which everywhere raised prices, and the whole profits of which were absorbed by the Siogoon and his officials. One very noteworthy fact is that these feudal lords, with their vast incomes, lived in what Mr. Mossman calls "a style of Spartan simplicity." Their revenues were spent not on themselves, but on their retainers. There is not a trace of the luxury in which, in other parts of the world, an oligarchy has invariably indulged.

We need Mr. Mitford's two delightful volumes to correct our estimate of Japanese character. He enables us to form some sort of judgment on the three points

which Sir Rutherford leaves for solution respecting this most enigmatic of peoples—What family life is there among the Japanese, and how is it affected by the peculiar conditions of the “social evil?” What are, or were, the relations between serf and suzerain? Are there any germs of vigorous moral growth in the cities or the country? We read in a Japanese sermon, *à-propos* of women’s duties, “no matter whether her family is rich or poor, a woman has duties to perform in her husband’s house; and if her honoured father or mother-in-law fall ill, her being able to plait flowers, and paint pictures, and play on the guitar, and be an ornament to the tea-table will be of no use in the sick-room. To be able to tend her sick properly and affectionately, without employing either nurse or servant-maid is the right path of a daughter.” This is common sense, whatever the women’s rights people may think of it. So is the sermon on the duties of a son, from which we should like to make some extracts. Family life cannot be dead where such teaching is given and received. How true is this: “If you help a man in anything which has to do with a bodily fault, he takes it very kindly, and sets about mending matters. But if you help another to rectify a fault of the heart, you have to deal with a man in the dark, who flies in a rage, and does not care to amend.”

As to Sir Rutherford’s second question, take the following from one of his fairy-tales:—“The duty of a *samurai* (two-sworded retainer) is to keep watch over the country, and to protect the people. Sword and dirk are given to men that they may slay rebels and faithfully serve their prince—not that they may go about committing sin and killing innocent folks. Whoever is fool enough not to understand this will repeat his misdeed, and will assuredly bring shame on his kindred; therefore, after his first offence, let him disembowel himself.”

The third question can only be answered by patient personal intercourse; but where the nature is so noble as Mr. Mitford’s tales prove it to be, we feel sure that Christianity, properly taught, will supply the germs of growth. It did so for our Teutonic forefathers; and the people among whom “Sakura’s ghost” could be a popular story must be at least as noble-natured as they were.

No one must pretend to understand the Japanese question who has not studied Mr. Mitford’s volumes. The

story of forty-seven ronins (*wave-men*, retainers of a "broken clan" thrown on the loose), who avenged their lord's disgrace, and whose tombs are still a pilgrimage-place in Yedo, does more than many blue-books to explain the assassinations and the Japanese way of looking at them. The tale of Komurasaki selling herself for a term of years to a tea-house to find bread for her ruined parents sets right a deal of misrepresentation.* It is passing strange to us that, when the priests find her killing herself on her lover's tomb, "they are moved by her loving-faithfulness (literally *chastity*), and give her an honoured grave." But her conduct has in it a nobleness which only needs "the germ of growth" to develope into the constancy of a Christian martyr.

Some of the tales are very like Carleton's Irish stories, so deeply do they probe the heart and lay bare the springs of action; they tell of a passionate revengeful people, subject to sudden outbreaks, but in general wonderfully law-abiding. Sometimes the incident rises to sublimity, as where Sakura's wife cheers her husband when they are both crucified for appealing to the Siogoon against their lord's oppression of his tenants. "Remember, husband, that from the first you had made up your mind to this fate. What though our bodies be disgraced on the cross? We have the promises of the gods before us; therefore mourn not. Be calm. Let us cheerfully lay down our single lives for the good of many. Man lives but for one generation; his name for many." There is promise in a race whose village heroes and heroines are of such a stamp as this. If any book could help us to the very hard task of forming a just estimate of such a country as Japan, that book is Mr. Mitford's.

Naturally he enters into details about the strange custom of *hari-kari* (properly *sep-puku*), or self-immolation, which Sir R. Alcock says is so valuable as a check on quarrels, seeing that the homicide is bound at once to be his own executioner. The whole record of the ceremonies is very curious; and so are the remarks with which it is interspersed—"for such a law in truth all men should be grateful;" "it is currish to look on death in battle or by *hari-kari* as a pollution." Mr. Mitford was once officially present

* According to Mr. Mitford, those are wholly wrong (Sir R. Alcock among them) who speak of a decent father selling his daughter to a tea-house.

at a self-immolation. The dying speech was : " I, I alone, gave the order to fire on the foreigners at Kobe. For this crime I disembowel myself, and I beg you who are present to do me the honour of witnessing the act." If Sir R. Alcock had studied the reason why this strange punishment was introduced, he could not have accused the Japanese of having no regard for another world. " To comfort the departing spirit " is the native explanation of the practice. Whether it is, like the suicide so common under the Roman emperors, a way of securing to the family the property which would be escheated by death as a malefactor seems uncertain. In one of Mr. Mitford's tales it is said that *hari-kari* involves the loss of goods. Anyhow, a people with a sense of honour cultivated at such cost of human life must have been perplexed by the ways of our " pioneers." We were the stronger, and have by virtue of our strength managed to revolutionise them. As to our title to do so, let us think how a Japanese mission would be received, which should call on us to open our Universities to all comers, to take off our tax on tea and tobacco, to admit *saki* duty free, to give " Hodge " a share in the government, to rescind our laws against polygamy, and generally to shape our institutions on an Asiatic model. If they insisted on our exporting our coal at their price, the parallel would be complete, for nothing angered the Japanese more than the drain of precious metals. " Metals (says an old Japanese book of political economy) are the bones of the land, never renewed, as its flesh and sinews are, and therefore to be kept in the country."

By the little roll of dried fish and sea-weed with which they surmount every official present, the Japanese indicate that they were " poor fishermen, who, by temperance and frugality, have grown to be a rich nation." It would be sad indeed if intercourse with the West should lead to general impoverishment. Sir R. Alcock thought this had undoubtedly been the case up to 1863 ; but he has hopes for the future, feeling, as we all must feel, that Europe has a work to do out there which is far higher than the mere interchange of produce. We must teach them our arts : they are ready enough to learn these ; years ago in the factory at Nagasaki they turned out tubular boilers from plans only, and had them working long before they had ever seen an engine. But, far more, we must teach them our faith, and keep from them our vices ; and this

work does not depend on Missionaries alone—it can only succeed as it should if every Christian in Japan remembers whose name he bears, and how he ought to behave to “them that are without.” We have done them harm; apart from the ravages of war, the cholera, brought by an American ship, carried off 200,000 in Yedo alone; shall we not, in Christ’s name, strive heartily one and all to do them good?

We were driven to do what we did mainly by dread of Russia, who was waiting to fasten the last link in the chain which she would then have fastened round the world. We had much against us; the ordinary Eastern distrust was strengthened by the remembrance of Popish assumption; even the Americans, despite their disclaimer, were looked on as the lineal descendants of Mendez Pinto and Xavier. Treaties extorted by force had to be forcibly maintained, if they were to be anything but a dead letter. There was not time for the feelings of the people to be educated into liking us.

The question now is, will these changes last, and will they profit the nation on which they have been forced? This will greatly depend on the behaviour of those who come out as the examples of this vaunted Western culture. All the East over religion is so mixed up with daily life, social and political, that it is very hard for an Oriental to look on that as a good creed which sends out bad men; they can scarcely (as we too readily do) make allowance for the shortcomings of professors.

Let us not be too hasty. If the tendency of Asiatic life is to stagnation, it is at the same time true that Asia is the counterpoise to the fly-wheel of European progress, and her mute protest against the all-absorbing pursuits of a worldly life is very valuable.

Commerce pushes its way to ever new fields, crying, “peace!”—a peace which it is powerless to preserve; war and confusion necessarily follow when races otherwise trained are brought into sudden contact with fresh and unsuitable elements of thought, action, and government. It is the work of Christianity to be in such cases the healer, the bringer of a new order out of confusion, the preserver of what was good in that culture which as a whole has inevitably passed away.

We may regret the way in which Japan was “opened up;” but there is no going back now. Our work is to

pray and to strive that vital Christianity—under that missionary teaching which Sir Bartle Frere lately said, “is in India inculcating a higher standard of morality and a nobler rule of life”—may rapidly make its way in Japan. It must be vital Christianity; and, therefore, something very different from the unsatisfactory substitute for it which in many cases deserves only too well to be called “the apotheosis of selfishness.”

M. Layrle says: “Our system may alarm the nobles, who fear that the respect with which they are surrounded may be lessened; but it still more alarms the masses, who will none of our equality. Their happiness is to keep aloof from public affairs, to have no soldiering to do, to be left, owing to their very nothingness, in the enjoyment of a large amount of freedom.” This makes our task a difficult one; but, instead of laying aside (as the Frenchman advises) our dreams of regenerating Japan, we ought to be only the more determined that these dreams shall by God’s help become realities.

The latest news from Japan shows that, as we feared, the “opening up” will not be effected without further disasters. Civil war is raging; the military caste demanding an invasion of Corea to enforce the payment of the long-abandoned tribute. A strong reactionary movement is probably at the bottom of the demand. At the same time the treaty powers (except the Americans) are further complicating matters by calling for a fresh instalment of the unpaid indemnity.

- ART. VI.—1.** *Report of the Commissioners Appointed to Inquire into the Several Matters Relating to Coal in the United Kingdom.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. London: Printed by George Edward Eyre and William Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty; for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1871. [Three Volumes, folio, together with Numerous Maps, Sections, &c.]
- 2.** *Report from the Select Committee on Coal; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix.* Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be Printed, 18th July, 1873.
- 3.** *Coals, Cinders, &c.* An Account of the Quantities of Coals, Cinders, and Patent Fuel, Shipped Coastways, from the Ports of England, Scotland, and Ireland severally; of the Quantities Exported from the same Ports to Foreign Countries and British Settlements Abroad; of the Quantities Brought Coastways into the Port of London; and of the Quantities Received Coastways at the Various Ports of the United Kingdom in the year 1872. Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be Printed, 28th April, 1873.
- 4.** *Coal Experiments (Indian Troop Ships).* Copy of the Reports Received at the Admiralty from the Commanding Officers of the Indian Troop Ships Relative to the Coal Trials Conducted during the Last Session. Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be Printed, 5th August, 1873.
- 5.** *Mines. Reports of the Inspectors of Mines, to Her Majesty's Secretary of State, for the Year 1872.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. London: Printed by George Edward Eyre and William Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1873.
- 6.** *High Price of Coal. Suggestions for Neutralising its Evils.* By Sir ROWLAND HILL, K.C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., &c. Read before the Statistical Society, December, 1873. London: 1873.

7. *Mr. C. W. Eddy on the Natural Distribution of Coal Throughout the British Empire.* Read at the Royal Colonial Institute, 28th May, 1873. London: 1873.
8. *Papers Relating to Her Majesty's Colonial Possessions. Part II.* 1873. (2nd Division.) Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty, 1873. London: Printed by W. Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street and Charing Cross, for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1873.
9. *The Coal Question; an Enquiry Concerning the Progress of the Nation, and the Probable Exhaustion of our Coal Mines.* By W. STANLEY JEVONS, M.A. Second Edition. London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.
10. *On the Smokeless Fire-place, Chimney-Valves, and other Means, Old and New, of obtaining Healthful Warmth and Ventilation.* By NEIL ARNOTT. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, Paternoster Row. 1855.
11. *Richardson's Popular Treatise on the Warming and Ventilation of Buildings.* London: 1856.
12. *Daily and Weekly Newspapers.*

It is now nearly ten years since Mr. Stanley Jevons published that important treatise on the coal question which is still a leading book upon the subject it is devoted to, and close upon the heels of which followed the elaborate inquiry of the Royal Commission, known as the Duke of Argyll's Commission. If our readers have no very special remembrance of the publication of Mr. Jevons' book and the appointment of the Duke of Argyll's Commission, it will yet be fresh in the memory of most of them how an anxiety, almost amounting to a panic, ran through the country at that time: our coalfields, it was said, were being drained so rapidly that we must face the dire possibility of being left dependent on foreign countries for that most important product, which we had been so lavishly using for centuries.

During the last two winters, recollections of this quasi-panic must have presented themselves very generally throughout the kingdom. The practical inconveniences associable with the state of things pointed to ten years ago became so important that another Parliamentary inquiry was deemed necessary; and the extreme scarcity and dearness of coal prevalent for the last two years forms

the subject of one of the most important blue-books of last session. If it is not absolutely the most important, it is not because the subject of any other was more momentous than the matter referred to Mr. Ayrton's Committee, but because the results arrived at were exceptionally barren as compared with the magnitude of the theme.

The Royal Commission appointed in 1866, to ascertain as far as possible the amount of the precious mineral then existing in the coalfields of Great Britain, and the quantity of it at that time consumed at home and transmitted abroad, presented a very extensive Report on the subject in July 1871; and the Select Committee of last Session have felt themselves excused from investigating any of the matters embraced in that Report, a fact which materially aids us in understanding the comparative barrenness of the Committee's own report. They refer, however, to some of the conclusions arrived at by the Commission, as explanatory of that condition of the coal supply which the Committee were appointed to investigate; and, indeed, this no one must fail to do, if he desires to understand the coal question in all its bearings, the inquiry having been admirably carried on, and the results set forth in an exceedingly able manner.

The Royal Commission satisfied themselves, by the most careful examination of the coalfields of Great Britain and the production of the mines at work in them, that there was an abundant supply of coal, not only for the present, but also for many years of the future; but the possibility of this supply failing at some remote period was made the subject of a good deal of speculation, very interesting in itself, and based upon estimates of the probable growth of our population, and the probable increase of consumption both in this country and abroad. Mr. Ayrton's Committee, on the other hand, somewhat sneeringly dismiss this phase of the subject, because, as they say, "they deem it equally unnecessary and futile to embark in any such speculative conjectures, for they are of opinion that no adequate materials exist for giving any judgment on the subject, and that they consider they will best satisfy the object of their appointment by confining their Report to a period immediately associated with the present condition of the coal supply." For our own part we should be glad if all Select Committees and Royal Commissions, entrusted with the investigation of such important questions as the

present, would indulge a little more freely in "speculative conjectures" of this vitally interesting character, as related to the future of the commonwealth, and follow the lead of the Duke of Argyll's Commission in passing beyond the limits of that hard, dry, political selfishness, which characterises most Parliamentary Reports, simply through the current practice of ignoring the claims of posterity, and indeed of all other claimants sufficiently distant to be ignored with present impunity.

Those who have followed the literature of coal at all carefully of late years will remember that the Report of the Royal Commission contained, among its masses of valuable matter, a tabular statement showing the progressive increase of the population, and of the supply and consumption of coal, as well as the computed rate of consumption per head of the population of Great Britain; and that tabular statement the Select Committee have introduced into their Report, correcting it from the most recent returns, and bringing it down to 1872. The table in question has been regarded as an important basis for all speculations as to the consumption of coal; but, as if to prove the fallibility of all statistics, however carefully gathered, we are now told that this table can only be accepted as an approximate statement of the quantity raised and consumed in each year, and that it does not afford a correct view of the capacities of the collieries at work. From this fallacy of the table, however, we learn one important lesson: the Royal Commission estimated that the amount of coal raised from a given area is less by 10 to 40 per cent. than the coal measured in the strata, owing to defects in the systems of working; so that we have a great question to urge on men of applied science, and keep urging on them, namely, how to save this enormous waste.

Another series of the "speculative conjectures" of this admirably conducted Commission* was that relating to the

* As the mode of proceeding adopted by this Royal Commission was, in our opinion, a good model for all such Commissions to follow in matters of world-wide importance, it will be interesting to state by way of foot-note what that mode was,—especially as the report has long been out of print, and become comparatively inaccessible. At their first meeting, the Commission decided that it was expedient to divide their enquiry and appoint committees; but that every member of the Commission might serve on any committee beside that to which he was specially assigned. Five committees were then chosen: A. On Possible Depths of Working; B. On Waste in Combustion; C. On Waste in Working; D. On the Probability of Finding Coal under Permian,

limits of depth at which it is possible to work the coalfields. It is by no means safe to calculate the coal supply of the future at the precise measure of the unworked portions of the strata, as computed by our geologists, even making deduction for waste in working. This deduction we certainly ought to make, if we mean to use the result of whatsoever calculation as a basis for our national conduct in this matter of coal; but it is also necessary, in that case, to make further deduction on account of the impossibility, as things stand at present, of working our coalfields below a certain depth. It is found that, after that certain depth, the heat of the coal itself cannot be sufficiently mitigated by ventilation to admit of human operations being carried

New Red Sandstone, and the superincumbent strata; E. On Mineral Statistics. To these committees were transferred the powers, vested in the Commission, of calling witnesses and "inquiring by all lawful ways and means." In order to investigate the probable quantities of coal in the known coalfields of the United Kingdom, the quantity in each field, worked and unworked, was inquired into by separate members of the Commission; and for this purpose, the kingdom was divided into thirteen districts. Thus the whole inquiry was separated into eighteen divisions. Later on it was found expedient to subdivide the geological inquiries assigned to Committee D. and hand over some branches of it to gentlemen not in the Commission; and thus twenty-three separate inquiries, in all, were carried on simultaneously. When the plan of separate coal-districts was adopted, it was found that paid assistance would be required to carry on inquiries of great magnitude and difficulty; and by the 12th of March, 1867, the Treasury had managed to sanction the expenditure, on estimates prepared by the Commissioners. The members then proceeded, each on his own plan, to investigate the quantities of coal in the several districts, and reported separately, from time to time, as their work was completed. In December 1868, a sixth committee was named, to select maps, and obtain Treasury sanction for their publication. This sanction was asked and obtained in 1871, when the Report was published. Finally in March 1870, the drafting of the Report was assigned to a seventh committee: the Report was founded on the twenty-three sub-reports made to the Commission by the other committees. The laying out of the extensive Report of this Commission is as excellent as the method of carrying on the inquiry. Vol. I. contains the general Report and twenty-two sub-reports, arranged in the most lucid and consequent manner, and illustrated with diagrams, &c., where necessary. Vol. II. contains the account of the general business of the Commission, with the Minutes of Evidence and Proceedings of Committees A, B, C, and D: it is illustrated with excellent maps, and has a first-rate index to itself. Vol. III. consists of the Report of Committee E, with a mass of statistics as to the production, consumption, and export of coal, and also its own index. Added to the three volumes, is a portfolio of geological maps and sections of the highest merit, and produced at a cost such as it will probably be hard to move the Treasury to sanction again. Indeed, this Commission and its Report are a fine memorial of the almost extinct spirit of righteous and magnificent expenditure of money and intellect on the investigation of a great national subject. The new-fangled spirit of cheese-paring is now carried into matters of the highest importance; and the best we can hope for the credit of the nation is that this spirit is only temporary and local, and not the result of a new national temper.

on. The question what this depth is, was entrusted by the Duke of Argyll's Commission to one of the separate Committees ("Committee A"), formed for the purpose of securing a thorough and exhaustive inquiry on every branch of the subject. It appears that a higher temperature can be borne where the air is dry than where it is humid; so that the possible depth of working differs in various mines; but the general bearing of the medical evidence taken by Committee A, is to the effect that labour is not practicable in moist air of a temperature equal to that of the blood, namely 98 degrees, except for very short intervals. The conclusions of Committee A on this point are summed up in the following paragraph:—

"The evidence having shown that the question of maximum temperature under which work could be carried on in a coal mine hinges in a great measure on the hygrometric condition of the air, the Committee proceeded to inquire what was the state of the air in regard to moisture in coal mines? The observations which they collected on this point, show that the air at the working faces of the coal was always humid, and often saturated with moisture. In general, however, the deepest collieries appear to be the driest, although there does not appear to be any ratio between depth and dryness. The depth at which the temperature of the earth would amount to blood heat, or ninety-eight degrees, is about three thousand feet. Under the long-wall system of working, a difference of about seven degrees appears to exist between the temperature of the air and that of the strata at the working faces; and this difference represents a further depth of four hundred and twenty feet; so that the depth at which the temperature of the air would, under present conditions, become equal to the heat of the blood, would be about three thousand four hundred and twenty feet. Beyond this point the considerations affecting increase of depth and temperature become so speculative, that the committee felt it necessary to leave the question in uncertainty; but looking to possible expedients which the future may elicit for reducing the temperature, they considered it might fairly be assumed that a depth of at least four thousand feet might be reached."

What the available stock of coal for the future really is, then, is a matter of the utmost uncertainty; but this very uncertainty gives us at once another important question for our men of applied science to work upon,—how to mitigate the heat of the mines, and how, further, to neutralise its effects by reducing the moisture. Outside

this task remain two vaster problems, still not too vast for modern science to grapple with. The first is how to supersede human labour in these underground pest-holes altogether; the second is how to tame and bring into our service that heat of the earth's crust which stops our mining operations. For heat we want the coals; and heat stops us in seeking them.

In regard to the primary object for which the Select Committee was appointed, namely, to ascertain the causes which have lead to the apparent scarcity of coal, the Report is pretty clear. The Committee inquired how far this scarcity has arisen from a diminution or stagnation of supply or from an unusual increase of demand for consumption, either temporary or permanent in its character; and it appears that several experienced colliery proprietors and managers, selected by important bodies of their class as representative witnesses, and examined before the Committee, concurred generally in opinion that there had been much disturbance in the minds of the workmen in and about the mines, as to the number of hours per day or week during which they should work, and that the general tendency has been to reduce the hours of labour. The Mines Regulation Act, passed the Session before last, is also alleged to have tended to the same result; and, consequently the mines have not yielded as much coal as they might otherwise have produced. As far as the Committee were enabled to ascertain, in figures, the exact effect of these circumstances on the production of coal per man employed, that effect is shown in the following table extending over nine years:

Year.	Number of men employed.	Number of tons raised per man.
1864	307,542	309
1865	315,451	313
1866	320,668	314
1867	333,116	316
1868	346,820	302
1869	345,446	316
1870	350,894	321
1871	370,881	317
1872	413,334	299

There are circumstances which render these figures inadequate for the purposes of an exact comparison; but the Committee is of opinion that "the diminution in the yield per man employed in getting coal in the mine since 1871, is not much less than that shown in the Table."

That this natural reluctance of the men to work longer than they are obliged has been the main immediate cause of the distressingly high price consumers have had to pay these two winters, there is little room or need for disputing: the Committee having satisfied themselves beyond a doubt that the existing collieries are fully capable of keeping up the present supply of coal, and that, with an adequate provision of labour the supply could be very largely increased. There is good ground for hoping that, when the employment of the men shall have adjusted itself to the requirements of the Mines Regulation Act, and to their desire to better their own condition, the aggregate result of the labour of the mining population will be as great as it was formerly; and to this adjustment we must probably look with most trust for the eventual and permanent restoration of the price of coals to some fairly reasonable standard.

But behind this unsettled state of the men, has been a much more powerful agent at work to raise the price of coals, the long continued industrial prosperity of the country, so much of which is carried on through enormous drains on the resources of our coalfields, and in particular, the great extension of the iron trade. Between 1867 and 1872, chiefly (it is computed) owing to greatly increased exports of iron to North America and Germany, the quantity of coal used in our iron manufactures rose from twenty-eight millions (in round numbers) to thirty-eight millions of tons. And this drain on the supply, taking place in an enormously wealthy country, led to the payment of almost any price for the article so much in demand; so that when, at last, the men began to work less, the decreased production, though not in itself of capital importance, sufficed to bring about the greatest distress among those who could not pay the enormous price which the well-to-do were able, if not willing, to pay, rather than be at any inconvenience whatever.

An economic paragraph in the Report of the Select Committee, on the aspect of this question, is well worthy

of quotation, on account of its truth and lucidity: it is as follows:—

“ In the ordinary course of trade, the fluctuation in the price of coal might have been limited to the particular quality used specially in the manufacture of iron. The demand, however, was apparently so urgent, that it soon extended itself to other qualities and exercised an influence over their price. The prosperous state of several branches of industry produced a competition for coal which obliged all classes to pay the high price demanded, rather than suffer the loss consequent upon a diminution of business, or the discomfort arising from want of coal for domestic use. The production and export of iron, and the production and consumption of coal, shown in the Tables above quoted, might not be deemed sufficient to account for the great rise in the prices of those commodities, but the exact effect of any disturbance of the relations of demand and supply on prices is beyond the limit of arithmetical calculation. Price depends not merely on the quantity of the commodity, but on the motives which influence both the buyer and the seller in determining how much the one is content to receive, and how much the other is willing and able to pay, under the belief that the quantity brought to market is or may be insufficient to meet the demand. In the case of coal much of the demand is of such an urgent nature that the buyer would pay a very large price rather than be deprived of the supply he requires. Nor does the ratio of increase of price necessarily bear any definite proportion to the ratio of diminution of supply. A comparatively small deficiency may produce a very large increase of price if the eagerness of each buyer to secure his own supply, and to guard against deficiency in his own case, is coupled with the ability to pay for it whatever is demanded by the seller. This appears to have been the result of the comparatively small derangement in the production and consumption of coal enhancing its price in so great a degree.”

At one time during the present “ coal famine,” a belief was pretty widely diffused, and it is still held in many quarters, that colliery-owners were combining to restrict the supply of coals, in order to create a scarcity in the market, and thus send up the price. The Select Committee are anxious to dispel this belief, and give it as their opinion that the owners have taken measures to meet the extra demand: indeed, they point to the well-known fact that, to this end, small coal, formerly “ of no account,” has now been brought to market, and used instead of other qualities of coal. It is, however, admitted by this most optimistic Committee that efforts have been made amongst the workmen to induce them to take active measures to prevent

the owners from increasing the output. This policy on the part of the men is both short-sighted and immoral: it would neither secure them any permanent advantage, nor will it fail to lose for them that general sympathy which they are quite likely to secure with the nation at large if they use their power fairly, without abusing it. The fluctuation of their wages, which some of them deem dependent on the price of coal, in reality is a normal cause of the rise and fall of that price, and not properly an effect of it: they must look to the state of the labour market for the immediate regulation of their wages; and if they grasp too hard and fast they may find themselves at some unexpected crisis superseded by an influx of labour. We are glad to think that the men generally have more good sense than to believe otherwise than thus.

The Committee dismiss with much *nonchalance* the idea that any combination of owners or of workmen can "by artificial means succeed in permanently affecting the ordinary results of the relations of demand and supply in adjusting the quantity of coal produced to the demand, or can permanently affect the price resulting from the state of the market;" and on this ground they deprecate any interference on the part of Parliament with the "course of industry and trade in coal," beyond what aims at "the prevention of injury to the health and morals of children and young persons, and the prevention of accidents from wilful neglect of recognized precautions." They particularly deprecate the imposition of any duty on coal exported to foreign parts, pointing out, without entering upon the "question at large," certain objections which they deem special to an export duty on coal, "beyond those of the general policy of the country." These special objections we must quote at length, before we go into the "question at large," in the light of some other authorities than the Committee. The two paragraphs dismissing this branch of the subject are as follows:—

"The coal exported to foreign parts is not for the exclusive use of foreign countries. A considerable quantity is used by English shipowners for their homeward and other voyages, while foreign steamships load coal at English ports for their own consumption. It would be as injurious to the English shipowner, and to the merchant whose goods he carries, and to the workman who made them, to deny them the free use of English coal, as it would be impracticable to levy a differential duty on coal consumed in

foreign ships trading with England. Even when the coal is consumed in the interior of foreign countries, it is not unfrequently used on their railways to bring to their ports commodities to be imported into this country, whether raw or manufactured, to be exchanged for the exports from England, and all these operations would be prejudiced to the extent to which English coal abroad would either be enhanced in price or diminished in supply.

"Nor would any duty which could have been placed on coal have had a material effect in mitigating the demand for coal, and the consequent rise in prices at the present time, as it appears that the excess of demand for export was not for coal, but for iron, and every ton of pig-iron exported was, in effect, an export of two or three tons of coal, and of rolled iron of about six tons of coal. The manufacture of iron in a more advanced stage, and of many other commodities, requires a large consumption of coal; the increased export of those articles would also be in effect an increased export of coal, and if the result of an export duty on the coal itself deprived foreign countries of the means of manufacturing commodities in which coal is used, it would only have the effect of increasing the export of those commodities, and consequently of the consumption in England of the coal required for their production, unless there resulted a general diminution of industry and trade, and a cheapening of coal by depriving the people both of their power to use it in manufacture and to purchase it for domestic use."

As a serious argument this is altogether inconclusive; because it merely shifts the question of protecting coal, by means of duty, from one branch of commerce to another. The obstacles in the way of an export duty on coal are certainly very great, if not insuperable, as the Committee hold them to be; but it must be obvious to any thoughtful mind that the objections special to such a duty, advanced by the Committee, do not apply to an export duty on iron, and that the abstract question of an export duty thus remains to be settled,—only with iron as the subject instead of coal. That we do not, for our own part, advocate any such export duty, whether on coal or on iron, will be seen by those who follow us to the close of the present article. It is very doubtful, and grows yearly more and more darkly doubtful, whether this huge commercial prosperity of ours, got mainly by the hideous underground existence of one vast concourse of human beings, and the fever-heat sweltering above ground of another vast concourse, is not the greatest misfortune that can befall a nation, entailing, as it does, that dire influx of bullion into

the country that constantly lowers the value of money, and makes the well-to-do poor, and the poor destitute. But it would be premature to advocate, as a means of preventing the exhaustion of our coalfields, a measure which would certainly reduce that commerce deemed by most Englishmen a supreme glory to us, and which could not easily be advocated except on principles smacking of communism.

One of the dogmas which may be held to underlie what Mr. Ayrton's Committee call the "general policy of the country" is the dogma of free trade, towards a wholesale application of which we have long been drifting. Now, that the application of this free trade dogma in its entirety to the coal question requires re-examination, is proved by the fact that a man of the intellectual and scientific calibre of Mr. Alfred R. Wallace addressed a letter to the Editor of the *Daily News*, during the autumn of last year, urging upon public attention certain limitations to the use of the doctrine in question, and protesting against the unrestricted draft, for purposes of exchange, upon commodities which, being natural products, are practically limited in quantity, and cannot be reproduced. Mr. Wallace argued his case, fairly and ingeniously, by two illustrations. The first was that of a hypothetic water-supply: supposing the springs or wells of a given country to be limited in number but enough for the general wants of the population, to whom they have been freely available on payment of a nominal sum to the owners of the land wherein they are situated; and supposing these latter, for commercial reasons, sell the springs or wells to manufacturers, who exhaust the water with the exception of what will meet the needs of their own workpeople, and thus make the rest of the country uninhabitable; the landowners would, in such case, according to Mr. Wallace, not exceed their rights as regulated by the current view of free trade. And he says the same of the landowners in his second supposititious case,—that of a country with a very fertile but not very deep surface-soil, supporting a dense population on its vegetable products, but which surface-soil the landowners choose to sell to foreign horticulturists, to their own profit, and to the impoverishment of the land, thus made unfit for the continued support of a large and healthy population.

Mr. Wallace contends that the proper subjects for free

trade are such products, animal or vegetable, and such manufactured goods, as can be obtained to an almost unlimited extent in a comparatively short time: the unrestricted exchange of such things, he says, is altogether beneficial to mankind, does not impoverish either party, but leads to improvement in the methods of cultivation and production, and adds to the "sustaining power of the earth." Such articles as coal, on the other hand, being absolutely necessary, limited in quantity, and not capable of being reproduced in any period that the length of human life allows us, ought to be regarded as a property held in trust for posterity. Unnecessary waste of such property is obviously a crime; and Mr. Wallace does not go too far when he says:—

"I maintain that it is a wrong to our own population, and a still greater wrong to the next generation, to permit the unlimited export of those mineral products which are absolute necessities of life, but which, once destroyed, we can never reproduce. To do so is to sell and alienate for ever a portion of our land itself, and should no more be permitted to private individuals than the selling of the land-surface to a foreign state."

Certainly not: but what renders this argument for an export duty answerable is this,—that a Government which shrinks from any great measure not easy to reconcile with the "general policy of the country" would not dream of interfering with the "free course of trade and industry," if some monstrous landowner took it into his head to dispose of the surface-soil of, say, two or three counties in the most fertile part of England. Hence Mr. Wallace's *reductio ad absurdum* falls through, as such; and we must frankly admit that a Government of third and fourth rate politicians is somewhat wise in its generation in keeping clear of innovations as vital and radical as this would be; for there is hardly a branch of industry which might not, conceivably, be interfered with on the ground of moral responsibilities, if once the principle and practice of interference be admitted.

If moral responsibility to an unborn generation were admitted as the one criterion of state action, the millennium would be upon us before we could look round; and the necessary administrative intelligence would quickly follow in the wake of so great a spiritual revolution; but desirable as that state of things may be, it is almost too

sanguine to expect it just at present. Certainly, we repeat, it is as Mr. Wallace says,—we have “no right” to do as we are doing; and, logically, we are bound to say, “then let us turn over a new leaf.” But that is quite another matter. There are some few thousands of actions done every day by us, individually and collectively, which we have no right to do, and many of them are criminal derelictions of our duty to humanity present and to come; but, however much we may feel this sad depravity, we are unable to agree among ourselves which particular points in our conduct we shall hand over for correction to those brilliant gentlemen who amuse themselves and the world at large by playing at government in the crumbling pile of modern building that stands aping the grandeur of the neighbouring abbey, just as the inmates—well, we need not follow up the figure. The question, we say, of giving our conscience in charge, even in commercial matters, to even competent and creditable statesmen, is really a serious question; and if we let the gentlemen referred to above play with that conscience, now so nearly emancipated, in one department, we may be asked to do the same in others. And yet the measure proposed by Mr. Wallace is “only a little one.” He would begin with a very small export duty on coal, so as to avoid any sudden results in the labour market, and he would gradually increase it, so as to check the exhaustion of our coals, and stimulate the production of other people’s—check our commerce in certain goods, and increase other people’s. We are certain the present generation will not hear of it; but cannot exhaustion be checked by any other less objectionable measure? We think it can; but we do not think it will.

The policy advocated by Sir Rowland Hill, in a paper read before the Statistical Society in December last, was perhaps the boldest and most radical treatment of the question as yet advanced. The paper purports to consist of “suggestions for neutralizing” the evils attendant on the high price of coal; and it is of a very sketchy, though pithy character. These suggestions, had they come from any other quarter, would probably not have secured a hearing, but would have been laughed down at once; but the eminence of Sir Rowland Hill as a statistician and practical economist have secured him, generally, a patient hearing in this matter; and, indeed, when we consider that his penny postage scheme, received with the utmost viru-

lence and contumely at first, has in the last thirty years revolutionized the whole postal system throughout the world, we are bound to admit that whatever scheme he may put forward, seriously and categorically, relating to national economy, deserves a patient discussion.

Sir Rowland's proposal is, in brief, a general tax upon coal, whereby we are to place a check on the waste of that article of consumption, abolish nearly all other imperial taxation, and liquidate the National Debt. That this is not the wild idea of a moment, is shown by the careful manner in which the suggestions have been worked into shape; and yet we are satisfied that, at all events for the present, the measure in its entirety would be as inexpedient and unjust, as it would infallibly be pronounced by a vast majority of the nation at large. This is the Nemesis that pursues the modern scientific spirit, so far as it deals with statistics and averages: an average is constantly opposed to the facts of the individual cases of a vast majority; and no average of material facts can possibly be based upon those much more important psychical facts that give national life its impulse and direction, and are not yet to be found in any dictionary of political economy.

Still, statistics are a power; and we must proceed to look carefully at Sir Rowland Hill's scheme in detail. Statistics are certainly one of his *fortes*; by them he proved long ago that a penny postage would bring in nearly as much revenue as a sevenpenny postage; and by them he now proves that, by imposing a tax of about 5s. a ton on coal, we may defer the exhaustion of our coalfields, get rid of all imperial taxation except the duties on tobacco, spirits, wine, and malt liquor, and extinguish the National Debt in about fifty years. This is certainly a bold and comprehensive scheme; and one which, if it could be carried out, would throw into the shade Sir Rowland Hill's past achievements. But can it be carried out? That is precisely the question. Sir Rowland Hill himself does not put it forward as a matured scheme, but rather as a suggestion for others to elaborate and work upon. He distinctly states that he has sought to avoid all expression as to the practicability or expediency of the course indicated; but he says, "having conceived of such a course, as affording great promise of advantage, I have deemed it my duty to put forth my thoughts in the hope that they may in some degree aid in the solution of a question at

once very difficult and very important." We will briefly give the figures and arguments on which the suggestion is based, and then note the practical difficulties which have occurred to us.

Sir Rowland's position is this. The preservation of our unused stock of coal is now universally admitted to be of vital importance. The increase in our consumption is proceeding at so rapid a rate that, if continued, a few centuries will probably exhaust our supplies. This consumption is largely augmented by the enormous amount of waste that goes on; an amount which has been estimated at one-half the consumption! The best check on waste is a high price; but a high price on coal entails great pressure on the whole community, and much privation on the poorer classes. If, therefore, a high price be artificially maintained on coal, this must be counter-balanced by alleviation in some other direction. The question is, What shape shall that alleviation take? "Remission of taxation," Sir Rowland replies.

To show in a striking way the actual amount of pressure caused by the immense increase in the cost of coal, he compares it with the total imperial taxation of the country. Mr. Lowe, in his speech at Sheffield last year, estimated the latter at £60,150,000.

"Now, taking the consumption of 1872, according to the estimate of Mr. Ayrton's Committee, at 120,000,000 tons, and assuming the average increase of price to be about 10s. per ton [in London it was 14s.], or in the gross £60,000,000, it appears that the increased pressure caused by such augmentation is about equal to that which would be produced by doubling our taxation."

In other words, a tax of 10s. a ton on coal, assuming that the annual consumption remained at 120,000,000 tons, would supersede the necessity for all other imperial taxation. Not that Sir Rowland Hill advocates this; but having arrived at the fact that, for every shilling a ton levied on coal, taxation might be reduced to the extent of £6,000,000, he points out that one shilling would give us "a free breakfast-table," the estimated produce of the duty on tea, coffee, chicory, and sugar, for 1873, being in round numbers £5,300,000. A second shilling would sweep away the income tax; and an additional 2s. 4d. would supersede all other taxes, save those on tobacco, spirits, wine, and malt liquor—taxes which most people

agree to be unobjectionable, if not actually desirable. Finally, the imposition of another shilling, making in all 5s. 4d., would allow of the reduction of the National Debt by £6,000,000 a year, which, Sir Rowland Hill calculates, with the interest released from time to time, would completely extinguish the debt in about fifty years. Now, it is important to observe that Sir Rowland does not contemplate the imposition of his coal-tax at the present moment. He does not wish to make coal dearer than it has been this last winter; but he considers, for the reason given, that it is desirable to place a check on the consumption by preventing the price from falling much below what it then was. He anticipates that, sooner or later, a fall will come (indeed, already a reduction of several shillings a ton has taken place); and then, at whatever point might be considered suitable, the fall should be arrested by the introduction of the tax, which would be imposed gradually, becoming heavier as the price of coal declined.

It is clear, therefore, that, whatever other objections may be urged against the scheme, it is not open to the charge that its realization would make things dearer than they are now. Of course the practical effect of such a scheme would be to transfer the great bulk of taxation from the public generally to the large consumers of coal, such as gas, railway and steam packet companies, ironmasters and other manufacturers, in whose businesses the cost of coal bears a very large proportion to other expenses. It would, therefore, be strongly opposed by them. But, in the first place, it seems to us that these classes, which would most feel the burden of such a tax, are well able to bear it; and, in the second place, it is by no means unlikely that the inducement to economy, held out by the permanently high price of coal, would be so strong as to stimulate them to reduce their consumption by the use of improved furnaces, steam engines, &c.; until, possibly, they would pay no more with coals at a high price than they did when coal was cheap and they consumed it wastefully.

Supposing this desirable economical result to come about, it will be asked, "What effect would it have on Sir Rowland Hill's calculations?" No positive answer can be given; but we should think the utmost it is likely to do is to check the increase yearly taking place in consumption. An actual reduction in the amount now consumed can

hardly be expected, at any rate to an extent that would much affect Sir Rowland's figures. The rapid strides with which consumption advances may be seen from the fact that, since 1858, it has doubled, while in the course of this century it has increased tenfold.

As regards the Railway Companies, we find that, by a curious coincidence, the passenger duty, which would be remitted, exactly balances the increased cost at 5s. a ton that they would have to pay for coal. Although no such remission would equalize matters for the gas companies and steam packet companies, still they would be in no worse position than at present; and the individual shareholders would derive the general benefit of the remission of the other taxes.

The benefit which might arise to the public generally through the adoption of this scheme is manifestly great. Coal would not be further increased in price; manufactured articles need, therefore, be no dearer than they are now; and taxation would be very much less. Each family, in lieu of income tax, house tax, land tax, sugar duty, tea duty, &c., would only pay, say, 5s. on each ton of coal. Assuming that they used twenty tons in the year (and many families in the middle class do not use half that amount), this would leave their annual taxation at only £5.

We now come, however, to another consideration, namely, how such a tax would affect the poorer classes; and we may here say that we fear a tax on coal to the amount of 5s. would be impracticable, for this reason: the high price of coal falls most heavily on the very poor, to whom coal is a primary necessity of life, more important almost than meat and drink. And, as they pay no direct taxes, the only part of the scheme which would touch them, would be the abolition of the duty on tea, coffee, and sugar. From inquiries we have been at the pains to make among some twenty poor families in Marylebone, we are satisfied that, as regards the poor, the proposed tax could not be higher than 2s. 6d., assuming that the principle of a "counter-balancing alleviation" be maintained. The average weekly consumption of a poor family may be taken at $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of coals, 2 lb. of sugar, and 4 oz. of tea; so that, adopting these figures, the increased cost of coal for the poor would be, with a tax of 2s. 6d., $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. a week, while the reduction on tea and sugar would be $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. This aspect of the case must, we think, have been overlooked by Sir Rowland:

probably he either over-estimated the boon which the remission of the tea and sugar duties would afford to the untaxed portion of the community, or did not fully realize the importance to them of every penny more or less that they are called upon to pay for fuel. Moreover, one of the chief arguments in favour of the retention of a high price on coal, the inducement to economy, would hardly apply to the poor, who have not the capital, and are too strongly prejudiced in favour of the old grates, even if they had, to provide themselves with better constructed grates, which would burn less fuel. Of course this is very lamentable; but we must take human nature as we find it. We cannot alter it by Act of Parliament. It is a melancholy fact that one possible tenant after another has been lost to some improved dwelling-houses lately constructed for the poor in a certain district of London, solely on the ground that the improved grates with which the rooms are provided, and which consume little more than half the amount consumed by the old-fashioned grates, were in their opinion ugly!

We are thus brought to the conclusion that it would be neither politic nor wise to attempt to impose a duty on coal of more than 2s. 6d. a ton; which might be apportioned thus: 1s. for the remission of the tea, coffee, chicory, and sugar duties, 6d. for the remission of one-half the income tax, and 1s. for the reduction of the National Debt; and we must keep in mind that even to this amount of tax there would be very strong opposition.

One of the most interesting branches of the coal question is that treated by Mr. C. W. Eddy, Honorary Secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute, in a paper which he read to the members of that institute last May. This paper, on the Natural Distribution of Coal, brought together an array of facts, not only of great importance in themselves when looked at conjointly, but also most significant as to certain matters of national policy much larger than the mere question of putting a duty on coal, export or other. Our readers are probably aware that the federation of our vast colonial possessions, to form with the mother-country one huge Empire, is a scheme specially dear to the Royal Colonial Institute. This being so, Mr. Eddy is naturally a person likely to lay particular stress on any natural phenomena tending to facilitate the carrying out of such a scheme, or seeming to point to its propriety. Now, had he stated briefly that Nature evidently intended us and our

Colonies for one Empire, looking at the way she had distributed the carboniferous system throughout the world, we should have been very much disposed to say he spoke from an exclusively Colonial Institute point of view. As it is, however, he follows the question out in so perfectly straightforward a manner, giving the best possible authorities for every statement, that we have no alternative but to accept the general remark he enforces, namely that, in the most important matter of coal resources, we and our Colonies appear to be a ready-made Empire.

In as few words as possible, we will follow Mr. Eddy across the world, and look through his eyes at the way the coalfields of the earth are laid out; for after all this is perhaps of greater moment to the thoughtful than the mere questions how our own particular coalfields are getting on, how soon we are likely to exhaust them, and how far we can wisely and fairly check the exhaustion by imposing duties and interfering with the course of free trade.

Starting from England in search of coal, the nearest considerable supply we come to is on the closest point of North America, the island promontory of Cape Breton, belonging to us, and teeming with "bituminous coal of excellent quality." This is found again a little further west, at Picton; and the carboniferous system extends over the greatest part of New Brunswick, "the beds of coal thinning out towards the northern edge," whilst the south-eastern extremity "puts out into the Atlantic." These coalfields, with those of Nova Scotia, are of incalculable importance.

Proceeding westward across British territory, we find a great breadth of coal area along the whole eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains, of enormous importance in maintaining the unity of the British provinces of North America, by means of the intended Pacific Railway, which, commencing on the Atlantic, in one coalfield, will cross another as it approaches the Rocky Mountains, and terminate in a third on the shores of British Columbia, immediately opposite Vancouver's Island, where again we have excellent coal. It is also found in Queen Charlotte's Island, and again in Trinidad.

We next go to Australia, where we note first the significant fact that Australian coal is able to compete with English and American in the market of San Francisco, indicating that it is of a high quality, which much of the "Newcastle" coal of New South Wales undoubtedly is. Mr. Eddy says

of this, that "the area over which it is found in New South Wales and Queensland, and the depth of the strata, show it to be practically inexhaustible." In South Australia, Mr. Eddy does not expect coal will be found; but it has been found in Victoria, though not in a very accessible situation. In Tasmania, again, there are vast coalfields; and in New Zealand the stores are incalculable; some of the coalfields there contain only a low quality of coal, but in others, of vast extent, the quality is excellent.

Coming back from the Antipodes to our starting point, and thence accompanying Mr. Eddy to the East, we are asked by him to notice that here again there is a general absence of true coal fit for marine purposes, and conveniently situated near the sea-coast, from all but British territory. On the route to India, up the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and along the coast of Arabia, we come to no native coal. The depots are generally on English territory, as Malta, Gibraltar, Aden, and filled with English coal; and when we come to India, Australian coal "meets ours in the market." In India the carboniferous system lies almost entirely between the 20th and 26th degrees of latitude, "comprising a belt of about 400 miles in width," almost all of which is British territory. Going still eastwards, we come to no important coal until we reach our own island of Labuan, which, indeed, we took purely for the sake of its coal.

One great group of colonies still remains to be noticed, which is not rich in coal, but yet, in common with its sister colonies, possesses some of this "truly British mineral"—we mean the Cape Colonies. "Indications of coal," says Mr. Eddy, "have been met with in the mountain basin of Tulbagh, a district equidistant from Table Bay, Saldanha, and St. Helena Bay, only forty to fifty miles from each; so that, should it prove valuable, it is most happily placed; but as yet there has been but little temptation to explore it, because the excellent coal of which we are so lavish is taken to Cape Town, as the outward cargo of ships seeking colonial produce, at a less expense than the inland carriage would cost in the absence of railways."

At Natal also there seem to be indications of coal near the capital and port; but none worth working has been discovered in this locality. "In the far north-east corner of the colony, however," to quote Mr. Eddy again, "on the Tugela, about 120 miles distant from the port, a good coal-

field has been discovered, and the district has been given the name of Newcastle. In consequence of this remoteness, and of the want of roads or navigable rivers, it is, of course, alike useless to the capital and the port, to the lines of steamers which unite it with us and with the rest of the world, and to the coffee and sugar plantations on the fertile belt of coast line ; but, happily, there is a near prospect of the formation of a railway to bridge the distance. . . . The position of this coalfield could not have been happier if nature had purposely intended it to be the means of linking together in material intercourse the various detached provinces of the coast line and the interior, as they will undoubtedly some day be linked in one great British Confederation."

Now here is the great point on which we should be glad enough to feel one quarter of Mr. Eddy's confidence. We have no doubt that England's best hopes of preserving her position as a first-rate power in the world (or should we not, perhaps, rather say "regaining" that position) lie in the Federation panacea of the Colonial Institute ; and the questions whether or not she will "federate," and if so how soon, affect the home coal question so vitally, that we should be almost tempted to say, "if she federates in ten, twenty, or even thirty years, then let the coal question alone to take care of itself, except so far as regards enforcing, by an organized public opinion, some degree of economy in working and using so precious a product." Mr. Eddy says, "the means of achieving this great end [Federation] are obvious ;" and he asks somewhat petulantly whether the British nation will "tolerate politicians who would thwart the designs of Providence?" We do not think the British nation would, if it felt as clear as Mr. Eddy does as to what those designs might be ; but we would remind Mr. Eddy that this is just where there are differences of opinion ; and further that, while the means of "achieving this great end are obvious," some twenty thousand objections to it are equally obvious to an equal number of persons.

We must not forget that it is no great while since the relinquishment of Canada, as a possession more troublesome than profitable, was advocated in a very high quarter, under the applause of a very numerous body of people ; and it may be that what the poet-laureate might call—

"The faithless coldness of the times,"

will yet fling away all that loyalty that is known to exist in the hearts of at least three-quarters of the Canadian population. If England be rash enough to proceed further in loosening the bonds of loyalty and affection that bind Canada to us, leaving her first to herself, and ultimately to the United States, it is not Canada only that will go, but Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, in fact, the whole of the Dominion. What then, we would ask, is to become of these grand possessions in coal that Mr. Eddy makes so much of? For the mischief would not end there. No important group of Colonies would fail to lose confidence in us, and drop a great part of its loyalty and care for the *prestige* of being English; and the beginning of the end of our Colonial Empire would have set in.

Thus if we begin to drop our Colonies, we must not discuss any great question affecting the distant future without regarding them all as foreign countries or foreign dependencies. And if we do not very soon seriously take up the question of a Federal Empire, we must entertain, however unwillingly, the alternative of dropping these irrecoverable possessions one by one. Now if we are merely to look at the interests of the present and the immediate future, say the interests of our growing generation, then we need not make so much fuss as we have all been making about the coals. The coals will last *their* time, well enough. But what we have to face, looking into the dim uncertain vista of futurity, is the possibility of an England with a great National Debt, no more native coal to carry on her iron and other manufactures with, and no colonial resources to fall back upon. The possibility, we say, and no more, for we profess no greater insight or farther-reaching vision than the rest of the thinking world. In that possible situation, our grand-children, or whatever generation be in question, would be precisely in the same condition as the denizens of the most unproductive country on the face of the earth are now, except that those denizens have not had the opportunity of running hugely into debt. Instead of providing the world with coal and the produce of coal, they will be dependent on foreign powers for that great essential of civilized life, and will not be in a position to secure favourable treaties.

Looking, on the other hand, at the alternative possibility of a British Empire stretching from one end of the earth to the other, we see no reason to dread, as a calamity

of capital importance, that exhaustion of our insular coal-mines which must come sooner or later. It would be no matter of insuperable difficulty for the several members of one Empire, even as vast as this would be, to arrange the most favourable transfers and exchanges of produce of all kinds. As we have provided our Colonies with coal and its results, so in turn would our Colonies provide us with the like; and as they become more thickly populated, they must, in the natural course of things, whether as separate states or as members of an empire, develop those incalculable natural resources at some of which we have been looking through Mr. Eddy's eyes. We cannot, by fettering the freedom of trade, and throwing every possible obstacle in the way of coal and iron leaving the country, bring about that development of colonial coal-mining which must eventually come of itself, but we might do ourselves enormous commercial mischief. That development of coal-mining in British North America, in India, in Australia and New Zealand, and in Natal, will not come till, as the result of a dense population, better wages can be earned by burrowing in the bowels of the earth than by working in the daylight and fresh air; and we cannot populate the wildernesses by means of a coal or iron tax.

It is too late in the day to inaugurate an era of State mines; and we have but little prospect of the coal resources of the Colonies being developed by other than private enterprise, which must be more or less under the action of the inexorable law of supply and demand. Even in the little Labuan settlement, which we established purely as a coal station for our Eastern traffic, and where we can readily imagine state mines,—even there the working of splendid coalfields has been left to private enterprise; and the companies who have undertaken the business have failed to bring about any satisfactory results, simply through looking too exclusively for immediate returns of profit. Governor Pope Hennessy, in a report to be found among the papers relating to colonial possessions, mentioned at the head of the present article, gives a most interesting and intelligent account of the coal-mining operations in Labuan; and teaches us the lesson that it is not easy to force on operations of this kind. The failure to do much with the Labuan coal-mines seems to have arisen from the persistent attempts to work the surface coal, to the exclusion of the deeper portions of the strata;

and we should expect any forced coal-mining in the Colonies to be carried on in like manner and attended with like results. Governor Pope Hennessy expresses very sanguine hopes that the company now at work in Labuan will bring about valuable results; but if the matter rights itself so tardily and with such difficulty there, in the very gangway of the world's sea-traffic, what would not the difficulties be in remoter and larger coalfields? Besides, Governor Pope Hennessy is conspicuously, in this report of his, of a very sanguine and hopeful temperament; and we must wait and see the great results lying behind us in the past, before we venture to base any "speculative conjectures" on them.

If the conclusions we have come to are of a somewhat negative character, it is because, in the shifting and uncertain state of the present phase of our national life, there is no fixed and absolute point of view from which to treat the question of coal-legislation, except the point of view of statistics, which we have seen to be delusive and unsatisfactory. We cannot espouse Mr. Wallace's theory of an export duty, whether on coal or on iron, because we feel that it would involve a great check to our commerce, and cannot see that the nation is in a frame of mind to profit by any curtailment of commercial prosperity, or even to receive it stoically. We cannot wholly advocate the proposed coaltax of Sir Rowland Hill, even to the extent to which we have admitted it to be reasonable, because the benefits of it are not clearly enough proved to recommend themselves to the people at large, and because the fiscal statistics on which such a measure must be based are in as fluent and unsettled a condition as they can well be. And yet we should be sorry to admit that we give in our adherence to the cynical absence of recommendations which characterises the Report of Mr. Ayrton's Committee.

Certainly we cannot see our way to recommending any piece of legislation special to coal, unless it be the small measure of a shilling duty for the reduction of the National Debt, which Sir Rowland Hill, in common with several other persons, has long been bent upon urging, and unless we might add to this some small inoffensive measure for securing better economy in working, by means of improved apparatus. Beyond these two matters, we should like to see our numerous brethren of the press urging upon the attention of the public at large the desirableness of using

for domestic purposes some form of the economical stoves whose merits are fully expounded in the books of Dr. Arnot and other scientific gentlemen.

But as regards legislation affecting the coal question indirectly, and none the less vitally for its indirectness, we are prepared to advocate a measure that will scarcely be thought negative or too small for the occasion. If we are content to become a nation of peddlers and potterers, let us clamour for more Select Committees to inquire into this, that, and the other small question, affecting the happiness of wild fowl, the closing of public-houses, and the like. But if we wish to regain and keep that leadership in the affairs of the world which our coalfields have helped us so largely in, let us look seriously at the grave question, Who is to keep the best coalfields of the whole earth, at present in our hands? And with a view to the settlement of that important point let us offer the heartiest thanks to the first influential Member of Parliament who will move a humble address to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty for a Royal Commission to inquire into the reasons for and against the creation of a Federal British Empire co-extensive with our wide dominions.

- ART. VII.—1.** *The Elements of the English Language.* By ERNEST ADAMS, PH.D., F.L.S., F.C.P. New Edition. Revised and Corrected. London: Bell and Daldy, York-street, Covent-garden. 1871.
- 2.** *A Grammar of the English Language: together with an Exposition of the Analysis of Sentences.* By J. D. MORELL, M.A., LL.D., one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. New Edition. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1870.
- 3.** *A Higher English Grammar.* By ALEXANDER BAIN, M.A., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. New and Revised Edition. London: Longmans, Green, Reader and Dyer. 1872.
- 4.** *Handbook of the English Tongue.* For the Use of Students and Others. By JOSEPH ANGUS, M.A., D.D., Examiner in English Language, Literature, and History to the University of London. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, and 164, Piccadilly.
- 5.** *English Grammar: including the Principles of Grammatical Analysis.* By C. P. MASON, B.A., Fellow of University College, London. Eighteenth Edition. Revised and Enlarged. London: Bell and Daldy, York-street, Covent-garden. 1873.
- 6.** *A School Manual of English Grammar. With Copious Exercises.* By WILLIAM SMITH, D.C.L., LL.D., Editor of the Classical and Latin Dictionaries, and Theophilus D. Hall, M.A., Fellow of University College, London. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1873.

THE spirit which within the last half century has given birth to the science of Philology, has also naturally created a new order of things in the domain of English Grammar. Time was, when such writers as Lindley Murray and Lenney ruled absolutely the utterances of those whose fortune it was to inherit that smattering of information known as "a plain English education:" while for such as aspired to an acquaintance with the mysteries of classical literature, good English, if attained

at all, was rather an accidental result of much practice in translation from Latin and Greek than an object sought for its own sake. Now all this is changed. The very multitude of English Grammars teeming from the press is an evidence of a complete revolution in the public mind; and additional proofs of it may be found in multiplied reprints of standard English authors and the introduction of them into modern literary examinations, together with an increasing love of research into the antiquities of the land in which we live. For one Dr. Borlase of the eighteenth century, there are scores of amateur archæologists in the present day: the writings of the Elizabethan period are better known and more widely read than they were a generation after their appearance: and the wave of Latinity that culminated a hundred years ago under the auspices of the great lexicographer has retreated before a counter current in the direction of good old Anglo-Saxon speech. These we take to be healthy signs. They form a set-off against those tendencies of modern English which have been deemed symptomatic of decline. It must be acknowledged that much of the sensational literature of the day exerts an enervating influence upon the language no less than upon the character of those who indulge in it. But so long as the fountain heads of public thought and opinion can be preserved in purity, there is little to fear for the future of either language or people. Of anything like an excess of Anglicism the danger is not great. It would be mere affectation to say that the Anglo-Saxon nucleus could ever do duty for the whole vocabulary of any modern English dictionary. Without the contingents furnished by foreign lands, our literature, science and philosophy would be as powerless as the legions of the great Napoleon when no longer reinforced by the troops and subsidised by the resources of a vanquished continent. Our imported words are as much naturalised among us now, as the Huguenot refugees and the manufactures they introduced. And to neglect the ancient classics or the modern Continental tongues, in order to pay greater attention to English, would be a narrow and impracticable policy. Acquaintance with the latter class of languages must spread by reason of the necessities of commerce and the facilities of travel. And the "bifurcation" of scholastic curricula recommended by some educational authorities is due rather to the pressure of scientific

subjects than to 'any other cause. That the English language may be so taught as to form of itself an introduction to classical studies is manifest from the fact that Mr. Mason, whose *English Grammar* appears on the list that heads this paper, has successfully applied to Latin the principles of analysis expounded in his earlier work.

But we must not detain our readers from our present business of offering a few criticisms on the works just alluded to, farther than to lay it down as an axiom that no plan of education can be considered other than defective which does not regard as fundamental a thorough discipline in the elements of English grammar, and which does not throughout its course aim at furnishing to the pupil a comprehensive acquaintance with the history and structure of the language. Let those who please disdain as puerile or pedantic the drudgery that stoops to analyse into its simplest constituents the language we have spoken from our infancy. They do so in forgetfulness of the fact that only by some such training can any reader be absolutely certain what an author means or ought to mean, or a speaker or writer attain the confidence due to the conviction that he has said what ought to be understood. And the training should follow the order we have suggested. Philology may and must precede grammar in the order of production, but grammar must precede philology in the order of communication. Grammars may be divided into three classes—those intended for beginners, those intended for the higher forms of schools and colleges, and those intended, as works of reference, to embody the full results of critical research. Works of this last class are not numerous in English; the subject is only beginning even now to attract the attention it deserves. Dr. Latham has long been a recognised leader in this department: and we hail with pleasure the recently announced translation of Maetzner's German work on English grammar in three volumes. At present we intend to confine ourselves to the consideration of books of the middle class, whose aim is to popularise the study of the English language, and to present its elements in a form sufficiently compact to be readily mastered by those who, in the meantime, are prosecuting many other branches of study. The more elementary treatises we have not thought it needful to introduce; and of those that may fairly be regarded not such we have been compelled to content ourselves with a selection. We shall

first discuss in their main features the subjects treated of in these works, noting as we go points in which they differ, or points in which we venture to differ from them; and secondly, sum up the characteristics of a good English grammar so far as they are illustrated or otherwise in the volumes before us.

The time-honoured division of grammar into orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, is observed by all these writers: prosody is omitted, however, by Mr. Mason, and by Mr. Bain is embodied in another very valuable work of his, which, under the title of *English Composition*, embraces this subject, and embraces, we may add, an exhaustive dissertation on the principles of rhetoric.

Orthography is, of course, understood as including orthoepy, though the two are really coordinate. The difficulties of both are greatly increased by the manifold imperfections of our alphabet. Dr. Gladstone has said that these difficulties occasion a loss of two years to every child, —to every child, we suppose he means, who does not possess a more than ordinary share of verbal adhesiveness. This is probably an exaggeration, and it must be remembered that the kind of memory required is precisely that which is of the widest service in actual life. The anomalies are not so glaring as to defy all attempts at reduction: pronunciation and spelling, like the fashions, vary, but the prevailing usages of the best writers and speakers may be ascertained; and with the vast majority of words a rigid uniformity, however established, is invariably maintained. Hence, whereas, before Dr. Johnson, English orthography was in a very unsettled state, and even since his days the utmost license has been indulged in by all classes of writers, Dr. Angus rightly observes that "ignorance of spelling is now justly deemed discreditable."

Dr. Adams and Mr. Mason enumerate thirteen simple vowel sounds, as expressed by the five well-known symbols employed either singly or in combination. There are one hundred different ways of representing them. Though agreeing in the number of the primitive vowel sounds, these writers differ in two particulars as to which deserve to be so considered. Mr. Mason distinguishes the *u* in *but* from the *u* in *fur*. The only difference appears to be in the kind of consonant that follows; in the latter case a liquid,

and in the former a mute. This is obvious from the examples given of the various letters by which the two sounds are represented—the one by *o* in *love*, *oe* in *does*, *oo* in *flood*, and *ou* in *rough*; the other by *e* in *herd*, *i* in *bird*, *u* in *curse*, *y* in *myrrh*, and *ea* in *earth*. Whether the difference in the succeeding consonant involves a change in the vowel sound we must leave to sharper ears than ours to determine: we can detect none, nor does the analogy of other vowels bear out the theory. Dr. Adams introduces a distinction of another sort, viz., between the *a* in *male* and the *a* in *Mary*. If instead of the *a* in *male* he had chosen some other representative, such as the vowels in *maid*, *may*, *neigh*, *great*, &c., which he has quoted as identical with it, we should perfectly agree with him in the distinction. Other examples may be found in the contrast between *sale* and *sail*, *whale* and *wail*, *bule* and *bail*, *tale* and *tail*. But we should maintain that in the latter member of each of these pairs we have a true diphthong, compounded of the former *a* and the *e* in *mete*. A tendency to round off simple sounds into diphthongs is noticeable in all polite pronunciation. Thus *show* is frequently rendered as if to the long *o* there were added a final *u* as in *rule*. Rejecting the superfluous vowel in the lists given by Dr. Adams and Mr. Mason, we obtain the same number as Dr. Angus, which is that commonly received.

The classification of consonants does not call for any special remark. The usual division into sharp and flat, lene and aspirate, occurs in each grammar with little modification. The sound of *s* in *sure* we can hardly agree with Mr. Mason in calling a complex sound, any more than the *z* in *azure*; they are plainly the aspirates of *s* and *z*, as *th* and *dh* are of *t* and *d*, and are as truly simple sounds as *f* and *v*: certainly, they are not less so than the nasal *ng*. Dr. Adams and Dr. Smith prefer, we may say in passing, to derive the word *aspirate* from *asper* rather than from *aspiro*, and accordingly alter it to *asperate*. This is doubtless a correct etymology, and if we are to trust such authorities, backed by the opinion of Liddell and Scott, the word *disyllable* is properly spelt with one *s* instead of two. These are instances of allowable variation, which only the "right of the stronger" can reduce to uniformity.

On orthography proper—the right mode of spelling English words—Dr. Angus and Mr. Mason are the most minute and full. They give some useful rules respecting

changes of spelling as connected with changes of inflexion. "Mute *e* at the end of a word is generally omitted when a syllable that begins with a vowel is added, as *force*, *forcible*; *love*, *loving*; but the *e* is retained, if it is required to preserve the pronunciation of the consonant." This rule of Mr. Mason's admits of further exceptions, as shown by Dr. Angus, who says, "*e* is retained after *v*, as *moveable*, and after *c* or *g* soft, as *changeable*; before *ous* it becomes *i*, as *gracious*. After *dg* the *e* is generally omitted, as the *g* is made soft by *d*; as *judgment*, *abridgment*. These exceptions originate in the double sound of some letters (*c* and *g*), and in the uncertain length of some vowels (as *o*)." To this it may be added generally, that whenever needful in order to preserve the sound of the preceding vowel, the *e* is retained, as *debateable*, *rateable*, but *excusable*, *determinable*. So in the doubling of the final consonant. "When a syllable beginning with a vowel is added to a monosyllable, or a word accented on the last syllable, ending in a single consonant preceded by a single vowel, the final consonant is doubled. . . . The letters *l* and *s* are generally doubled. There are, also, some other words in which the rule is violated, as *worshipper*." The case of *transferable* and *transferrible*, *referable*, *referrible*, are exactly in point: where the accent is thrown back, the letter is not doubled. Hence, also, such words as *benefit*, *rivet*, &c., should not double the *t*, though we frequently find the rule overlooked. The words *unparalleled* and *parallelogram* are exceptions to the exception that *l* is generally doubled; this is doubtless occasioned by the *ll* of the preceding syllable.

These are minutiae—trifling minutiae, perhaps, some would say—but they serve to show that the variations in English spelling are not utterly capricious. We confess that we should be sorry to see introduced into English those miserable economies of type which are the sure tokens of American typography, such as *traveler*, *worshiper*, *marvelous*, and the like. Of a different kind, but equally unpleasant, is the dropping of the *u* in *honour*, *favour*, &c., whereby is concealed the fact that the Latin word has come to us through a Norman medium. It is true that the number of such words has been reduced in English from three hundred to about forty, but we are conservative enough to desire no further change. To be consistent, it would be necessary to adopt the phonetic system at once, and, with

Mr. Isaac Pitman, read *ruf* for *rough*, and *aknolej* for *acknowledge*; but the gain in brevity would be more than counterbalanced by loss of beauty and loss of sympathy with the past. The anomalies of our spelling frequently admit of explanation. Thus, the *h* in *night* once represented a real guttural sound (A.-S. *niht*). In the course of time, according to a process which seems so universal as almost to have become a law of the development of language, the guttural sound began to be dropped. To prevent this, some stout stickler for the good old ways inserted a *g* to indicate that the difficult consonant must by all means be sounded. But this childish legislation was unsuccessful; the barrier proved too feeble to withstand the softening Norman influences of the times; and now, in all except the northernmost districts, both the *g* and the *h* are literally dead letters. In *cough* (Dutch *kuch*), *trough* (A.-S. *trog*), *rough* (A.-S. *ruh*), &c., the guttural has been replaced in pronunciation by an easier labial, instead of disappearing altogether. Euphony appears to govern most of these variations, but not always with equal sway. To the operation of this principle may doubtless be traced the difference in pronunciation of the composite letter *x*, to the law concerning which Dr. Adams alone makes reference. The letter *x*, preceded by *e* and followed by an accented vowel, is uniformly sounded like *gz*; otherwise the sound is that of *ks*. Thus *exert*, *exercise*; *executor*, *execute*, &c. The only exception we know of is *veraxion*, formed from a monosyllable. There are very few words in which *x* followed by an accented vowel is not preceded by *e*: *luxurious*, *oxalic*, *uxorious*, *taxation*, are examples, and they conform to the above rule.

A chapter still requires to be written on English accentuation. Mr. Bain hints at a "scheme of vowel symbolisation, which has the peculiar advantage of indicating at once the accents and the vowels of words." He shows that the several sounds represented by the letters *a, e, i, o, u* are really exchangeable in kindred English words, and he gives instances in *nation*, *national*; *derive*, *derivation*, *derivative*; *parent*, *parental*; *reveal*, *revelation*. From these simple cases it is obvious how close is the connection between accent and pronunciation. But the minute differences of pronunciation due to accent are very difficult to symbolise to the eye. Pronouncing dictionaries are in this respect a help rather to those who know how to pronounce than to those who do not. Thus, the second *a* in the verb

alternate is plainly the *a* in *fate*, but what is to be said of the same letter in the adjective *alternate*? It no longer represents the same sound: the short *a* in *but* comes the nearest. How, again, are we to render the final syllables in *principal*, *truly*, and *fracture*? In living speech unaccented syllables are uttered with a rapidity which frequently leaves a doubt into what category they should be thrown. How completely, for instance, have the vowels in the last three syllables of *honourable* and *incomparable* lost their identity through the superior importance of the accented *o*. On this subject Mr. Marsh has a curious paragraph in his chapter on the English Language in America. He says:—

“The causes of the differences in pronunciation are partly physical, and therefore difficult, if not impossible, to resist; and partly owing to a difference of circumstances. Of this latter class of influences the universality of reading in America is the most obvious and important. The most marked difference is, perhaps, in the length or prosodical quantity of the vowels; and both the causes I have mentioned concur to produce this effect. We are said to drawl our words by protracting the vowels, and giving them a more diphthongal sound than the English. Now, an Englishman who reads will habitually utter his vowels more fully and distinctly than his countryman who does not; and upon the same principle, a nation of readers, like the Americans, will pronounce more deliberately and clearly than a people, so large a proportion of whom are unable to read, as in England. From our universal habit of reading, there results not only a greater distinctness of articulation, but a strong tendency to assimilate the spoken to the written language. Thus Americans incline to give to every syllable of a written word a distinct enunciation; and the popular habit is to say *dic-tion-ar-y*, *mil-it-ar-y*, with a secondary accent on the penultimate, instead of sinking the third syllable, as is so common in England. There is no doubt something disagreeably stiff in an anxious and affected conformity to the very letter of orthography; and to those accustomed to a more hurried utterance we may seem to drawl when we are only giving a full expression to letters which, though etymologically important, the English habitually slur over, sputtering out, as a Swedish satirist says, one half of the word, and swallowing the other.”

This passage is so thoroughly American that it is worth quoting, if only as a specimen of the easy assumption of superiority over everything appertaining to the mother-country, which the genuine Yankee so well knows how to

affect. The Americans are so well educated, and the English such boorish sons of the soil ! Truly we have much to reproach ourselves with on the score of our educational deficiencies, and much to learn from the go-ahead spirit of our Transatlantic cousins, although recent revelations of the condition of things in the school system of some of the oldest States may well tend to abate the pride with which we are accustomed to regard the progress of the great Republic. But we would ask, is it from the uneducated mass of our fellow-countrymen that the ordinary spoken style of the English people is derived ? Has Mr. Marsh forgotten the existence of the English bar, the English theatre, the English pulpit, the English senate ? If he means to assert that in any of these the drawling utterance of his fellow-countrymen finds its counterpart or justification, we require proof of the fact. The secondary accent is not so commonly omitted as Mr. Marsh would have us imagine. On the contrary, it is necessitated by the English habit of throwing back the main accent to the first syllable. But the rapid agglomeration of unaccented syllables is a significant characteristic, not only of the English speech, but of the English mind that wields it. It is significant of the robust energy which, having a meaning, can find no way of expressing it but that of giving emphasis to the accented syllable and withdrawing emphasis from the rest. We do not wish to attribute the peculiarities of their pronunciation to any lack of the same energy in the Americans : the composite character of that great nationality, and the physical circumstances adverted to in the above extract, will sufficiently account for these : all foreigners find our accent most difficult of acquisition. But we do beg those of our fellow-countrymen who wish to keep up the vigour of our old mother-tongue to avoid the affected drawl which Mr. Marsh so awkwardly apologises for and so faint-heartedly recommends. We cannot disguise the fact that there is some need to utter this exhortation. The habit of dissecting words into their several syllables is exceedingly unpleasant. We have heard *congratulate* rendered as if each syllable were a separate word ; it is a hearty and expressive term, though not of Anglo-Saxon origin ; but when drawn and quartered, it loses all its force and half its beauty. *Assimilate*, again, we have heard pronounced as if the *i* were in each case a long *e*. Perfect distinctness of articulation is attainable, and is actually attained, by the

most rapid speakers, without weakening emphasis by spreading it over every syllable.

Proceeding to Etymology, we find the usual classification into eight parts of speech, which assigns to the article a place among adjectives. At the close of the etymological portion of his work, Mr. Mason introduces a classification of words founded upon their logical rather than their grammatical import. As exhibiting the vital connection that subsists between Grammar and Logic, this table has great value. It coincides in the main with that of Dr. Morell, but is given in a somewhat expanded form. It is as follows :—

Conceptions.	A Simple Notions.	1. Notions of Things ... expressed by	{ 1. Nouns. 2. Pronouns.	Notional Words.
		2. Notions of Attributes of Things.	{ 1. Verbs. (Assertive or Dynamic Attributives.) 2. Adjectives. (Assumptive or Static Attributives.)	
B Conceptions of Relation.		3. Notions of the Modes or Conditions of Attributes.	Adverbs.	Relational Words.
		1. Of Notions to Notions. 2. Of Thoughts to Thoughts.	{ 1. Inflexions. 2. Prepositions. Conjunctions.	

All words must express either notions or relations. Notions may be either of things, of attributes of things, or of the attributes of attributes. In the first case we have nouns or pronouns, according as the thing—i.e., the object of thought—is expressed immediately by a word, or mediately by reference to another. In the second case we have verbs or adjectives, according as the attribute is viewed as now conjoined in thought with the thing or already inhering in it. In the third case, we have adverbs, which as expressing attributes of attributes can only modify verbs and adjectives, and as expressing attributes of attributes of attributes, may modify other adverbs. Relations may subsist between notions or between relations. When they subsist between notions, they are expressed by inflexions or prepositions. When they subsist between relations, they are expressed by conjunctions. If they connect words only, conjunctions express relations between notions, as in "John and Thomas are brothers," a sentence which cannot be resolved into two. Here, then, we have the logical basis of all grammar. No concatenation of ideas can be

elaborated by the human mind which does not admit of analysis into these fundamental forms. Out of this exposition arises the definition of every part of speech; by it every definition must be tested; and when fully comprehended by the student, it explains the grounds of the eight-fold classification, according to which grammarians have, without giving their reasons and in a seemingly arbitrary manner, arranged the elements of their science. In saying this, however, we do not mean to intimate that this table should be expounded by the teacher and mastered by the pupil before the business of etymology is commenced. For the youthful student this work may be very properly postponed: the place of this table in the volumes before us rightly indicates the point at which it should be studied. The pupil should be informed at the outset that the classification into the several parts of speech is not arbitrary, and that the explanation of the whole scheme is only deferred until the meaning of its several members can be made plain.

While speaking of the general classification of words, we may briefly refer to a distinction drawn by Mr. Earle, in his *Philology of the English Tongue*, between Presentative* and Symbolic words. Presentative words are those which present an object to the memory or to the imagination, whether an object of sense or an object of thought. Symbolic words are those which by themselves present no meaning to the mind, and which depend for their intelligibility on a relation to some presentative word or words. Into the former class fall most verbs, nouns, adjectives, and adverbs; while pronouns, prepositions, and conjunctions form the bulk of the latter class. It will be seen that this division nearly corresponds to that into notional and relational words, the main difference being that pronouns are no longer classed with nouns. This distinction is a good one, and of great value in philology. But in grammar we submit that it is out of place. If any modern language could be traced back to its *origines*, no doubt

* *Presentative* is the word Mr. Earle is pleased to coin for the occasion. We wonder much that he should mutilate a word so well established as *presentative*. The rule appears to be that all words in *-ive*, derived from the Latin, add this adjectival termination to the supine of the verb. Thus, *prevenio*, *preventum*, whence *preventive*; *preservo*, *preservatum*, whence *preservative*; *interpreto*, *interpretatum*, whence *interpretative*; *illudo*, *illusum*, whence *illusory*; *punito*, *punitum*, whence *punitive*, &c. Would Mr. Earle recommend the shortening of *representative* into *representive*?

all words would be found to have been at first presentative, just as in the monosyllabic languages they are now. To trace the presentative origin of symbolic words is for the philologist an interesting and appropriate task. But it lies beyond the province of the grammarian. He deals with a language as he finds it, and expounds it as a medium for the interchange of thought. If he push his researches into the derivations of words, it is to show how various meanings come to be attached to the same expression, or how various expressions are related in meaning. But to him the distinction between symbolic and presentative does not exist. Hence, while we agree with Mr. Earle in the importance of the distinction, we think he should not complain that it has been overlooked by those who were thinking of something else.

It is easier to state this distinction in general terms than to classify words in accordance with it. The boundaries of the noun-group and the pronoun-group give especial trouble. The word *thing* is declared by Mr. Earle wholly unworthy to be classed with presentative words, as no longer representing to the eye of the mind an object possessed of definite attributes. *Ergo*, it is no longer a noun, and must be ranked with pronouns. Grammarians who think otherwise make the lines of their definitions too hard and fast. But we entirely demur to this reasoning. Mr. Earle says, "there is no creature, no subject of speech or thought, which can claim the word *thing* as its presenter." To this we reply by a categorical denial. "There is no creature, no subject of speech or thought, which *cannot* claim the word *thing* as its presenter." True, it does not present to the mind all that can be predicated of anything. But the same may be said of every common noun. *Horse* does not present to the mind all that belongs to *Bucephalus*, nor *animal* all that belongs to *horse*. *Thing* strips whatever it stands for of all attributes, save that of forming the basis and bond of other attributes. "To enter into such matters is" not "to *mistake* the plane of metaphysics for that of philology." As if either philology or grammar, or any other science, could be successfully treated without reference more or less direct to that which lies fundamental to them all.

The word *much*, again, is claimed by Mr. Earle as a pronoun in such a case as "where *much* is given," and is by no means to be denominated an adjective used as a

noun. Yet we are told in the previous chapter that *good*, *bad*, *high*, *low*, *worthy*, &c., may occupy this anomalous position, as in "a worthy" and "the worthies." The only difference is that the latter are qualitative adjectives, while the former is a quantitative, and that the one denotes persons, while the other in its singular form is applied to things.

But it is time to return to our discussion of the grammars. Coming down from the general to the particular classification of words, we meet first with the great group of Nouns. Here we cannot but recommend a clearer and more comprehensive arrangement. A proper noun is rightly defined by Mr. Mason to be the name of some particular person, &c., and a common noun to be a word used as the name of each thing out of some class of things of the same sort. But why not state that this division is absolutely exhaustive of all nouns? Every noun, as Dr. Smith rightly says, must be either common or proper. With this understanding, the other classes that follow might still have been introduced, but the learner would not have been left to wonder, nor the teacher to decide, whether they were meant to be regarded as wholly distinct from the other two. The classes we refer to are collective nouns, abstract nouns, and general names. Collective nouns may either be proper or common. Dr. Smith classes them under the head of common exclusively, but it is evident that *Parliament* is as much proper as *Disraeli*, while *parliament* is as much common as *representative*. Abstract nouns, we are obliged to hold, in accordance with Dr. Smith and in opposition to Mr. Bain, are always common. This is manifest from the fact, that the attributes they objectify and so make *things*, can only be attributes of any individual object as they are compared with similar attributes of other objects, that is, as they belong to some class. "An abstract noun," Mr. Mason says, "always presupposes the existence of some adjective from which it is derived." This seems to be open to question. In some cases, the abstract noun is formed from a verb, as is the case with every gerund. In others, it is possible that the attribute may first of all have been conceived of (rightly or not) as an objective reality, rather than an attribute. Thus, the words *colour* and *smell* are as truly abstract as *attractiveness* or *sweetness*, yet they have no adjectives from which they are formed. Were this

restriction done away, there would be no need for the class of general names, such as *colour, smell, space, life, time, death, &c.*, which Mr. Mason appears to have framed in order to find a place for abstracts which are not formed from adjectives. They answer, every one of them, to his definition of abstract nouns, for they all denote a quality or attribute.

Mr. Mason avoids the error into which Dr. Angus falls of treating phrases like "a Milton" and "some village Hampden" as "proper nouns becoming common," and phrases like "the Queen" as "common nouns becoming proper." It may be quite true that nouns originally proper have become common by extension to a whole class. But that is no reason for regarding *Milton* as a name that once denoted an individual but may, in time, become a designation for a whole class of poets, which is the only rational meaning that can be put upon the description, "proper noun becoming common." The "common noun becoming proper," involves a still greater absurdity. Logically, no doubt, the phrase "a Milton," is a common term. But grammatically, we must separate the proper noun *Milton* from the article which, for the time, extends its application to a whole class. And in like manner, we must separate the common noun *queen*, from the article which limits its application to a single individual. It would be better to say, "common used as proper," and "proper used as common," in accordance with a custom of frequent occurrence in grammar. This is the course Mr. Mason adopts.

On another point in connection with the same subject we think we have detected in the latter a slight inconsistency. "Proper nouns, as such," he tells us, "are not significant." But in the next paragraph we learn that "a proper noun serves to distinguish that for which it stands, not only from things of a different sort, but also from other things of the same sort." Now, if they are not significant—if they only denote objects without connoting attributes—how can they so much as distinguish the class to which the denoted individuals belong? Grant that they do this, and it becomes easy to see that they distinguish one individual of the class from another, for this is their office. But if they ever distinguish the class to which the individuals belong, it is due solely to the fact that as a rule men give one set of proper names to one class of objects,

and another to another. Thus, the names of rivers will seldom be confounded with the names of mountains ; but in such a case as *Florence*, who knows whether we mean a city, a lady, or a lap-dog ?

With reference to the three variations which nouns admit, we may pass lightly over the first, Gender, as one which in our language happily occasions no perplexity. Whether the Norman Conquest has done more harm or good in other ways, its influence in the destruction of the arbitrary distinctions of gender, current in Anglo-Saxon as in most other languages, can only have been beneficial. It would be an interesting problem to discuss the various caprices of different languages, in reference to the gender bestowed on names of things without life. Why the Anglo-Saxon, for example, in opposition to the bent of other languages, persisted in regarding the moon as masculine and the sun as feminine, is a question that mythology hardly enables us to solve. Why in Latin the names of winds and months, rivers, hills and mountains, should be generally masculine, and the names of cities, countries, islands, herbs, trees, jewels, poems and ships, feminine, seems as unaccountable as that nouns increasing short in the genitive should be of the stronger, and nouns increasing long in the genitive of the weaker sort. But from all this bondage we are happily free ; hence, when we do personify, our attributions of sex have all the more force and even beauty. The majestic and mighty in nature, as the ocean or the mountain, is appropriately invested with the qualities of the sterner, while the gentle and lovely, as some of the seasons and most of the virtues, take on those of the softer sex. Thus also the affection engendered in a workman toward his tools will cause him to speak of them in the feminine, and the fertility of the mine and the coal-seam operates in the same way. It may not be known to all who travel by rail that the official gender of a luggage train is masculine, and of a passenger train feminine.

Under the head of Number, besides the ordinary rules, a variety of peculiarities are discussed, for all of which good philosophical or philological reasons are assigned. Thus *scissors*, *bellows*, *tongs*, *measles*, *annals*, *billiards*, must be always plural, because the things they represent are either double or multiform. *Folk* is a noun of multitude singular, and therefore must never be pluralised. *Means*

is used by the best writers as both singular and plural : usage no longer sanctions the singular form. *Riches* and *alms* are not really plural, though used as such, and the opposite fate has overtaken the word *news*. These details will be sufficiently familiar to our readers, but we note them because they testify to the same minute and microscopic investigation displayed by these authors in the less as in the more important parts of grammar and analysis.

With reference to Case, we agree with those who hold that the ancient classification into Nominative, Possessive and Objective should remain undisturbed. The objective, though showing no difference of form in the noun, should be retained for the sake of the difference which appears in the pronoun ; and there is no necessity for multiplying the number of cases. To many of our readers, who thought they had long years ago been well grounded in the elements of their mother-tongue, it will be a surprise to be informed, on no less an authority than that of Dr. William Smith, that there are five cases in English—the Nominative, the Objective, the Dative, the Possessive, and the Vocative. Since we are to be so far Grecised, we would fain ask to have the Greek names for the objective and possessive, that the old names may not remind us of our former simplicity, in which we dreamed that three cases were the *ne plus ultra* of inflexional variation possible to English nouns. Probably, however, we shall be told that it is not to the classical languages we are approximating in these changes, but to our own Anglo-Saxon. If so, where is the Ablative, which undoubtedly had its representative in the declension both of adjectives, pronouns and nouns, as in *the more—the more*, where *the* is the ablative of the demonstrative ? If such a classification is to be admitted, that definition of case must be altered which says “the name of cases is given to *different* forms which a noun or pronoun assumes to denote its relations to other words in a sentence.” The only vestige of a dative, even in sense, occurs in what is called “the indirect object,” which denotes the person to whom a thing is given or for whom a thing is done, as “make *us* a king,” and in the dative absolute, sometimes called the nominative or objective absolute.

In defining the particular cases, the leading characteristic of each is of course adopted as the index to its meaning. Thus “the Nominative case is that form in which a

noun or pronoun is used when it is the subject of a verb." This is correct as far as it goes, but yet not exhaustive. It does not include those instances in which a noun is in apposition to the subject, nor those in which a noun is the subjective complement of the verb. Here the old rule for finding the nominative will obviously not apply. But we presume it was thought unnecessary to weight the definition with an enumeration of all the relations in which a nominative could possibly be found.

In speaking of the Possessive, Mr. Mason lays down a rule which we frequently see violated, but which might well be restored to its pristine sway, viz., that "the possessive case must not be substituted for the preposition of, unless *possession* is implied by it." Thus, of a speech that has been delivered, we ought not to say that in *its* course the speaker took occasion to make such and such remarks; yet it would be perfectly appropriate to speak of the river and *its* course, because the course is something possessed by the river. Shakspeare's "deep damnation of *his* taking off," is to be explained by poetical license. But we doubt whether the habit of thus abusing the possessive is not now incurable. A thorough exposure is given in a foot-note of the old error which makes the possessive 's an abbreviation of *his*. The word *his* is itself the possessive of *he*; so that, on this principle, *his* = *he* + *his*, = *he* + *he* + *his* = *he* + *he* + *he* + *his*, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is a marvel that the possessive of a feminine noun being of the same form, should not have disposed of this fiction as soon as it was started.

The distinction between Substantive and Adjective is one which Mr. Mason justly regards as fundamental to a right understanding of our own or any other language. The old division into nouns substantive and nouns adjective, is subversive of all clear notions in grammar. A word may either express a thing or an attribute of a thing, but it cannot at the same time express both. When adjectives are used as substantives, the attribute is still all that is impressed: the thing is only implied. Into this category must fall the so-called adjective pronouns or pronominal adjectives. The name implies a contradiction. If a word stand instead of a noun, it cannot, for the time being at least, be treated as an adjective. The best solution of the difficulty appears to be to regard all the adjective pronouns as primarily adjectives, but as capable,

like other adjectives, of being used as substantives, and so becoming pronouns. Mr. Mason formally introduces these words into both classifications, that of adjectives and that of pronouns ; thus effectually reminding his readers of their double character. By this means also he draws attention to the fact that qualitative adjectives, which have hitherto usurped to themselves a large part of the attention bestowed upon this part of speech, are only one section of the group. Many words which do not express *qualities* of things in the strict sense of the word, nevertheless express *facts* concerning them, and are therefore truly adjectives. Thus, *this house* expresses no quality of the house, but it does attribute to it the fact of its nearness to the speaker : *this* is therefore here an attributive word, or an adjective. This division of all pronouns into substantive and adjective is common to Mr. Mason and Dr. Angus ; and it is well worth the attention of grammarians.

Some acute and interesting observations are made by Mr. Mason in the section on the Comparison of Adjectives. He shows clearly that the comparative degree does not of necessity express the existence of more of a certain quality in an object than the positive degree does ; that the adjective in the positive degree often implies some standard of comparison ; and that the superlative degree expresses the same relation as the comparative, only in a different manner. When, however, he asserts that such expressions as *more virtuous*, *most splendid*, are not the comparative and superlative degrees respectively of the simple adjectives, we cannot agree with him. If, as he allows, they express the same ideas, why object to them on the ground that they "do not answer to the definition?" The definition should be widened to make room for them : otherwise, we are shut up to the alternative of excluding from the possibility of comparison all adjectives which, through being disyllabic or polysyllabic, admit of no inflexion ! It is perfectly true that in this case the forms *less virtuous*, *least splendid*, would have a right to be called degrees of comparison ; but why should they not ? Dr. Adams admits these forms under the title of comparatives of diminution or negation, to distinguish them from the ordinary comparatives of increase. Though *more* and *most*, he says, are not used in comparison in Anglo-Saxon, yet *more* is so employed under certain conditions in Old Norse.

Of the Pronouns, most of these grammars treat fully and

minutely, tracing them to their original forms in the Anglo-Saxon, and explaining by this means many apparent anomalies in their use. The proper uses of *who* and *that* are well marked.

"*That* cannot be used in all cases where *who* can be used. It can be used only when the relative clause is required to give to the antecedent its full signification. We cannot use *that* when the antecedent is a proper noun, or when the antecedent noun has with it a demonstrative adjective which defines the thing or person spoken of. We cannot say, 'Thomas *that* died yesterday, was my brother;' or, 'I have heard from my father *that* is in America.' The words *Thomas* and *my father* explain perfectly by themselves who is meant. In other words, a clause beginning with *that* limits or defines the noun to which it refers, and is therefore improper when that noun does not admit of further limitation. But *who* or *which* may always be used when *that* can be used." On this last point there seems to be some difference of opinion; Dr. Smith and Mr. Bain substantially agree with Mr. Mason, whose opinion we have here quoted. Mr. Abbott, in his *How to Write Clearly*, says, "*who*, *which*, &c., introduce a new fact about the antecedent, whereas *that* introduces something without which the antecedent is incomplete or undefined." He admits, however, that this rule, though observed in Elizabethan English, is not rigidly kept by modern authors.

The Possessive Pronouns *hers*, *ours*, *yours*, *theirs*, give a good deal of trouble. By Mr. Mason they are classed in accordance with ordinary usage among the adjective pronouns. Yet they can only be employed predicatively, as substantives also may be; they can never be used attributively, i.e., joined to a noun without the intervention of a verb, which we take to be the true test of an adjective. In the meantime, the recognised possessive cases of the personal pronouns can be used attributively but not predicatively: thus, we cannot say "this is *our*," though we can say "this is John's." It seems preferable therefore to abolish the class of possessive adjective pronouns *in toto*, and to regard these as secondary possessives, derived from the original possessives and complementary to them. It will be seen that the difficulty only lies with the forms above mentioned. In the case of *mine*, *thine*, *his*, and *its*, there is no distinction between the possessive adjective and the possessive case of

the personal pronoun. *Mine* and *thine* are as truly possessive cases as *my* and *thy*, though not now used as such. To be consistent, however, with himself, if Mr. Mason admits the forms *mine*, *thine*, *his*, and *its* among the adjective pronouns in the two tables on page 32, he should also give them a place in that which occurs under the head of adjectives on page 25. But it would be better, as he himself suggests, to abolish the entire class of possessive adjectives. This view we find partially adopted by Mr. Bain, Dr. Adams, and Dr. Smith.

In respect of Verbs, one great improvement, in which all the above-named grammarians coincide, is the abolition of the Potential Mood. The three authors just named pass it over as if it had never had any existence. But Mr. Mason gives his reasons for consigning it to a well-merited oblivion. He says, after enumerating the four legitimate ones, "To these moods many grammarians add the potential mood, meaning by that mood certain combinations of the so-called auxiliary verbs *may*, *might*, *can*, *could*, *would*, *should*, *must*, with the infinitive mood. This is objectionable—1. Because such a way of forming a mood is different from what we find in the case of the other moods, which depend upon inflection; 2. Because the said potential mood would need to be itself subdivided into indicative and subjunctive forms. The sentences 'I *could* do this at one time, but I cannot now,' and 'I *could* not do this, if I were to try,' do not contain the same parts of the verb *can*. In the first sentence, *could* is in the indicative mood; in the second, it is in the subjunctive mood. 3. Because no grammatical analogy justifies us in calling these compound expressions moods. *I can write*, and *I must go*, are no more moods of the verbs *write* and *go*, than *possum scribere* is a mood of *scribo* in Latin; or, *Je puis écrire*, *Ich kann schreiben* and *Ich muss gehen*, moods of the verbs *écrire*, *schreiben*, and *gehen* in French and German." Dr. Morell alone, of those whose works appear on the list that heads our paper, retains the potential mood.

An important distinction is drawn by Mr. Mason between the Gerund and the Participle. They are identical in form, but totally distinct in origin and construction. The gerund is probably derived from the old Anglo-Saxon dative gerund in *-anne* or *-enne*. It is a verbal noun. The participle is a verbal adjective. This simple distinction clears the ground in parsing and analysis of many difficul-

ties. "*Having lost his book, he could not learn his lesson.*" Here, *having lost* is a participle qualifying the subject *he*. "*Through having lost his book, he could not learn his lesson.*" Here *having lost* is a compound gerund, governed as a noun by the preposition *through*, and governing as a verb the noun *book*. Dr. Adams objects to the name "gerund" as unmeaning, and certainly the gerund is as much entitled to the name of participle as the verbal adjective, since like the verbal adjective it *partakes* of the nature and functions of two different parts of speech. Nevertheless, it is better to adopt different names, even though not the most appropriate, for forms so entirely distinct in meaning and yet similar in form as verbal nouns and verbal adjectives. Mr. Bain admits the distinction, but appears to deny to the gerund the power to govern another noun, in such cases inconsistently treating it as a participle. Thus, in "*ready for sailing*," he allows *sailing* to be a gerund. But in "*on hearing the news*," "*John's leaving the course*," "*the sending them the light of thy Holy Spirit*," the words in italics are said to be participles. His definition of a participle is at fault. He says, "the name is given because of the supposed *participation*, or sharing, in the functions of the verb, the adjective, and the noun." A word may partake in the functions of a verb and an adjective, or in those of a verb and a noun, but it can never at the same time be all three! Dr. Morell does not advert to the distinction, treating the form in *-ing* as a participle only.

The list of Tenses given by Mr. Mason, Dr. Smith, and, with little variation, by Dr. Angus and Mr. Bain, is singularly methodical and complete. The embarrassments of progressive forms and emphatic forms, which in Dr. Morell cumber the ground, disappear altogether. The past, present, and future intentionals—*was going to write*, *am going to write*, *shall be going to write*—to which Dr. Adams lends countenance, find here no place. The whole scheme of the tenses is made to turn on the combination of two simple ideas, viz., the time of an action, and its completeness or incompleteness at the time to which it is referred. Since, then, there are three possible times, past, present, and future, and three possible ways of regarding the completeness of an action—i.e., by speaking of it as complete, incomplete, or indefinite (by a pure negation of the idea)—it follows

that we have three primary tenses, each having a threefold subdivision—the past imperfect, perfect, and indefinite; the present imperfect, perfect, and indefinite; and the future imperfect, perfect, and indefinite. To these, however, are added of necessity the perfects of continued action, past, present, and future. In the subjunctive mood, there is subjoined by Mr. Mason to each past tense a secondary or conditional form. The former is used in the hypothetical clause, and the latter in the consequent clause, as explained in the syntax. Thus, we say, “If I smote, I should smite hard;” “if he had smitten, he would have smitten hard.” The usages of the language entirely justify this distinction. In the first person, the secondary forms of the past tense are identical with the corresponding ones in the future subjunctive; but in the second and third, they take *would* instead of *should*, which the future do not. It must be confessed that, when they are carried out into the passive voice, the perfects of continued action seem redundant. Thus we seldom say, “I have been being smitten,” “I shall have been being smitten,” &c. If he retains them in the other moods, however, Mr. Mason should have inserted the infinitive also, “to have been being smitten.”

The defective verbs are well explained by all, and in particular those rules the observance of which form so good a test of the home-born Englishman—the rules, viz., which concern the use of *shall* and *will*.

In treating of Adverbs, Mr. Mason adopts a twofold classification, according to meaning into Simple and Relative, and according to grammatical force into those of Time, Place and Arrangement, Repetition, Manner, Degree, Negation, and Cause and Effect. “Care is necessary,” he says, “to distinguish connective adverbs from connective words which are not adverbs. Many conjunctions refer to time, place, cause, &c.; but they do not refer to those conditions in connection with any verb or adjective of the clause which they introduce.” By keeping this in mind, the learner may easily distinguish a conjunction from an adverb—a feat to which, according to Mr. Mason, even grammarians have sometimes proved themselves unequal. The words *therefore*, *still*, *yet*, *nevertheless*, *consequently*, &c., are examples: they express conditions under which the predicate is asserted of the subject, and so are adverbs.

All Prepositions were originally employed to express

relations of space. This is only a part of the truth that all metaphysical ideas are grounded upon physical facts, or that everything in the world of mind is described by means of terms borrowed from the world of matter. Place, Time, and Causality are given by Mr. Mason as the principal relations indicated by prepositions. But this is scarcely to be considered an exhaustive classification. In "this cup is full of water," the *of* doubtless indicates that the water is the cause of the fulness; but in "the house of my father," it is only in a very vague sense that the preposition can be affirmed to denote causality. And what is to be said of those prepositions which, though originally expressing only physical, now express metaphysical relations? In the physical world *beside* refers to place: in the metaphysical its derivative *besides* means *in addition to*: is this to be classed among the prepositions of causality? Prepositional phrases are always equivalent either to adjectives or adverbs: they always express either attributes of things or attributes of attributes. Why, then, should not the classification of prepositions according to meaning coincide with that of adjectives and adverbs, in so far as they express the same ideas? Thus, in the phrases "from everlasting," "to Berlin," "two by two," "unto seventy times seven," "above his fellows," "through influence," "to his own hurt," we have examples of each of the relations stated above as sustained by adverbs, except that of negation; and yet these relations are expressed by phrases which derive their whole force from their respective prepositions. The same remark might be extended to the various senses of the subordinative conjunctions. The clauses these introduce are in every instance adverbial, and would allow of a classification like that of adverbs. Dr. Morell and Mr. Bain adopt for both these parts of speech a classification which somewhat resembles that of adverbs.

On all the three parts of speech that follow the verb Mr. Bain is most copious, devoting thirty-four closely printed pages to the classification and analysis of adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctions. Thus, five distinct uses of the preposition *of*, besides its ordinary sense of possession, are enumerated and discussed at length. "(1.) *Of* is used to relate the part of a thing to a whole: 'the wing of the eagle,' 'the walls of the town,' 'the banks of the river.'

This may be called the *partitive* meaning. (2). *Of* is used to connect an abstract property, or quality, with the concrete; as 'the strength of the lion,' 'the lightness of air,' 'the temper of steel.' This may be called the *attributive* meaning. (3). *Of* may serve to specify a subject or make a *reference*; as 'the Book of Proverbs.' Here 'Proverbs' indicates the subject that 'book' refers to. (4). The preposition with its noun has often the force of an adjective: as 'a crown of gold' for 'a golden crown,' 'an act of grace' (a gracious act), 'a pearl of great price' (a precious pearl). This may be called its *adjective* meaning. (5.) Nouns in *apposition* are sometimes connected by *of*: as 'the city of Amsterdam,' 'this affair of the mutiny,' 'a monster of a man.'"

Conjunctions are defined by Mr. Mason as "connective words that are neither substantives, adjectives, nor adverbs." Instead of substantives and adjectives, pronouns may be read, for only such are connectives besides adverbs. The old classification into copulative and disjunctive is done away with, and in the place of it another is introduced—dependent not on the meaning of the words, but on their grammatical power—viz., into Coordinative, which unite words and clauses holding the same relation to the rest of the sentence; and Subordinative, which unite subordinate clauses only to the principal clause in a sentence. As far as it goes, this classification is just and good, but we see no reason why a classification according to meaning should not be admitted here as well as in the case of other parts of speech. Mr. Bain divides the coordinative conjunctions into three classes—the Cumulative, the Adversative, and the Illative. Under the first he classes such words and phrases as *and*, *both*—*and*, *also*, *likewise*, *as well as*, *not only—but*, *partly*—*partly*, *first*, *then*, *secondly*, &c. Under the second he places the Exclusives, *not but*, *else*, *otherwise*; the Alternatives, *either—or*, *whether—or*, *neither—nor*; and the Arrestives, *but*, *but then*, *still*, *yet*, *only*, *nevertheless*, *however*, *for all that*, *at the same time*. Under the third he classes such as *therefore*, *wherefore*, *hence*, *since*. The subordinative conjunctions are also divided according to the various relations or modes of dependence, as those of Cause, Condition, Purpose, Time. Many of the above would not be admitted by Mr. Mason as parts of speech at all, inasmuch as they are themselves phrases not reduced to the primitive elements of which they are composed. Many more he

would reject from the number of conjunctions proper, as not answering to his definition. They express circumstances under which the predicate is asserted of the subject: they therefore modify the verb in the clause they introduce, as well as unite the clause itself to another. Of the two views we prefer Mr. Mason's: classification is of little use if words at one and the same time are needlessly referred to more classes than one.

Before passing from Etymology, we may give a few examples of words that are to be viewed at different times as different parts of speech, according to their uses. As Mr. Earle says, in his chapter on the parts of speech, "Parsing is a juvenile exercise, yet it is nevertheless the surest test of a person's having learnt what grammar has to teach, especially if he can do it in the English sentence, for it is easier to do in Latin. A boy may be quite ignorant of a Latin sentence and of each word in it, and yet he may be able to answer that *navabat*, for example, is a verb in the active voice, imperfect tense, indicative mood. . . . If, however, in parsing English, he meets the verb *lored*, he cannot venture to pronounce what part of the verb it is by a mere look at the form; it may be the indicative, or the subjunctive, or the participle. Which it is he can only tell by understanding the phrase in which it stands."

That may be a demonstrative pronoun, used either as a substantive or an adjective: it may also be a relative pronoun, an adverb, or a conjunction. All these uses have sprung out of the first. The only one that needs illustration is the adverb *that*. "He ran so fast *that* he was out of breath." Here the adverb *that* modifies the verb *was*: it is identical in sense with *by which means*, and so evidently expresses the conditions of causality under which the predicate is affirmed.

But, when equivalent to *only*, is an adverb; when equivalent to *except*, a preposition; when equivalent to *who not*, a negative relative; and when equivalent to none of these, it is a conjunction. The preposition *but*, from the Anglo-Saxon form *butan* = *without*, is here the original form from which the rest are derived.* In "who *but* he?" it is a preposition, notwithstanding the anomaly of its being followed by a nominative. In "... serve *but* to

* The old conjunction *bot* was, however, probably an independent word.

root its native oak," it is an adverb. In "there's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st, *but* in his motion like an angel sings," it is a negative relative. In "this frail *but* beauteous flower," it is a coordinative conjunction; and in "it never rains *but* it pours," a subordinative conjunction.

As may be a relative adverb, a subordinative conjunction, or a substitute for a relative pronoun. It is a relative adverb of degree in "*as* thy days (are), so shall thy strength be;" a relative adverb of time in "I met him *as* he came out of his house." It is a subordinative conjunction in "*as* you say so, I must believe it;" and in "his character is not such *as* I admire," it can only be taken for a relative.

Than is an adverb; "*than* whom" being an anomalous construction seemingly naturalised among us from the days of its occurrence in the second book of *Paradise Lost* (v. 299), and certainly not to be eradicated now. It was originally identical with the adverb *then*.

The boundaries between Etymology and Syntax are somewhat difficult to settle. It is easy indeed to state, in general terms, that the former deals with single words and the latter with words in combination. But the inflexions of individual words depend upon syntactical relations, and cannot be understood without a reference to them. Hence it is customary to introduce under etymology so much of syntax as may be necessary for the explanation of terms. As authors vary in respect of the main division, so also in their arrangement of the subdivisions into which the topics of each appropriately fall. Thus, the three branches of etymology—Classification, Inflexion, Derivation—are by Dr. Adams thrown together, each part of speech in its turn being fully treated on all these points. Mr. Mason throws the two former together, reserving a separate chapter for derivation; while the remainder of these writers go over each part of speech three times before the business of etymology is exhausted. This last course appears unnecessarily tedious, not to say bewildering, to beginners. In the syntax the same variety of treatment is to be observed. None can venture nowadays to content himself, like Dr. Johnson, with saying that the syntax of the English language is too simple to require many rules, and so dismiss the matter. Mr. Bain, after a preliminary

sketch of the general principles of analysis, makes a formal division of syntax into Concord, Government and Order of Words. His treatment of the subject is marked by the same copiousness of detail which we have had occasion previously to remark in this writer. Dr. Adams is the most exhaustive in his discussion of the subject, which occupies seventy-five pages of his work, and embraces four hundred and twenty separate rules, with abundant illustrations of each gathered from every department of English literature. Dr. Smith also devotes much attention to the subject, and makes a plentiful use of illustrations selected from the best writers. In their chief features the systems of all these writers of course agree, as also do those of Dr. Morell and Mr. Mason: the latter candidly ascribes his general views on the subject to the German grammarian Becker: and there can be no doubt that in these as in other kindred researches, we are greatly indebted to the speculative activity of the German mind.

We will furnish here a brief sketch of the leading principles of Analysis, following the line marked out by Mr. Mason, who evidently regards this part of the subject as his *forte*, and gives it as comprehensive and continuous a discussion as any of the writers before us. Having shown that the subject and predicate are the two pivots round which must revolve every other word in a sentence, since a sentence is defined to be the saying of something about something, he classifies all possible relations of words to each other under the four heads of the Predicative, the Attributive, the Objective, and the Adverbial. A word or set of words that *asserts* the connection of an attribute with the thing denoted by the subject stands in the predicative relation to the subject. A word or set of words that *assumes* the connection of an attribute either with the subject or any other word that denotes an object of thought, stands to it in the attributive relation. A word or set of words that expresses attributes of attributes, stands in the adverbial relation to the word or words denoting those attributes. The objective relation is that sustained by any substantive towards a verb that governs it. In this case the attribute denoted by the verb involves a direct reference to another object of thought than that denoted by the subject. In such a sentence as "the merry lark has poured his early song against yon breezy sky," we have examples of all four kinds. The subject is "lark," having

for its attributive adjuncts "the" and "merry;" the predicate, "has poured," having for its object "song," which itself has attributive adjuncts in "his" and "early," and having also for its adverbial adjunct "against yon breezy sky," where also "sky" has for its attributive adjuncts "yon" and "breezy."

The various sorts of attributive and adverbial adjuncts are described with numerous examples. A prepositional phrase (made up of a preposition and a noun) may be either the one or the other, according as it is itself attached to an attributive word or not. If the former, it is an adverbial adjunct; if the latter, an attributive. Thus in "the lark in the sky sings blithely," *in the sky* is attributive to *lark*; but in "the lark sings blithely in the sky," it is adverbial to *sings*.

We can only touch upon a few of the principal features of the system. One of the most important is that which concerns the Complement of the Predicate. When the verb does not make complete sense of itself, the word or set of words used with it to fill up the sense is called the complement:* it is either subjective or objective according as it is more closely allied to the subject or object, that is, in fact, according as the verb itself is intransitive or transitive. Thus in "the light becomes dim," *becomes* is a verb of incomplete predication, requiring the adjective *dim* as a subjective complement. In "it drove the man mad," *mad* is the objective complement to the verb *drove*. The complement may be either a substantive or an adjective. According to Mr. Mason, an adverb or adverbial phrase is never a complement. We confess to some difficulty in interpreting on this principle such sentences as "the man is *here*," or "the man is *from home*." If *is* be here a verb of complete predication, then it simply expresses existence; but this is not our intention in making the affirmation. What we mean to assert is not mere existence, but local position; hence the word *here* and the prepositional phrase *from home*, complete the predication. They are, however, subjective complements. This is manifest from the fact that they might be replaced by the words *present* and *absent*, which in such a position would, as adjectives, necessarily be complements. The difficulty

* The word "complement" is employed by Mr. Mason in preference to "completion." Completion denotes a process: complement the result of the process.

will perhaps be best solved by referring to the essential difference between an adverb and an adjective, between an adverbial and an attributive adjunct, as set forth in the table of the constituent elements of speech. An adjective or an attributive adjunct expresses an attribute of a thing: an adverb or an adverbial adjunct an attribute of an attribute. Now, it is plain that, in the above sentences, the words *here* and *from home*, express attributes of *the man*, i.e., of a thing. Hence they are truly adjectival or attributive, and must not be regarded as adverbial adjuncts in this use of them. The cases are similar to such as "the house *here* belongs to me," or "a man *from home* is never at rest," where the same phrases evidently have an attributive force.

Substantive, Adjective and Adverbial Clauses, are clauses in a sentence which have subjects and predicates of their own, and are equivalent to substantives, adjectives and adverbs respectively in their relation to the rest of the sentence. They answer to Dr. Morell's noun, adjective, and adverbial sentences. It is obvious, however, that it is inconsistent to call them *sentences*, because they do not make a complete sense. It matters not how complex a sentence may be, i.e., how many subordinate clauses it may contain: there is still but one assertion. Hence Mr. Mason's phraseology is much more appropriate. On page 188, however, we think we have detected a slight inconsistency. Adjectives and nouns may sometimes, we are told, assume so much of a transitive character as to be followed by an object in the shape, not indeed of a substantive, but of a substantive clause, as "there is no proof *that he did this*," "I am sure *that this is so*." Nevertheless, in the next paragraph but one, a precisely similar construction is described, not as an objective, but as an adverbial adjunct, the example given being "I am sure *that you will succeed*." Either view is perfectly admissible, but not both.

Of the whole list of adverbial clauses—of which there are seven distinct classes, according to the ideas of time, place, manner, &c., which they express—the most important are the Adverbial Clauses of Condition. Mr. Mason's treatment of them displays much analytical skill. Suppositions may be made concerning two sorts of events: 1st, those that are certain in themselves, but respecting the occurrence of which we are uncertain,—these are either

past or present ; and 2ndly, those that are contingent or uncertain in themselves, and not merely as regards our knowledge of them,—these must be future. Concerning the first class of events we may make two sorts of suppositions, viz., suppositions consistent with the actual fact of which we are uncertain ; and suppositions contrary to the fact as known by us to exist. Concerning the second class of events we may also make two kinds of suppositions, viz., suppositions implying that the matter will be decided before the time referred to in the consequent clause ; and suppositions involving a pure hypothesis, without any reference to a decision. This analysis exhausts all possible forms of supposition, and, when carried out into detail with reference to the several tenses, it comprises all possible uses of the subjunctive mood. Cases occur in which the subjunctive mood is apparently employed without reference to any expressed condition, but these are always elliptical. If any improvement might be suggested in the above classification, we should observe that suppositions “contrary to the actual (known) fact” can hardly be said to be made about “events which are certain in themselves, but respecting the occurrence of which we are uncertain.” It would be better, perhaps, to omit altogether this last feature of the description.*

Into the mysteries of Compound, Contracted, and Col-lateral Sentences we have no space to enter, neither do they call for any special remark. The principles of Mr. Mason's analysis are well illustrated in the examples supplied at the close of the book. On page 162, however, in the analysis of the sentence, “if it were done when 'tis done, then it were well it were done quickly,” the adverb *well* appears to be used adjectively, and to be the complement of *were*: it might be replaced by *good*, or *a good thing*. And *is done* is evidently an ordinary passive verb, not separable into verb and complement, being identical in meaning with *were done* in the concluding clause. In the parsing of the sentence, “I will not let you in, unless you tell me who you are,” on page 173, *will let* should not be

* On page 187 we notice that the misprint *subjective* for *subjunctive* remains uncorrected in the eighteenth edition. Also, at the bottom of page 64, a reference § 22 should evidently be made to § 24 ; and at the top of page 85, §§ 534, 535 should be changed to §§ 424, 425. At the commencement of § 480, page 147, the occurrence of the word “compound” instead of “complex” imports confusion into the whole paragraph.

set down as the future indefinite tense of the verb *let*, for that would be *shall let*. It is made up of the defective verb *will* used in its strong sense, and the infinitive mood of *let* governed by it.

In summing up the characteristics of a good English Grammar, we may speak of those which should distinguish it, first as a work on the English tongue, and then as an educational work. The first and most obvious of the former is that it should be grounded on a comprehensive knowledge of the language itself, derived not only from its own literature of every period, but also from the Anglo-Saxon, Norman, and other elements which have combined to make it what it is. The importance of a knowledge of the language as illustrated in its standard productions can scarcely be over-estimated. The usages of modern writers fix the standard of taste and the canons of criticism for the age we live in; while those of older date explain many seeming anomalies that an affected purism might cast out as evil. Research into the grammatical principles of the Anglo-Saxon and allied tongues tends to show that, however interfered with in its development, English was originally as regular in structure as any of the classical languages. The analogy of these last may also be frequently appealed to as an authority for the adoption or rejection of any particular form of speech. As the affinities of Indo-European tongues are more closely studied, points of contrast are seen to become fewer and fewer, and points of resemblance to increase. In most of the volumes before us we find these characteristics conspicuous. A foremost place should be assigned to Dr. Ernest Adams, whose trained eye is quick in detecting analogies, and whose scholarly taste and wide range of reading are exhibited in innumerable quotations from our chief writers, from Chaucer to Tennyson, and from Robert of Brunne to Washington Irving. Mr. Mason also is frequent in his appeals to the primitive structure of the language and to Teutonic and classical affinities. Thus, the absurdity of regarding a verb and preposition as forming together a compound transitive verb is shown by the supposed parallel case of making *loquor de* a compound transitive verb in Latin. Mr. Mason's quotations are restricted mainly to our earlier authors. The chief excellence of Mr. Bain in this respect consists in his exhaustive analysis of the modern forms and

usages of English speech. In this we note the same quality of thorough and detailed exposition which characterises all the writings of the Aberdeen professor of logic.

A second fundamental characteristic of a good English Grammar, and indeed of any good grammar, should be its logical basis. This is necessary to grammatical science, both as it constitutes a science at all, and also in regard to its own peculiar province. The logical faculty is an equipment essential to the exposition of any science. None can pretend to draw up general rules founded upon observation and comparison who is unacquainted with the canons of legitimate induction. None can hope to apply those rules successfully without some knowledge of the laws of deductive inference. In definition, also, and classification, an important department of every science, there is a wide field for the exercise of whatever logical skill a man possesses. The relation of logic to grammar is, however, closer than its relation to any other science. Their matter is one and the same, viz., thought expressed in language. Logic expounds the laws of thought, and grammar the laws of language. But as it is impossible to investigate the laws of thought without reference to the medium through which it is expressed, so neither is it possible to deal with the laws of language without reference to the subtle processes of which it forms the embodiment. The distinction, for instance, between nouns and verbs is not arbitrary: it is based upon the consideration that in every thought we speak of some mental object which we affirm to stand in a certain relation to another. The relation between subject and predicate is frequently identical with that between substance and attribute. It is so whenever the subject denotes something that possesses an actual existence, material or spiritual. But it is competent to the human mind to make that an object of thought which has no such actual existence: it can objectify attributes. All abstract nouns are samples of this kind of mental operation, which also explains the seemingly anomalous order of verbal nouns. These are only specimens of the close connection between thought and speech. To none of the writers in question can we deny the sound logical foundation which should underlie all science. But in some it is conspicuous in one way, and in others in another. In Dr. Adams we see one instance of it in the skill with which he draws the line between syntax and etymology:

in Mr. Bain in the minute classification of all the forms of speech: in Mr. Mason in the precision of his definitions. This last writer is ever on the alert to preserve in the mind of the reader the distinction between words and things. This accounts for the apparent prolixity of his definitions. If they are wordy, the wordiness is not unmeaning, and is at all events preferable to the convenient curtness by which some shirk the responsibility of assigning to a term the exact sense in which they intend hereafter to employ it. Dr. Angus, in his *Handbook*, has a somewhat different object in view, viz., to combine grammar, philology, and style in one volume: the mass of details is, however, thoroughly systematised, and presented in compact and convenient form. Of Dr. Morell in this connection, or of Dr. Smith, it would be superfluous to speak. The exhibition of the special connection between logic and grammar appears to be a main object with both Mr. Mason and Dr. Morell. We do not agree with the former, either in the matter or spirit of the remarks he makes upon logicians generally in regard to their analysis of every predicate into copula and participle. But we can bear witness to the fidelity with which he everywhere seeks to establish and expound the connection of thought with speech. Students of these two grammars will have been already prepared to master the difficulties that crowd the threshold of this department of mental science; and students of logic will come back to them with a respect deepened by a fuller understanding of their fundamental principles.

The characteristics of a good English Grammar, considered as an educational work, are of course the same as are requisite in every other branch of knowledge. They may be gathered from a consideration of the two main objects to be aimed at in all instruction, viz., the clear presentation of a subject to the student's mind, and the excitation of his interest in it. The former is essential to the latter, but the two are perfectly distinct. To the former belong the general arrangement of the matter, the style of an author's composition, and the effective grouping of his paragraphs according to the greater or less importance of the subjects of which they treat. All this, however, may be diligently attended to, and yet the work as a whole may fail to attract the reader. Order and method must not be carried to the extreme of a skeleton-like desiccation of the theme. Dogmatic rules, apart from

the "reasoned opinions" of the author of them, are apt to confound the intellect they are designed to instruct. The very parade of divisions and sub-divisions may be repulsive to those who wish to place themselves under the guidance of an interesting companion, rather than under the rule of a military martinet. The very multitude of illustrations may serve to divert or fatigue the attention. There should be, in fact, some enthusiasm for the subject in the author, if there is to be any sympathy with it excited in the reader. In respect of orderliness, conciseness, and typographical distinctness, Dr. Adams and Dr. Smith appear to have the pre-eminence. But for ourselves we would sacrifice something on this score for the sake of the freshness, energy, and *verve* of Mr. Mason's manner: principles are enounced by him, but not in bold isolation from the foundations on which they rest: illustrations are given, but not in detached sentences quoted from innumerable sources and strung together like glass beads upon the wire which conveys to the infant mind its first ideas of arithmetical notation. A superabundance of such details may be a boon in private study, but for class-work we scarcely know whether the feature is a beauty or a blemish. If the object be to teach English literature, a crowd of quotations is useful, but then they should not be so brief as merely to illustrate a point in grammar. If the object be to teach grammar, then the attention should not be distracted by the flashing of so many literary gems. These extremes Mr. Mason avoids. The stream of facts, principles, and arguments flows on without those incessant breaks which recall the labours of Sisyphus, for ever beginning again. The writer talks with his readers as one intent, not on overwhelming them with proofs of his own erudition, but on communicating to them his own habit of thought and inquiry respecting a region which all may enter, and where all ought to feel at home. The treatment of the subject, if not exhaustive, is adequate to the purpose of making those who do justice to the book familiar with the structure of the language. The student who masters it in private will find himself prepared for the explanation of the most involved constructions he may meet with in his reading: the teacher who uses it as a class-book will find himself stimulated, without being superseded, in his attempt to interest his pupils in what has too long been accounted a barren tract of study.

While according to Mr. Mason this high praise, we must point out a fault of too frequent occurrence in his pages not to mar in some degree the impression produced by the work as a whole. A touch of dogmatism, and often more than a touch, spoils the effect of some of his best paragraphs. He is not content with confuting or condemning the errors of other grammarians: he feels it incumbent on him to express his opinion of the mental characteristics of those who have failed to examine a point in so scientific a spirit as himself, or who, having examined, have failed to arrive at the same conclusion. The spirit displayed in such animadversions occasionally approaches the borders of self-complacency; and herein, we take it, Mr. Mason overshoots his mark. Even if the book were professedly a critique on grammars generally, moderation would serve a better turn than its opposite; but in a work designed for the instruction of youth, impatience at inaccuracy and contention for the right should be cultivated in conjunction with the modesty that acknowledges concerning one's own views and principles, *Humanum est errare et nescire*. That there is room for such modesty in his own case, we think we have shown in the course of this paper. A loss of dignity inevitably results from the contrary mode of procedure. It is sufficiently plain speaking to say that "the attempts at definition with which most of the school grammars in current use abound, are worse than useless," but why disgrace them with the epithets "clumsy and slipshod?" There can be no need to sound forth from the desk such "compound descriptions of that which we have in our thoughts" as "stupid old," "silly," "absurd," which deserve even to be banished from the playground. Surely errors might have been corrected without a descent to what, though persons are not mentioned, must be styled personalities still.

We have dwelt in this paper somewhat more at length on Mr. Mason's book, because there are not wanting indications of its being the most popular grammar of the day. Each one of those we have examined has, however, its peculiar province and its characteristic features; and it will not be the fault of either of these grammarians if the coming generation of English speakers and writers do not attain a competent knowledge of that tongue which, according to Grimm, "possesses a veritable power of expression such as perhaps never stood at the command of any other language of man."

- ART. VIII.—1.** *Histoire du Synode Général de l'Église Réformée de France.* Paris: Juin-Juillet, 1872. Par EUGÈNE BERSIER. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher. 1872.
- 2.** *L'Évangéliste, Journal Religieux.* Nos. 48, 49, et 50. 1874.
- 3.** *Le Christianisme au XIX^e Siècle. Journal de l'Église Réformée de France.* Vendredi, 20 Février, 1874.

THURSDAY, the sixth of June, 1872, was a day that will be for ever memorable in the history of the French Reformed Church. On that day the Church resumed its synodal régime, under the protection of the French Government, it having been for more than two hundred years proscribed. On the tenth of January, 1660, Louis XIV., one of the most selfish, profligate, perfidious, and cruel monsters that ever disgraced a throne, forcibly terminated the sittings of the last authorised General Synod; and ever since then "the Presbyterian organisation of the Reformed Church of France has remained without an official head," until the auspicious date first named. The re-establishment of the Synod is one of the most noteworthy results of the fall of the Second Empire, and is undoubtedly fraught, as an able and enlightened French writer has recently said, with immense consequences to "the interests of religion in France and on the Continent." In itself, there is something unspeakably touching and sublime about the resurrection of a Church which "kept God's truth so pure of old," and which had been not so much suppressed, as to all appearance annihilated, by the frightful persecutions of which it was the victim. That resurrection is a sublime proof of the impossibility of finally extinguishing the light of pure Christianity. But the more recent history of the Reformed Church, the extreme peril in which that history has involved "the faith once delivered unto the saints," and the solemn and mournful duties consequently devolving upon the Synod, invested this assembly with a unique and overwhelming importance. In proceeding to consider the report of its proceedings, we shall take the liberty, in the first instance, of briefly sketching the antecedent history of the Church, so far at least as may enable

our readers to understand the debates, and to form an intelligent judgment concerning them. For this purpose we need not do much more than compress into as small a compass as possible, the admirable Introduction with which M. Bersier has prefaced his deeply interesting Report of the Proceedings of the Synod.

He reminds us that the history of this Church naturally divides itself into four well-marked epochs. The first of these, beginning in about A.D. 1521 (four years after Luther had posted his ninety-five theses on the door of the Wittenberg Cathedral) and extending to A.D. 1598, the year of the Edict of Nantes, may be called the Formative Period of the Church. It is illustrated by the names, labours, sufferings, and triumphs of such men as Lefèvre, Farel, Calvin, and Theodore Beza ; such women as Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis I., Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry of Navarre. By God's blessing on the evangelistic work of Lefèvre and Farel, in the first instance, and of such of their early converts as became their chief coadjutors, the Reform spread so rapidly, and gained so large a number of adherents, that in less than forty years it became necessary to provide for its government by the convocation of a General Synod. The first assembly of this kind met in Paris on the 25th of May, 1559. It elaborated and published the Confession of Faith, and also laid down the basis of Ecclesiastical Polity and Church discipline. "In an obscure street, in the Faubourg St. Germain, a handful of men, of whom not one, if he had been taken, would have escaped death, assembled under the presidency of the Moderator, François Morel, Sieur of Collonges. Three days sufficed them for drawing up the Confession of Faith, and the Discipline, upon which the Reformed Church of France was thenceforward to rest."

It must not be imagined from this that the work was hastily and superficially done. The organisation of the Church had grown and been gradually developing itself through all the forty years of its existence. For three-fourths of that period, indeed, "the congregations were mere assemblies, without settled pastors, or the regular administration of the sacraments. There were no Churches then in the dogmatic sense of the term, but merely the germs and scattered elements of Churches. But in 1555, the "faithful of Paris" assembled in the house of M. de la Ferrière, and proceeded to elect a minister, elders, and

deacons. Other Churches in different parts of France immediately followed this example; and thus, in each instance, was formed what the French historians call "the individual Church, or Ecclesiastical Commune." But the Churches remained isolated and independent of one another; and a common instinct, joined to the influence of Calvin,—which was so potent in France and French-speaking countries,—impelled them to seek confederation "in one single general Church, both in order to maintain unity of creed and discipline, and to oppose a stronger barrier to the assaults of the enemy." At the instance of pastor Antoine de Chandieu, of Poitiers, the first General Synod was convoked, as we have seen, in Paris. The persecuting laws then in force rendered it extremely difficult to obey the summons, and to that Synod only eleven Churches sent deputies. Calmly, and with a sublime dignity, as if, instead of being in a lion's den or surrounded by ravenous wolves, they were in the enjoyment of entire freedom of conscience and debate, this handful of pastors and laymen proceeded to lay the bases of the Church; and their work has been recognised to this day as containing whatever is essential, whether in a doctrinal or in an ecclesiastical point of view.

The Confession of Faith embraced forty Articles, containing the fundamental verities of the Christian religion, and harmonising in all essential points with the Confessions of Faith of the sister Continental Churches. De Félice, in his deeply interesting *History of the Protestants of France*, thus sums up the Ecclesiastical Constitution: "Wherever there was a sufficient number of the faithful, they were to assume the form of a Church; that is to say, they were to form a Consistory, [answering we presume to the kirk-session in Scotland,] call a minister, establish a regular celebration of the sacraments, and the maintenance of discipline. . . . In the first instance, the Consistory is elected by the general voice of the people. Vacancies are afterwards filled up, as they occur, by the vote of its members; but those fresh elected were all to be subject to the approval of the flock; and, if any objection were made, the discussion was referred to the Colloquy, or to the Provincial Synod. The election of the pastors is, in like manner, notified to the people, after having been made by the Provincial Synod, or the Colloquy. The newly-elected minister preaches for three successive

Sundays ; the people's silence is taken to express consent. If any objection is made, it must be laid before the bodies who are charged with the choice of the pastors. In no case can an appointment be made in opposition to the majority. A certain number of Churches constitute the district of a Colloquy [Presbytery], which assembly consists of a pastor and elder from each Church—within the bounds of the Colloquy, to arrange difficulties, "and provide for the general interests of the flocks." Colloquies are further grouped into Provincial Synods, similarly composed, meeting at least once a year, and dealing with "all the weightier affairs of their respective provinces." The number of these has usually been sixteen. "Lastly, at the head of the hierarchy was the National Synod. As far as practicable, it was to be convened from year to year. . . . It was composed of two pastors and two elders from each of the inferior Synods, was a Court of Final Appeal in all great ecclesiastical matters ; and to its decision all were bound to submit. Its deliberations were opened by reading the Confession of Faith and the Rules of Discipline. The members of the assembly were bound to adhere to the former, but were at liberty to propose amendments in the latter. The office of president belonged of right to a pastor. The duration of its session was left undetermined. Before it closed, the Province was named in which the next Synod should meet."

The hand of Calvin is conspicuous in this elaborate and admirable scheme of Church order. Indeed, he had himself, for the most part, as De Félice tells us, dictated it ; but M. Bersier adds, "If they were inspired with his thought, they rendered it with marvellous discrimination. And their work belongs to themselves."

The distinctive elements in the Confession of Faith had relation to human sin and redemption ; to salvation by faith ; and to the work of the Holy Spirit in connection therewith. If the truth embodied in this portion of the Confession was, in our opinion, alloyed and injured by the Calvinistic way of putting it, that was only to be expected from the great authority of the Genevan Reformer, and the important part which he played in the commencement of the French Reformation. Nor must we allow it to blind us to the substantial verity and incalculable importance of the evangelical doctrines embodied in the Confession. To this clear and sound theology ; to

the vigorous and hearty faith which embraced and avowed it; and to the incomparably compact and all pervading organisation of the Churches built upon it; must be attributed, under God, the astonishing vitality which bore the French Reformed Church through so many calamities, and enabled her to rise from the ashes even of St. Bartholomew and the Dragonnades, and again and again to "flourish unconsumed in fire." It is important to note here that the discipline rests on the principle of the equality of all believers.

"Equality of pastors first; no hierarchy, no pre-eminence. Equality of pastors and laymen; it is the universal suffrage of these latter that constitutes the parochial Council; upon the benches of the Consistory, a merchant, a workman, has an equal vote with Rohan or Condé, at whose side he sits. *Never would that shameful distinction have been accepted, by which, at a later period, only citizens paying a certain quota of direct taxes are recognised as religious electors.*"—*Report, Introd.*, page xix.

Another remark of M. Bersier on this subject deserves record here :—

"Such was the objection felt by our fathers to any hierarchy whatever, that according to their discipline, the title and the prerogatives of President never exceeded the duration of one Assembly. But, as if to show that mere number is not all in all, a Church is equally a Church, whether in an obscure village or in Paris, whether counting its members by hundreds or by thousands. [This remark must by all means be kept in view in its bearing on subsequent legislation.] Federation—that system which alone has hitherto preserved the political liberties of peoples, and which seems to be accepted by modern nations as their safeguard against the despotism of numbers—was recognised by the First Synod."—*Ib.*, page xx.

M. Bersier justly claims that the principles embodied in this Code of Discipline, had they been allowed to penetrate the national life, would have given to France the liberty, which, after so many storms, she is still in quest of, and would have saved her "from that levelling radicalism, which is, after all, nothing but despotism restored;" and that the prosperity so characteristic of Protestant countries, such as Germany and England, would have been vouchsafed to France, had she, like them, sent forth her sons over the earth, carrying with them into the hut of the pioneer the Bible and the principles which it teaches.

The work, begun in Paris in 1559, was completed at Rochelle in 1571. Thenceforward until 1659,—when Louis XIV., exactly a century after the holding of the First Synod, abruptly and rudely suppressed that Supreme Court,—the Church rapidly pursued its peaceful conquests; the nobility joined her, then the higher middle classes; new congregations were everywhere gathered. The Edict of Nantes, issued in 1588, proclaiming universal toleration, was followed by a prodigious development of the Reformed Church. This development constitutes the second period of its history. But that Edict did more than grant toleration. It ensured pecuniary help from the State, occasionally amounting to so large a sum as 800,000 francs. This royal favour, however, ushered in an era of corruption, wherein consciences were bought. The nobility were the first to yield, and it was but too soon apparent that many of its principal members had embraced the Reform simply as a party of political opposition. Nevertheless, the Reformed Church displayed extraordinary intellectual activity. She founded theological colleges, which won an immense and world-wide celebrity; she kept up an incessant warfare with the Gallican Church, a warfare honourable to the talent not only of the Reformed, but also of the Gallican combatants. Arnauld, Nicole and Bossuet conducted the controversy on the Romish side, with weapons not usual to such champions. They were the avowed enemies of Jesuitism and Ultramontanism, and, as M. Bersier says,—

“Their elevated spirituality, their learned and rational method, the constant use which they made of the Scriptures, and their freedom from superstition, sufficiently attest what they owed to the cause which they assailed. ‘If Bossuet did not repent he died a heretic.’ This is not the word of a Protestant, but of the Comte de Maistre; and the Comte de Maistre is right.”—*Ib.* p. xxiii.

The Port-Royalists, Jansenius, Saint-Cyran, Sacy, and, above all, Pascal, are evidences of the immense influence for good exerted by the Reform on the Gallican Church during the seventeenth century. But, meantime, the Court had sworn to effect the destruction of the Reformed Church. Not content with embarrassing the exercise of worship, it would suppress the Synod, “since the surest way to strike the body is to aim at its head.” The twenty-ninth National Synod met at Loudun in 1659.

The Church had prospered greatly during the century then closing, by virtue of its own inherent spirituality, and the exceeding grace of God, in spite of the most appalling calamities; including the terrible St. Bartholomew, that infamous massacre, which branded the year 1572, and the names of Catherine de Medicis, Charles the Nineteenth, and Henry of Guise, with indelible disgrace, which was to be expiated two hundred years afterwards by "the Terror." The conflicts, intrigues, assassinations, and reprisals of all kinds, which followed "the bloody night," were enough to ensure the destruction of anything less vital than Scriptural Christianity. But the influence of the sorely-tried Church not only continued, it extended, thus showing that the Church was instinct with the very life of Christianity. But Louis XIV. could not brook any difference in opinion from himself, or any dissent from what he called—carrying his inordinate and often blasphemous vanity into the very temple of God—"the King's Religion." Accordingly, after having harassed the Church with every conceivable annoyance and restraint, and subjected its adherents to a thousand wrongs, he made up his mind to destroy it, determining to begin by entirely suppressing the General Synod. His Commissioner was instructed to say to that of Loudun, that "His Majesty, considering that a National Synod cannot be held without its costing great sums, and without its causing much trouble and inconvenience to those who are sent to it; and that, besides, many matters of business can be despatched more easily and at less expense in the Provincial Synods, which His Majesty allows to be held once a year to maintain the discipline of the pretended Reformed Religion; for these reasons, gentlemen, His Majesty has thought it right that I should propose to you on his behalf that, for the future, all power shall be transferred to the Provincial Synods." How worthy this was of the vainest, most arrogant, most selfish, most faithless, and most unpatriotic sovereign that France has ever known! Fancy "le Grand Monarque," the greatest and most prodigal spendthrift in the world, oppressed by the costs attendant upon the occasional assembly of a few poor Protestant pastors and laymen! Fancy the revocator of the Edict of Nantes and the author of the Dragonnades, concerned about the "inconveniences" to which the simple deputies were exposed, and anxious to relieve them. Possibly the Commis-

sioner delivered the precious message without blushing or stammering; but if so, it was because of the conceit created by his own magnificence, as the chosen of the royal hypocrite who employed him, and also of the worse than contempt in which all "not of the King's religion" were held by the courtiers of the time.

This forcible suppression of the General Synod was a foretaste of evils in store for the Church. Measure after measure, each more odious and oppressive than its predecessor, was launched against "the religion;" and at length, on October the 18th, 1685, a decree was promulgated revoking the Edict of Nantes, and destroying at one blow the last vestige of toleration and freedom. It would be hard to choose between the wickedness and the impolicy of this step. Sad to say, the great Bossuet gave his voice in its favour; "and proclaimed in the silence of slavery the triumph of unity." We cannot dwell on the history of this revocation, or of the steps which led to it; nor can we do more than allude to the sufferings which it entailed on the Huguenots, or the terrible reaction of evil to France, to the Gallican Church, and to the monarchy, which was to avenge it. For a hundred years every species of cruelty and wrong was perpetrated against pastors and members. In spite of insane and frantic decrees, prohibiting alike the exercise of "the religion," and at the same time the exodus from France of its professors, all who could fly from the country did so; carrying with them nearly all the skill, art, science, industry and public virtue that had hitherto existed in the land; enriching England, Holland, and North America, at the expense of their native country; and leaving a degenerate, superstitious, corrupt, and rotten Court, and a demoralised priesthood and aristocracy to prepare for the bloody harvest which fell a hundred years later to the sickle of Danton, Marat and Robespierre. France was incomparably, irreparably ruined by this unwise and abominable proceeding. The Church "at ease in Zion," having no enemies to fight, and no need for defence, ceased to produce the champions who had done her cause but too much honour; the Court, no longer exposed to the lynx-eyed vigilance of Huguenot criticism, rioted in moral corruption of the worst kind, till the very form of decency was gone, and the stately chambers of palaces and châteaux became the merest stews. How much have Louis XIV., Madame de Main-

tenon, and their abettors to answer for in regard to the rapid growth of Voltairism, and the atrocities of "the Terror!" how much for the cataclysms and anarchies which have become the normal condition of unhappy France for the last century!

We are thus introduced to the third epoch in the history of the Reformed Church; what is touchingly called by its adherents, the time of Churches and Synods "in the Desert." A few, only "a very small remnant," mostly poor and unlettered peasants, remained in France. Death and emigration disposed of the Huguenots by hundreds of thousands; and it seemed as if Protestantism were for ever extinguished in France. The cruelties practised on the poor and scattered Protestant peasantry of the South of France drove them at last to madness, and originated the revolt of the Camisards, of which De Félice points out that it differed from every previous armed struggle in defence of "the religion," in that, instead of being led by men like Coligny, or Henry of Navarre, it was maintained by a handful of poor peasants. They had no other arms than what they took from their enemies; no knowledge of the art of war; but oppression had made them mad, and they resolved to sell their lives as dearly as they could. They lurked behind the bushes and crags of their mountains, "picking off" their enemies as opportunity allowed; and so obstinate and often successful was this revolt, so extreme the annoyance and disgrace inflicted by it on the army and the Court, that the persecutors were compelled to adopt measures of conciliation. Marshal Villars, then the greatest marshal in France, was but too glad to come to terms, and to end the civil war by a treaty with the Camisard leader, Jean Cavalier, "an old journeyman baker." Even then liberty was by no means fully achieved. Prohibition and persecution invaded even the sanctuary of home, and dragged their victims from the family altar. But "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Antoine Court, "a man of faith and of brilliant energy," dared to dream of the restoration of Protestantism; and, with a few obscure clerical coadjutors, he set about the work. He convoked the first "National Synod of the Desert," which met in the Vivarais, and greatly contributed to restore confidence to the Church.

"Eight times in succession, from 1726 to 1768, these solemn assemblies were held, most frequently in the open air upon scarped

rocks, or in a deep cave. There, gravely, seriously, did men deliberate; no point of doctrine was inconsiderately overlooked; it was too well known that the strength of the Church lay there. At every re-union especially, the old Confession of Faith was read, which each person swore to maintain; and prayer was made for their royal persecutor. At the Synod of Lédignan in 1744, a pastor having communicated the tidings that Louis XV. was seriously ill, the whole assembly fell on their knees, and fervently prayed to God for the king's recovery. How admirable is the composure, the good sense which rules at these assemblies! Not a trace of enthusiasm or illuminism! . . . Each assembly involves a formidable peril; whoever is taken at it, is sent, if a man, to the galleys; if a woman, to perpetual imprisonment. The pastors are broken on the wheel; the law never pardons; and to the very end, martyrs are not found wanting."—*Ib.* pp. xxvi., xxvii.

But, in the meantime, "the spirit of the eighteenth century," as represented by Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, had become very widely diffused, and had not only insinuated itself into the Church, but had penetrated far and deep into the clerical mind itself. The philosophers became the generous advocates of liberty of conscience, and the Protestants looked up to them with no small gratitude. Then came the deluge of the great Revolution. In 1787, on the eve of that catastrophe, Louis XVI. issued a Decree of Toleration. "The Terror" retarded the full effect of this benign and righteous measure; for the Revolution was itself a terrible and indiscriminate persecutor. Not only did it visit the sins of past generations of the Gallican priesthood upon their unhappy representatives; many a Protestant pastor lost his head rather than abjure his faith. But, when "the Terror" had been quenched in the blood of its authors, and events had raised the Corsican to the supreme power in the State, the evil results of the carnival of atheism and blood were but too apparent in the altered aspect of the Reformed Church. It had by no means come unscathed or unpolluted out of that fiery furnace. In the mournful words of M. Bersier—

"After the Terror, the religion was but slowly re-established. There was wanting to it the inspiring breath. Philosophy dominated; the past was in some sort forgotten. Religion was all but reduced to an elevated morality, preserving, however, the miraculous facts of revelation; and, to say the least, the critical spirit which was reproached with heaping up too many ruins, was

dreaded, and timidity and circumspection prevailed. The faith which had upheld the Churches of the Desert, had only here and there a very few representatives."—*Ib.*, p. xxvii.

In 1802,—or, to speak in the jargon of the First Republic, in Germinal, of the year X.,—Napoleon I., then First Consul, concluded his concordat with Rome, whereby it was recognised that "the Apostolical and Roman Catholic religion is the religion of the great majority of the French people." This phrase, by the way, was anything but satisfactory to the Pope and the Clergy, who had striven hard to have their religion established as that of the State, or at least as the dominant one. At the same time, it was carefully and explicitly announced that the Government had no intention of claiming for the Roman Catholic Church any political or civil pre-eminence. At first it was proposed that, while the Protestant pastors should be on the same level as the priests in all other respects, they should not derive their pecuniary support from the State. Three reasons were given for this exception, of which we will only say that, whatever may be their argumentative value, they embody a testimony highly creditable to the pastors. In an evil hour—for so we cannot but think, and so he himself seems to have admitted on his death-bed—the First Consul resolved to subsidise the Reformed pastors. The Church, of whatever creed, was in his view only an engine of State; and, in order that he might keep it in his own power, and use it for his own purposes, he determined to support the Reformed worship from the public treasury. By this means, the Church soon degenerated into a mere Department of the State, and its pastors became, to all practical intents, little better than Government functionaries. Let us hear M. Bersier on the import and effect of this famous "Law of Germinal, Year X.:"—

"We know how he [Napoleon I.] understood liberty of conscience: his official catechism, and his treatment of the Pope, sufficiently show that. In according to the Reformed Church an official position, he reduced it to impotence. Not only did he refuse it its General Synod, which was in some sort its voice and its hand; not only did he thus hinder it from drawing up any Symbol, and from knowing what it believed and purposed; but he suppressed the parish that the Protestants might be grouped in an abstract and fictitious body which he called the Consistory, and which was to be established in the ratio of one Consistory to

every six thousand people of the same communion. This is exactly as if, in politics, the Commune should be suppressed. The Consistories were to be elected only by the highest tax-payers, a strange condition, which sacrificed religion to wealth, and which was now for the first time introduced into a Christian Church. What proves the religious lukewarmness of that epoch is, that no one protested against this measure."—*Ibid*, pp. xxix., xxx.

We need not stay to point out how the suppression of the General Synod deprived the Church of its unity, rendered all concerted action impossible, and thereby took away almost the possibility of maintaining its spiritual life. Its bearing upon the mutual relations of pastors and people was hardly less injurious and destructive. By making the pastor practically independent of his flock,—paying him in fact to do the bidding of the State,—it necessarily sapped the foundations of his spiritual and pastoral influence, exposed him to popular suspicion and hatred in a country which above all others abhors the very name of a functionary,—while at the same time it tacitly sees these officials multiply and increase till, like an army of locusts, they cover and devour the land. We may gain much light on this combination of submission and disgust from what has just been done by the Duc de Broglie with the mayors. The law which practically made a government official of the pastor weakens, if not destroys, the interest of the flocks in that sacred work which, without the fervent zeal of all the members of the Church, must dwindle and decay. When the Reformed Church was not among the spoiled darlings of the State, her members felt a personal interest in her maintenance, and laboured earnestly and successfully for her prosperity and increase. But, in this case at all events, patronage by the civil power hampered the Church, and it soon became an effete institution. "The Emperor kept his promise faithfully," as De Félice tells us. "There was no persecution of the Protestants during his reign; no violence from either high or low quarters was offered to their religious or civil rights; they enjoyed a full and uninterrupted security. But it was an internal liberty, walled in by their temples, if we may so say. They were rigorously forbidden to create any noise or movement in matters of religion. No journals, nor associations, nor controversy, nor proselytism; and, if any religious idea or action dared to clear the inclosure within which it was im-

prisoned, the iron hand of Napoleon immediately thrust it back."

It may very justly be thought that such a law could never have been accepted by the Church,—much less welcomed, as this undoubtedly was, with gratitude and acclamation,—if that Church itself had not sadly declined from the firm faith, the noble independence, and the sturdy constancy of its first ages, and of the times of "the Desert." That such a decline had occurred is clearly shown by M. Bersier :—

"What were, at the moment when the concordat was concluded, the doctrines of the Reformed Church of France? I believe I faithfully express the beliefs of that time, when I say that they were reduced to a Christian Theism, accepting very sincerely the miraculous facts and the supernatural side of revelation, but very far removed also from the constitutive doctrines of Calvinism. [Of course we protest against the assumption that the doctrines intended are in every case peculiarly Calvinistic.] Man's state of weakness, rather than his innate corruption, was believed in; the redemption of a humanity enlightened by the light of the Gospel rather than salvation by the Cross. While the divinity of Christ was spoken of, it was deemed undesirable to define precisely 'that obscure dogma;' men were content, in one word, with that *résumé* of Christianity which the liturgies in use contained,—liturgies revised at Geneva during the eighteenth century, and coloured by the philosophic spirit of the time. At the same time there was a great dislike of innovators, from whatever side they might come. A preacher who should have tried, about the year 1810, to carry Calvinistic doctrine into the pulpit, would, we think, have been very ill received. On the other hand, when Professor Gase attacked about that time the doctrine of the Trinity, and excited a lively opposition, were all those who counselled his resignation Trinitarians? This may be doubted; for what was most feared was the invasion of men's minds by dogmatic conflicts. Protestantism was happy to have its place under the sun, its rights freely recognised; it desired peace, tranquillity."—*Ibid.*, pp. xxxiv., xxxv.

In truth, Arianism and Unitarianism had fearfully leavened the Reformed theology; as might indeed be expected from the connection with Geneva, at that time the head-quarters of these heresies. One of the most eminent leaders of what was then beginning to assume the name of "the liberal party," was Samuel Vincent of Nîmes. He was latitudinarian in doctrine; "though,

being sincerely religious, he conceived a much more lofty ideal of his Church than did the party generally."

After the Restoration, other and better tendencies began to develop themselves,—tendencies spontaneously originated, but which, between 1820 and 1830, were greatly accelerated by the influence of the religious revivals in Switzerland and Scotland. Mark Wilks, the Haldanes, and the Wesleyan Missionary, Charles Cook, of immortal memory, were active agents in the work in France. M. Bersier says:—

"There were two very distinct elements in this awakening. The one, to which the English Methodist Church gathered a great multitude, was especially a return to Christian faith, life, and activity. Those who were its instruments insisted above everything upon the love of God, upon the redemption of believers. Orthodox on other points, they had but slender sympathy with rigid Calvinism. The other tendency, which entered France by way of Scotland and Geneva, laid emphasis, on the other hand, upon the distinctive doctrines of Calvinism, the corruption of man and salvation by grace. [Again, we protest against the utterly incorrect assumption that these are, in any 'distinctive' sense, Calvinistic doctrines.] It added to this a peculiar theory of the literal interpretation of Scripture, to which the name of Theopneustia was given, and which the Reformers had ignored. But it is especially in reference to the questions of salvation, of the Deity of the Redeemer, of grace and of works, that battle was joined between the men of the awakening and the dominant opinion. The latter, in opposition to the innovators, entrenched itself behind the liturgies, invoked the authority of the Consistories, and often was guilty of the most deplorable abuse of power. Almost all the vacancies in the pastorate which have occurred during this century in the Reformed Church have been created by the party which called itself liberal. No case made more noise than that of Adolphe Monod. Arriving while yet a young man at Lyons, he began to preach with startling eloquence the doctrines of the fall, the corruption of man, and salvation by the atonement. At the same time he demanded a reform in the Church, and a discipline which should remove notoriously unbelieving men from the Lord's Supper."—*Ibid.*, pp. xxvii and xxviii.

The young evangelist at once excited bitter and relentless hostility. In the opinion of his colleagues the doctrine of grace was monstrous; they condemned it in the name of reason and outraged morality, not even suspecting that it was the very doctrine of their own Church in its best

days. They accused him of attacking "the most beautiful, the most difficult, the most holy of religions, the religion of good works dictated by conscience; and of wounding reason, which emanates from the Divinity." In reply to a demand for his deposition, he insisted that his doctrine was the old and true doctrine of the Church. For answer, the Consistory pronounced his solemn deposition. Thus began a contest which has raged, more or less, within the Reformed Church ever since; and on one side or the other of which "men of renown" have ranged themselves. Athanase Coquerel, sen., Martin-Paschoud, Fontanès, Reville, and others, were at the head of the "Liberal" party; while Frédéric and Adolphe Monod, Stapfer, and Grand-Pierre led on the Evangelical assault. A dissident party, moreover, was formed outside the pale of the endowed Church, sympathising with its orthodox members. Victor de Presensée, Audebeg, and Henri Lutteroth, belonged to this party. Each had its newspaper organ; *Le Lien* represented the Rationalists; *L'Espérance* and *Les Archives du Christianisme* the Evangelicals; and *Le Semeur* the Evangelical Nonconformists. The illustrious name of Vinet appears in connection with the last-named journal.

During the reign of Louis Philippe we may trace the slow, but sure progress of Evangelical doctrine, especially in Paris. As yet Church questions, technically so called, were little thought of. The Evangelical preachers addressed themselves to individual men, and were almost entirely occupied in the work of saving souls. But, as time wore on, other questions arose, and notably the question of the constitution of religious society was forced to the front. We cannot follow M. Bersier through his deeply interesting disquisition on this point, nor through his history of the discussion. He passes in rapid review the Romish, the Anabaptist, the Calvinian, and the Congregational theories of Church order; remarking, by the way, that the Revolution itself, under inspiration derived from its allies in the United States of America, "did, for the first time in Europe, sharply and precisely separate the religious from the civil society, and proclaim, at least in theory, liberty of worship." Napoleon I., as we have seen, gave to the Church an official character. Every born Protestant was supposed to belong to this establishment, and dissent was suppressed as sternly as Rome suppresses

schism. To Alexander Vinet belongs the honour of proclaiming in France the idea that the Church should be recruited only by voluntary adherents. He was a Swiss, and an ardent champion of the separation of the Church from the State. In the Canton de Vaud the Council of State, elected by popular suffrage, governed and oppressed the Church, and some of us can remember how nobly Vinet fought against the heterodox and tyrannical proceedings of that democratic body. In 1846 he founded the Free Church in the Canton de Vaud—the first example on the Continent of a Church founded on the principle of declining all connection with the State, and depending for its growth, not on the fact of birth, but on the free adhesion of believers.

The Revolution of 1848 inscribed on its programme the separation of Church and State. Under the Second Empire an assembly was held at Paris, to which the name of Synod was given; but its convocation was purely spontaneous, and its work was never accepted, either by the Government or by the Church. This assembly postponed decision on all dogmatic questions, whereupon Frédéric Monod and the Comte de Gasparin left the Church, in order to form a Free Church on a doctrinal basis. A bill was drafted, embodying the restoration of the local Church or Ecclesiastical Commune with its Presbyterial Council; the nomination of the Council and the Consistory, not by those who paid most taxes, but by all Protestants twenty-five years old, who should have taken their first Communion, and should acknowledge the Divine authority of the Bible; the re-establishment of Provincial Synods and of the National Synod, with a provision that each Consistory should send to the latter a pastor and a layman alternately. Each Faculty of Theology to be represented by one of its members. The Synod to assemble once in three years. It was to decree or approve the general regulations respecting worship, discipline, and the organisation and administration of the Church; to deal with the reports of particular Synods relative to ecclesiastical changes, and to undertake certain other duties. Fifty-five out of sixty-three members voted for this proposal, and the next session was appointed to be held at Nîmes in 1851. But the proposal never really became law, not being authorised by the Government.

De Gasparin and Frédéric Monod, being joined by many adherents, immediately founded the Union of the Evan-

gelical Churches of France, which numbers at the present time forty-two Churches in its fellowship. During the last twenty years, this active and vigorous Union has permeated the Protestant mind of France with its fundamental principle—that of separation of Church from State—and it would seem that the realisation of it is only a question of time.

In 1852, Napoleon III., then Prince-President of the French Republic, astonished everybody by issuing, without notice or consultation, a Decree modifying, in several essential respects, the constitution of the Reformed Church. M. Bersier tells us that it was never explicitly known under what advice he acted, but that the *soi-disant* Liberal party had the credit of suggesting the decree.

In two respects this decree, bad as was its inception, conformed to the wishes expressed by the Synod of 1848. It constituted the parish, and it decreed the nomination of the Church Councils, not by those citizens who pay most taxes, but by the universal suffrage which the Revolution had introduced. Liberal as this last provision looked, however, it was perilous to the life and welfare of the Church, inasmuch as it exacted no religious conditions from the electors, but delivered the Church into the hands of the ignorant masses. Moreover, the Decree did not re-establish the General Synod, but substituted for it a Central Council of the Reformed Churches, nominated, at least on the first occasion, by the State, and which was to be intermediary between the Churches and the civil power. Well does M. Bersier stigmatise this Council as the derisive counterfeit of the Church's own noble and beautiful representation. The inspiration of this extraordinary Decree seems to have come from Athanase Coquerel, sen., who subsequently published a scheme of discipline, suggesting that the Central Council be "composed of thirty-one members, namely, ten pastors in charge, twenty elders, and the sub-director of the service of non-Catholic worship, the two pastors to be nominated by decree (of the State). Each Consistory designates one of its lay members; from the general list of five hundred elders presented by the Consistories, the Government to choose the twenty lay-members of the Council, who are nominated by decree, as likewise the President of the Council." * Truly this was

* *Ibid.*, p. xlviii.

a notable project to come from the leader of the Liberal party, a project which, if carried out, must at once have enslaved, and ultimately have strangled the Church. Happily there were men in her ranks who remembered what their fathers had been; who cherished the old confidence in representatives chosen by the suffrage of the faithful, and who were able to checkmate the Liberal leader in this audacious attempt to deliver the Church into the hands of the Government.

The situation was complicated by the rise of that "critical school," which during the last twenty years has exercised so great, and in many respects deleterious, an influence upon Protestant theology. This school, speaking by MM. Scherer and Colani, in the *Strasbourg Review*, seemed at first to sympathise rather with Evangelical truth than with the elder rationalism, of which it spoke with some contempt. But the application of its critical methods soon effected a portentous change. The Old Testament was declared to be of no authority. The story of the creation was merely a Mosaic romance, tainted with gross anthropomorphism. Prophecy had no supernatural value, and was only the eloquent, sometimes sublime, expression of the religious thinkers of Israel. The Gospel according to St. John was the work of an unknown Ephesian theologian in the second century. In the Epistles we have, first, a few doubtful writings, containing the ideas of the primitive disciples; then the conception of the Judæo-Christians of Jerusalem; then that of Paul. Miracles vanished before this criticism. Even that of the Resurrection, on which all parties acknowledged the Church to be based, had no historical foundation, but was a purely psychological phenomenon in the souls of the first disciples. The only miracle was the religious one,—that of the appearance of a perfectly holy man in the midst of humanity. But even this has been given up; for so lately as 1859, M. Pécaut, in his book, *Christ and Conscience*, professes to discover in the character of Christ the errors and imperfections of his time. Such theories, reproduced by various writers, spread far and wide among the professed Protestants. Renan's book, appearing at this time, produced among them a profound sensation; and it is noteworthy that, even while combating some of its details, many of the "Liberal" pastors gave in their adhesion to its method and essential principles. This brought on a violent crisis, and

it presently became apparent that, in spite of so many causes of anxiety, the Evangelical element had been steadily increasing in authority and influence. M. Athanase Coquerel, junior, the heresiarch of the Reformed Church, was deposed from his office of suffragan, notwithstanding his popularity as an orator, and the *prestige* of a name long and fondly cherished in the Church. The controversy was soon carried into the "Pastoral Conferences," which assembled every spring in the French capital. M. Bersier and another raised the question, "Are not the existence of the whole Church and the rights of the faithful compromised by the unlimited liberty of religious teaching?" And the Conference resolved, by a large majority, that "the free expression, whether from the pulpit, or by any other public and official method, of the dogmatic opinions of the pastors, must have for its legitimate and necessary limit, the belief professed by the religious society from which those pastors received their authorisation. In these Conferences, the venerable Guizot, statesman, historian, and philosopher, now far advanced in his ninth decade, pleaded the cause of Evangelical truth with great eloquence and loftiness of spirit. At the Conference of 1865, the Resurrection of Christ was the chief subject of discussion, the Liberals contending that it was either unauthentic or unimportant. Every year since then, the very foundations of the Christian faith have been discussed with increasing earnestness and vehemence.

The Consistories now began to speak,—some in one sense, others in the opposite one. A most critical question was that of the religious conditions to be required of the electorate. The decree of 1852 did not exact any, leaving it to the Church to provide them. The Consistory of Caen, boldly assuming the initiative, required that each elector within its jurisdiction should adhere to the Apostles' Creed, which the Reformed Church had always maintained in her liturgies as one of the documents of her faith. M. Baroche, the Imperial Minister, thought this too bold, and quashed the regulation; but, on appeal, the Council of State confirmed it,—saving the Minister's honour, however, by alleging technical reasons. The maintenance of the Rule has proved an invaluable step towards regaining the religious autonomy of the Church.

As the strife continued and extended, a loud and many-voiced demand was heard from the Churches, both north

and south, for the convocation of the General Synod; believed to be the only mode of securing united deliberation, and solving the difficulties of the Church. This, however, did not suit the Second Empire, which had as little liking for deliberative assemblies as the first. But in 1870 the cause was gained; and the Synod was about to be summoned, when the Franco-German war broke out. When the Republic was established, and things resumed their ordinary course, a Decree was obtained,—published November 29th, 1871,—restoring the General Synod.

We hope this introductory survey will not be deemed superfluous or tedious. It seems to us that the debates and conclusions of the Synod could hardly be understood without a somewhat minute knowledge of the state of parties and the actual situation; and this can only be obtained by mastering pretty fully the chief antecedents of the Church. Especially is this true of the period since 1802,—Germinal, Year X.,—during which such serious internal changes, both as to doctrine and spiritual life, have been wrought. The result is, that two opposing theological and religious systems confronted each other in the Synod of 1872. These were both formulated, as the peculiarities of the French mind would lead one to expect, with equal sharpness and precision. Both parties were agreed that detailed and elaborate Confessions of Faith, like those of the sixteenth century, were undesirable; that theology must be separated from religion; that faith must be before all things a living principle in the heart; that a purely intellectual faith is dead. But the orthodox party maintained that the religious and moral life is always determined by the convictions, and that these can and ought to be affirmed; that a Christian society—a Church—must profess the Christian verities which, in the course of eighteen centuries, have transformed the world. On the other hand, it was maintained that creeds are not essential; that a religious society can exist without an absolutely common faith; that the historical situation of the Reformed Church is such, that its members, without having the same religious notions, are united by a harmony of remembrances and aspirations; that all accept the Protestant principle of free inquiry as applied to the Scriptures; that religious sentiments should be the true bond of communion. It cannot fail to excite wonder that among

really acute and earnest men such a dream as this should be entertained. How is unity to be maintained with principles fundamentally contradictory of each other? The attempt at comprehension, so far as it has succeeded in the English Church Establishment, has proved an utter and scandalous failure, in respect to the promotion of true unity. Indeed, Nonconforming Churches are far less opposed to each other in teaching, and far less alienated in feeling, than parties in the Church of England. But the notion put forward by the Liberals in the Reformed Church of France is far wider than any but the very broadest of our churchmen allow. We do not see how any man whose outward life is conventionally blameless—even though he were an advanced Deist—could be deprived of recognition as a Church member, elder, or even pastor, if this theory were to prevail. However that may be, here were the two hostile forces met in battle array, in the Temple of the Holy Spirit, Rue Roquépine, Paris. They fought against each other ably, earnestly, for the most part courteously, but occasionally even fiercely, for five long weeks. The Synod consisted of forty-nine clerical and fifty-eight lay representatives, elected, *according to the Decree of the President of the Republic*, as follows:—The three hundred Consistories of the Church were to form twenty-one Synodal Circumscriptions, according to a prescribed table. Each Consistory was to elect a pastor and a layman to represent it in the Synod of its Circumscription. These representatives were to assemble on the 1st or the 15th of the following March, in one of the chief Consistorial places of their Synodal Circumscriptions, for the purpose of electing delegates to a General Synod, which should be ultimately convoked at Paris. There was to be one delegate for every six pastors; two for any number between six and twelve; three between twelve and eighteen; and so on. Half the delegates, if the number of pastors and laymen be equal, should be laymen; half plus one if it should be unequal. The Synod was convoked by a Ministerial circular sent to the presidents of Provincial Synods, for June 6th, 1872.

On the eve of the session a religious service was held in the Temple of the Oratory, at which a sermon was preached by M. Babut, of Nîmes. His text was, "Jesus answered them, though I bear witness of myself, my witness is true, for I know whence I came and whither I go." After calling

to mind the last Synod, that of Loudun, suppressed as we have seen by Louis XIV., and reminding his hearers that the morrow was to witness the resumption by the Church of her synodal régime, "under the protection of the Government of the French Republic, which has shown itself as jealous in respecting our liberties and as eager to restore them to us as the despotism of Louis XIV. was implacable in robbing us of them," he proceeded to say that that which constituted the greatness of the Church was her faith; but that the Churches, so long deprived of their central and regular government, and unable to escape the influence of the movement of human thought through all that interval, were no longer united in the faith as they had once been. And now they were in this dilemma,—either by not accepting a faith, to declare that the Church was no longer a Church; or, by attempting to solve the difficulty, to run the risk of division. Speaking only for himself, and without anticipating the decisions of the Synod, he felt it his duty to declare freely upon what foundation the whole Christian Church reposes. Quoting the words of St. Paul, "Other foundation can no man lay," &c., he showed that Jesus Christ is the object of faith; and that in the last resort the testimony which he bore to himself is the foundation and the supreme rule of faith. He then went on to show that Jesus is the only messenger of God who ever did bear witness to Himself; and that "His name or His person is identified with religion, nay, with the truth itself." From this point he enlarged with singular clearness and force upon our Lord's Deity, His equality with the Father, and participation of all His perfections. This might be denied, either on the ground of non-authenticity, or on that of falsehood. In the one case, the historical validity of the Gospel is attacked; in the other, the veracity of Jesus Himself, or His competency in His own cause. Now not only the Gospel of John, which is chiefly assailed by the first class of objectors, but the other three Gospels, and the "luminous testimony of St. Paul," conduct us to identical results on this question; so much so, that the boldest critics avow that Jesus thought and said of Himself "supernatural things, incredible consequently to their understanding, and which they attribute to His *illusions*." Yet they own Him to be "the first among men, the most sublime of believers and revealers."

But, if He was deceived, His error was immense. To

believe Himself absolutely holy, when He was in truth a sinner, is the height of Pharisaism; to believe Himself perfect is the delirium of pride; nay, to sit on God's throne, and pass Himself off for God, is the very mark of Antichrist, and either blasphemy or madness. "Their Jesus is at once the most holy and the most guilty, the wisest and the most insane, of men; Christ and Antichrist, the Revealer of the Father and the usurper of His rights, the benefactor and the seducer of the human race." Between these two extremes, each man must make his choice. "The true Christ is the Rock on which the Church is founded, and any Church which denies Him can be no longer Christian." Whatever differences may be permitted on other points, there can be no possible and enduring union between those who believe Him to be their Master and Lord, and those who obey only their own individual will and sentiment. If only a minority believe in His Divinity—which God forbid—then in some way (the preacher knew not what) they must form a distinct group around their Divine Head; and thus, whether the majority or the minority, whether united to the State or separated from it, they will preserve in the one case, or carry away with them in the other, the whole past and future of the Reformed Church of France. He concluded by expressing his confidence in the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and his hope that the Church would be led to say explicitly and with the deepest devotion, "Lord, to whom shall we go but unto Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life. We believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!"

Thus, clear and true, was the keynote of orthodoxy struck, and a majority of the Synod voted in harmony with it in all the critical divisions which followed. It will be convenient to note the exact situation of parties in the Synod. As in the National Assembly, we find "The Right, the Right Centre, the Left, the Left Centre." The Right are the strictly orthodox and Evangelical section; the Right Centre those who, sound in the faith themselves, are more disposed than the Right towards compromise and conciliation. The Left and the Left Centre are made up of "Liberals" of various shades, from the ultra-deism of men like the Coquerels, Colani, and Pécaut, to the more moderate views of Dean Jalabert and others. Practically, however, when the votes were taken, the Synod was seen

to be divided into two well-marked camps; and the orthodox were in a majority varying from sixteen to a little more than twenty.

The first question raised concerned the competency of the Synod to legislate for the Church, as its supreme representative court. The Left, led by Dean Jalabert, had formally refused to recognise any action of the Synod as authoritative and binding. This lucid and eloquent speaker is Dean of the Faculty of Law at Nancy, and he was bent on fusing the two centres, hoping thereby to checkmate the Right and maintain the *status quo*. He argued that Synods were not acknowledged in the law, whether of Napoleon I., in 1802, or of his nephew in 1852; that a Decree of the President of the Republic could not by itself supply the necessary authorisation; that, moreover, the mode of election adopted by the Government had been so defective as to vitiate the representative character of the Assembly, and that, consequently, its decisions, whatever they might be, could only be regarded as provisional and advisory. He pleaded that the work of the Assembly might, nevertheless, be very useful and important, since it could pacify minds and conciliate hearts without decreeing articles binding on the conscience. If it be alleged that things are regular enough to permit a beginning, he replied, that the essential thing is not to begin, but to begin equitably; otherwise all the acts of the Synod will be vitiated in their very principle. Besides, the Consistories are very unequal in their numbers, and their equality in moral value cannot, for that reason, be sustained. They are not dioceses, unalterable without the consent of the Pope, but electoral bodies charged with the duty of appointing a Synod, and they have been many times increased or lessened by simple decree. Thus, in 1852, the State created thirteen new Consistories. It is in vain to provide against such defects in the future, seeing that, as itself defective, the Synod has no right to do so. Further, twenty-seven Consistories, having jurisdiction over one hundred and fifty thousand Protestants, are not represented here at all.

Dean Jalabert was answered by M. Laurens, an old southern advocate, and evidently a very acute and able man. He maintained that the Council of State alone could judge of the legality or otherwise of the President's Decree; that the function of the Synod was to execute, not to

criticise it. The Government surely had the right to authorise the meeting of the Synod, in order to the more liberal adjustment of the relations between the civil and the ecclesiastical powers. The Synod was held, not for the doing of any new work, or inaugurating a perfectly new *régime* for the Church; but simply to continue and carry forward a work of restoration, begun under the First Republic in 1802, continued under the Second in 1852, and which the Third calls upon them to crown in 1872. The Church had a historic past which showed her in constant possession of her Confession of Faith, her Discipline, her Liturgy; of an hierarchical organisation solidly and perfectly combined,—in a word, of institutions, as harmonious as they are complete, which had given her strength in days of mourning, and served her as a basis or a fulcrum in times of revival. The first Napoleon recognised this in the preamble of the Law of 1802, thus,—“In view of the Discipline of the Reformed Churches of France.” The principle thus admitted he forbids anyone to change, and commands the Consistories to maintain it. He indeed showed his distrust by using the plural phrase, “The Reformed Churches of France.” He dreaded the power which a compact, united, and perfectly organised body might acquire; and chose rather to authorise numerous church-bodies, independent of one another, each of them all-powerful in its own domain, but all dependent on his own supreme authority. Many provisions of the Law showed this. The Discipline which she had received gave to the Church an organisation composed of four very distinct administrative bodies, whose functions are precisely defined;—the local Church, with its Consistory, or the Parish and Consistorial Council of our days; the Colloquy, now the Consistorial Church; the Provincial Synod; and the General Synod. The First Consul ignored alike the first and the last of these Church Courts, “the basis and the crown of the building.” He did not forbid or abolish them, but he cast them into the shade. No doubt he granted a good many Consistories, but their members were to be chosen by the parties paying most to the direct taxes. He expected to find rich men more conservative than others, especially in the complete absence of free election on the part of the Church. Then there was to be one Consistorial Church for every six thousand of the Protestant population, to prevent the acquisition of too great influence on

the part of any one Church. In the same spirit, each particular Church was forbidden to extend itself from one Department into another. Yet, with all these defects, this Law was a real benefit, inasmuch as it restored to the Church its common right, salaried its pastors, ensured to it theological instruction, and restored some part, at least, of its organisation. The Church acted wisely in accepting the Law, not as the goal, but as the starting-point of the ameliorations which she had yet to obtain. Moreover, the Article which provided that there should be a Consistorial Church for every six thousand Protestants, was never carried out in Paris, Mulhouse, Geneva, and other places in which there were already large and powerful Churches. The twenty-eighth Article, prohibiting extension into other Departments, was repealed four years later, and temples in different Departments were permitted to be attached to the nearest Consistory. Finally, in the thirteenth Article, Geneva was the only seminary mentioned; but that had never, in fact, prevented the recognition of the Certificates of students from Strasburg and Montauban. All this proved that the silence of the law on such points did not mean exclusion or proscription. That silence might suspend the exercise of the right, but could not be held to condemn its very principle. Never had the Church been formally refused when she had claimed the completion of her organisation. Never had her right to it been controverted; never had the hope of obtaining it been taken away. Nay, the right had been recognised; the hope had been realised; as witness the Decree of March 1852. This was the second step in the upward march of the Church towards the re-establishment of its autonomy. The State, feeling that something must at once be done to satisfy some of the needs of the Church, now constituted the parish, and re-established the universal suffrage of the Church, in the election of the Presbyterial Council and the Consistory. The Church hereby recovered Presbyterian but not Synodal discipline. She moved on more freely for the change; so that, whereas it took fifty years to obtain its Presbyterial Council, it had only taken twenty to arrive at its General Synod.

The speaker then referred to the case of the Consistory of Caen, already named, as confirming his argument. He quoted some remarkable words of the Government Commissioner, to the effect that the Law of Germinal had "re-

cognised the Reformed Church as a Christian Communion, with its conditions of pre-existing establishment, and the rules of its ancient government;" that "it recognised the opportunity of convoking a National Synod;" and closing as follows: "The parochial community possesses its local representation; everything starts from the parish, thence mounting up by an ascending scale, by means of elections renewed at each successive step (passing through the Consistory and the Provincial Synod), even to the General Synod, in which resides the plenitude of ecclesiastical authority. *The National Synod represents, in fact, in its highest expression, religious authority, both doctrinal and disciplinary.*" M. Laurens having thus shown that the Government Commissioner had in 1869 confirmed his own interpretation of the Law of 1802, contended that the Synod had better work to do than merely to hold a consultation. What had been promised in 1852 had been delayed by the misfortunes which had befallen the country; but when peace was restored, when the illustrious man to whom the nation had confided the mission of restoring the reign of law and the enjoyment of liberty had put his firm and skilful hand to the work of reorganising his country, he occupied himself with the case of the Reformed Church. The result was the Decree of November 9th, 1871, which constituted the third and last period of the organisation of the Church.

Here, however, for the present we must pause, hoping hereafter to do what our space now forbids, namely, show the true character of this remarkable Synod of the Reformed Church of France, and form some estimate of its importance to the cause of Protestantism and of Christianity itself in that country. The materials for such a judgment are before us, and we think we may reckon upon the interest of our readers in a chapter of Church history not unrelieved by the elevation and religious worth of its principal characters.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I.

Autobiography of Thomas Guthrie, D.D., and Memoir by his Sons, Rev. David K. Guthrie, and Charles J. Guthrie, M.A. Vol. I. London: Isbister and Co. 1874.

AMONGST representative men Dr. Guthrie has an all but unrivalled place as the very model of a popular minister. For many years, one of the first things set down to be done by all visitors to Edinburgh was to go and hear the great preacher at Free St. John's; and none went without feeling the fascination of his eloquence. But Dr. Guthrie's fame was by no means limited to the pulpit. As a writer only, he would never have attained to great celebrity. For, though the attractions of his peculiar style are to be found in his writings, yet they lack much of the charm with which they fell on the ear listening to his living and life-inspiring oratory. In hearing him speak criticism could never keep itself cool enough to exercise a strict judgment. When he submitted to be read, he certainly threw away his greatest advantage. It was as a brave and laborious pioneer in the hard ways of Christian philanthropy, that Dr. Guthrie became most widely known away from his own Scotland. It is true that, looking on from a distance at the great struggle which rent the Church of Scotland thirty years ago, people were accustomed to see Dr. Guthrie's form amongst the foremost in the strife; and in the appeal that was made to other Churches in other lands on behalf of the Free Church, he travelled far and became personally known to many who would otherwise have never seen him. But it was when the fierceness of the Church conflict was past, that he became distinguished, all the world over, as a pleader on behalf of the wretched and the outcast; one who dared to exhibit the hideous truths of their condition which he had himself explored, and then dared to cast the unwelcome burden at the Church's door, and tell Christians plainly that their work was being sinfully left undone.

Thus, when the life of one so widely known came to an end, there was an unusually large and interested audience awaiting to listen to the record of that life's history. They have not been kept waiting long; and the one volume of biography now published is so acceptable that all its readers will look with increased appetite for the completion of the work.

Certainly the most valuable and attractive part of the book, so far, is the fragment of autobiography. Would that the writer had lived to finish it! How gladly, in such company, would we have trodden again the rough ways of the great disruption history, and looked at its eminent characters and events through the keen eyes of one who knew them all so well. With Dr. Guthrie at your elbow, the dulllest scene would grow interesting. How much more this, in which he himself plays so important a part, and is able to put you so close alongside the other chief actors.

Those who knew Dr. Guthrie well will, as they read the autobiography, often feel as if they were really harkening to his voice again. It is altogether like himself, great as he was at talking,—not at conversation, for that means that at least two should talk, for which Dr. Guthrie seldom left any necessity. You could not please him better than by listening; and there were few who did not enjoy to listen. This record is a most characteristic talk about himself. The charm of vivid illustration in his sermons became as great a power in private and social talk; only here, of course, the great *raconteur* had a larger, freer scope for anecdote and similitude. Thus, he no sooner starts to write about himself than the mention of his own age, sixty-five, reminds him of some capital stories of great longevity, and so it is all through: scarcely a fresh point arises but it excites his recollection in a certain direction, and a good story is the result.

Dr. Guthrie's admirable graphic skill makes all his childhood and home associations, his parents, friends, and neighbours, and the history of his school-days pass before the reader in a most life-like manner. At the ripe age of twelve years he came up from his native Forfarshire to Edinburgh, and entered as a student in the University. Let not English readers interpret this fact as a token of singular precocity and scholarly aptitude on the part of the lad. It was then but according to Scotch fashion. "I had," says Dr. Guthrie, "finished my four years' curriculum of literature and philosophy before I was sixteen years of age, leaving college at the age most youths nowadays enter it." Then he goes on in his own radiant way, which could brighten anything: "This was an evil, and yet, like many other ills in life, the parent of good in some respects. It saved me from self-conceit; no prizes inflated me with vanity, making me, as they have done not a few whom I have known, fancy myself a genius who might rest on his laurels, and dispense with the hard work that alone insures ultimate eminence and success." Surely, if King James's University had an index of prohibited books, the passage just quoted would secure a place therein for this volume, lest haply some youthful student should catch the words and fail to take hold of their wisdom at the right end, or, perhaps, even to find it. Dr. Guthrie's university course, however, was not strictly limited to these four years, for he

added other two, apparently of his own accord, wherein he attended classes in subjects not required by the Church of Scotland in a minister's training, such as chemistry, anatomy, and natural history. His studies in the most important branches of education were thus confined to the earliest and least productive years of his student-life; and he got through them so as to make "a reputable appearance, and nothing more." "To classical scholarship he made no pretension; mental philosophy he positively shunned." This is the frank statement of his biographers; and it is borne out by his own free acknowledgment, and exemplified occasionally in this volume. That he had not assimilated much Greek looks probable, when he speaks of "the necromantic smiles of a Savoyard girl."

In the next period of Dr. Guthrie's life, there is much that has a peculiar interest, as having helped to form him for the part he was destined to take in one of the greatest crises of the Scottish Church. For five years after receiving license to preach, he had to wait, one of many expectants, until patronage, as it then existed and reigned supreme, bestowed on him a charge. He could have gained the prize had he consented to pocket his conscience, or transfer it to the keeping of a party. For this he was far too honest; and those five years made him the firm opponent of the patronage system, and ready thereafter to throw himself into any attempt that was made to curtail it. But these were not years of idleness. Part of the time was spent at Paris, where he enrolled himself as a student at the Sorbonne, attending classes in natural science, and walking the hospitals. In all this he was adding to his knowledge of the world and of men, by which, undoubtedly, he increased his power for exercising popular influence. Still failing to obtain a Church, he determined next to try a German university; but this project was set aside by family events, which led to the ministerial licentiate becoming, for two years, a bank manager in his native town of Brechin. We fully agree with all he says about this engagement.

"That, in point of fact, was not the least valuable part of my training and education. I became in this way conversant both with mercantile and agricultural affairs; and those who, both in the country and the town, afterwards became my people, did not respect me the less when they found their minister was something else than 'a fine bodie,' who knew no more about the affairs, and hopes, and disappointments, and temptations, and trials of men engaged in the business of the world than any old wife, or the 'man in the moon.'" At last he gets, in 1830, a presentation to the country parish of Arbirlot, in the Presbytery of Arbroath.

It will not fail to strike many readers with a painful sense of defect, that throughout this autobiography they look in vain for any reference to those great spiritual elements which they are

accustomed to regard as essential in the life of every Christian, and emphatically so in the life of a Christian minister. Dr. Guthrie's biographers are quite conscious of this defect, and offer an explanation, which, however, we cannot see to be sufficient.

"The peculiar circumstances in which the autobiography was written—making it necessarily fragmentary and incomplete—must be kept in view; but in so far as it is destitute of subjective matter, this was entirely characteristic of the writer. His faith was so buoyant, his whole mental tone so healthful, that he seemed to be freed from many of those doubts and despondencies which make up a large part of some men's religious experience. In consequence of this, he was not given to mental or spiritual analysis; nor, indeed, till his last illness, did he ever speak much of his own spiritual history."

This is all eminently unsatisfactory; and the absence of all allusion, even, to personal religion in this autobiography of a minister of Christ, leaves a painful impression on the mind, which is deepened by finding that the explanations just quoted are the best that can be given. With regard, too, to the ministerial office, it is all treated here as purely professional, and the entrance to it as on exactly the same level as the preparatory course of any other vocation. Not a syllable is found which indicates the necessity of a special and Divine call to this holy service; and, indeed, it is spoken of as an alternative quite under consideration, that, should not a presentation speedily turn up, another profession would be adopted. Here the biographers do not find that any apology is needed, since they are able to write thus:—

"Neither is it possible, destined as he was from his birth to the office of the ministry, to indicate any particular time at which he made choice of that profession. So soon as he was able to determine for himself, he felt the desire of his parents that he should serve God in the Gospel to be altogether coincident with his own inclination; and, as we shall see, he adhered to this resolution amid many discouragements and the attractions of other professions."

In these days, when there is abroad a spirit of "Materialism" as loose, as licentious, and as godless, as any that Dr. Guthrie in former times fought against so bravely, we cannot but deplore that there is sent forth, by his own hand, a description of the life and work of a Christian minister without even a reference to that which ought to be the most essential element, and, at the same time, the controlling centre of both. The existence of memoirs of other Scottish ministers is in nowise defective in this respect, some of them Dr. Guthrie's own compeers, makes it needless for us to clear our criticism from the charge of being warped by any peculiarity of Methodist habit or prejudice.

The story of Dr. Guthrie's life as the Minister of Arbirlot is told

as few but he could have told it : and the interest deepens as he traces the series of events—in which, by the way, an eccentric Wesleyan minister takes an important place—which caused him to emerge from the seclusion of his rural pariah, and step at once into a foremost place in the city of Edinburgh. Here were brought into full exercise his marvellous powers of observation, and masterly skill in catching and grouping the results with the most picturesque effect. It would be doing our readers no kindness if, even by a hasty summary, we were to give them the semblance of an excuse for not reading the whole volume for themselves. Few men, we imagine, have united in themselves such an unbounded popularity in the pulpit and on the platform, together with such sheer hard work and plodding industry of the severest mission service. What a more than dramatic effect there is in the contrast between the parochial minister striving thoroughly to carry out the parochial principles of pastoral oversight, exploring the horrible mysteries of the *Cowgate closes* and *wyndes*, and organising and working all manner of practical enterprises for the relief of the misery which lay close about his new home—and the eloquent minister in the Old Greyfriar's pulpit, with the great, and very ugly Church, crowded to the top of the pulpit stairs by a congregation whose enthusiastic admiration for the new minister seemed to know no bounds !

Concerning all this popular power, and the means whereby it was secured, there are some specially valuable disclosures in the autobiography. If Dr. Guthrie was no scholar, in the high academic sense, it must not be supposed that he was no student. He had great genius, beyond all question ; but he never trusted to his genius to relieve him from the yoke of hard work. Those discourses of such wondrous freshness, so quick with most natural life, as if just springing into existence both of thought and speech in the same moment of sacred emotion, were the fruits of long, laborious, and elaborate preparation. Few men of such consummate and masterly art have ever succeeded in so entirely concealing the artist by the supreme charm of his work. Let us avail ourselves of the opportunity of looking into the studio—a better word, in this and some other instances, than study.

“ Thus, the only time left me for preparation for the pulpit, composing my sermons, and so thoroughly committing them that they rose without an effort to my memory (and therefore appeared as if they were born on the spur and stimulus of the moment) was to be found in the morning. For some years after coming to Edinburgh, I rose, summer and winter, at five o'clock. By six, I had got through my dressing and private devotions, had kindled my fire, had prepared and enjoyed a cup of coffee, and was set down at my desk ; having, till nine o'clock, when we breakfasted, three unbroken hours before me. This, being my daily practice, gave me as much as eighteen hours in each week, and—instead of

a Friday or Saturday—the whole six days to ruminate on and digest and do the utmost justice in my power to my sermon. A practice this, I would recommend to all ministers, whether in town or country. It secures ample time for pulpit preparation, brings a man fresh every day to his allotted portion of work, keeps his sermon *simmering* in his mind all the week through, till the subject takes entire possession of him, and, as the consequence, he comes on Sunday to the pulpit to preach with fulness, feeling, and power.”

Another point of great interest is this. No one who heard Dr. Guthrie could ever forget the spell there was in his tones of voice, and the singular power in his general delivery; and very few could ever describe either. He himself tells us that, from his early student days, he paid great attention to elocution, attended classes, and studied models, in the art. He says:—

“I learned to find out and correct many acquired and more or less awkward defects in gesture—to me, in fact, natural; to acquire a command over my voice, so as to suit its force and emphasis to the sense, and to modulate it so as to express the feelings, whether of surprise, or grief, or indignation, or pity. . . . Many have supposed that I owe any power I have of modulating my voice, and giving effect thereby to what I am delivering, to a musical ear. On the contrary, I am, as they say in Scotland, ‘timmer-tuned’—have not the vestige even of the musical faculty, never knowing when people go off the tune, and when they stick!”

The autobiography and memoir take us to the very threshold of the disruption history, and make us anticipate with much pleasure the completion of the work. Though the master-voice ceases to be heard, the record is in good hands, and the beginning has in it strong assurance of a successful end.

We should much like, had we space, to transfer to these pages some of the personal reminiscences and anecdotes with which this book sparkles throughout. Those important breakfasts, “some good while before the disruption,” at Dr. Chalmers’ house at Morningside—how we should like to hear Dr. Guthrie’s private report of them. The few glimpses he gives us of that privileged interior make us well able to understand the witty Lord Cockburn’s saying, “How I wish you would invite me to these breakfasts!” Let us give but one story, the most grotesque in its strong effects of the ludicrous of any in the book.

Dr. Blair, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the Edinburgh University, was also one of the ministers of St. Giles’s, where a fashionable congregation was wont to assemble to hear the refined and almost fastidious Professor. To the Doctor came one day a Mr. Angus, from Aberdeenshire, who had formerly been one of his pupils, and offered to preach for him—an offer which, after evading it as long as possible, Dr. Blair at last accepted, and, “with fear and trembling,” went to hear him.

"Nor were his apprehensions groundless. The fashionable congregation who had assembled to hear Dr. Blair were amazed at the uncouth being who had taken the place of the polished and elegant divine. Those tones and that pronunciation jarred on their delicate ears; nor were they less astonished, or Blair less tortured, by the matter than the manner. The preacher gave out a text, announcing that his object was to prove to them that day that man was a fallen creature, or, as he expressed it, that he was '*fa'en*;' and rushing at once *in medias res*, he undertook to prove this, first, from the '*science of anawtomy*.' Having somehow got hold of the fact that, while the feline tribe are carnivorous, and horses and cows graminivorous, the pig, like man, is omnivorous, rising equally and thriving on both kinds of food,—and that there are thus, as might be expected in these circumstances, some points of resemblance between the digestive organs of the pig and of the human race,—he launched this out on the astonished heads of the polished aristocrats of Edinburgh, saying, 'It is well known that a sou has a' the puddens o' a man except ane; and if *that* does na prove that man is fa'en, there's naething will!'"

The Life of Thomas Vasey. By his Widow. London: Elliott Stock. 1874.

THE life of an earnest, active worker, who, with independent, honest mind and loving heart, with good native powers and fair culture, but without the aid of any remarkable incidents, made his life praiseworthy and honourable by incessant devotion to one worthy object. The record is minute, perhaps to a fault; but if we are to gain a knowledge of what a man really was, the free unfettered utterances of his soul must be exposed to our view. That Thomas Vasey's life would bear such exposure, was due to its purity and naturalness, as this book will prove. But the memoir would have been none the less complete, and certainly none the less pleasing, had it been relieved from some of the effusions which he never intended for the light, and which, even if they better represent the man, it was hardly in good taste to make public. Every life ought to be sufficiently good in itself, and sufficiently beneficent to the community, to be worth recording. A life which deserves not its record is a failure. That this life was passed amidst the respect, the honour and love of large numbers, the many testimonials given in the volume fully prove. Of its usefulness fuller evidence need not be desired than is furnished in this freely-written memoir.

The book affords a thorough insight into the busy life of an active minister, and into a home where affliction and affection seem to have struggled for the pre-eminence. It is the memorial of a pure, candid, courageous, tender man; of a good, a godly

life ; and, as such, will repay patient reading. Be the faults of the record what they may (and they are small compared to its value), we prefer to draw a veil over them, remembering it was prepared "in the midst of suffering and weakness, which have much delayed, and often threatened to put an end to this labour of love, in the hope that the study of such a man, moved by such a spirit, might be useful, not only to many of those who occupy the same position as Mr. Vasey, but to all who read this account."

Popular Objections to Revealed Truth, Considered in a Series of Lectures Delivered in the New Hall of Science, Old Street, City Road, under the Auspices of the Christian Evidence Society. Third Edition. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1874.

It will be generally admitted that the Christian Evidence Society has done good in calling the attention of the Churches of this country to the need for a treatment of the grounds of our faith, fuller, fresher, and more popular than it is customary to bestow upon them. Candid minds, open to the influence of current thought, must frequently find questions arising about the Christian religion to which they feel that its professional exponents ought to be able to give a satisfactory answer. Too frequently, however, it is not easy for a young or ill-informed man to find the required solution. There may be books on the subject, but he is not aware of them, or they are elaborate treatises, too lengthy and expensive for his purse or his leisure. If an ordinary minister be applied to, he often has to confess himself lacking in the special knowledge requisite for dealing with the particular subject. It is generally easier to raise than to remove a difficulty, and doubts are left to accumulate undissipated, to the imminent danger of religious earnestness, and even of common morality. Most members of average congregations are, we fear, little conversant with what may be called the prolegomena of faith. Satisfied themselves of the truth of their religion, they are taken up with the consolations or the duties of a pious life, and quite unequal to a debate with one unpossessed of a personal religious experience. Preachers, perhaps wisely, refrain from apologetic sermons, venturing at most on a polemical exposition of doctrines controverted only by those who have a large mass of belief in common, and at any rate admit the authority of Scripture. The overworked pastor of a large Church has little time or opportunity for speaking, and less for thinking, on the evidences of Christianity. He has read, perhaps, the greater apologists of the last century, but finds that many of the questions perplexing the inquirer of to-day had then scarcely arisen. Some of the chief difficulties felt by the modern doubter are indeed only the ever-recurring problems of all time. But they have assumed fresh shape and fresh relations, and

the answer, if it is to fit the question, must also be fresh, and speak the language of the present age. Even for defence, then, for the confirmation of believers, and the instruction of the young, we need contemporary apologetics. But the Christian Evidence Society aims at more than this. It leads the attack, and courts attention from those who will concede nothing but a candid hearing. It is bound to adopt a peculiar style of treatment, and employ specialists to argue the several questions. The volume before us is, on the whole, very fairly executed. It is especially marked by an unparaded and unaffected courtesy towards the other side. Mr. Harrison's lecture against the views held by Messrs. Holyoake and Bradlaugh is in this respect a model of controversy. As a popular argument it is telling, and, at the same time, remarkably free from delusive rhetoric. The most valuable part of the book, however, is Mr. Row's exhibition of the evidence for our Saviour's Resurrection—as clear, compact, and thorough a paper as one need have. The other lectures are of various merit, but though some of them are lacking in perspicuity and logical force, there is only one which we wish absent. That is unfortunately the one devoted to that delicate question, the relations of science and Scripture. Mr. Henalow is, of course, fully justified in putting forward any theory he thinks useful for removing apparent contradictions between geological science and the first chapter of Genesis. Our objection is not to his publishing his crude and inconsistent opinions, but to their appearing "under the auspices of the Christian Evidence Society." They are avowedly new, and such as few Christians would accept. Apologies delivered before an audience of unbelievers as the answers which the Churches have to give to widely-felt difficulties, ought not to be the peculiar notions of a single individual. It is in vain for the Society to disclaim responsibility for each lecturer's opinions. It need not cramp original thought, but it is bound to see that nothing detrimental to the cause it advocates is circulated under its authority.

With this exception the lectures are fair, and in one or two instances exceedingly good, specimens of practical Christian defence. It is interesting to notice how curiously compounded of new and old are the modern arguments for and against our faith. A personal God and a trustworthy revelation from Him, miracles as authenticating such a communication, the probability of imposture, the imperfect morality of the Old Testament, and the perpetual problem of free will and responsibility are still the main topics discussed. It is clear, however, that Christianity has gained one permanent advantage in the long controversy. The honesty of the founders of our faith is freely conceded. The world is at last convinced that "we have not followed cunningly devised fables." Yet it is still debated whether we are not following a fable. Only now Christianity is no longer a clever cheat, but "an excellent illustration of the

genesis of the myth." It is historically true, but can all be explained, without supernatural intervention, by the working of newly discovered laws in nature. This is the key of the whole position, and the special point we Christians of to-day are called upon to defend with our best endeavours. The strongest appeal we have ever had is to our history in the past and our experience at the present moment. If our opponents try to deny the history or ignore the experience, their defeat is easy. But if they can explain away the indubitable facts, by showing that our inductions from them are unwarranted, that men may have believed in miracles without such miracles ever having taken place, that a religion may triumph and work immense benefit to the world apart from its objective truth, that saint, martyr, and philanthropist may have derived power from a purely mistaken interpretation of psychological phenomena,—if they can show all this, and show, too, that this is true of Christianity, then we cannot see any escape from its rejection. But till this be shown we have little to fear from attacks upon minor points. The discrepancies of theological doctrine and current theories on physical or mental science, we may leave for time to remove. Science or theology may discern its error. The one or the other has probably misinterpreted its facts. If the theologian is sure he himself has not committed this fault, he can meet the man of science on perfectly equal terms. The facts he knows are as real as those the other knows, and he may confidently maintain that any theory contradicted by those facts is based on an imperfect induction and logically unsound.

The apologetic theologian of this age has a great task before him, to show the complete harmony of Christian truth with the fact—more clearly discerned now than ever, and the conviction of which is the deepest principle of modern science—that the world is governed not by arbitrary will, but by regular law which cannot be broken. Revelation teaches that the process of nature has deviated into wrong, and that God is bringing it back again to right. Christianity can only be set at one with modern thought when it is shown that this conquest of nature for evil or for good is brought about in perfect obedience to her own laws.

First Principles of Moral Science. A Course of Lectures. By Thomas Rawson Birks, Knightsbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy (Cambridge). London: Macmillan and Co. 1873.

It is by no negligence of ours that Mr. Birks' highly-earned academic degree is omitted from this title; he has himself omitted it. Before long, probably, the M.A. in his case will be merged in the D.D. These lectures, from the pen of a minister so godly, so devoted, and so able, will be read with deep attention by a large

circle, and with great profit by the Christian student. They are, indeed, too completely flavoured with intense Christian feeling and conviction to please *Athenæum* critics, and they are at the same time not sufficiently rigid to meet the views of the narrow predestinarian, supposing such persons ever to read lectures on moral science; but the thoughtful Christian, anxious to learn how Christianity is to be applied to moral science, and how Christian morality is to be applied to daily life, will find good reading in this volume. Mr. Birks is, perhaps, more strictly and characteristically a mathematician than a metaphysician; it may be doubted, also, whether this volume altogether fulfils the promise of the "Prize Essay on Mathematical and Moral Certainty" which its author read in Trinity College Chapel forty years ago. The fine subtleties of metaphysical discrimination are sometimes wanting where they would be especially welcome. But yet these lectures, as a whole, are clearly written, are remarkably comprehensive in their range, and thorough in their working out, and are very practical. The worst specimen of Mr. Birks' metaphysical style is to be found on page 75, beginning with "a moral agent is a person or individual endued with the powers of action, feeling or sensation, and spontaneous choice." The whole passage is a cloud of words. A little farther on, also, he informs his readers that "every living thing suggests and includes the ideas of action, sensation, and spontaneous choice;" that "whatever is alive acts, feels, and has the power of choice:" statements which the sight of a flower at once refutes, and which ignore the very question of modern controversy as to the relations between life and mind, or life and will. Notwithstanding such occasional drawbacks as these, however, this volume contains a large amount of extremely valuable thought. The chapter on "Morals and Political Science" is very able and suggestive, and in this age, when the laws of economy and advantage in commerce have been erected into a species of moral (or immoral?) code, and have been regarded as of unimpeachable authority, is particularly wholesome and seasonable.

Characteristics of Christian Morality. The Bampton Lecture.

By the Rev. J. Gregory Smith, M.A., late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford; Vicar of Malvern, and Prebendary of Hereford; Author of "Faith and Philosophy," &c., &c. Oxford and London: Parkers. 1878.

INSTEAD of a thick volume, with voluminous notes and appendices, here is a thin volume, with a small appendix consisting of brief notes. There is no profession of deep research or extensive reading. The author deals, of course, more or less with the principles

and arguments of Mill, Lecky, F. W. Newman, and a few other authors of mark, but he does not quote them at much length, or employ any elaborate induction of evidence or argument in confutation of those who deny the authority or the supremacy of Christian morality. Possibly, however, the book may be not the less useful. It is not too long for even the busy to read; it is acute, honest, tender, not eloquent "out of season," but eloquent "in season." It is not cumbrous in its coil of thought, and wears no appearance of abstruseness; but yet it holds in view the deepest questions, and is not seldom marked by suggestions which are very bold and far-reaching. The tone of the whole book is elevated, and the treatment throughout clear and healthy. The successive heads of the chapters will indicate to some extent the order of thought and discussion. They are as follows: What is morality? Virtue is Unselfishness; Vice is Selfishness. Christianity and the Appetites. Christianity and Ambition. Christianity and Self-dependence. The Universality of Christian Morality. Alleged Defects of Christian Morality. Summary and Conclusion.

In the lecture on Virtue is Unselfishness, the lecturer lays it down that self-consciousness is the one human property which differences and defines the race. "All else, even within the man, is but as the dress which he wears, the apparatus with which he is equipped, the dwelling assigned to him for his sojourn. His faculties of intellect, of emotion, are not himself. He is a machine, if you will, but a machine with a living person continually adjusting, directing, controlling it; and that person is himself." . . . "Once let us grasp the idea that the faculties, moral and intellectual, of a Shakspeare, or of a Plato, are like his money, or his dress, or his bodily health, a part of what he has, rather than of what he is, then we can understand how the street-Arab from the Seven Dials, who starts in the race of life so grievously weighted, or the peasant who plods along with disqualifications in their own way as serious, may, if they do their best, find themselves one day on a level with the philosopher and the statesman who have lived and died faithful to their high calling; and this without ceasing to be themselves." The lecture on Christianity and Self-dependence contains true and beautiful thoughts excellently expressed.

On a Fresh Revision of the English Old Testament. By Samuel Davidson, D.D. London: Williams and Norgate. 1878.

In this volume Dr. Davidson lays down and illustrates the leading principles which he thinks should guide not the revision of the Old Testament now in progress—for he despairs of clerics who must, of necessity, be either fools or knaves—but that true, free, and

competent revision which he defines to himself as possible, and which, on several grounds, he wishes to see accomplished. So far as the gentlemen of the Jerusalem Chamber are concerned, the volume is nothing more than a brief exposition of the author's views of a work which they have presumptuously undertaken indeed, but to which they are entirely unequal. On this point it would be vain to argue with Dr. Davidson—he never makes a mistake, and is therefore beyond the reach of logic; and all our revisers can do is to act upon the *fas est et ab hostis doceri* doctrine, and, reserving their competence, to take the writer's sentiments for what they are worth. The working principles of a satisfactory revise of the Old Testament, as exhibited by Dr. Davidson, are, for the most part, admirable; and, we can scarcely doubt, they are the very principles on which the Bishop of Llandaff, the Dean of Canterbury, Canon Perowne, Professor Chenery, Dr. Gotch, Mr. Aldis Wright, and their coadjutors are proceeding at Westminster.

We are glad to find Dr. Davidson contending strongly that an adequate revision must be popular in its vocabulary and idiom. Our revisers will hardly be of a different mind. The Latinisms, pedantry, and dilute paraphrase condemned by Dr. Davidson are not likely to commend themselves to a body of men numbering among them some of the greatest living masters of English. We imagine too that the revisers and Dr. Davidson will be as one as to the text which they should adopt in their translations. Dr. Davidson insists that the Masoretic text must be followed except in cases of the most imperious necessity; and he urges, that in the rare instances in which it is departed from, the reading of the Masoretic text should be preserved in the margin or elsewhere. The author's observations on the subject of the revisers' text are well worth reading; so is much of that far larger part of his volume in which he discusses the question of translation. One principle of translation advocated by Dr. Davidson is not, we trust, in favour with "The Old Testament Company." *Other things being equal*, we are quite content that the same word and idiom of the original should be represented, as Dr. Davidson prescribes, by the same word and idiom in the version. But unfortunately, other things are not always equal: comparing the genius and habit of Hebrew with those of English, they are very often unequal: and the inequality is of such a kind that not only cannot Dr. Davidson's canon be followed even in the same context, but the idiom of the English will sometimes demand a *many-coloured variation* on the simpler and more uniform phraseology of the Hebrew.

Off the line of its proper topics, Dr. Davidson's work is eminently unsatisfactory. The tone throughout is dogmatic, bitter, and snarling. The author might never have heard of faith, hope, or charity—though, by the way, we correct ourselves; for he has hope for the noble army of martyrs (in the cause of free thought) to which he belongs. Not only does he pledge himself with an

absolute assurance to some of the wildest theories of the modern Biblical criticism. He takes infinite pains to explain away all the great Messianic passages of the Old Testament. He pares inspiration down to a nonentity. He complains of the mischievous effects of the manner in which the New Testament writers treated the Old Testament. He declares in so many terms that the Scriptures are not the Word of God. He gives Jesus Christ the lie direct, and denies that there is any Christ in the Book of Psalms. Meanwhile, this broad-minded champion of the truth warns the world against Bibliolatry, and tells us that the bishops and clergy are afraid to look the Bible in the face in the light of science. With inimitable simplicity he asks us to receive the Bible as "Divine, because it is human." And for the encouragement of the faithful he represents that religion "does not lie in an intellectualism, which receives doctrines supernaturally revealed, but in a sense of the Absolute, in whom we have our determinate immortality, finding and feeling the Supreme when the conception of the highest essence is restrained within the limits of a personality capable of being humanly apprehended." We should like to hear one Saul of Tarsus speak to the contents of this last passage. If the Bible and Christianity are what Dr. Davidson describes them, the sooner we have done with them the better.

Feng-shui, or the Rudiments of Natural Science in China.

By Ernest J. Eitel, M.A., Ph.D., of the London Missionary Society. London: Trübner and Co. 1878.

It is not often that we get such an opportunity as this paper affords us of looking into the mysteries of the Chinese mind, in one department of its most advanced culture. The very word Feng-shui is a type of the condition of scientific thought in China. It cannot be translated so as to convey, by any English term, the idea which it represents to the people who use it. It means astrology and geomancy of the mildest and most puerile kind; and it also means a certain very slender amount of natural philosophy. Both meanings are inseparably connected; and it is only from the outside that they can be discriminated. The Chinese scholar never dreams of making the distinction. All the people seek to regulate their relations to the physical world according to the laws and requirements of *Feng-shui*. Thus, if a man would build a house or fix upon a family grave, he must consult some adept in this universal science, that everything may be done so as to secure good fortune.

This treatise shows much diligent inquiry into a subject which few have the opportunity, and fewer still the industry, to explore. We heartily thank Dr. Eitel for giving us the fruit of his learned research.

Prophecies and the Prophetic Spirit in the Christian Era. An Historical Essay. By J. J. I. von Döllinger. Translated, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, by Alfred Plummer. Rivingtons. 1873.

Those who are familiar with Dr. Döllinger's *Der Weissagungs glaube und das Prophetenthum in der Christlichen Zeit* in the humble form in which it appeared at first, as a contribution to Von Haumer's *Historisches Taschenbuch*, will hardly recognise it again in its handsome English dress, expanded as it is by the addition of introduction, appendices, and notes by the translator, to some 250 boldly printed 8vo. pages. But they will not doubt that it well deserves its present more worthy appearance. For the essay deals with a question of deep interest in theology, and handles it with all the acuteness, candour, and learning for which its venerable author is justly famous. Is there any criterion, or any set of criteria, whereby the prophecies and miracles of the Old and New Testament can be distinguished from the prophecies and miracles so common and so widely credited during the Middle Ages? Or are we bound to admit, with the author of *Religion and Dogma*, that whatever differences there may be in detail, they are not deep-lying and distinctive; and that in kind, at all events, Isaiah and Zechariah do not differ from S. Brigitta or Joachim of Flora? Leaving the question of miracles on one side for the present, Dr. Döllinger submits to a careful historical analysis all the most important predictions current down to the time of the Reformation, and shows with masterly skill how they are, one and all, deficient in the notes of a genuine prophecy. The general results are summed up well, and the analogy to the use of miracles brought out clearly by Mr. Plummer in his introduction; and there are few more valuable aids to one who is endeavouring to form his judgment on the distinctive character of the prophetic element in the Holy Scriptures, than that afforded by the essay of Dr. Döllinger in its present form. To all students of theology it is to be heartily recommended. The notes of Mr. Plummer will be found of great assistance, both as explaining obscure allusions in his author's text, and as giving the materials for a more extended study of the question.

The Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Being the Baird Lecture for 1873. By Robert Jamieson, D.D., Minister of St. Paul's Parish Church, Glasgow. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1873.

THIS is the firstfruits of a Lectureship which forms a small part of the splendid endowment which Mr. Baird has conferred upon the

Church of Scotland. Dr. Jamieson's Lectures are unimpeachably sound, and, while supplying no new material or original thought to the great controversy concerning inspiration, supply a valuable survey of the whole subject, and a very serviceable presentment of the truths involved in its discussion.

A Plea for the Support and Spread of Methodism in the Villages. By Frederick J. Jobson, D.D. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1874.

AFTER carefully considering the religious condition of the rural population, and the means already employed by the Methodists for Christian work in the villages, Dr. Jobson advocates the organisation of *Village Circuits*, which should afford pastoral labour and oversight to the scattered country societies in a way that is not possible under the present system. To this end he is of opinion that united Connexional effort should be made. Dr. Jobson is well acquainted with the subject he discusses, and no one is more competent to advise the Methodist people upon the question. The whole matter will bear a good deal of discussion, to which this "plea" is a useful and timely contribution.

Words of Hope from the Pulpit of the Temple Church. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D., London: Henry S. King and Co. 1873.

ANOTHER volume of sermons by Dr. Vaughan, to which we give the usual welcome. We have on previous occasions expressed our very high respect for Dr. Vaughan and his labours. Thorough simplicity, devoutness, and sincerity of Christian purpose are apparent in all his pulpit utterances. The quality we miss is vigour. Both thought and style would be the better for compression.

II. GENERAL LITERATURE.

A Dictionary of Artists of the English School: Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and Ornamentists: with Notices of their Lives and Works. By Samuel Redgrave, Joint Author of "A Century of Painters of the English School." London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1874.

MR. REDGRAVE has a weakness for the word "school," as is evident not only from the present work, but also from the former one quoted on its title-page. To find even a "century of painters," all of one "school," were a difficult task enough, and certainly impossible to accomplish in England; but to find a "school," in the proper sense of the word, extending itself not only over several centuries, but covering almost every conceivable form of art, exclusive of poetry and music, might well puzzle the Sphynx. The fact is that Mr. Redgrave's former work covers several schools in even any moderately loose sense of the word, while the volume now before us relates to several hundreds. Presumably he has been induced to bend this ill-used word to his service in order to avoid the awkwardness of designating as Englishmen the many distinguished foreigners who have settled among us and practised art in English methods, or grafted foreign methods upon us so strongly as to create, once and again, a "school" in the proper sense. But we think the most awkward conceivable periphrasis would have been greatly preferable to the alternative of giving distinguished support to an utterly vicious use of a word which there is a great proneness to misuse among the quacks of art-literature. In this objectionable confraternity, we need hardly say, Mr. Redgrave is not to be classed.

Mr. Redgrave certainly does not claim too much for his *Dictionary*, when he says it appears to be the first to combine some account of the artists of the "English school" exclusively, and to include the painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and ornamentists; and we may safely accept, as within bounds, his estimate of the number of names introduced into it, as compared with the number introduced into any other work on English artists: he says there are probably ten times as many names here as there are in any other work; and we doubt whether he has not underestimated the proportion which his book bears to the English element in any of the general dictionaries of artists. He has not

laid it down as a part of his programme, in either title-page or preface, to exclude all living artists ; but really the fact of being alive appears to be the only thing that is effectual in keeping a man's name out of this dictionary. This is of course an artificial criterion, and so far objectionable ; but we can readily enter into an author's sense of the responsibility and unpleasantness of the task of arbitrating upon the respective merits of his living countrymen. Once dead, no man will be grudged his niche in the temple of fame ; and we are surprised at the omission of some names of deceased artists who might, in the course of nature, be still among us. We do not find the name of Mr. Walter Deverell, for example,—a promising young pre-Raphaelite artist, who certainly produced better and more important works than figure under many a musty old name in the book, and who has been dead several years ; but, on the other hand, the fact that Mr. Redgrave gives an excellent and full account of Sir Edwin Landseer, who only died last October, shows that the criterion of death has been applied with great alacrity.

As regards the musty old names with nothing very notable attaching to them, we have not a word to say against their introduction. If there were twice as many, not a murmur should escape us ; for we think that completeness and generality is the first *desideratum* in such a work. As Mr. Redgrave points out, such books are for the antiquary as well as for the genuine art-lover ; and a mass of information, piercing into the very most secret crannies of the history of art and artists, is desirable, provided only it be concisely given. We may conscientiously say that most of Mr. Redgrave's notices *are* concise, and that he does not devote an undue space to matters of merely antiquarian interest.

To compare the information given in this dictionary with those portions of Pilkington or Bryan relating to art in England, would be a labour of some years ; and we have been content to refer to Mr. Redgrave in several instances for names which we had in memory as being either absent or very scantily illustrated in the elder works, though pretty well known to virtuosi and connoisseurs. For example, under the name of "Basire," in Stanley's edition of Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers* (the latest edition, published in 1853), we find but one person of the name mentioned at all, concerning whom are the following lines :—

"Basire, James, an engraver, born in London in 1740 ; little is known of the circumstances of his life. He engraved the following plates." This entry, with the list of five plates, is all we can learn from Stanley's Bryan of the Basire family ; and the one fact ventured upon beside the plates is wrong : he was not born in 1740 but in 1730. Now the Basires were engravers of some repute for four generations ; and on turning to Mr. Redgrave we find the best part of a column (in a book about the size and style of *Lamprière's Classical Dictionary*) devoted to their history. There

is a short notice of Isaac, the father of Bryan's James; quite a respectable array of facts concerning this very James of whom even Stanley knew hardly anything; a few lines about James, his son, who died in 1822; and a few more about James, his grandson, who died in 1869.

Another notice of Bryan's which we have compared with Mr. Redgrave's is that of the notorious and no less able engraver William Wynne Ryland. We much prefer Mr. Redgrave's, which is not only fuller than the other, but more economical and appropriate to a dictionary. Stanley, who added to Bryan's notice of this misguided genius, wasted about a third of a column in ranting against the social order under which Ryland was executed for forgery, or, as he chose to call it, "presumption of forgery." Mr. Redgrave records the simple fact, with several other collateral facts suppressed by Stanley, and having the blackest possible appearance against Ryland, whose guilt no one nowadays doubts. He also adds one most pithily expressed incident:—

"His brother was, in 1782, convicted of highway robbery, and only reprieved on the morning fixed for his execution." We should judge from this that the Rylands were "a bad lot," and feel still less than ever disposed to be shaken by Stanley's "presumption of forgery." We would only suggest, so far as Mr. Redgrave is concerned, that in a future edition he might complete this memoir by adding a few lines about Ryland's relation with Blake. That clear-seeing and vatic soul said, after seeing Ryland, "the man was born to be hanged;" and the man was hanged.

We commend heartily the industry and discrimination shown by Mr. Redgrave in producing a book which was really wanted; but which does not after all supply another similar want,—that of a continuation of Bryan's excellent book, bringing it down to the present day, and carried out better than *Memara*. Bohn and Otley's attempt of some few years back.

An Introduction to the Study and Collection of Ancient Prints.

By William Hughes Willshire, M.D. Edin., late President of the Medical Society of London, &c. London: Ellis and White, 29, New Bond-street. 1874.

IF Mr. Redgrave's *Dictionary of Artists* is more special and exhaustive than its predecessors, by reason of its confinement to England as the scene of its narrative, Dr. Willshire's important contribution to the same order of literature is still more special and exhaustive by reason of its confinement to the arts of reproduction only. Dr. Willshire modestly calls his book a compilation, and tells us that his first object in publishing it was to supply the student of ancient prints with a "summary of our knowledge on a subject the literature of which has gradually become too extensive

and widely scattered to be available by [*sic*] everyone at a moment's notice;" while his second aim was to "furnish the inexperienced collector with certain instructions which might be *practically* useful to him."

That the volume is in great part what Dr. Willshire says, a compilation, we will not dispute, more particularly as it is in the nature of such works to be so; but that the author and compiler's own work in it is of considerable value and importance for the classes the volume is meant for, we have no doubt whatever. In bringing together the opinions of various authorities on the several subjects treated in his manual, Dr. Willshire shows himself over and over again to be a most intelligent selector, an acute and learned arbitrator, and frequently an able disputant on his own behalf. Above all, he seems to be most wary as to the acceptance of proofs (so-called) for or against this or that position.

Although, as we said, the book is restricted in subject to the arts of reproduction (and indeed it does not treat by any means of all of them, only those that include cutting, scratching, scraping, orbiting, by means of *aqua fortis*), there is yet an ample programme for the justification of so handsome a book as this is. After a few remarks on the doubts about ancient engraving, we have an introduction to the history of the art of engraving from the beginning of the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, and then an elaborate account of the various processes of engraving. This is followed by some pieces of advice on beginning the study and collection of old prints, and by some introductory remarks on the various schools of engraving (the word school being properly used). Then, of course, come the historical and critical accounts of the schools themselves; of the northern schools of wood cutting in early times to Dürer, and from Dürer to the seventeenth century; of the southern schools of wood cutting; of the chiaroscuro school; of the schools of ordinary metal engraving in Germany, Holland, Flanders, France, and England. Then come accounts of the chief northern etchers, engravers in the "dotted manner, and the southern metal engravers (including, of course, Marcantonio Raimondi and his followers). From these we pass to the Italian etchers, and then to the Mezzotinto engravers. The treatise concludes with two chapters devoted, respectively, to the examination and purchase of ancient prints, and to their conservation and arrangement; and whatever value could be added to the work by means of appendices and indices, Dr. Willshire has punctiliously added.

For those who are well up in the subject here treated the work is sufficiently removed in character from a compilation to be good reading; and it has the great advantage of being condensed and handy: while, for a novice desirous of becoming acquainted with a most interesting branch of art, the book is excellent reading, and calculated to keep up the interest thoroughly by its good arrange-

ment and pleasant way of looking at things. There are faults of style which we need not point out in detail; but one affectation, not of style, we feel bound to protest against, not for our own part, but for, we should say, ninety-nine per cent. of the readers of this class of literature. In choosing a very pretty "old-faced" type, either the author or the publishers, or some person unknown, has deliberately elected to adopt the long s like an f, which is so great a stumbling block to most people in books printed before the present century. We fear many people might leave this good book unread merely on this account, and really it is quite an unaccountable affectation.

One generality of considerable interest and importance came out very clearly in Dr. Willshire's treatise, which does not aim at generalities or philosophising: we put the book down with a conviction that the principal methods of engraving have all been invented by Teutonic nations, particularly the Germans, and subsequently adopted by the Italians for the purposes of their own higher art.

Modern Painters and their Paintings; for the Use of Schools and Learners in Art. By Sarah Tytler, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," &c. London: Strahan and Co. 1873.

THIS is a companion volume to Miss Tytler's *Old Masters and their Pictures*, noticed in our last number. It follows the same method—which may be described as the slightly biographical—and is addressed to the same class of very elementary students. It gives evidence of the same diffidence which prompts the author to appeal nearly always to Messrs. Ruskin, Redgrave, Hamerton, Ottley, Tuckerman, and even to our weekly contemporaries, the *Spectator*, *Athenæum*, and *Saturday Review*, not only for her facts but for her critical judgments—and alas, for we regret to be harsh, there are the same marks of carelessness.

As to Miss Tytler's diffidence, there is one point of view from which it is, of course, very praiseworthy; for if a person does not possess the proper materials for forming an opinion on any subject, it is certainly both right and modest that he should refrain from expressing one; but then, from another point of view, he should scarcely aspire to write a text-book on that particular subject. And Miss Tytler evidently does not write on art from a full knowledge. These books are too obviously *made*. Almost the only painter of whom she speaks with any freshness of interest is Wilkie—her mother having been his school companion in northern Cupar. Even here, however, she is not altogether happy. No amount of clannish feeling, which so pleasantly distinguishes North Britons, could

justify her in describing, at some length, a certain picture as painted by Wilkie when, in fact, it is a well-known work of Mr. Webster's.

There are several other points which we noted on perusal as open to question. These may be taken as samples: Leech's first sketches in *Pinck* appeared, not in 1847, but in 1841; we know of no "famous caricaturist" called *Gilroy* as a contemporary of Mr. Cruikshank's father, though the name of *Gillray* is familiar to us. Jack Shepherd's name is not usually so spelt. Baron Leys should be spoken of in the past, as he has for some time been dead. Jules Breton's fame is of the past and present, and not only of the future. If Mr. Millais was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1858, and a Member in 1864, the intervening period is obviously not "four years." We are at a loss to understand in what sense the French painter David's "classicism" can be called "spasmodic." Nor do we know why the late Queen of the French is persistently called *Amatis*; but indeed the spelling of the French names and words throughout the book is rather calculated to weaken the effect of Miss Tytler's strictures on the French character.

Further, she must forgive us for saying that she is not always quite as comprehensible as one might wish. It is scarcely writing down to the level of student comprehension to say that Vernet had "little perception of, or desire to portray, individual character in fine and delicate details," these being "*foreign to the practical salient fire of his general traits*;" or again, "that Phillips' rise to fame and fortune, when he had not begun his art career by taking them by storm, was thenceforth rapid beyond precedent." And even a very advanced learner might be puzzled to explain what are the exact shortcomings of M. Courbet after being told, "That almost inevitably he is said to be a narrow-minded artist, dogged in his narrowness—having the vigour of concentration, *but wanting all true proportions in the more delicate details of greater breadth and refinement*." And, again, we confess to not very clearly seeing who is who, and what is what, in the statement that "the English painters proposed likewise to return to the school of Orcagna, Masaccio Fra Angelico, in recovering the old painter's earnest independent spirit; but farther, the English painters would not follow these old masters any more than the later masters, the English painters would bend and sue to nature herself, while they—her latest scholars—would not refuse to avail themselves of every discovery of perspective or chiaroscuro, which, in fact, belonged to the laws of nature."

But enough of such quibbling. Miss Tytler's book is intended for beginners only, and if it succeed in awakening their interest, and inducing them to look beyond her teaching, it will have done its work. And meanwhile, for she has it in her, she can herself write better books.

La Vérité sur la Langue d'Oc ; précédée de Considérations Historiques, Philosophiques et Philologiques. Par Paul Barbe de Buzet, Haute Garonne, Membre du Félibrige Provençal, de la Soc. pour l'Etude des Langues Romanes, de la Soc. Bibliographique Universelle de Paris, &c. &c. Toulouse : Douladoure. Paris : Maison-neuve. 1873. London : Williams and Norgate.

It is hardly fair to make fun of a book which costs twenty francs, and of which only 200 copies have been struck off. And then M. Barbe has read so much, and contrives to cram into his two volumes such a mass of all sorts of information, that he is entitled to a certain kind of respect. He is as good as a pre-historic antiquary's library; nay, much better, for he admits all the new lights, and sets them side by side with the *ignes fatui*, new and old, Bryant and Marcus Keene, Beuzer's *Symbolik* and Müller's *Dorians*, Vallancey's *Phœnicians* and Adelung's *Mithridates*, Sir Lawrence Parsons and Diez, Sir J. Carr *Esquire's Stranger in Ireland* and Edward Lhuyd—these are not half M. Barbe's "authorities." Not that he held them all of equal value. He is critical after a fashion; he scornfully rejects M. Pasquier's suggestion that *Langue d'Oc* is *Langue de Goth*; he hesitates at *παλαιός γῆς* (*l'ancien de la terre*) as the origin of Pelasgian; he thinks the connection between *δρῖς* and Druid a poor joke. But then he derives this latter name from the Breton *dé* (dieu) *rhoud* (dire); and he holds the name Albion to mean *All-ben* (high mountains), and to have been given to North Britain by our Umbrian brethren, who used the same word for the highest mountains which they knew (Alps and Apennines), and who not only use the bagpipes, but call them by a name, *piffars*, identical with the Gaelic *pibroch*. If this is not enough, watch a bevy of English girls striding through the Louvre, and remember how Ovid (*Art. Am.* iii. 304) warns Roman ladies not to walk as Umbrian lasses do. The English can't help it; it's that unlucky mixture of Scotch and Irish blood; and since such little peculiarities never change, this sameness of gait establishes the position that Gael and Umbrian are one people, thoroughly distinct from the Gaul or Celt, with whom the former has been too long identified. No doubt there is a difficulty in believing all Celts to be of one stock; Mr. Huxley turned it by suggesting the original identity of Celt and Teuton, and classing the pseudo-Celts as Basques, little dark folks who have leavened West Britain and Ireland and other parts of France, besides the strictly Basque country. M. Barbe's solution is that the original Umbrians, driven from Italy into France by the Pelasgians, were by-and-by cut in two by the Gallic or real Celtic invasion. One part moved northwards and peopled the British isles; the other forced its way back into Italy, and established

itself in the mountains under the names of Umbrian, and Sabellian, and Oscan. These latter are called Gauls by Servius, because they came back from Gaul; the former were soon driven into Ireland and Scotland by the Cymri—Cimbri, of the same breed as their associates, the Teutons, their presence in Wales as aborigines being attested by the name *cythan* of *Gwyddelad* (Gauls' houses), still given to the oldest remains in the Principality.

As for the Umbrians, they were a branch of the great primitive Canaanite race, found in India as well; they spoke Phœnician—Plautus would not have put into his *Pœnulus* a long speech which no one could understand; besides, has not General Vallancey shown that Hanno talked Irish? and did not Mr. Silk Buckingham's Irish servant find that the Berbers (of Carthaginian stock, no doubt) spoke mere Erse? The strangest mistake is to have supposed the Phœnicians to be Semitic, when Scripture, as well as common sense, says they were Hamites; are not Irishmen servants of servants? and were not the Oscans, i.e. Umbrians, a degraded race? The true Gauls, then, stand by themselves; they have no connection with Gael; *Gall* against *Gaedhil* is the title of Dr. Todd's last book; while so far from the Bretons being old Gauls, they still hate the very name; they are the same as Loegrians, Cambrians, Belge—of Teutonic stock, and M. Barbe finds no more difficulty than Mr. Huxley did in recognising their language of a *dialecte d'Allemand*. In fact, it is not words but the manner of using them which is the important point. Languages are analytical or transpositive; German and Breton are transpositive, like Latin and Greek; Celtic and Hebrew are analytical. So, indeed, is English; but it owes this to the Norman Conquest, which changed the genius of the language while leaving its vocabulary much as it was.

But the Celts had another point in common with the Hebrew; they were strict monotheists; they have been sadly maligned, but Teutates is clearly a Teutonic god, and Ogminus, whose mouth drew on his hearers with golden chains, is Odysseus, of whom Tacitus found records in North Germany. The only Celtic god is Hesus (*Je suis*, Jehovah). Origen, too, says the Druids had prepared the way for Christianity; and in the persecution of A.D. 177 it was not the poor, as in other countries, but also the rich and noble who furnished martyrs. Those wicked Cimbri had set up a sham Druidism which lasted in Brittany till Charlemagne's time (the true thing having been at once absorbed in Christianity), and by which the real Druidism was dishonoured, much as Christianity was by Gnosticism. It was they, and not the Gauls, who burned men; did they not send to Augustus a sacred *λίσσε* which had been used in their cannibal sacrifices? In fact, "*Nous n'admirons pas assez les Gaulois*," who indeed were under a cloud in the classic days, when the word meant what "Goth" still means in popular English. The Gauls had even an inkling of Christianity before it

was revealed; did not the Druids at Chartres build an altar *virgini pariturae*? Moreover, "l'histoire nous montre que Dieu protège constamment la Gaule, malgré qu'il la châtie cruellement parfois. C'est la peuple aimé de la Vierge et du Christ. Autour de lui tout a croulé, tout croulera; seul il est demeuré et restera debout. *Stylobata crucis est Gallia*."

And Gaul owes no thanks to Roman civilisation; M. Barbe insists as strongly on this as did Eugène Sue (in his *Famille prolétaire*). Rome was "agressif, fourbe, brutal, orgueilleux, licencieux et cruel;" of all conquerors she exercised least influence on the conquered. Her civilisation was a *manteau d'Arlequin*, made up of patches from every conquered people. The Gauls taught her goldsmith's work, carriage building, and high farming; Rome got from them improved ploughs and wheels with spokes. Besides, the Gallic invasions brought lots of new words into Latin, and these, together with the folly of the Troubadours, who stuffed the *langue d'Oc* full of Latin words and phrases, account for the superficial resemblance between the Romance languages and Latin. The Diez-Brachet theory of a *rusticanus sermo* won't hold water; if there had been such a thing as "popular Latin," Cicero would not have been at such infinite pains to polish his phrases for popular audiences, nor would actors who used a wrong accent have been hissed off the stage. Sabine, indeed, was spoken in Tiberius' day, and Etruscan writing is found at Pompeii; there were dialects enough in Italy, but no "low Latin."

In fine, "we are Celts, and we speak a language distinct from any other, specially distinct from Latin in grammar and structure; what nonsense, then, to say that we don't speak Celtic, that this old *langue d'Oc* is not the speech of old Gaul which modified the Roman instead of being modified by it." All this is laughable enough; but there is, as we said, a vast deal of curious matter in M. Barbe's book—a transcript, for instance, of the Engubine inscription, and of the *Carmen Ambarvale*, and (shade of Sir G. O. Lewis!) the *locus classicus* from Ammianus Marcellinus which gives the orders of Druids, the "*eubages* and *vacerres* qui *vaquaient* à la contemplation de la nature," and the rest out of whom our Welsh friends evolved their ovides, &c. Besides, mad as he is, M. Barbe is not madder than a good many of the Germans whose misty nonsense about Pelasgians and Rasena, and so on, we used to accept as gospel, simply because they were Germans.

Fables in Song. By Robert Lord Lytton, Author of "Poems by Owen Meredith." Two Volumes. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1874.

In a *viva voce* discussion of contemporary poetlings, which we once held with a critical friend somewhat less lenient than ourselves

towards persons afflicted with the mania of babbling in verse, we hazarded the remark that the present Lord, though an exceedingly clever writer and fluent versifier, seemed to be insuperably barred from entering the ranks of poets properly so called, by an inveterate habit of work which we elected to call a trick of mimicry. Our severe friend replied, "Call it, rather, a trick of larceny;" and we held our peace, not feeling bound to make assent or dissent in a question which seemed to us to be one of law and morals rather than of mere æsthetics. We still prefer to abstain from the harsher term of larceny, and to regard Lord Lytton's habit of production as ruled by this trick of mimicry. Whether it be conscious or unconscious we cannot know and need not care; but the reader does not require to go further than the first page of his lordship's present contribution to the lumber-literature of the next generation, to see that still, as of old, the metres and rhythms and modes of speech of Mr. Browning rule the poetising impulse of "Owen Meredith" to some extent, how much soever the mimetic genius may lead him now and again to adopt other models.

"Had I missed my way? It would seem so. Still
 Scarce past is an hour of the matin prime,
 Since safe I was sitting in front of the mill;
 When my first walk ever, this pure May time,
 Under the beeches, and round by the rill,
 Twixt brawling ripple, and rustling bough,
 Hath its wonted end by the brook; that now
 When the sweet birds sing together,
 Carolling clear in the cool, comes down
 From the breezy hills, and the sunburnt heather;
 Guided about to his goal unknown
 By a glimmer of primrose buds' new bloom,
 And their breath on the balmy weather."—Vol. I. p. 1.

This is not altogether free from vices of diction; but the chief vice is the very palpable echo of one of Browning's out-of-door openings to a very subtle and splendid poem. Who can fail to hear the echo, knowing "Old Pictures in Florence?"

"The morn when first it thunders in March,
 The eel in the pond gives a leap, they say.
 As I leaned and looked over the alced arch
 Of the villa gate, this warm March day,
 No flash snapt, no dumb thunder rolled
 In the valley beneath, where, white and wide,
 Washed by the morning's water-gold,
 Florence lay out on the mountain side."

We refer simply to the manner, not by any means to the matter. Indeed Lord Lytton's matter, when not palpably borrowed, is seldom of sufficient importance to suspect any one of begetting in his lordship's mind; and whenever one comes upon a poem whereof the matter is at all striking and seems original,

it is quite safe to assume that we shall meet it again some day, in some earlier work of some other person, not previously known to us. The best work by this author, with which we are acquainted, is "The Apple of Life," in *Chronicles and Characters*. Its manner and metre, and many of its individual phrases, seem to have been closely modelled upon Mr. Browning's "Saul;" but we are ashamed to say we cannot give the source of the story,—a particularly good one, and doubtless familiar to Orientalists. And it is just the same with these *Fables in Song*. Of many of them we should never expect to find models; of those that are sprightly or striking, we sometimes know the original at a glance, sometimes only feel certain that we shall know them some day, or that many other more learned people know them well enough now. This mimetic bent is a real misfortune; because it seems as if nothing short of abjuring the perusal of other men's works will free the victim; while, in the present instance, such a course would not effect a cure, the author having the memories of his childhood and youth to fall back upon. He has even been betrayed now and then into echoes that have a most laughable suggestion; and in such cases there must of necessity be inadvertence. We are sure that even our severe friend would not press his case of "larceny" so far as to insist that Lord Lytton has deliberately rifled the pages of the children's pet book, *The English Struwwelpeter*; and yet, when we read on page 32 of Vol. I.—

"The dying fire heard this,
And with a hiss,"

we cannot choose but remember the "parallel passage,"—

"The pussy cats saw this,
And they began to hiss,"

in the story of the girl who was "burnt with all her clothes."

On the whole these fables are much inferior to some of Lord Lytton's books with borrowed "plots," because they are extremely uninteresting and generally of lustreless quality. It is a pity the author does not try his hand at rhythmical translation from classical and well-known works. He would probably do it very well; only of course he must state in the title page what works the translations are from, and not call them poems by Lord Lytton.

Gerard's Monument, and other Poems. By Emily Pfeiffer, Author of "Valisneria" and "Margaret the Motherless." London: Trübner and Co., Ludgate-hill. 1878.

THERE is a delicacy of sentiment and lightness of hand discernible in the slight metrical romance of *Gerard's Monument*, not sufficient to mark the writer as a born poet, but enough to give the work a fair standing among the countless volumes of

readable verses produced month by month. Valery of the Vale (the heroine) and her cripple brother, Gerard, are the last scions of an ancient family, already decayed at the time of the story: Gerard is trying to discover the elixir of life, and obtains gold for his experiments through Valery marrying a goldsmith. The three live together: there is a rupture; and Gerard dies. The goldsmith, remorseful, makes him a magnificent silver coffin; but nothing will prevent Valery (crushed to the very soul by some words of her husband's) from following her brother to the grave. Her husband finds her one night dead on the silver coffin; and ends by making a statue of her, and placing it in permanence there. This is a local legend, and the goldsmith is still supposed to be working at the face of the statue to this very day. The poem is wanting in reality of impression. The author has no hold on outward things; and the action, such as it is, is vague and unperspicuous; though the poem is both pretty and interesting. The other contents of the volume, the "minor poems," are not striking.

Maud Vivian, a Drama; and Poems. By Walter Rew. E. Moxon, Son and Co. 1873.

THE author tells us in his preface that he has drudged from eight in the morning till ten at night in a chemist's shop, and that he has scarcely ever known forty-eight hours of leisure. Sufficiently unpromising circumstances, one would think, for the production of "a drama and poems;" but when, in addition, he tells us that he has been engaged in "the darkest cloaca of society"—whatever unpleasant occupation may be intended by that unsavoury expression—we feel, of course, that we ought to make great allowance for poetical shortcomings. No one would expect to find Hippocrene among the gallipots, or in a cloaca of any sort. Yet, we are bound to say that the writer has been sipping the genuine inspiration. His poems are lacking in thought and finish, and the drama is crude and improbable; yet they evince considerable imaginative power and mastery of poetic movement. For first attempts, and taking into account the discouraging circumstances amidst which they were produced, these poems are, on the whole, very creditable, and inspire the belief that, with greater advantages and deeper culture, their author would be able to produce poetry of real and lasting worth.

The Friendship of Books, and other Lectures. By Rev. F. D. Maurice. Edited, with Preface, by T. Hughes. London: Macmillan. 1874.

A POSTHUMOUS work, which almost on every page speaks language and utters thoughts familiar to those who for a generation

past have been readers of Mr. Maurice. And the number of these readers, together with the extent of the influence exerted by words which beyond most were "living words," cannot be estimated by what Mr. Hughes speaks of in his preface as "the apparent indifference of his countrymen to the life's battle of one of their best and wisest," or the specimens he gives of alighting recognition of Maurice's work by writers like Mr. M. Arnold and Stuart Mill. He "being dead, yet speaketh;" and most characteristically he speaks in these Lectures. They were delivered in various parts of the country, chiefly from 1856 to 1866, on such subjects as "Books," "Use and Abuse of Newspapers," "History," "Milton as a Schoolmaster," "Edmund Burke;" and in course of reading we find in some instances the same ground more than once covered; in all the same great lessons taught. We (if the word may be ventured in spite of the gentle raillery of pp. 113, 114—"Who could make friends with a 'We'") note now only one or two characteristics of Mr. Maurice's style (i.e., as he says, himself) which receive fresh illustration in this volume.

The insight which sympathy gives is proverbial. To know, we must love; at least, to know thoroughly, we must not only be free from antipathy, but also be superior to apathy. "Save me from the impartial man!" and rise to something like sympathy. This does not imply the blindness of partiality, does not make historian and critic mere panegyrist; but induces, first, thorough study and attempt to understand before praise or blame is pronounced, then, as our writer says, "when we do understand him, if he is a great man we shall feel his faults very keenly: far more keenly than those of anyone whom we reverence less—the light will show us the darkness" (p. 264). He quotes Niebuhr's saying of Cicero, "that he knew his faults as well as any one, but that when they were spoken of he grieved as though it had been his brother;" and it is easy to see that the feeling is Maurice's own. In the Lecture on "Edmund Burke" he says—"Only I find it a good rule, when I am contemplating a person from whom I want to learn, always to look out for his strength, being confident that the weakness will discover itself, as far as it is good for me to be aware of it, without seeking for it." Again—"And I believe every one who has affectionately and in a serious, respectful spirit tried to understand what they (great men) meant, and what they were living for, has found apparently the most heterogeneous testimonies helping him to bring out the live man, who had been turned into a hero or a monster, or into a mere collection of dried bones, which is something worse than a monster." That these were not mere paper maxims the whole of Maurice's writings prove; we may instance the whole of his most important work, *The History of Philosophy*, and, in the volume before us, his judgment on subjects so diverse as sporting men who despise books—

Bacon's moral character—newspaper-writers and the influence of newspapers—and the growth and influence of the Feudal System. According to these same principles he would have us pass judgment on the age in which we live and the ages that are past; deprecating equally indiscriminating laudation of past and present. Speaking of Spenser, he finely says—"When he talked of the good old times he talked of what had survived to him of those old times. And that was the good, the permanent part of them—the wheat which God had gathered into his garner. There was plenty of chaff mixed with that wheat; but that the wind had carried away. It was not blown into his eyes as the chaff of his own time was. It is the same, I believe, always," &c.—P. 222.

An intense humanity breathes through these pages. Books are to be known as friends, not dead things in stiff bindings; the Alexandrian Library might be burned, no living books could be burnt; and "all that is not connected with the life of human beings, all that serves only to encourage pride and feed controversy, had better cease to exist" (p. 65). The difference between the Bible and the Koran, he points out, is that whereas belief in the latter induced Caliph Omar to destroy that splendid library, the former has always (as witness especially the period after its translation into the English vernacular) been the fount and origin of a literature of its own; and that a literature springing out of and adapted to the wants of living men. As another example of this spirit we may adduce the Lecture on "Spenser," which is not devoted to showing Spenser's fertility of imagination or the smoothness of his verse, but to prove that his allegory is one of *life*, his so-called personified virtues less abstract than human beings as represented in some books, and that the *Faery Queens* is in this sense worthy the study of every man working and fighting in the common life of earth. So, again, in the representation which the Fifth Lecture gives of Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman civilisation, which is as little abstract and as thoroughly human as possible; in his views of history, and his vindication of the *personal* method of studying it, which seems to answer by anticipation the sneers of Mr. Herbert Spencer in his recent volume on *Sociology*; even the *Times* advertisement-sheet seems to be invested with life and interest after reading the comments of page 94.

Similar characteristics are traceable in the Lecture on "Words," in which their vital power and organic growth are stated and illustrated in opposition to Johnson's lexicographical and Horne Tooke's rigid etymological method of ascertaining their meaning; a striking illustration being given in a lecture on a totally different subject, where the meaning of the word "civilisation" is investigated, and results which are wholly suggestive, and almost wholly just, are arrived at. We need not do more than refer to

other essays. That on "Acquisition and Illumination," wherein the true character of knowledge is unfolded in a way needed by many in days priding themselves on knowledge, "positive" and other; and the last, on "Critics," which, while it does not spare professed critics, reminding us who it was that was "nothing if not critical," and that three young men under twenty assumed the pretentious motto of the *Edinburgh*, lays down on page 372 a canon of criticism which would, if carried out, revolutionize current periodical literature.

It is hardly necessary to say, that with Mr. Maurice theology not only constantly mingled with his writing, but underlay his method of thought upon every subject which occupied him. Mr. Hughes partially succeeds in clearing him from the common charge of obscurity arising from indefiniteness and vagueness; where he does not succeed, Maurice would not wish any one to succeed, for the vagueness itself was intentionally preferred to system and definition. In this volume the close of the "Friendship of Books," with its allusion to *the Book and the Friend*,—the close of another lecture which tells us that "English history, like the history of our own selves, is a message concerning that which is and was and will be evermore;" and above all the following passage from the Lecture on "Words," with which we shall conclude this notice, will be recognised as breathing once more a well-known strain:—

"I will commend to your deep and reverent meditation one other word; it is the word "Word" itself. In the first verse of St. John's Gospel you meet with the highest application which it is possible to make of human language. You hear who it is from whom all words have proceeded, and of whose voice all words should be the echo. You find there that which is at once the ground and pinnacle of all discourse; that which transfigures even ordinary converse into a mystery, and enables us to hear in the lisps of infancy the first notes of that harmony which is perfected in the songs of the seraphin."

National Education in Greece in the Fourth Century before Christ. By Augustus S. Wilkins, M.A., Professor of Latin in the Owens College, Manchester. London: Strahan. 1873.

THIS volume contains the essay which gained "The Hare Prize" in the University of Cambridge last year, and is a good specimen of the work which such foundations may call forth. A prize essay ought to be, what several recent ones certainly are, the best possible introduction to the subject with which they deal. It should group into a single view the various statements of original authorities, together with elucidations and criticisms supplied by subsequent

commentators, so that the reader is not only informed respecting the facts, but directed to the works which he must become acquainted with in order to understand the question in all its bearings. Exhaustive detail or great originality is not to be expected, the essential merits are accurate expression and lucid arrangement. Mr. Wilkins, an experienced writer of such dissertations, has produced a short and well-written treatise marked by all these excellences. The only thing that calls for adverse comment is the title, and this is not due to the author's own choice. He himself points out that the educational systems of Greece in the fourth century before our era cannot be called national in the sense in which modern political discussion applies that epithet. The Greek legislator did not attempt to reach the whole population of his country, but only a small privileged class, among whom public feeling was far more intense and powerful than it can be where citizens are counted by the million. He worked for a single city, and his system had not even the wide diversities of circumstance that are inevitable between the various districts of an extensive State. Slavery relieved him of nearly all the most embarrassing elements of the present question. It was not thought necessary to provide instruction for the children of those who were too poor to pay fees or to dispense with the child's labour. And in the less complex and complete society of Greece there was no religious difficulty. In the face of all these differences it is perhaps too much to claim to show us "how the problems which are straining so severely the statesmen of to-day were solved in the ancient world." The old problem was not that of to-day, and such as it was it was very imperfectly solved. Sparta and Athens are the only Hellenic states we can examine, and in the one education did not mean what we understand by it, in the other it had scarcely any connection with the Government. The national schools on the banks of the Eurotas aimed simply at physical and military training. The rhetorical sarcasms of Socrates and others upon Lacedæmonian ignorance of letters are indeed contradicted by the patent fact that the most prominent Spartans could read and write. Yet there is little to show that they owed even this scanty erudition to the provisions of the legislator. Music, dancing, and the acquirement by rote of choric songs, exhausted the liberal education of a Spartan youth. When we turn to Athens the literary character of the teaching rises high, but the national supervision dwindles to a very indirect compulsion. All Athenians were taught in "private venture" schools, subject to a kind of inspection or examination. There are laws commanding the father to educate his son in music and gymnastics—both wide terms to a Greek—but the instances Mr. Wilkins quotes to show how the Court of Areopagus enforced the laws, refer rather to morals than learning—one is the capital punishment of a boy for an atrocious act of cruelty to game-birds; the other exhibits the Court as interfering with the attend-

ance of young men on philosophic lectures—a curious form of compulsory education! Before the rise of those much-discussed teachers the Sophists, the instruction even in Athens seems to have been very elementary. To read, to write, to count by the *abacus*, to know by heart portions of the poets, and to be able to sing, dance, and play the lyre were the accomplishments of an elegant Athenian. We have no means of determining how far the children of the meaner citizens advanced in their shorter school days. There can be little doubt that Athenian intelligence and culture were due far less to deliberate design than to the continual influence of the free and beautiful common life of Athens among the unsought instruction of the drama, the law courts, the debates, and the continual conversations of the most gifted race in Greece. One great lesson of ancient experience is that we must look for the actual training of our citizens, not so much to the teaching of the schools as to the general moral and intellectual atmosphere in which our children grow up. For direct instruction, the most valuable part of Mr. Wilkins' book is that which he devotes to the ideal systems of Plato and Aristotle. The modern reader is most struck with the prominence given to physical training, with the high confidence in the moral power of music, and with the avowed exclusion from the intellectual and political life of all whose position is to be that of manual labourers. The greatest of the Greeks are the farthest from solving our especial problem, what and how to teach the mass of the population.

Ancient Classics for English Readers. Plato. By Clifton W. Collins, M.A., Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1874.

MR. COLLINS is a bold man to undertake to present Plato to English readers in less than two hundred small pages. And he does not confine himself to bare analysis either, nor does he write an essay on Plato without copious quotations. He endeavours to combine exposition and abstract, to let his author speak for himself, and at the same time to accompany his words with all the explanation needed by readers assumed to be unfamiliar with philosophy or Greek history. In the main we must congratulate Mr. Collins on his success. We know no book of anything like this brevity and cheapness from which a man, reading merely for general information's sake, would get so good a notion of Plato's position in thought and literature. The quotations are generally made from Professor Jowett's excellent version, so that the style as well as the matter of the dialogues is fairly represented. Of course, in such narrow limits, controversy is inadmissible, and it is amusing to see how fierce and long discussions are ignored at every turn, or settled in

a sentence, and sometimes in an epithet. The arrangement of the book lacks clearness and unity, advantages perhaps unattainable without adopting some one of the many theories respecting the succession and purpose of Plato's writings. It was doubtless wise to preserve neutrality here, and the confusion left in the English reader's mind is, after all, very like that which every Platonic student has experienced, even after reading the original. The volume is marred by one or two cases of confusion that ought to be removed in a subsequent edition. Mr. Collins carries his disregard of chronological arrangement into the historical and biographical chapters, from which an unsuspecting reader will certainly get the idea that the Conspiracy of the Four Hundred at Athens was subsequent to the Tyranny of the Thirty; while on page 189 he is distinctly told that the Alexandrian Library was burnt by Cæsar! Such blemishes offend the more from being found in what is otherwise one of the best volumes of this well-designed and well-executed series.

The History of Sicily to the Athenian War: with Elucidations of the Sicilian Odes of Pindar. By W. Watkins Lloyd. London: John Murray. 1872.

PREFACES are often spoken of as needless and never read appendages, but they undoubtedly lighten the critic's task by placing him at the author's stand-point, and enabling him to judge more fairly of the value of the task which the writer has set himself, and the success with which he has achieved it. In the present case the absence of such assistance is the more to be regretted, because it is not easy to see the class of readers for whom Mr. Watkins Lloyd has written, and the help which he has intended to give them. Perhaps we should not be wrong in speaking of this work as a study of the Sicilian Odes of Pindar, accompanied by an historical introduction; and regarded in this light, the book will be found to be of considerable value. It brings together more conveniently than any other English work with which we are acquainted, the necessary information as to the position and surroundings of the victors whom Pindar celebrates; and occasionally new and valuable light is thrown upon them from the departments of numismatics and archæology, in which Mr. Watkins Lloyd is an acknowledged authority; but the treatment of the subject is often incomplete, and it is encumbered with much matter but slightly connected with the main purpose of the book. The scholar may find it occasionally supplementing usefully the more thorough discussions of Boeckh and Dissen, but it will be no substitute for those authorities. To the general reader it will undoubtedly be as *caviare*; the free use of unexplained technical phrases, set in a style which is far from attractive, and often singularly awkward, will have a deterring

effect, and this will not be removed by the fragmentary condition in which the work is issued,—the history of Sicily being pursued only so far as it is destitute of almost all living interest, and dropped when the stage is filled with characters, second in vitality and importance to few in the Old World history. With all respect for the multifarious learning which is shown in every page, and the admirable insight into the nature of Pindar's choric poetry shown in the chapter on the characteristics of his *Epinicia*, we cannot consider the choice of the subject with its present limitations a happy one, nor its execution satisfactory.

The Treasury of Languages ; a Rudimental Dictionary of Universal Philology. London : Hill and Co.

THIS book is perhaps more correctly described by its lettered title, a *Dictionary of Languages*. It consists of an alphabetically arranged list of all known languages and dialects : or rather, was intended to do so. A notice at the end informs us that the compiler has already received matter sufficient to make a second volume. In most cases only a very brief description of the language is appended to its name : e.g., "Walcheren, Dutch : prominent dialect of Holland ;" but in the case of the more important words we have further some account of the peculiarities of the language, and a list of the best grammars and dictionaries. The editor has been fortunate enough to secure the aid of thoroughly competent scholars, such as Dr. Payne Smith, Dr. Latham, Canon Rawlinson, Mr. Skeat and Mr. Vaux ; and so far as we have been able to examine his volume it is fully up to the standard of the present knowledge. A work of the kind should be of interest to others than professed students of philology, and we trust that the editor may find the encouragement for which he asks towards the expansion and completion of it.

The Conservation of Energy. By Balfour Stewart, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Henry S. King and Co. London. 1874.

THIS is a popular treatise on the most philosophical generalisation of modern science. It is written by one of the ablest physicists of the age ; we are, therefore, warranted in expecting that it should be comprehensive in treatment, and accurate in detail. In this we are disappointed only in one particular. The physics are faultless ; and the philosophy of modern discovery, as relating to the conservation, correlation, and dissipation of energy, although presented popularly, is put with a facility and clearness only possible to a master. But we regret that scanty justice has been done in the "Historical Sketch" to a great man. The

contest for priority in a great question of this sort, fought within the arena of science itself, can in the end only issue in the victory of right; and such a battle has been waged for years now, as to which of two of the greatest physical philosophers of our age has the best claim to be considered the foremost in grasping the splendid generalisation of which this book treats. But to make a definite statement in favour of either in a popular essay—unless the matter is no longer in dispute—is, in all senses, mistaken. The subject took its present form from the discovery that between heat and “work” there is a definite and fixed relation, and that heat is a mode of molecular motion. Virtually, the true theory of heat—and therefore, by inference, of all the energies of nature—had been long before indicated. Even Bacon, in his *Novum Organum*, says that heat “is motion, and nothing else.” Locke defines it as “a very brisk agitation of the insensible parts (molecules or atoms) of an object;” and further affirms “that what in our sensation is *heat*, is, in the object, nothing but *motion*.” In 1798 Count Rumford made some remarkable experiments tending to the same point. But all this, and much beside, lay hidden and unfruitful, and it was not until 1839 that the great truth began to dawn upon the most gifted physicists. But between that year and the year 1848, many were simultaneously and independently working to the same point. Of these, the only *savans* whose names will be linked with the subject so long as it shall be contemplated by the human mind are Dr. Julius Robert Mayer, a physician of Heilbronn, and Dr. Joule, of Manchester. There can be no real question that it is to the former of these that the glory of the discovery belongs. Looking with the eye of genius upon a new fact in physiology presented to him in the course of his practice, he perceived that between the heat consumed and the work done, there was a measurable and changeless relation; and in the publication of this fact he had the priority. The whole philosophy of the subject was grasped and enunciated. But it had not been demonstrated accurately and fully by *experiment*, and it was our illustrious countryman Joule, during the same period, but absolutely independently, who *demonstrated* the same great doctrine; publishing his results somewhat later than Mayer. Now, to suppose that either of these great men is less illustrious than the other is simply weakness; they will stand *together* in the judgment of the future. But Mayer was foremost in the field, and to attempt to decry this, because the German reached his conclusion philosophically and the Englishman by *experiment*, is reasoning which none but a special pleader could advance. It is, therefore, with no small amount of regret that we find Professor Stewart, who must be so thoroughly acquainted with the facts elicited by the controversy in the *Philosophical Magazine* of 1868-4, asserting merely that “Mayer on the Continent...

showed *certain relations* between the various forms of energy ; . . . nevertheless, to Joule belongs the honour of establishing the theory on an incontrovertible basis." This is a flaw in the real value of the book, and it is refreshing to find that so eminent a physicist as Dr. Tyndall has fearlessly and irresistibly shown the actual rights of the great German. "Which," says Mayer in a subsequent letter, "makes all the deeper impression from the fact that for many years I have been forced to habituate myself to precisely opposite treatment." While as to Joule himself, he says, "I . . . have always considered him to be my esteemed and renowned fellow labourer in the same domains of thought."

It is a matter, on the other hand, on which we congratulate the physicists, that, in a treatise destined to give an accurate popular account of this important doctrine, the author has entirely given up the strange fallacy involved in confounding *force* with energy. The amount of matter in the universe is a fixed quantity. So is the amount of energy. Light, heat, electricity, chemical affinity, &c., are energies. But all these are diversified "modes of motion." Indeed, all the dynamical phenomena of the universe are ultimately traceable to motion in the mass, or motion in the molecules ; and the one may be transmuted into the other. But energy is never created ; it simply changes place or form. The sum of energy in the universe remains, amid all mutations in detail, for ever the same in quantity. But to call these energies "force" is a violation of every canon of philosophy. Heat is a "mode of motion"—an energy ; to call it a "force" is not an inaccuracy, but a fallacy. It is simply the method in which force acts on matter, producing the phenomena which we call heat. The force is an unknown quantity. It manifests itself thus or thus, but what it is we cannot tell ; save that it is will-force—the permanent action of the Infinite and perfect Source of all things. The nature of energy we may reach : it is relegated to our analyses ; but the nature of force is an ultimate which lies defiantly beyond us. To have called this great doctrine the "Conservation of *Energy*" is to remove from the path of the pure metaphysician one of the greatest stumbling blocks to its reception ; for if force be the origin of energy, it must be clear that although it is an irrefragable truth that the quantity of energy *never alters*, it cannot follow, since the force is infinite, that the quantity of energy *cannot be altered*. And this is all that the theologian or metaphysician need demand.

But whilst energy is indestructible and its quantity never alters, it may be reduced, throughout the whole extent in which it operates, to equilibrium ; and therefore be available no further. The "modes of motion" of the universe are constantly distributing themselves, as a heated body is constantly radiating its heat and equalising the temperatures around it. Therefore, when the

universe was first created, it was possessed of the maximum of its convertible energy; but it is for ever "dissipating" this, so that the mind can rest upon a time when the distribution of its energy shall be absolutely equalised—when not another throb of energy shall be at any point more than at another. Then the universe will have done its work. But it is essential to this supposition that the universe be finite in extent, and that not even an infinitesimal change can be, or at least will be, effected in a single atom of the whole. Taking this for granted, Professor Stewart says:—

"If we could view the universe as a candle not lit, than it is, perhaps, conceivable to regard it as having been always in existence; but if we regard it rather as a candle that has been lit, we become absolutely certain that it cannot have been burning from eternity, and that a time will come when it will cease to burn. We are led to look at the beginning when the particles of matter were in a diffuse chaotic state, but endowed with the power of gravitation; and we are led to look to an end in which the whole universe will be one equally heated inert mass, and from which everything like life, or motion, or beauty will have utterly gone away."

We commend the book as the only comprehensive popular treatise on a subject which can scarcely be neglected by an educated and thoughtful mind.

Animal Locomotion; or, Walking, Swimming and Flying, with a Dissertation on Aëronautics. By J. Bell Pettigrew, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1878.

THIS is a charming book, beautifully illustrated, and giving evidence of great industry and equal ability on almost every page. But the author suffers in the estimation of the careful reader by his very eager efforts to claim to the letter his own due, and sometimes even, unwittingly, to appropriate the dues of others, in the sphere of his research. But, beside this, he is often dogmatic on points where others, and competent minds, fail to reach any, or at least the same, conclusion. No one must read this book supposing that it presents on some very important points an aspect of the case which would be on all hands admitted; but whoever reads it will, in the main, have added largely to his store of the most useful knowledge. The "Introduction" is very comprehensive, and extremely helpful to a useful study of the book. Then follows a careful consideration of the chief methods of "Progression on the Land," "Progression on and in the Water," and "Progression in or through the Air," to which is added a study of wings. But the final chapter on "Aëronautics" is the most remarkable as well

as the most likely to secure the interest of the general reader ; for in it the hope of aerial flight, as a mode of locomotion, is fairly held out. The author says that all that is needed to construct a successful flying machine, "is to distinguish the form, extent, and manner of application of the several flying surfaces." The movements of the tail of the fish, and the wing of the insect, bat, and bird, "can be readily imitated and reproduced." "These facts," says the author, "ought to inspire the pioneer in aerial navigation with confidence ;" and since the air alone at present is unemployed as a highway for the nations, and civilisation demands its occupation, Dr. Pettigrew evidently hopes that his remarkable little book will contribute to this object. We can go with him so far as to believe that "In attempting to produce a flying-machine, we are not necessarily attempting an impossible thing ;" but as we wholly question his statement that "weight, momentum, and power" are, to a certain extent, synonymous with flight, we fail to see that the possession of artificial wings is so proximate a possibility as Dr. Pettigrew imagines.

Works on Food.

1. *Foods.* By Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S. Second Edition. London: Henry King and Co. 1873.
2. *Adulterations of Food, with Short Processes for their Detection.* By Rowland J. Atcherley, Ph.D., F.C.S. London: W. Isbister and Co. 1874.

THESE books have grown out of, and to a large extent meet, a present necessity. The ever-widening area over which commerce spreads itself, led by a determined spirit of exploration, armed with scientific research, is constantly adding to the variety of our "foods ;" whilst increasing wealth, leading to more widespread luxury, stimulates the supply, and, in many cases, leads to adulteration. To have a comprehensive and easily accessible view of the nature, nutritious properties, comparative digestibility, possible adulterants, with the means of their detection, of the vast majority of foods accessible to a modern home, is a great boon, and one which is almost fully supplied in these volumes.

The former of the two is immensely the more important. It is one of Messrs. King's splendid "International Scientific Series," and assists materially in maintaining the high character of these publications. The introductory chapter on the nature of food is extremely valuable, and well adapted to the readers addressed. In it a food is defined as "a substance which, when introduced into the body, supplies material which renews some structure or maintains some vital process ; and it is distinguished from a medi-

cine in that the latter modifies some vital action, but does not supply the material which sustains such action."

The author's classification of foods is also valuable; and the information given as to the actual consumption of the materials of the body, and consequent necessity for food in the various activities of life, which imply the doing of "work," is not only of much interest in itself, but should be more widely known among the people. Nevertheless, we detect grave errors here. That so enlightened a physiologist as Dr. Smith should still put forth the exploded idea that some foods are flesh-forming, others heat-forming, that some affect particular organs, as the heart, the lungs, the brain, &c., more than others, is to us simply surprising; but certainly not so much so as the statement that there are some foods which do not require "to be decomposed or broken up," since they are in their nature identical with parts of the body, "and, being introduced, may be incorporated with little or no change" (p. 2). Surely nothing is more certain in modern physiology than that *all food* is first decomposed and converted into blood, and from *that* organs are nourished, and upon it all functions performed.

Chapters I. to IV., on the general nature of flesh-foods, and the methods of cooking and preserving, leave nothing to be desired, and should be read by all housewives and heads of large establishments. As a source of nutriment pork is placed below mutton, and the dangers arising from parasites in its unguarded employment well shown; whilst the high nutrition of tripe, and the ease with which it is digested, we are told, make its employment for the sick advisable; and the poor have both nutritious and easily digestible food in pigs' feet and cow-heel, both of which are digested in about an hour.

After a discussion of the value of "game," and a commendation of horseflesh, save for its expense, we come, in Chapter IX., to a valuable and outspoken monition as to the use of "*Liebig's Extract of Meat*;" in plain terms, this substance is but very slightly entitled to the term "nutriment." Dr. Smith very properly declares that its position is "somewhat more than a meat-flavourer, but *all that is required for nutriment should be added to it*" (p. 88), and therefore, "used alone for beef-tea, it is a delusion" (p. 89). It is, in truth, nothing but a condiment; it supplies no more real pabulum than tea or coffee, and can only be made useful in the sick-room by adding to it from fresh meat the very nutriment that has been thrown away in its preparation.

In Chapter XII. the real identity between animal and vegetable food is pointed out; and it is shown that the former contains just the same elements of nourishment as the latter, although not in the same proportions, nor digestible with the same facility. A

meat diet is, of consequence, not essential to life. The author's treatment of farinaceous foods, bread-stuffs, and succulent vegetables and fruits, leaves nothing to be desired, being filled with invaluable information. We would commend what is said on the subject of *condiments* to all who study the healthy nutrition of the body; abused they undoubtedly are, but their necessity in nutrition is plain enough. The same may be said of the sugar-containing articles, the value of which, in diet, can scarcely be overrated.

The second part of the book begins with water, and we can only hope that what is said on this subject and on that of milk will be largely read and acted on.

The vexed question of tea and coffee, and their value in nutrition, is, of course, carefully considered, and much original and important information is given us. Tea is simply a stimulant to particular nerves; it serves to promote the respiratory functions, and the evolution of carbonic acid. The theory that tea "tends to stop the waste of tissue" is adverse to all the facts; it rather promotes the consumption of the materials of the body. So that, taken without a due amount of nourishing food, it is absolutely injurious to health. But on the evils of excess in the consumption of tea our author, we think, is neither logical nor scientific. He becomes a special pleader. He says that the action of tea is to produce wakefulness, cheerfulness, clearness of mind, and a disposition for muscular activity. But he admits that these are followed by a proportionate exhaustion—a commensurate reaction. This being so, the natural inference is that the excessive use of tea must be an evil. But this he neither admits nor answers; he evades it by saying that if it *did* harm it must be a *poison*, but there is no evidence that theine (the peculiar alkaloid of tea) is such. We contend that this is poor reasoning. It is a false use of words. *All* stimuli are, without question, injurious in excess, and just in proportion to that excess. *Poisons* are only stimuli whose action is *not wanted at all* in the healthy body, or in which the paralyzing action comes so quickly that no other or ulterior result can be got. Theine has recently been proved by Dr. R. Bennet and Dr. McKindrick to be a powerful poison. In small doses it produces cerebral excitement and partial loss of sensibility, while in larger doses there supervene total paralysis of sensibility, tetanus, spasms, convulsions, and death. At first it* increases respiration, then impedes it, and lastly stops its action. But even if this had not been proved, *theine* is a poison in the strictest sense.

In the study of alcoholic liquors, Dr. Smith has also made some valuable original observations. But he wisely distinguishes

* The same applies to caffeine and theobromine.

between *alcohol* and the alcohols, a consideration approximately as important as distinguishing between *shins* and tea ; and yet, in the majority of cases, it is with alcohol proper that experiments are made. Pure spirits of wine, rum, beer, cider, and wine increase the excretion of carbonic acid, and therefore vital action. Gin, brandy, and whisky have a contrary effect. But Dr. Smith's own experiments prove that these inferences are too broad. Alcoholic vapour inhaled acts just like brandy or gin ; and we think that the conflicting evidence contained in the pages of this book shows that there is no scientific certainty as to what is the ultimate and complete action of alcoholic stimulants upon the entire functions of the body. Between the *immediate* action of alcohol and the ultimate action there may be yet proved to be a wide difference. To accept the conclusion that all the alcohol taken into the system is excreted without change—excluding it from the list of foods, because *some* is so excluded—is a process which science can never ultimately accept. Beside which, it ignores the important researches (showing other results) of Dr. Austin. It may be true that to the healthy body alcohol is merely a stimulant ; perhaps little of it is digested as a food ; but it is patent to every unprejudiced medical man that in some adults and aged persons, and in many states of disease, a large proportion of alcohol is actually consumed as food.

We notice on page 424 a "straw," pointing out the mental "set" of our author on this question, which will be welcomed by many. He says : "It has been popularly believed that the drinking of alcohols was peculiar to man ; but there is every reason to believe that the brute may descend to the level of a man, and acquire a taste for them."

The third part of the book is taken up with a valuable dissertation on *gaseous foods*—a phrase not recognised by physiology, but none the less accurate and sound—and an essay on ventilation. We close the book, convinced that it will be read with immense profit by the public.

The little volume of Dr. Atcherley's on adulterations and their detection, is concise, but excellent and thoroughly practical ; and although, even with such plain directions for the detection of fraud as are here given, we can scarcely hope that every man will become "his own analyst," any more than he can become, in spite of voluminous aids, "his own lawyer," yet, with the advice of this book, the public may do much to check this vilest and meanest of all larceny.

A Manual of Metallurgy. Illustrated by 100 Engravings. By George Hogarth Makins, M.R.C.S., F.C.S., late one of the Assayers and Referee to the Bank of England; and Assayer to the Anglo-Mexican Mint; also Lecturer upon Metallurgy at the Dental Hospital, London. Second Edition. Re-written and much Enlarged. London: Ellis and White, 29, New Bond-street. 1878.

THIS is an admirably comprehensive and compact treatise, which should be in the hands of every one who has to do with metals in any capacity requiring scientific knowledge of the properties and capabilities of metals, and of the best methods of developing those properties and capabilities. Without absolutely superseding the works of Dr. Percy and other first-class writers on metallurgy, this new edition of Mr. Makins's book brings the scientific aspects of the subject up to the present level of our ever-advancing knowledge, while it comes within the reach of a very large class to whom the more voluminous books on the subject are comparatively inaccessible. A demand for this new edition has existed for some little time; and in supplying it, the author has thoroughly revised his work, and, as he says, "re-written much which, in the progress and improvements effected in metallurgic operations, had become obsolete or superseded. In doing this, he has added to its size, and introduced a large number of extra and useful illustrations; and he has, moreover, adopted in the chemical portions the nomenclature, atomic weights, &c., in accordance with present views, and now so universally employed."

In a country like ours, not only productive of certain metals, but, owing to its enormous wealth, very largely occupied in dealing with all kinds of metals in every imaginable way, a right understanding of the sciences and appliances therewith connected is most important; and we recommend this revised manual, not only to studious specialists, but to all who aspire to the possession of a good general library, and particularly to all public libraries and literary institutes.

The People's Encyclopædia: A Compendium of Universal Information, with the Pronunciation of every Term and Proper Name. By L. Colange, LL.D. Illustrated with Seven Hundred and Eight Wood Engravings. London: The Encyclopædia Publishing Company. 1878.

THE editor of this work says that "during the course of a long life he has often been at a loss for want of a handy book of reference, which should embrace, in a single, portable volume, a

full, well-arranged, and digested compend of human knowledge in its most modern form." We are not surprised that such a wish should have arisen, from time to time, in the writer's mind, or, indeed, in the mind of anyone else, but that it should have been thought possible to realise it is amazing, and that any human being should feel sufficient confidence in himself to undertake the task of digesting human knowledge in a single volume is more amazing still. We fail to see that any good end is served by the attempt. Human knowledge refuses to be packed into one volume, whatever skill be employed in arrangement and abbreviation.

The present book is of American origin, and American affairs are represented to a degree which, to English readers at least, will seem somewhat beyond their fair relation to "human knowledge" as a whole. Not only the celebrities of American history, but many of the obscurities past and present receive an amount of attention which nothing but an ardent patriotism can account for. The way in which the pronunciation of words is indicated appears to us even more unsuccessful than such attempts usually are. Some of the helps to pronunciation are unnecessary, and others are positively misleading. Who is likely to be the better for such explanations as these: Middle Ages, *The (mīd' dl āgēz)*; France (*Frans*); Fox (*foks*)? Whilst any unsuspecting person who sought to arrive at the true pronunciation of the following words would find the dictionary had indeed betrayed him: Wesley (*Wēz'-le*); Halley, the astronomer (*Haul'-e*); Cowper (*Kōpr*); gymnasium (*jīm-ná-zhēm*).

Contributions to Solar Physics. By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. London: Macmillan and Co. 1874.

The Spectroscope and Its Applications. By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. London: Macmillan and Co. 1873.

MR. LOCKYER occupies a foremost place amongst the physicists who, by the skilful and brilliant use of a new method, have made the facts of science more wonderful than the dreams of imagination. In a deeper sense than is at present apparent, light is a great revealer; for not only does it make manifest that upon which it falls, but also the nature of that from which it comes. To analyse the constituents of terrestrial elements appears now simple enough; but to sift the ultimate components of sun and stars, comets and nebulae, no matter what abysses of space yawned between, appeared, within the memory of living men, impossible. But it is now not only conceivable, but a realised fact, and the limits of the visible universe are the only boundaries to its application. There is not a star nor a luminous object in space but is in some sense amenable to this new method of research.

Light originates in intense molecular vibrations in a solid, a fluid, or a gaseous body. These vibrations are communicated to the interstellar ether, and transmitted from one cosmical body to another. White light is a compound of every variety of vibrations. The prism spreads out or opens these vibrations, so that they each yield their own peculiar colour to the retina; hence the one white ray gives the beautiful gamut of prismatic colours, and further produces itself beyond the margin of perceived colour in vibrations too refined for the optic nerve to grasp. To each element in the universe a definite portion of this colour-band distinctively belongs. That is to say, in a luminous condition, it originates certain vibrations—producing a fixed portion of the rainbow band—and these belong to it and to nothing else. The origin of solar and stellar physics and chemistry as now understood, was the discovery that when the spectrum or colour-band of sun-light was crucially examined, *certain parts of it were absent*, and their places supplied by black lines. It was yet found that the absent colour-vibrations corresponded precisely in position to the spectra of known terrestrial objects, and further than these, objects filled up the lacking colour,—that is supplied the lacking vibrations. It was clear that in some way they must have been *stopped out* in the passage of the light from the sun to the earth. Soon it was found that if the light of a glowing metal be made to pass through a gas of the same, the peculiar light of the former was stopped out or absorbed: thus if the light of one flame of glowing sodium be made to pass through another of the same, the light which the former, if not transmitted through the latter, *would* have given, is wholly absorbed. Hence the dark places in the solar band were evidences of the presence in the sun of certain metals, the light of whose incandescence was absorbed by transmission through vapours of the same. Hence solar chemistry and solar physics began.

Now the former of the books to which this notice calls attention is one of the most beautiful popular expositions of the subject which we can hope to possess. It consists of three lectures, well and copiously illustrated, and leaves no part of this difficult but fascinating subject unconsidered. Whoever wishes to have a clear, concise, and comprehensive view of the grounds on which the vast inferences of modern science in relation to cosmical bodies are made, should study this little book; and we venture to assert that few books amidst the thousands that claim our attention will afford such wonderful and accurate information in so small a space.

Mr. Lockyer's *Contributions to Solar Physics* is far more pretentious, and not on the whole so satisfying. Perhaps it is that we have seen most of it before, either verbatim or but slightly altered, in the author's communications to learned societies or current publications. And although the book is beautifully illustrated—as it should be, considering its price—we are not over-burdened with

new illustrations. In fact, this large book is a series of essays, monographs, and papers, published under various auspices and at different times, strung together as consistently as may be so as to give (1) "A Popular Account of Ancient and Modern Sun-work;" and (2) "Communications to the Royal Society of London, and to the French Academy of Sciences." But although it comes from so great a master, we cannot but believe that it will accomplish far less, scientifically and popularly, than its contemporary publication, Schellen's *Spectrum Analysis*, so admirably edited and annotated by Dr. Huggins.

On Building Contracts. A Legal Handbook for Architects, Builders, and Building-owners. By Edward Jenkins, Esq., and John Raymond, Esq., Barrister-at-law. Dedicated, by Permission, to the Royal Institution of British Architects. Henry S. King and Co., 65, Cornhill, and 12, Paternoster-row, London. 1878.

THIS little work will no doubt be welcomed by those for whom it is intended. It has been written, Mr. Jenkins informs us, to supply the want which an architect must feel of "some immediate authority to which he may, at the moment, refer, to inform him respecting the proper course to be taken in completing an agreement, or in meeting some emergency which has arisen." The aim of the authors has been, he says, "to provide a practical handbook, in which any architect may find a simple and authoritative statement of the law relating to his undertakings, its effects on the customs of the profession, the validity of scales adopted by the Institute, the various duties or obligations under which he rests to his clients or employers, and they to him, and his legal relations and liabilities to other persons." In the more intricate and delicate cases of contract the inquirer is referred "to the larger text-books on the General Law of Contracts, or to the opinion of his legal adviser." Such a warning as that implied in the last sentence it is wise both to give and to obey. For a manual like this, though it may give very useful information immediately connected with the particular class of contracts it discusses, can never alone enable one to deal with what the authors of this work call "the more intricate and delicate cases of contract." Intended for laymen, this book is as free as possible from legal phrases, and where it is impossible to avoid their use, ample space is devoted to an explanation. So the difference between specialities and simple contracts is pointed out, and that between executed and executory contracts explained. When discussing "extras," and the architect's authority to order them, our authors lay before the reader some extracts from Smith's *Mercantile*

Law, setting forth the general rules of law with regard to agency. The substance and grounds of the judgments in the cases cited are most fully and clearly stated; not in the usual style of legal works, but with sufficient amplification to make them intelligible to the unprofessional reader. In order to avoid technicality, accuracy is, perhaps, unwisely sacrificed in one instance: "liquidated damages" being termed "penalties." This, however, is not done without the explanation that penalties are not recoverable at law, and relief may be found against them in equity, whereas liquidated or ascertained damages are quite legal. Very useful advice will be found in the book with regard to entering into an absolute, unconditional agreement, against which no relief can be obtained in the absence of fraud or mistake. The parties having made the law for themselves, however harsh may be its requirements, the tribunals have no alternative but to enforce it. The concluding chapter is on voluntary and permissive waste (and herein of the liabilities of lessees); also on the right to ancient lights, and on the law relating to party walls; but in so limited a space as a single chapter the information given must necessarily be of the most general character. To the statutes—statutes with which all architects and builders ought to be acquainted—which the appendix contains is prefixed an introductory chapter. Several forms will be found at the end of the book, including one of Submission by Agreement to Arbitration, which may sometimes be found useful in the absence of competent professional assistance.

Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox. The Opposition under George III.
By W. F. Rae. London: Isbister and Co. 1874.

THE character of John Wilkes, no mere party politician, would yet seem to be well adapted for the purposes of political partisanship. To laud to the skies, or mercilessly to vilipend this notorious man, has been the too prevalent usage, as if there had been no other alternative. To paint him in neutral tints, shorn alike of high-minded patriotism and demagogic intemperateness, is a task which neither essayist nor historian has ventured to set himself. Mr. Rae, whose political predilections it is not difficult to conjecture, here offers a *pièce justificative*, and labours to defend his hero from the confirmation by posterity of such an estimate as that, for example, of Lord Brougham, suggested by "the inhuman squint and demoniac grin" of Hogarth's well-known picture.

Accordingly, we find that, in our author's opinion, a youth and manly prime wasted in vicious courses are redeemed by self-sacrificing defence, in later life, of the liberty of the subject against the usurpations of a monarch who is held up as a greater tyrant and baser hypocrite than the worst of the Stuarts—by determined opposition to the suicidal contest with America, and by

the advocacy of the claims of literature to national recognition and support. Wilkes's unpardonable treatment of his wife is thrown into the shade by the lustre of his paternal affection for an only daughter ; his culpability in the production of the parody of Pope is ignored, if not excused, by pointing to Churchill as its author, and Lord Sandwich, who impeached Wilkes, as its veritable publisher. On the contrary, we think that, moved less by a pure-souled patriotism than by a love of daring and the breath of popular applause, Wilkes merits no place on the lofty pedestal Mr. Rae accords him, on a level with Hampden ; he more justly deserves what alone he has succeeded in attaining, that species of fame which, according to Horace, consists in being pointed at with the finger. He disgraced a good cause in public by a disregard of private virtue.

Mr. Rae's criticism of Wilkes's literary skill is also conceived in the spirit of extravagant eulogium. Speaking of the *North Briton*, he says :—" Wilkes was exceptionally well qualified to conduct such a periodical. Less polished as a writer than Addison, less incisive in attack than Junius, as good a classic and as much a man of the world as the former, as reckless and brazen-faced as the latter, he had the art of stating a case with singular lucidity, and of illustrating it in a homely and telling manner. His touch was light, and his sarcasm stinging. He anticipated Cobbett in the skill and daring with which he put, and reiterated in plain terms, the most unpalatable truths. He was the first political writer who not only applied to things their proper epithets, but also called persons by their proper names. The initials and innuendoes to which humorous journalists had resorted, he discarded and disowned, excepting when an allusion was more effective than a simple statement. If he gave currency to a rumour, it gained credit from the phrase in which he couched it."

Now, Wilkes's real ability lay rather in conversation, in witty repartee ; and in his works and speeches he is so far from possessing the characteristics attributed to him, that they are even unworthy of mention in the same breath with those writings which immortalise the names of Addison and Junius.

The distinctive feature of the essay on Sheridan is a careful criticism of his writings and famous speech in the impeachment of Hastings, which is well worthy of the attention of all who would form a just estimate of the position of Sheridan in the ranks of comic dramatists and orators. But it is for the life and character of Fox that Mr. Rae has reserved his strength, and we must admit that this portion of his work gives us most satisfaction. The ancestry and early education, the life and achievements of that great statesman, are told in a most captivating style. Without having a very new story to tell (most of his facts are familiar even to ordinary readers), Mr. Rae has discharged the rôle of a clever

and entertaining writer, not burdening his narrative with matter foreign to the subject, yet, by a judicious reference to or review of the great events in which Fox had a personal share, depicting for us not an isolated portrait, but scenes and groups of characters amongst which he is the central figure.

Mr. Rae indulges in the practice, sanctioned by the best historians, of instituting historical parallels, reading past history with the light furnished by the present. "Between two of the greatest Parliamentary orators in the reign of George III., and two of the greatest in the reign of Victoria, a striking and minute parallel might be drawn." This prepares us for the discrimination which follows between Mr. Gladstone and Pitt, Mr. Bright and Fox, which is ingeniously, if not very correctly, effected. In conclusion, we can only add that the style is, throughout the volume, most perspicuous, is never dull, and is often brilliant. A few words suffice to tell familiar anecdotes, which are, for the most part, *à-propos* and striking. All who read these essays will find much to entertain, if not much to inform them.

Resurgens. By the Author of "*Ich Dien.*" London: E. Moxon, Son, and Co.

THE reader of this little volume forgets that it is a poem. Whatever pleasure he may find in it certainly cannot arise from purely poetic sources. Not that it is destitute of poetic merit, but that, what it has, is entirely overborne by its didactic earnestness. It is a rhythmic strain of serious teaching. The writer is more prophet than poet. And yet, as a poet, he possesses no mean skill. The verse is smooth, musical, animated, but somewhat lacking in imaginative force and variety. The main thing in this poem is its teaching, and that is simply an exposition of the doctrine of evolution applied especially to man's religious views. Our Lord, in the Sermon on the Mount, is made to describe the blessedness of the few in each age who, like the author, see further than their contemporaries, and whose mission it is to proclaim the non-finality of existing systems, and thus prepare the way for the development of those germs of the better future which those systems contain. What a pity it is that men of such evident sincerity and earnestness as the author of this poem should not set forth their views in good plain prose. We should then know precisely what their views are, and the worth of the reasons by which they are supported. It is absurd to think of attacking or defending mere castles in the air. The primary aim of the poet should be to please. If he teaches, he should do so only incidentally and suggestively. In the poem before us this rule is neglected; and, in consequence, we have poetry that does not please, and teaching that does not convince.

The Day of Rest. Illustrated Journal of Sunday Reading. 1878. Containing Contributions by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D., the Rev. Thomas Binney, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, Jean Ingelow, Hesba Stretton, Dora Greenwell, C. C. Fraser-Tytler, the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson, the Rev. Professor Charteris, the Rev. Professor David Brown, A. K. H. B., George Mac Donald, the Author of "Episodes in an Obscure Life," Andrew Thomson, D.D., J. Oswald Dykes, D.D., and others. With 180 Pictures by Walker, Fraser, Green, Herkomer, Paterson, Edwards, Zwecker, Barnard, Ridley, Hopkins, Barnes, Johnson, French, Mahoney, and others. London: Henry S. King and Co., 65, Cornhill, and 12, Paternoster-row.

THE foregoing extensive title tells more about the character of the magazine it belongs to than is conveyed in most title pages, but it does not tell all that can be told in favour of this exceptionally bold and praiseworthy undertaking, whereof the first year's existence was just completed while our last number was going to press. Published in weekly numbers at a penny, and gathered up at the end of the month into a sixpenny magazine, *The Day of Rest* certainly forms the cheapest magazine of the day, if quantity of original literature, furnished by *littérateurs* of note, be the criterion of a "cheap sixpennyworth;" while as regards the first yearly volume now before us, a large folio of some seven hundred pages, each page containing as much as about four of an ordinary octavo volume, we should fancy that it was some time since so bulky an assortment of original literature was offered to the public for seven shillings and sixpence. The volume contains no less than ten complete works of considerable importance—some of them fiction, others more of an essay character; and there is, moreover, a mass of smaller essays, poems, tales, sermons, &c. There is something, however, which is much more notable in *The Day of Rest* than either its cheapness or its variety, namely, the determined purpose of Mr. Strahan (for that he is the projector, we learn from a manifesto at present in circulation) to offer "the million" something cheap enough, and various enough, and interesting enough to compete with the evil attractions of most of the cheap literature of our day. That Mr. Strahan has not altogether misjudged the class of readers he aims at, in forming the opinion that success might attend a cheap literature appealing to their healthy instincts as well as a cheap literature pandering to their unhealthy instincts, is beginning to become manifest by the growing popularity of this earnest periodical. Certainly it has quite as many telling attractions as the

class of periodicals which are its natural opposites and enemies; and in its war with them we heartily wish it every success, commending it to those of our serious readers who are anxious to blend instruction with recreation.

Homes of Old English Writers. By the Rev. S. W. Christophers, Author of "Hymn Writers and their Hymns." London: Haughton and Co.

THE character of this volume could not be better represented than in the following prefatory words:—"The reader must not look for a critical review of any one of these authors' entire works, nor for any complete biography, or formal estimates of character. But if he likes to wander hither and thither among the scenes where these great and good men wrote and spoke—if he can enjoy a look now and then at their faces and forms, or a passing glance at the features of their character—if it is pleasant for him to hear them talk by the way, or to peep in upon them in their moments of quiet freedom, or occasionally to linger and listen to a few of their public utterances—if, indeed, he wishes to escape at intervals from times and things that jade his spirits, and to refresh himself by sauntering for an hour among the serene old haunts of genius and goodness, or by a free and easy chat with or about the men whose writings are living blessings to the world—then this volume offers to help him; and if the help afforded be enough to make him more agreeably familiar with a few favourite old English writers and their homes, these pages will have fulfilled their design." We can bear our testimony that the help this volume promises to afford it can freely give. The scenes amidst which Hugh Latimer and Dr. Donne, George Hakewell and Dr. Hacket, Thomas Fuller, John Horn, John Howe, and John Flavel lived and wrote, are very pleasingly depicted. To sprightly pictures are added well chosen anecdotes, graceful reflections, and some just criticisms; all making up a volume which it is very agreeable to read. It is a pleasant, wholesome, and instructive book, and is calculated to lead to a juster appreciation of a class of writers, some of whose names are happily familiar enough, but others of which are unworthily buried in the shades of forgetfulness.

Mountain, Meadow, and Mere. A Series of Out-door Sketches of Sport, Scenery, Adventures, and Natural History. By G. Christopher Davies. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1873.

A SERIES of papers without pretension to style, but written with a good deal of brightness and vivacity, by one who is a keen lover of

out-door life in general, and of fishing in particular. The book is pervaded by a spirit of genial enjoyment that serves to put the reader on good terms with the writer.

The Child's History of Jerusalem, from the Earliest Historic Notice to the Present Time. By Francis Roubiliac Conder, C.E. With Fifteen Illustrations Engraved on Wood by J. W. Whympers. London: W. Isbister and Co. 1874.

MR. CONDER has aimed at giving a brief general outline of the history of Palestine for four thousand years, connecting in an unbroken thread the record of Nehemiah with those of the Evangelists, and the account given by Josephus with that of the Sieur de Joinville. He passes lightly over the period covered by the Scriptures, but recounts at greater length the less familiar history of the Maccabean era and of the Mohammedan and Crusading periods. He succeeds in giving a proper notion of the continuous existence of the city, in spite of the unparalleled vicissitudes in its fortunes. "It is more than four thousand years since the first king, whose name we know, reigned in Jerusalem. Seven lines, or races of kings, priests, and princes, have ruled there since. Twelve times the city has been besieged and stormed, without counting unsuccessful sieges and captures without fighting. Three times have the greatest military powers in the world striven to blot out its very memory. More than once the ploughshare has been driven over its site. It has been the Holy City of three different religions, and of a worship older than the eldest of the three. Its name means the City of Peace, but it has been the scene of the utmost fury of war."

This is a child's book and something beside, and will give pleasure and information to many.

Lays of a Knight Errant in Many Lands. By Sir Vincent Eyre, K.C.S.I. and C.B. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1873.

A VOLUME of amateur verse, certainly not poetry, which doubtless yielded a good deal of fun in the making. A party of five ladies and two gentlemen having a holiday up the Nile agreed to keep a log-book, in which prose and verse might be scribbled at discretion. Under such conditions, the good temper of the party being at high level, literary success would not be very difficult of attainment. On board the *Star of India* between Cairo and Philæ, Major-General Eyre's verse was doubtless very popular; he will have that to fall back upon if it is not quite appreciated in this country.

Debrett's Illustrated Peerage, and Titles of Courtesy. 1874.

Debrett's Illustrated Baronetage, with the Knighthage. 1874.

London: Dean and Son. 1874.

THESE long-established works of reference continue to be, in their particular line of things, indispensable. Public men, writers for the press, and students of contemporary history continually require the kind of information here brought together, to say nothing of the class of persons constituting what is called "Society," whose dependence upon these handbooks is hardly to be estimated by ordinary people. The present volumes are corrected down to the end of January, and furnish many curious and interesting particulars of family history, both recent and remote. The obituary of the past year includes the names of twenty peers, twenty-one peeresses, thirty-six baronets, and twenty-seven knights, amongst whom were Earl Cadogan, Lord Lytton, Lord Lyveden, and Sir William Bovill, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Sir Frederick Madden. Four peerages, and the same number of baronetcies became extinct. The honours conferred in 1873 included the creation of seven baronies; two gentlemen were created baronets, and no less than fifty-four were knighted. The editors notice that, during the past year, the number of children born to peers and baronets was singularly small, while the marriages recorded among the younger scions of the nobility were far below the average.

The Pelican Papers: Reminiscences and Remains of a Dweller in the Wilderness. By James Ashcroft Noble.
London: H. S. King and Co. 1873.

THIS is a volume of very pleasant reading, clear and lively in style, and abounding in graceful description and genial humour. It purports to be made up of the opinions, correspondence, literary remains, and general doings of the author's friend, a certain Paul Pelican; and these are made the vehicle of some fair criticism of modern English authors, together with some forcible and suggestive reflections on a variety of topics, embracing art, philosophy, morals, and religion. It is a book which one may take up in an hour of leisure or weariness, and open anywhere, sure of finding something interesting or amusing, whether one agrees with it or not. And, for our own part, we certainly cannot subscribe to all of them. But it is not for reasoned-out opinions about anything whatever that one would go to this volume; not that there any is want of sincerity or earnestness in the way in which the author puts forth his views, or even of reasonableness about many of the views themselves; but the way in which he treats some matters of the gravest moment shows that he is

one of those whose opinions are quite as much the product of sentiment and imagination as of reason. To one who carefully considers the character and tendencies of the age, this volume cannot fail to be interesting, as being evidently the outcome and indication of a certain habit of mind and way of looking at things at present prevailing rather extensively among the more cultured of the younger portion of society. Young men of the Paul Pelican type are not unfrequently to be met with in our more intellectual circles—young men of imagination and spirit, of wide and generous sympathies, who are all for despising conventionalities, running down dogmas, and settling off-hand, and in a manner eminently satisfactory to themselves, the deepest and most vital questions of religious belief. This superficial and self-confident way of dealing with great and solemn questions is a characteristic evil of our time, and finds abundant illustration in the pages of our lighter literature. And it is the presence, in some degree, of this defect which has furnished the only drawback to the pleasure with which we have read this very agreeable and suggestive volume.

Anna, Countess zu Stolberg-Wernigerode, Lady Superintendent of "Bethany" Deaconesses' House, at Berlin. A Story of Our Own Time, Translated from the the German of Arnold Wellner. By D. M. P. London: Strahan and Co. 1873.

THIS book contains an account, thrown somewhat into the form of a story, of the life of Anna, Countess zu Stolberg, the second Lady Superintendent of the Deaconesses' House, founded by Frederic William IV., King of Prussia, at Berlin, in 1847.

This institution, "Bethany" by name, is a branch of the original Hospital and Deaconesses' House at Kaiserswerth, begun by Pastor Fliedner, and from Kaiserswerth came nine deaconesses and a superintendent to take charge of the new house. Their numbers rapidly increased, and in 1858 Anna, Countess zu Stolberg became a sister, and on the death of Marianne von Rantzen, in 1855, she was unanimously elected to the office of superintendent. From this time till her death in 1868 she fulfilled the arduous duties devolving upon her with the utmost zeal and fidelity, she and her fellow-workers being ever ready with practical aid on the battlefield, as in the hospital. Her labours shortened her life; for, while nursing the sick in a village in East Prussia, she caught typhus fever, and only returned to "Bethany" to die.

The author of this book writes in a sentimental style, scarcely suited to the subject, but he gives us a record of a noble life, and information interesting to those who wish to know something of deaconesses' work.

Selections from the Poems of Charlotte Elliott, Author of "Just as I Am;" With a Memoir by Her Sister, E. B.
London: Religious Tract Society.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, the subject of the brief memoir before us, was born towards the close of the last century, and, in spite of almost constant ill-health, lived to a very advanced age. Her life, being that of an invalid, contained few outward incidents; the interest of the record centres in the development of her spiritual life, her growth in Christian love and patience. The selection of poems contains the admirable hymn, "Just as I am," which has become the heart-language of thousands, and many equally, or not so well-known.

The rest of the poems scarcely reach the same standard of excellence, but there is much in them to please the lover of sacred poetry, and, above all, they bear the stamp of genuine feeling and devotion. A sister has compiled these memorials, which will have a special interest for those who have known and valued Charlotte Elliott.

The Spirit and the Muse. Containing Original Hymns and other Poems; With Translations from the Odes of Horace. By the Rev. Sir Philip Perring, Bart.
London: Longmans. 1872.

A PORTICAL address "To the Critic," occupying the first page of this volume, naturally attracts our attention. This is the strain in which the author would propitiate us:—

"Think not, O man, who dost this book review,
I fancy all within is good and new;
Much it contains has been already said,
And may, perchance, be elsewhere better read."

As an apology this seems to us to be almost too successful, for it justifies us in going at once "elsewhere." As regards the *Odes* of Horace, he is emphatically right in saying they may be "elsewhere better read;" for, with the versions of Lord Lytton and Theodore Martin in hand, not to mention others, Sir Philip Perring's translations may be safely neglected. There is nothing in the Hymns to call for notice. They show sincere religious feeling, and that kind of ability to write verse which most educated men possess, but which falls far short of true poetic power.

The Villages of the Bible: Descriptive, Traditional, and Memorable. Sabbath Evening Lectures in Brighton. By Rev. Paxton Hood. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1874.

We are not quite sure that it was worth while to give twenty

Sunday evenings to this course of sermons. Here are many pleasant thoughts, and descriptions of scenery, and theories of society, and indulgences of sentiment, but—we think of twenty Sunday evenings, and are doubtful. Mr. Paxton Hood seems to look towards village life with that kind of wistfulness which most men irrevocably committed to town life feel from time to time. “We have heard so much said about cities, that we can well afford to say and hear some words about villages. . . . I shall take some of the most remarkable villages of the Bible, and attempt to set them forth, with their characters, and events, and lessons; for God cares for villages. . . . In some such way I would use these conferences to show our Almighty Father’s interest in little places, in unknown people, and how they also are hung upon His infinite purpose of Almighty intention and design.” These lectures appeared in *The Preacher’s Lantern* before being gathered into a volume.

The Books of Genesis and Exodus, for the Use of Candidates for the Cambridge Local Examinations; With Analysis and Notes. By Henry Morris, Madras Civil Service. London: Longmans. 1874.

THESE two handbooks are prepared for candidates for the Cambridge Local Examinations next autumn. They contain the text, an analysis of the contents of each book, and explanatory notes. In the latter, the editor chiefly follows the Bishop of Ely and Canon Cook in the *Speaker’s Commentary*. They appear to us likely to be of service.