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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1871.

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2. *On the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection.* By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A.
3. *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication.* By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A. Two Vols.
4. *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection.* By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. 1870.
5. *The Anatomy of the Vertebrates.* Vol. III. *Mammals.* By RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S. 1868.
6. *Heat a Mode of Motion.* By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D. Fourth Edition. 1871.
7. *Notes of a Course of Nine Lectures on Light, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.* By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. 1870.
8. *On the Scientific Use of the Imagination; a Discourse delivered before the British Association at Liverpool.* By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. 1870.
9. *Sketch of Thermodynamics.* By P. G. TAIT, M.A., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. 1868.
10. *On the Mechanical Equivalent of Heat.* By J. P. JOULE, LL.D., F.R.S. *Philosophical Transactions.* 1850. Part I. p. 61.
11. *The Correlation of Physical Forces.* By W. R. GROVE, Q.C., M.A., F.R.S. Fifth Edition. 1867.

12. *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects.* By Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart., K.H. 1868.
13. *The Life and Letters of Faraday.* By Dr. BENGE JONES. Two Vols. 1870.
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19. *Energy.* By Professors WILLIAM THOMSON and P. G. TAIT. *Good Words.* 1862, p. 601.
20. *Force.* *Cornhill Magazine.* Vol. IV. p. 409.

SCIENCE is rendered possible to man by the consciousness of necessary judgments. Each science is founded upon certain irresistible convictions, and these convictions constitute the starting points of thought in that particular department of human inquiry. To question the reality of the primary deliverances of consciousness, or even to demand proof of their validity, is to reject, virtually, the science which professes to build upon them. To the philosopher it belongs to point out the marks by which we may determine in all the sciences, formal and real, what judgments are necessarily true. The discovery of primary truth by the application of these marks is sometimes a work of no small difficulty, even to the honest inquirer, but much more to a mind warped by prejudice. Prejudice, of necessity, impedes the action of the intellect in its attempts to think an object as it is. It leads us, unconsciously almost, to think any presented reality in harmony with previously adopted opinions, and in conformity with our wishes and desires. "The eye of human intellect," says Bacon, "is not dry, but receives a suffusion from the will and from the affections; so that it may almost be said to engender any science it pleases. For what a man wishes to be true, that he prefers believing."

"Philosophy," says Sir William Hamilton, "requires an emancipation from the yoke of foreign authority, a renunciation of all blind adhesion to the opinions of our age and country, and a purification of the intellect from all assumptive beliefs. Unless we can cast off the prejudices of the man, and become as children, docile and unperverted, we need never hope to enter the temple of philosophy. It is the neglect of this primary condition which has mainly occasioned men to wander from the unity of truth, and caused the endless variety of religious and philosophical sects. Men would not submit to approach the Word of God in order to receive from that alone their doctrine and their faith; but they came in general with preconceived opinions, and, accordingly, each found in revelation only what he was predetermined to find. So, in like manner, is it in philosophy. Consciousness is to the philosopher, what the Bible is to the theologian. Both are revelations of the truth, and both afford the truth to those who are content to receive it, as it ought to be received, with reverence and submission. But as it has, too frequently, fared with the one revelation, so has it with the other. Men turned, indeed, to consciousness, and professed to regard its authority as paramount; but they were not content humbly to accept the facts which consciousness revealed, and to establish these, without retrenchment or distortion, as the only principles of their philosophy: on the contrary, they came with opinions already formed, with systems already constructed, and while they eagerly appealed to consciousness, when its data supported their conclusions, they made no scruple to overlook, or to misinterpret, its facts, when these were not in harmony with their conclusions."*

The love of unity, though an important guiding principle in our search after truth, is often a source of error. The alchemists of former times would see in nature only a single metal, just as now many physicists profess to see in the varied phenomena of the material universe manifestations of but one force. "Some of our modern zoologists," says Hamilton, "recoil from the possibility of nature working on two different plans, and rather than renounce the unity which delights them, they insist on recognising the wings of insects in the gills of fishes, and the sternum of quadrupeds in the antennæ of butterflies,—and all this that they may prove that man is only the evolution of a molluscum." To the thirst for unity may also be ultimately traced the errors which result from a hasty resort to hypothesis. How often do we find, in recent speculations, an entire disregard of the circumstances in which hypotheses are permissible. It must be borne in mind that all suppositions are not hypotheses.

* *Lectures on Metaphysics*, Vol. I. p. 83

Assumptions are of two kinds. They relate either (1) to causes and laws, or (2) to effects or facts. The former only are properly termed hypotheses, and are allowable under certain well-defined conditions. One of the most important of these is,—that the facts to be explained, the effects to be accounted for, should be ascertained actually to exist. Cullen has truly observed that there are more false facts current in the world, than false hypotheses to explain them. Philosophy does not permit us to resort to hypotheses to account for assumed facts. The facts themselves must first be established by an appeal to consciousness, or to observation, or to the testimony of competent and credible witnesses. The disregard of this principle has been productive of much confusion and error in the physical sciences. Even Mr. Darwin, who, probably more than any other living writer, resorts to his imagination for facts, now allows that “false facts are highly injurious to the progress of science.”*

We purpose, in the present article, to deal with two notable doctrines, both of which result from a false method of inquiry, namely, the theories of *Natural Selection* and of the *Conservation of Energy*. According to Professor Huxley, “the nineteenth century, as far as science is concerned, will be known in history as having given birth to these two doctrines.” It is our intention to show that these doctrines are the great heresies of modern science.

The hypothesis of “Natural Selection” is illegitimate, and must be rejected for the simple reason that it is devised to account for facts which are assumed, but not proved to exist. Mr. Darwin takes for granted that naturalists have already established the existence of eight or ten unbroken chains of organised beings. He further assumes that, in each chain, one being succeeds another by almost insensible changes of structure, and that organs found in a rudimentary state in one being are found in perfection in some being further down the chain. He then adds, “Analogy would lead me one step further, namely, to the belief that all animals and plants—all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth,—have descended from some one primordial form.”

One important position, however, he now abandons. Until recently he has maintained that, though we are entirely ignorant of the causes of variability, we may take for granted that no variation can continue to exist, unless it is of some special, though unrecognised service. In his latest work,

* *The Descent of Man*, Vol. II. p. 385.

The Descent of Man, he candidly admits that in this he has been mistaken. He allows that his hypothesis of natural selection had prevented him from considering "the existence of many structures which appear to be, as far as we can judge, neither beneficial nor injurious" (Vol. I. p. 152). He might as well have gone a little further, and admitted that many variations from a given type are not merely not useful to the animal, but positively hurtful. The admissions, however, which he does make, amount to an abandonment of one of the most important assumptions of his system, "*The Survival of the Fittest*." This supposed fact being abandoned, it is easy to see that the theory of natural selection must, as a necessary consequence, be given up. Mr. Darwin is evidently not quite prepared to take this step. For the present, he contents himself with allowing that he has "attributed too much to the action of natural selection." But after giving up the fact of "the survival of the fittest," he cannot consistently retain the hypothesis of natural selection; for the theory was avowedly framed to account for this assumed fact alone. He still retains the supposed facts of transmutation and variation. This, however, will avail nothing, since he has never professed to account for variability by natural selection. Even in his *Descent of Man*, he says, "with respect to the causes of variability, we are in all cases very ignorant" (Vol. I. p. 111). He clings tenaciously to the assumption that existing species are the modified descendants of other species, and maintains that man is derived from some less highly organised form. Here is his outline of the complete genealogy of man:—

"By considering the embryological structure of man—the homologies which he presents with the lower animals—the rudiments which he retains—and the reversions to which he is liable, we can partly recall in imagination the former condition of our early progenitors; and can approximately place them in their proper position in the zoological series. We thus learn that man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World. This creature, if its whole structure had been examined by a naturalist, would have been classed amongst the *Quadrumana*, as surely as would the common and still more ancient progenitor of the Old and New World monkeys. The *Quadrumana* and all the higher mammals are probably derived from an ancient marsupial animal, and this through a long line of diversified forms, either from some reptile-like or some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fish-like animal. In the dim obscurity of the past we can see that the early

progenitor of all the Vertebrata must have been an aquatic animal, provided with branchia, with the two sexes united in the same individual, and with the most important organs of the body (such as the brain and heart) imperfectly developed. This animal seems to have been more like the larvae of our existing marine Ascidiæ than any other known form."—*The Descent of Man*, Vol. II. pp. 389, 390.

For the benefit of those of our readers who do not enjoy a personal acquaintance with all their congeners, we remark that an Ascidian is "an invertebrate, hermaphrodite, marine creature, permanently attached to a support. They scarcely appear like animals, and consist of a simple, tough, leathery sack, with two small projecting orifices."

But it is surely time for us to ask what proof have we that the facts are as they are thus asserted? It is admitted that the actual history of organised beings during the historic period supplies no evidence whatever of the existence of the supposed gradations. We appeal to the geological record, but with no better result. Geology has not yet furnished a fact which indicates the transition of one species to another, nor of one form of a complex organ to another less imperfect. "He who rejects these views," says Mr. Darwin, "on the nature of the geological record, *will rightly reject my whole theory*; for he may ask in vain where are the numberless transitional links which must formerly have connected the closely allied or representative species found in the several stages of the same great formations." It is true that Huxley contradicts Mr. Darwin on this point. In his lecture on the "Pedigree of the Horse," delivered at the Royal Institution in April 1870, he says:—"The rocks reveal to us transitional forms between animals now existing and those long gone, and yield to the philosopher fossils transitional between groups of animals now far apart." But he does not produce a single fact in support of this bold assertion. All the facts mentioned by him are isolated, and fail to supply the required connecting links. We still have nothing but discontinuity. In this same lecture he also informs us "that the doctrine of evolution, as set forth by Darwin, rests upon three pillars of observation and experiment. The first of these is the production of living matter from matter not living; the next is the production of new species by natural selection; the third pillar is historical evidence of living animals succeeding each other in a way which meets the requirements of the doctrine."

Now as Mr. Darwin himself teaches that life was breathed by the great Creator into that primordial form from which all other organic creatures have descended, it is scarcely just to

represent that his doctrine of evolution rests to any extent upon the assumption that living matter may be produced from matter not living. Professor Huxley's own views on this subject are, if we mistake not, confused and even contradictory. In his paper on the "Physical Basis of Life," his great purpose seems to be to show that the phenomena of life, and even of mind, may result from the action of purely physical powers. "I take it," he says, "to be demonstrable that it is utterly impossible to prove that anything whatever may not be the effect of a material and necessary cause." But if we turn to his address delivered at the last meeting of the British Association, we find him labouring to prove that there is absolutely no evidence to justify the assumption that living matter may be produced from matter not living! Surely he must have forgotten that Mr. Darwin had asserted, long before, that "science does not countenance the belief that living creatures are ever produced from inorganic matter."

Since neither the actual history of animate beings nor the geological record supplies proof that the facts are what the believers in the theory of natural selection assert them to be, we are led to inquire whether there is any other source of evidence open to us. If we propose to examine the statements of Scripture, we are instantly met with the cry that the Bible was not given to teach science! We freely admit that there is a sense in which the Bible was not designed to teach physical science. But it would be easy to show that in precisely the same sense the Bible was not intended to teach the science of morals or even the science of theology. But are we to infer from this that the Bible contains no reliable statement of the facts which moral philosophers and theologians employ in building up their respective sciences. Even if we are not allowed in the region of science to take for granted the Divine authority of the Bible, we may, at least, be permitted to plead that its account of the origin of species is as deserving of our attention as the assertions of Darwin, and Wallace, and Huxley. Can science show that a necessity was imposed upon the Creator to start with the production of but one organism? Can science advance any reason for not supposing that the Creator had ten, or ten thousand, or ten million points of departure? The arguments employed by Mr. Darwin merely prove that it was possible for the Deity to create a single living being which should have within itself all the elements to be employed by Him in the production of myriad forms of existence for countless ages. We are not

disposed to deny that this was within the range of the Divine agency. So long as Mr. Darwin does not insist, with Mr. Mill, that Omnipotence implies power to make two and two four in one world and five in another, we agree that it is an essential attribute of the Deity. But science strictly has nothing to do with *possibilities*. It takes account only of the *actually existent*. By actually existent we do not mean what is merely existent now, since the "actually existent" can be contemplated in relation to time past and future, as well as present. It is with the actual as opposed to the possible that science has to deal. As a naturalist, Mr. Darwin has observed and carefully recorded a multitude of most interesting facts, but these facts have no connection with his theory of evolution, and lend it no support. His "primordial form" exists nowhere but in "the scientific imagination." Naturalists, therefore, are bound to accept the Scripture statement in evidence. What then does Moses say? He tells us that life was breathed into many forms; that each plant was made after its kind, and each animal after its kind; and that all were created very good, having all their organs perfectly adapted to the purposes we now see them fulfil, not needing subsequent improvements to fit them for use. It is thus evident that in every particular the statements of Moses are directly opposed to those of Mr. Darwin. It does not belong to the philosopher, as such, to determine which account is correct. All that the philosopher insists upon is that if the naturalist can produce evidence to prove that there was but a single point of departure, it will still have to be maintained that the beginning of each sentient being now is the result of a special act of creative power not less than was the beginning of the first "Ascidian" into which was breathed the breath of life.

Mr. Darwin, in his most recent work, boldly applies his theory of evolution to man—to the faculties of his soul as well as to the powers of his body. But in dealing with mental phenomena he is evidently out of his element. In order to make the facts of mind fit his theory he resorts to the wildest assumptions. His account of the moral sense is almost as wide of the realities of which sane intellects are conscious as is the notable theory of Professor Bain. According to Bain our moral judgments are determined by our hopes and fears. Hence if parents reward their children for interested or selfish acts only, and punish them for all manifestations of disinterested good-will, they will necessarily judge that selfishness is morally right and praiseworthy, and that benevolence is wrong and deserving of punishment! We are unable to

see any advantage that the Darwinian doctrine has over that of Professor Bain. Both writers persistently ignore the fact that there are necessary truths in ethics not less than in mathematics. Regarding Mr. Darwin's views of the moral faculty, an able writer says :—

“We wish we could think that these speculations were as innocuous as they are unpractical and unscientific, but it is too probable that if unchecked they might exert a very mischievous influence. We abstain from noticing their bearings on religious thought, although it is hard to see how, on Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, it is possible to ascribe to man any other immortality, or any other spiritual existence, than that possessed by the brutes. But, apart from these considerations, if such views as he advances on the nature of the Moral Sense were generally accepted, it seems evident that morality would lose all elements of stable authority, and the ever-fixed marks, around which the tempests of human passion now break themselves, would cease to exert their guiding and controlling influence. Mr. Darwin is careful to observe that he does not wish ‘to maintain that every strictly social animal, if its intellectual and social faculties were to become as active and as highly developed as man, would acquire exactly the same moral sense as ours.’ If this be the case, why should our existing moral sense be deemed a permanent standard? ‘If, for instance,’ says Mr. Darwin, ‘to take an extreme case, men were reared under precisely the same conditions as hive-bees, there can scarcely be a doubt that our unmarried females would, like the worker bees, think it a sacred duty to kill their brothers, and mothers would strive to kill their fertile daughters, and no one would think of interfering.’ What is this but to place every barrier of moral obligation at the mercy of the ‘conditions of life?’ Men, unfortunately, have the power of acting not according to what is their ultimate social interest, but according to their ideas of it; and if the doctrine could be impressed on them that right and wrong have no other meaning than the pursuit or the neglect of that ultimate interest, conscience would cease to be a check upon the wildest, or, as Mr. Darwin's own illustration allows us to add, the most murderous revolutions. At a moment when every artificial principle of authority seems undermined, we have no other guarantee for the order and peace of life except in the eternal authority of those elementary principles of duty which are independent of all times and all circumstances. There is much reason to fear that loose philosophy, stimulated by an irrational religion, has done not a little to weaken the force of these principles in France, and that this is, at all events, one potent element in the disorganisation of French society. A man incurs a grave responsibility who, with the authority of a well-earned reputation, advances at such a time the disintegrating speculations of this book. He ought to be capable of supporting them by the most conclusive evidence of facts. To put them forward

on such incomplete evidence, such cursory investigation, such hypothetical arguments as we have exposed, is more than unscientific—it is reckless.”—*The Times*, April 8, 1871.

The way is now prepared for an examination of Mr. Darwin's hypothesis of “Natural Selection.” This hypothesis must not be confounded, as is frequently done, with the doctrine of evolution. Speaking with philosophical strictness the latter is not an hypothesis at all. It is an assumption of fact, but as yet its validity has not been established. We may very safely assert that there is not a fact recorded in the works of Mr. Darwin which implies even the possibility of the transformations and gradations for which he contends. But granting that the facts are precisely what he affirms them to be, the question arises, does the hypothesis of natural selection explain these facts—does it account for their existence? He never asserts that natural selection is the cause of the assumed variations. On the contrary, he teaches that natural selection can act only upon variations already existent. He represents it as securing “the survival of the fittest” by destroying all variations that are either injurious or useless. He speaks of it as a power intently watching each variation, of course for the purpose of ascertaining whether the variation will give to the creature possessing it any advantage in the great struggle for existence. In his last work he candidly confesses that natural selection is sometimes caught napping. It is thus he accounts for the continuance of useless variations.

We have found it no easy matter to determine the precise reality which Mr. Darwin intends to symbolise by the term “Natural Selection.” He admits that the term is in some respects a bad one, as it seems to imply conscious choice. To show that there may be selection without consciousness and without intention or choice, he quotes the remark of Huxley that “when the wind heaps up sand-dunes it sifts, and *unconsciously selects* from the gravel on the beach grains of sand of equal size.” So, says Mr. Darwin, “for brevity's sake I sometimes speak of natural selection as an intelligent power; in the same way as astronomers speak of the attraction of gravity ruling the movements of the planets.”* Having conceded that we must suppose an Intelligent Agent to account for the existence of that primordial organism from which all animate creatures have proceeded, he evidently

* *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, Vol. I. pp. 6, 194.

deems it unnecessary to admit the continued exercise of the agency of the Creator, to explain the ever-changing phenomena presented to observation. But if Mr. Darwin intends, as we suppose he does, to eliminate as far as possible all evidence of design from such phenomena, then his reference to the attraction of gravity is for him most unfortunate. In gravity we have a force acting in harmony with a well-ascertained law. This force is a constituted power dependent upon the agency of the Creator, not only for its existence, but for the conditions of its continued exercise. Hence the actions determined by the force of gravity are not explained until we trace out the Personal Agent who is the real originator of those movements. The actions are not, if we speak with philosophical strictness, produced by the force, but by the agent employing that force simply as an instrument to accomplish perceived and designed ends. The hypothesis that all phenomena which cannot be referred to the power of created agents are the *immediate* sequents of the Divine volition is not allowable. We must admit the fact of secondary causation. This, however, does not imply that the so-called "secondary causes" are anything more than "instruments." They never produce or originate effects, and always involve, as their necessary correlative, the existence of an Intelligent Agent.

Nor must we confound law with secondary cause. Thus, the law of gravitation can have existence only as a rule of action in the mind of the great Ruler, who is the real originator or cause of the movements which we immediately refer to the force of gravity. Hence we regard it as a primary and necessary truth that all regulated action implies an agent who exerts his power in accordance with a perceived rule. Some, perhaps, may deny that we are under the necessity of so thinking. But it is not difficult to show that the judgment in question possesses all the marks of a self-evident and necessary truth. "He who rejects it will assuredly be able to present nothing better deserving of credence."

But Mr. Darwin's assumption that natural selection does not involve the exercise of choice or purpose by some mind or person, cannot be admitted. The action which he attributes to natural selection is clearly regulated action. Why should natural selection favour the preservation of useful varieties only? Such action cannot be referred to blind force; it can belong to mind alone. Mr. Darwin sometimes confesses that his hypothesis carries absurdity on the very face of it. Thus he says :—

"To suppose that the eye, with all its inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, and for the correction of spherical and chromatic aberration, could have been formed by natural selection, seems, I freely confess, absurd in the highest possible degree. When it was first said that the sun stood still and the world turned round, the common sense of mankind declared the doctrine false; but the old saying of *Vox populi vox Dei*, as every philosopher knows, can never be trusted in science. Reason tells me, that if numerous gradations from a perfect and complex eye to one very imperfect and simple, each grade being useful to its possessor, can be shown to exist; if, further, the eye does vary ever so slightly, and the variations be inherited, which is certainly the case, and if any variation or modification in the organ be ever useful to an animal under changing conditions of life, then the difficulty of believing that a perfect and complex eye could be formed by natural selection, though insuperable by our imagination, can hardly be considered real."

"This reminds us," says Professor Young, "of Kepler's fortuitous salad. The story goes that the astronomer having delayed coming down to his supper, his wife, who was something of a shrew, took him to task for keeping her waiting. He excused himself by telling her he had got so absorbed in thinking of the theory of 'the fortuitous concurrence of atoms' that he had forgotten the salad she had prepared. Katherine naturally asked for an explanation of this odd theory. He replied, 'Suppose that from all eternity there had been flying about atoms of vinegar, and atoms of oil, and atoms of lettuce, you perceive that in time we might have had a salad.' 'Aye, aye,' said his wife, 'all that might be, but you wouldn't get one so nicely dressed as this!' So in reference to the fortuitous eye, formed as supposed, we think it would have been a far inferior eye to that which Mr. Darwin employed in penning the foregoing scheme."—*Modern Scepticism*, p. 161.

Newton asks, *Was the eye contrived without skill in optics?* Mr. Darwin allows that if the eye required an intelligent being, skilled in the laws of optics, his theory must fall to the ground. In the second volume of the *Journal of the Transactions of the Victoria Institute* there is a remarkable paper on the Darwinian theory by the Rev. Walter Mitchell, M.A., one of the Vice-presidents of the Society. We regret that this paper is not more widely known. We shall, therefore, quote from it somewhat extensively:—

"Let us test," says Mr. Mitchell, "the credibility of Darwinism on issues raised by Darwin himself—such, for instance, as the formation of the human eye on his hypothesis. 'If it could be demonstrated,' he says, 'that any complex organ existed which could not have been formed by numerous successive slight modifications, my

theory would absolutely break down.' The whole spirit and tenor of all that Mr. Darwin writes on this subject may be thus paraphrased:— 'The argument from design is the greatest crux I have to get over; I must evade it or deny it altogether—design can have no place in my system: admit it, and my hypothesis falls to the ground.' He admits that if such a complex organ as the human eye could not be formed, as he says it has been, by the law of natural selection, his theory must break down. How then upon this system is so complex an organ as the eye formed? The primordial being of Mr. Darwin is not formed with any eye from which our own may trace its ancestry. It is to be traced back to an organ not optical at all, or made with any reference to the laws of light, but to the mere chance exposure of a nerve of sensation to the influence of light. . . . I take the eye, as I believe I have a right to do, on sound scientific principles, as a perfect optical instrument. I say nothing of the secretion of that black pigment which absorbs the superfluous rays of light. I say nothing of that marvellous mechanism which changes the curvature of the lenses of the eye in a manner no human instrument can ever do. I say nothing of the iris—that varying diaphragm so sensitive to light, not for vision but for contractibility—which admits into the camera obscura of the eye just that amount of light which is necessary for the perfection of the image on the retina. I take this marvellous instrument, and I am told by Mr. Darwin that his system must collapse, that his hypothesis must crumble to dust, unless I can believe, as a thing within the range of credibility, that this perfect instrument has originated without a designer. For this is the force of Mr. Darwin's argument, that these lenses, so perfectly adapted to the laws of light in geometrical form and refractive powers on the rays of light, with all the marvellous mechanism for adapting them for near and distant vision, manifest no unanswerable evidence of design; that it is credible that all this marvellous combination and perfect adaptation to the laws of light are due to no forethought, no design, no wisdom. That all this has been formed simply by the law of natural selection. That some being possessed of sensitive nerves, some moons of ages ago, had one of these nerves accidentally exposed to light. I am told, without proof, that any nerve of sensation—by which, I presume, is meant a nerve sensitive to the touch—if exposed to light, would be sensitive to light; that this nerve becoming so sensitive to light became protected by a transparent film. That I must admit these assumptions, contrary to all we know about nerves of sensation, as credible. That, starting from such an imperfect eye as this, I am to arrive at the human eye according to this law: that an animal possessed of such an imperfect eye as a nerve covered with a transparent film would have such an advantage in the fierce struggle for existence as to destroy all its eyeless congeners; that it would necessarily propagate animals with like imperfect eyes; that in the course of time, if any accidental improvement took place in the film better adapted for the purposes of an eye, the animal with the improved eye would succeed better in the struggle for life, and propagate suc-

cessors with the improvement. And so the chance improvements, occurring through no law of design, but seized upon by the stern law of the fierce battle for existence, during a succession of unaccountable ages, is sufficient to render the formation of such an instrument as the human eye credible. I ask for proofs of so monstrous an hypothesis—something to render it credible. I am told that animals exist having eyes far more imperfect than those of man; but the series which is to set forth the slow steps of successive improvements of the eye are not to be traced in the present great variety of eyes now found among the animal creation. There are breaks in the law of progression. In one direction I may start with one eye, then eight eyes, then countless myriads of eyes or lenses, in the same living being. How is it, in the formation of the eye according to this principle of chance improvements, when I trace the eyes of so great a proportion of what are called the higher animals, I find this law of divergence strictly confined to the number two, while among the lower orders of the animate world it ranges through such a wide variety? Why such uniformity in one direction? Why so great a variety in the other? Again, setting aside this difficulty, and supposing that the missing links of a series of imperceptible gradations are buried in the undiscovered strata of past geological ages, I ask, why do the animals with the eyes taken as examples of imperfect ones still survive in that battle for existence in which they ought long ago to have been worsted? But here I would pause, and ask whether the eyes taken by Mr. Darwin as imperfect eyes are so? I deny their imperfection. I believe they are as perfectly adapted to the wants of their owners as my eyes are to mine. I believe the eight lenses of the spider, or the millions of lenses of the bee or the butterfly, are as perfectly adapted to the necessities of those animals as man's, or those of any other being. I know that if I search for the microscopic lens invented by Coddington from his knowledge of the laws of optics, in the works of animate nature, I find it in any one of the lenses of the common house-fly. But if it be credible that such a complex organ as the eye is formed in this way, I must assume all other complex organs to be created in a similar manner. . . . I say fearlessly that any hypothesis which requires us to admit that the formation of such complex organs as the eye, the ear, the heart, the brain, with all their marvellous structures and mechanical adaptations to the wants of the creatures possessing them, so perfectly in harmony, too, with the laws of inorganic matter, affords no evidence of design; that such structures could be built up by gradual chance improvements, perpetuated by the law of transmission, and perfected by the destruction of creatures less favourably endowed, is so incredible, that I marvel to find any thinking man capable of adopting it for a single moment. Mr. Darwin not only deprives us of any evidence of design in the physical structures of animate life, he would also eliminate that evidence from the psychological phenomena of living beings. He feels bound to bring the cell-making instinct of the hive-bee within the working of his hypothesis. He does not deny, as some of his admirers

have endeavoured to do, the mathematical perfection of the cells constituting the honeycomb. He does not seek to evade the problem by the fiction of equal pressures exerted by equal hemispheres pressing against each other. He does not ignore the fact that the angles of the terminal planes of the hexagonal cells were determined and measured long before there was any hypothesis as to their formation, and even before the mathematical problem was solved which showed that the bee's cell was the only form which gave the greatest amount of store-room with the least possible expenditure of material. The hive-bee makes each comb of two sets of cells placed back to back. Each cell is terminated by three flat lozenge-shaped planes, each plane being shaped like the diamond on playing cards. The three planes terminating a cell on one side of the comb, are the bottoms of three different cells on the other side; so that the hexagonal cells are not placed back to back. Indeed, the partition wall of the two sets of cells forms a series of lozenge-shaped cups on either side, and gives marvellous strength to the structure of the comb, on the same principle which causes the Gothic architect to support the weight of his roof by flying buttresses. A thousand—nay, a myriad of angles might be chosen for the rhomb-lozenge, any one of which would imitate the structure of the bee's cell as to its general appearance. Rigid mathematical evidence shows, however, that the bee chooses just that one angle of $109^{\circ} 28''$ which gives the greatest economy of material with the greatest power of storage. . . . How does Mr. Darwin account for the hive-bee acquiring this marvellous instinct for making so perfect a mathematical structure? Why a chance improvement in cell-making, manifesting itself among a certain set of bees, gave them an advantage in the struggle of life above other bees! This improvement was transmitted to the next generation; then another improvement was made in the same manner; and so on, till, in process of time, as an accidentally exposed nerve became a perfect eye, a race of bees gradually improved an almost shapeless cell into the mathematical perfection of that of the hive-bee!"

As Mr. Darwin refuses to allow that the action of natural selection necessarily implies the existence of consciousness and purpose, he ought not to be surprised at the use made of his doctrine by writers of the atheistical school. Büchner, Vogt, Haeckel, &c. accept his theory, because they think it dispenses with the necessity of supposing an intelligent Creator and Ruler, in order to account for the phenomena of the universe. Dr. Büchner emphatically denies the existence of design. He says, "the stag was not endowed with long legs to enable him to run fast, but he runs fast because his legs are long." And is not this precisely Mr. Darwin's position respecting the eye? The eye was not made for seeing; we see because we happen to have eyes! He frequently finds it very difficult to reconcile his theory, not merely with the

doctrines of the Bible, but with the instinctive judgments of his own mind. Hence he often uses language altogether out of harmony with his special opinions. Although he affirms that the action of natural selection does not imply conscious choice, yet he says, "Natural selection will pick out with unerring skill each improvement." He represents it as a "power always intently watching each slightly accidental variation." He speaks of the woodpecker, with its feet, tail, beak, and tongue, as being "so admirably adapted to catch insects under the bark of trees." Professor Owen accepts Mr. Darwin's doctrine of the transmutation of species, and even agrees with Huxley in regarding all forces as material; but rejects the hypothesis of natural selection. To this he opposes the theory of "Derivation," and holds that in all animate creatures there is "an innate tendency to change, irrespective of altered surrounding circumstances." He thus assigns a secondary cause for variations, and recognises creative power in the variety and beauty of the results. But the hypothesis of "Derivation" must be rejected, for the very reason that we reject the theory of "Natural Selection." The facts it professes to explain, have not been proved to exist.

The closing paragraphs of Mr. Darwin's work on the "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication" curiously reveal the perplexity of which he is conscious. He says:—

"If we assume that each particular variation was from the beginning of all time pre-ordained, the plasticity of organisation, which leads to many injurious deviations of structure, as well as that redundant power of reproduction which inevitably leads to a struggle for existence, and, as a consequence, to the natural selection or survival of the fittest, must appear to us superfluous laws of nature. On the other hand, an omnipotent and omniscient Creator ordains everything, and forms everything. Thus we are brought face to face with a difficulty as insoluble as is that of free-will and predestination."

But the difficulty here referred to, is of Mr. Darwin's own creation. It exists nowhere but in his fertile imagination. Had he started with a correct philosophy of causation, the difficulty could not have arisen. He refers to free-will and predestination, but there is no insoluble difficulty here. There is mystery, we grant, but not more than exists in connection with every ultimate fact, whether revealed in the Bible or in human consciousness. The affirmed difficulty respecting predestination is merely the result of a false definition of the

doctrine. We once heard a celebrated theologian in Scotland discoursing on this subject. He started with the assumption that, if God is a sovereign, He must be the cause or author of every event, and that, consequently, man cannot be free in the sense of having power to originate and decide his own volitional activity. He then dwelt upon the "insoluble difficulty" presented by the statements of Scripture regarding predestination and moral accountability. He represented the Bible as teaching that we are responsible for actions not really originated by us, at the same time admitting that every sane mind must affirm that we cannot be justly held accountable for acts of the will of which we are not the real authors. It is easy to see that the asserted difficulty resulted exclusively from an incorrect definition of sovereignty. In like manner, Mr. Darwin's "insoluble difficulty" has arisen solely out of his false theory of natural selection. No philosopher can accept this theory, since it so manifestly violates every condition of a legitimate hypothesis.

Let us now turn for a moment to a much older doctrine than this. As, in the present paper, we proposed to deal with the heresies of science in their purely philosophical aspect, we consented to leave out of view the Divine authority of the Mosaic account of the beginnings of organic existence. Since the theory of natural selection is directly opposed to the fundamental principles of philosophy, its advocates must do battle with the metaphysician before they venture to assail the theologian. How, then, does Moses account for the facts described in the first chapter of the Book of Genesis? Not by the action of the blind forces of matter; not by what Huxley terms "natural causes;" but by referring them to the agency of an intelligent and all-wise God. Now, we are asked to reject this ancient doctrine for that propounded by Darwin. If we are to accept the testimony of Professor Huxley, the whole scientific world has decided in favour of the Darwinian hypothesis. In his paper "On the Methods and Results of Ethnology" he treats with scorn the doctrine that God created Adam and Eve. He thinks the idea of creation unphilosophical! He calls the theory of Adam's creation Adamitic monogenism. He says: "Five-sixths of the public are taught this Adamitic monogenism, as if it were an established truth, and believe it. I do not; and I am not acquainted with any man of science, or duly instructed person, who does."* Now, in the language of Mr. Grove, we ask:

* *Fortnightly Review*, Vol. I. pp. 273, 275.

"Does the newly proposed view remove more difficulties, require fewer assumptions, and present more consistency with observed facts, than that which it seeks to supersede?" Believing that our readers are "duly instructed persons," we leave them to decide the question for themselves. Should anyone demand how we know that the marvellous combinations and adjustments of powers existent in every organic being are the result of intelligent design, we reply that we shall not stop to "bray such a man with a pestle in a mortar among wheat," for sure we are that by this, or any other means, "his folly will not depart from him." "He who explores the structure of the human eye, its expressive forms, its exquisite movements, its union of tenderness and strength, its magic chamber furnished with lenses and curtains, and its delicate canvas which receives the vivid pictures of external objects and presents them to the brain, while it takes back the creations of the mind and gives them an external form and locality,—he who studies this masterpiece of Divine mechanism, and who does not join in the fervid ejaculation, 'He that formed the eye, shall He not see!' deserves to be degraded from the rank of intelligence, and placed in that small appendix to human nature which the moralist only recognises,—'the blind leaders of the blind.'"

We shall now proceed to a brief examination of the theory of the "Conservation of Energy." We need hardly say that the fundamental assumptions of Thermodynamics are here involved. This theory, like that of natural selection, affords a remarkable instance of the error which necessarily results from an incorrect method of procedure. In former papers we have given illustrations of the kind of service that philosophy affords to the theologian. To the physicist it is capable of rendering a service not less valuable. And yet the supporters of the hypothesis of the conservation of energy resolutely refuse aid from the philosopher, and, indeed, generally speak of metaphysical discussions with contempt. Thus Professor Tait, in his paper "On the Dynamical Theory of Heat," says:—"We have no wish to stupefy our readers with the metaphysical arguments on this question, which, in countless heaps, encumber the shelves of mediæval libraries; nor do we think that, if we had ourselves attempted their perusal, we should now be able, with a clear head and unpuzzled mind, to sit down to our work. . . . Let metaphysicians keep to their proper speculations about mind and thought, where they

are at all events safe from being proved to be in the wrong, however extravagant their conclusions may appear to the less presumptuous, and therefore (if on no other account) less fallible, student of the laws of matter."* Now, we think that the recollection of that voice which for nearly twenty years was heard within the walls of the room which adjoins his own, should have restrained Professor Tait from speaking thus of metaphysicians. We have always found that those physicists who affect to despise metaphysics, nevertheless cling tenaciously to certain metaphysical doctrines of their own. These doctrines, too, are often of the crudest kind, and belong to the philosophical systems of the past. The Professor is himself an illustration of this. He tells us that in the physical world we are cognisant of but four primordial ideas besides *time* and *space*, namely, *matter*, *force*, *position*, and *motion*. To which of these, he asks, does heat belong? He says that, "till we know what the ultimate nature of matter is, it will be premature to speculate as to the ultimate nature of force, though we have reason to believe that it depends upon the diffusion of highly attenuated matter throughout space." He then informs us that "sensible heat" is neither matter nor force, but *motion*; while the so-called "latent heat" of Black is not to be regarded as heat at all, but *position*! Our readers will allow that these statements are, to say the least, unsatisfactory. A strictly philosophical analysis of our necessary judgments regarding the qualities and powers of matter would have prevented this confusion. Will Professor Tait inform us whether *experiment* has shown that sensible heat is motion, and latent heat nothing more than position? Until this is done we shall venture to maintain that these assertions are nothing but assumptions made to meet the necessities of the hypothesis of conservation. He finds himself compelled to employ the word *force*. He tells us that "force is recognised as acting in two ways—(1) So as to compel rest, or to prevent change of motion; and (2) So as to produce, or to change motion." But it belongs to the metaphysician exclusively to determine the precise significance of our necessary judgments respecting the reality of which the term force is the verbal symbol. The refusal to be guided by the teachings of a sound philosophy regarding the nature and origin of our notion of power has given rise to many false theories in ethics as well as in physics. The following is but one out of many

instances we had noted of the very loose employment of the term force :—

“ Force is that which produces or resists motion. It is indestructible. When it has ceased to exhibit itself in one form it has not ceased to *be*, but it has assumed expression in some other form. A force cannot originate otherwise than by devolution from some pre-existing force or forces. . . . In physics light, colour, heat, electricity, chemical affinity, attraction and repulsion, are modes of force. Matter is the vehicle through which force acts, is propagated, and alters its direction. Motion is the mode of alteration of force, and the transfer of it in greater or less intensity from one point to another. . . . Light, heat, electricity, &c., are correlatives, and the degree, intensity, or quantity of the one taking the place of, or superinduced by another, always bears an exactly definite proportion to the degree, intensity, or quantity of that other whose place it takes, or by which it is superinduced. . . . The train [locomotive] is brought to rest by reconversion of the propelling force into heat. . . . Vital and mental and nervous action are also modifications of force. . . . Mental exertion has produced ideas which remain in the mind, and the maintenance of these ideas consumes a large portion of the force received, which thus becomes latent. It is not only through the food that force passes to the brain; each sense is a force-conductor as each muscle is a force-liberator. Sights, sounds, scents, are modes of motion; nay, even qualities are so much more, or so much less force. . . . Dimension is a modification of force. Solidity, liquefaction, vaporisation, are modes of force. . . . Light is a modification of force. According to the theory now universally received it consists of a vibratory motion of the particles of a luminous body propagated in waves which flow in at the pupil of the eye, and, breaking upon the retina at the back, transmit their motion along the optic nerve to the brain, where they announce themselves as consciousness of light by resolution into an idea. Sound is the undulation of the air. The force applied by the finger to a harp-string flings the air into agitation, and the ripples sweep in at the ear, vibrate on the tympanum, and are thrilled to the auditory ganglion, where they transform themselves into a musical idea. . . . The force from the stroke of the waves of light is broken up by the brain, and then becomes an idea. In the formation of the idea the force becomes passive.” He speaks of remembrances as “fossil percepts,” and explains how we may use them up. “Say it is an ideal of beauty, the sculptor elaborates it in marble, and runs the pent-up force out of the brain. . . . Force modified by the brain appears as volition, cognition, and feeling.”—*Origin and Development of Religious Belief*, Part First, Chapter I.

After so luminous an exposition of the fundamental principles of modern dynamical science, Mr. Baring Gould evidently felt it would not be a right thing to allow the already much abused metaphysicians to escape without giving his

testimony to the cloudiness of their speculations. He says : " In following the thoughts of modern German philosophers, the difficulty of arresting them, and reducing them to a clear and easily intelligible system, is extreme ; the moment one fancies that a thought is assuming precision and outline, it throws out a cloud of ink like the sepia, and leaves the pursuer bewildered and in the dark."* But he must excuse our saying that our philosophical brethren in Germany have seldom succeeded in putting together so many words without thought corresponding, as he himself has done, in the sentences we have quoted.

We shall now consider the principal assumptions of the more distinguished supporters of the theory of the conservation of energy :—

First. They take for granted that *force is motion, and nothing but motion*. " Inert matter in motion," says Professor Bain, " is force under every manifestation."† Mr. Brooke, referring to the change of views since the publication of the fifth edition of Dr. Golding Bird's *Natural Philosophy* in 1860, says : " The numberless facts that have in the interval been observed and recorded, have tended only to confirm the opinion that the various physical agents are not forms of matter, but modes of motion."‡ It is true that he makes a distinction between force and energy. " The term *energy*," he says, " means simply the power of doing work ; *force* means the power of producing energy. These terms have been frequently confounded together ; thus we are accustomed to speak indifferently of the force of the powder and the ' force ' of the shot. But this is one of those confusions of terms that is very likely to lead to a confusion of ideas : strictly speaking, the powder has force, the shot only energy. Again, the force of the powder is only *potential*, or capable of being called into activity, while it remains yet unignited ; but, on the moment of ignition, its force becomes *actual*." His doctrine regarding the nature of force has thus no connection with that of a sound philosophy. By force, Mr. Brooke evidently means what other advocates of conservation mean by " potential energy." Thus Mr. Rankine speaks of " heat-potential " as distinguished from what is usually termed " sensible heat "—a form of kinetic or actual energy. Both forms of heat, we are told, are modes of motion ; only in the case of potential-heat the motion is, in some mysterious way, stored up,—

* *Origin and Development of Religious Belief*. Part First, p. 290.

† *Logic—Induction*, p. 21.

‡ *The Elements of Natural Philosophy*. Sixth Edition, Preface.

motion at rest, in fact! Well may Mr. Brooke admit that this "latent" or "potential" heat "has ever been held up as the great stumbling-block of the dynamic theory, because it is impossible to conceive motion to be reduced to a state of quiescence, but remaining still ready to start again into action."* In this we quite agree, and hence we think it unnecessary to give Mr. Brooke's reasons for believing a doctrine which he allows to be inconceivable. Mr. Grove teaches that, if we attempt to analyse our conception of force, viewed as the cause of any perceived motion, we can get nothing beyond some antecedent motion.† Hence the terms force and energy are not the symbols of distinct realities, but denote the same thing in different relations. A given motion, viewed as a cause, is force, while the very same motion, thought as an effect, is energy. And by cause the supporters of this theory really mean nothing but an immediately antecedent event. This is the doctrine of Professor Tyndall. He regards it as a primary and self-evident truth that "the cause of motion must itself be motion." He asserts that "we can make no movement which is not accounted for by the contemporaneous extinction of some other movement." Taking this for granted, he finds little difficulty in reaching the conclusion that, since light, heat, electricity, magnetism—cautiously omitting all reference to gravity—produce motion, they are themselves nothing but modes of motion.

But Dr. Tyndall is not content with this application of his assumed principle: he invades the province of the metaphysician, and decides that even "sound is motion." We find him frequently referring to this *fact* for the purpose of illustrating and confirming his dynamical theories. Unfortunately for his dictum, it can be demonstrated that sound is not motion. He falls into the very common error of confounding the condition of an effect with the effect itself. Sound is not motion, but sound. A logical definition of sound is impossible. He forgets that each thing is itself, and not something else. We allow that the vibration of the sounding body is a constituted condition of the existence of sound. We also admit that the undulations of the atmosphere, or of some other medium, are necessary to our perception of sound, since a given sound exists independent of our perception of it. Professor Tyndall also teaches that all our sensations are resolvable into so many kinds of molecular movement!

* *Elements of Natural Philosophy*, p. 796.

† *Correlation of Physical Forces*, p. 26.

Mr. Grove, too, defines sound as motion, and yet he allows that motion itself is incapable of definition. He says, "that to attempt to define it, would be to render it more obscure."* But philosophy teaches that the term sound designates an unresolvable fact, quite as much as the term motion does. If motion is motion, as Grove teaches, then sound must be sound. Tyndall's definition of heat violates the same logical laws. He tells us that "heat is a mode of motion." Now, we are willing to grant that motion of some kind, mechanical or molecular, may be a constituted condition of the action of the powers of heat. But how can this prove that heat is itself motion? Strange that our physicists do not see that these pretended explanations do but "darken counsel by words without knowledge." In every path of human inquiry, we speedily come to a barrier on which we behold, inscribed as in letters of light, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no further." To go beyond is impossible, so long as it shall please our Maker to continue those limitations upon our cognitive faculties of which we are conscious. Hence, how much more philosophical, to say the least, to admit that there are unresolvable mysteries, to confess our ignorance, than to impose upon ourselves and others by the pretence of knowledge.

It is, however, time to inquire whether a sound philosophy admits the validity of the assumption that force is nothing but motion. Assuredly it does not. There can be no motion except as the result of the exercise of force, but in no instance can the force itself be resolved into motion. Even a body in motion does not possess any force by virtue of that motion. Hence if it strike a body at rest, and thereby set it moving, there is here no real origination of motion. We have nothing but a distribution of the motion rendered possible by that action of force to which we refer the motion of the first body. To increase the quantity of motion, it is in vain that we resort to mechanical contrivances: we must supply the requisite conditions of new exertions of force. Hence, in direct opposition to Tyndall, we assert that we never account for the existence of any given motion by merely referring it to some previous motion. The origin of the motion is explained only when we trace out the reality, whether person or thing, possessing and exercising force. If the force is traced to a thing as distinguished from a person, the mind demands, in order to the complete explanation of an existent effect, that

* *Correlation of Physical Forces*, p. 24.

we admit that some person or intelligent agent has supplied the conditions of the action of that force. This Sir John Herschel insisted upon long ago, and we are not aware that anyone who claims to be regarded as a philosopher would think of denying what is most certainly a primary and necessary truth. Of course, Professor Huxley denies it, but it is well known that when he gets beyond his own special province, in which he is justly distinguished, it is his habit to "dogmatise in negation." He asserts:—

"The whole analogy of natural operations furnishes so complete and crushing an argument *against the intervention of any but what are termed secondary causes in the production of all the phenomena of the universe*, that in view of the intimate relations between man and the rest of the living world, and between the forces exerted by the latter and all other forces, I can see no excuse for doubting that they are co-ordinated terms of nature's great progression from the formless to the formed; from the inorganic to the organic; from blind force to conscious intellect and will."—*Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature*, p. 108.

In his paper on the "Physical Basis of Life," he affirms, what no sane mind ever questioned, the impossibility of an effect which has no cause. But he as confidently asserts that which no true metaphysician can allow, that every effect is the result of the action of a material and necessary cause. Philosophy teaches that only a person or intelligent agent can be a primary cause, and that the so-called "secondary causes" are merely the means or instruments by which intelligent beings accomplish contemplated and designed ends. The bold assertions of Huxley afford a remarkable confirmation of the truth of Darwin's recent statement,—that the absence of knowledge begets confidence more frequently than its presence.

We have seen that Mr. Grove, in common with other believers in the theory of conservation, assumes that all the physical forces are but modes of motion. But in the closing chapter of his valuable book, he makes an admission which is inconsistent with this doctrine. He says:—

"Another confusion of terms has arisen, and has, indeed, much embarrassed me in enunciating the propositions put forth in these pages, on account of the imperfection of scientific language; an imperfection in great measure unavoidable, it is true, but not the less embarrassing. Thus, the words light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, are constantly used in two senses, viz., that of the force producing, or the subjective idea of force or power, and of the

effect produced, or the objective phenomenon. *The word motion, indeed, is only applied to the effect, and not to the force, and the term chemical affinity is generally applied to the force, and not to the effect; but the other four terms are, for want of a distinct terminology, applied indiscriminately to both.*"

Mr. Grove thus abandons the fundamental assumption that force is nothing but motion. Does he not here teach that force, while the cause of motion, is not itself motion?

But let us inquire a little more particularly respecting the teachings of a sound philosophy. Force and motion are necessary correlatives. But forces are only one class of the powers belonging even to the various forms of material existence. It is an old heresy that all the phenomena of the material universe are resolvable into motion, and that all material effects are nothing but transformations of motion. This opinion harmonises with the theory of causation held by Hume, Brown, and Mill. These writers maintain that, apart from the time-relations of phenomena, there is no reality corresponding to our notion of force or power. Professor Tyndall, in his lecture on "The Scientific Use of the Imagination," makes a similar mistake. He seems to teach that the term force is not the sign of any reality presented either to observation or to consciousness; it has only an ideal existence,—it is but a fiction of the imagination. He tells us that, without the faculty of imagination, "our knowledge of nature would be a mere tabulation of coexistences and sequences. We should still believe in the succession of day and night, of summer and winter; but the soul of force would be dislodged from our universe; causal relations would disappear, and with them that science which is now binding the parts of nature to an organic whole" (p. 6). But this view of the province of imagination is wholly false. The imagination never creates its own object. It can only combine variously the realities which have already been presented to observation or to consciousness. Thus a man born blind, and who has never seen colours, cannot represent them in imagination, either singly or in combination. So, too, a man born deaf cannot imagine sounds. Hence it is not possible to imagine force, unless force itself has been presented to our cognitive faculty. We cannot account for the existence in our language of such words as power, energy, force, &c., unless the reality symbolised by these terms has been perceived either as an absolute, or as a relative, object of cognition. Each material reality possesses both qualities

and powers. Formerly, physicists dwelt almost exclusively upon the qualities, losing sight in a great measure of the powers. The tendency now is to explain all the phenomena of matter by referring them to the action of its powers. Thus extension and colour are material qualities, not powers. Mr. Baring Gould, as we have seen, asserts the opposite of this. In reading the *Life of Faraday*, we cannot but be struck with that philosopher's tendency to resolve all our judgments respecting matter into judgments of force. Hence his sympathy with the opinions of Boscovich. According to the theory of Boscovich, matter fills space by virtue of its forces, but does not occupy it. In harmony with this, Faraday remarks:—"We know nothing about matter but its forces—nothing in the creation but the effect of these forces; further our sensations and perceptions are not fitted to carry us; all the rest, which we may conceive we know, is only imagination." Hence he taught that the ultimate atoms are *centres of force*, and not so many little bodies either possessing forces, or surrounded by them. With him, forces constitute matter.

The objections to this theory of the nature of matter are admirably stated in a letter to Faraday by Dr. Thomas Mayo:—

"Your atmosphere of force, grouped round a mathematical point, is not, as other hypothetical expressions have been in the course of your researches, an expression linking together admitted phenomena, but rather superseding the material phenomena which it pretends to explain. It resolves, in fact, as it would appear to me, all matter into a metaphysical abstraction; for it must all consist of the mathematical point, and the atmosphere of force grouped around it. . . . The question which the philosopher has to answer in deciding whether he should accept this or any other hypothesis on the subject, is whether it best interprets phenomena, or is least at variance with them; the objection which you take to atoms on the ground of their uncertain magnitude is one which presumes that we pretend to more knowledge of them than those who entertain that theory *need* affect to possess. Indeed, your mathematical point is either a simple negation, as having neither magnitude nor parts; or is itself, after all, a material atom. The objection that *silver must vanish if its forces are abstracted*, may prove the necessity of forces to our conception of silver, but does not disprove the necessity of silver to our conception of its forces."—*Life of Faraday*, Vol. II. p. 150.

Mr. Wallace, in his *Contributions to the History of Natural Selection*, teaches that matter is force, and not a reality pos-

sessing and exercising force. He also endeavours to resolve all force into volition, as the following extract will show:—

"It has been long seen, by the best thinkers on the subject, that atoms, considered as minute solid bodies,—from which emanate the attractive and repulsive forces which give what we term matter its properties,—could serve no purpose whatever, since it is universally admitted that the atoms never touch each other; and it cannot be conceived that these homogeneous, indivisible solid units are themselves the ultimate *causes* of the forces that emanate from their centres. As, therefore, none of the properties of matter can be due to the atoms themselves, but only to the forces which emanate from the points in space indicated by the atomic centres, it is logical continually to diminish their size till they vanish, leaving only localised centres of force to represent them. . . . Matter is essentially force, and nothing but force; matter, as popularly understood, does not exist, and is, in fact, philosophically inconceivable. When we touch matter, we only really experience sensations of resistance, implying repulsive force; and no other sense can give us such apparently solid proofs of the reality of matter as touch does. This conclusion, if kept constantly present in the mind, will be found to have a most important bearing on almost every high scientific and philosophical problem, and especially on such as relate to our own conscious existence." [After asserting that all force is probably *will-force*, he asks, "What is force?" and says:] "We are acquainted with two radically distinct, or apparently distinct, kinds of force: the first consists of the primary forces of nature, such as gravitation, cohesion, repulsion, heat, electricity, &c.; the second is our own *will-force*." [He argues that our own *will* is the only primary cause of force of which we have any knowledge; and then adds:] "It does not seem an improbable conclusion that all force may be *will-force*; and thus that the whole universe is not merely dependent on, but actually *is*, the *will* of higher intelligences, or of one Supreme Intelligence. . . . Matter as an entity distinct from force, does not exist; *force* is a product of *mind*." Philosophy has long demonstrated our incapacity to prove the existence of matter as usually conceived, while it admits the demonstration to each of us of our own self-conscious, ideal existence. Science has now worked its way up to the same result, and this agreement between them should give us some confidence in their combined teaching."—Pp. 363, 369.

Both Faraday and Wallace overlook the important fact that we are conscious of necessary judgments regarding the qualities as well as the powers of material realities. Mr. Wallace is evidently an idealist, and an idealist greatly in advance of the school of Berkeley. If matter is nothing but force, and if all force is in its very nature spiritual, then we see no possibility of establishing the existence of anything beyond the facts of our own consciousness.

But how shall we account for the origin of our notion of power? As a matter of fact, we are conscious of an idea of agency quite distinct from our judgments respecting the mere succession of events. *This notion of power originates in the consciousness of ourselves producing or causing our volitions.* This, of course, is not admitted by Mr. Mill, because he denies the consciousness of self-personality. But we are here dealing with a question of fact, which every one can settle for himself by appealing to his own consciousness. If we are conscious only of successive mental states and acts, then all our judgments of continued existence and of personal identity are destitute of validity. Power, therefore, is predicated primarily of a conscious personal agent only. Hence it is that our first judgments of causation relate to ourselves originating our volitions. We are causes, our volitions are effects. All other effects produced by us are produced not immediately, as are our volitions, but mediately or instrumentally. Hence it is that our first judgment of secondary causation must refer to the relation between volition and some of its constituted sequents. Having gained the notion of power in the consciousness of our self-personality, we then, in perfect accordance with a well-known law of thought, transfer this notion, first to our volitions, and ultimately to material realities. For example, before us is lying a quantity of gunpowder. Is not the conviction forced upon our minds that this substance possesses, by virtue of its constitution, power to produce certain effects? We allow that this judgment is conditioned upon the facts of observation; but that does not in any way affect the real significance of the judgment itself. And we further allow that, apart from the effects viewed either as actual or possible, we can form no conception of the power belonging to the gunpowder. It is so with all relative objects of cognition.

It must here be noted that, when power is predicated of anything but a person, as for instance, when we affirm that a volition has power to move the hand, or that heat has power to move a body, we never think that the power *originates* the effect or change in the sense in which an intelligent agent originates his volition. We are, however, compelled to think that the volitions of agents supply the necessary conditions of the action of all secondary powers. It was an acute remark of Dr. Reid that the relation existing between primary and secondary causes is exactly expressed by the terms *Agent* and *Instrument*. Our readers will perceive the bearing of all this on certain prevalent theories. How often have we been told that

science demonstrates that our Maker cannot hear our prayers, and that miracles are impossible. But philosophy shows the falsity and absurdity of all such assertions. It proves beyond all possibility of question that the unceasing exercise of the agency of the Creator is the condition of the continued action of the constituted powers of the universe. In a former paper we denied the right of Positivists to be considered philosophers, because, in direct opposition to some of the best established truths of philosophy, they seek to shut God out of His own world. We see, too, how philosophy strikes at the very root of the evolution theory. It shows that there can be no event, and, therefore, no beginning of conscious existence without the exercise of power by an intelligent agent. Hence it is that the Creator's agency is as necessary to the beginning of each separate sentient being as it was to the origin of the first living organism. Philosophy rejects the monstrous assumption that, "because we were *born*, therefore we were *not created*." Nor can the conclusions of a sound philosophy be evaded by any attempt to clothe the so-called "laws of nature" with attributes which can belong only to an intelligent agent. Philosophy knows nothing of law except as a rule of action existing in some mind. We cannot predicate agency of law. There is no "creation by law." It may be *according to law*, but the power to originate can belong only to the agent. Even when it is said that secondary powers act according to law, it is not meant that the powers themselves choose to obey a perceived rule. It is the agent, whose volitions constitute the conditions of the action of these powers, who really conforms to the rule or law. Wherever we have regulated action—action in harmony with law—there we have evidence of the working of a mind.

Now, whenever the believers in evolution can show us a watchmaker who can construct a watch with Baden Powell's "self-evolving powers," so that it shall be able to evolve out of the depths of its own consciousness, and without any interposition of the agency of its maker, another watch like itself, or rather, as the theory demands, a watch slightly better than itself, then, and not till then, shall we allow that they have even conferred intelligibility upon their doctrine. When they have done this we shall be prepared to consider the question of its validity.

As we can form only a relative cognition of the powers of the material universe, it follows that we can classify these powers only through the effects which their existence renders possible. Hence the supposition that all the phenomena

could construct the eye, all, of course, excepting Mr. Darwin and those who bow to *his* authority, will admit that Newton affirms a necessary truth, about which there can be no rational doubt. But when he states that a body once in motion would continue so for ever, in the same direction and with the same velocity, unless impeded by the action of some other force than that which originally impelled it, we refuse our assent. It will not be contended that the truth of this statement can be established by experiment since it would require an eternity to make the experiment! The fact is, Newton's assumption is based upon a metaphysical error, viz., that "the continuance of a body in motion, in the same direction and with the same velocity" is, like "the continuance of a body at rest," *not an effect*. We commend this fact to the attention of Professor Tait. It will no doubt furnish him with an additional reason why he should be even yet more careful in his avoidance of the metaphysical treatment of physical questions.

No truth in philosophy is better established than this, that each change of the position of a body in space is an effect, demanding, in order to account for its existence, the action of a force belonging to some reality,—person or thing. The degree of the force exerted can be measured only through the effect produced. Now, according to Newton's "First Law of Motion," an exertion of force, which will move a body one-millionth part of an inch, is quite sufficient to move it ten millions of miles. Hence Mr. Grove's statement, that some have doubted whether this is a necessary truth, did not greatly surprise us.

The supporters of the doctrine of the indestructibility of energy have adopted a method the reverse of scientific. They start with the assumption of perpetual motion by means of transformation. In order to make facts fit their hypothesis, they take for granted that heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, are modes of motion, but not requiring a material basis to account for their phenomena. Some, however, seem to be aware that motion of necessity implies *something moving*, and that this something must be matter in some of its forms, and that, consequently, it is a great mistake to suppose that the dynamical theory is inconsistent with the materiality of heat. Finding that they have been a little too hasty in getting rid of the old imponderables, they are now quietly bringing them back under a new name, hoping, doubtless, that their few remaining friends may not be able to recognise them. Instead of the "imponderables," we now have "the *luminiferous ether* which fills stellar space, and even permeates all the

grosser forms of material existence." The phenomena of heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, are now explained by supposing the ether susceptible of the four corresponding modes of motion. "I have," says Professor Tyndall, "endeavoured to make as clear to you as possible, that bold theory, according to which space is filled with an elastic substance capable of transmitting the motions of light and heat. And consider how impossible it is to escape from this or some similar theory,—to avoid ascribing to light, in space a *material basis*. . . . Is it in the human mind to imagine motion without, at the same time, imagining something moved? Certainly not. The very conception of motion necessarily includes that of a moving body."* Respecting the nature of the "ether," Dr. Tyndall says that it is a *material substance*, possessing determinate mechanical properties, and that it is highly elastic. So far, chemical analysis has not determined anything beyond the fact that the ether belongs to the class "jellies." We need not wonder that a real philosopher like Faraday should make very light of such wild notions as these, and that he should persistently refuse to recognise them as belonging to science. It is but recently that Tyndall denied the materiality of heat, on the ground that it is motion. Grove, not having a like facility in changing his opinions, still clings to the doctrine that motion does not imply matter moving. He insists that "*it requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive light and electricity as motions, and not as things moving!*"† Thus the two most distinguished advocates of the dynamical theory are at issue on a point of vital importance.

Further, the theory of the conservation of energy demands not merely that we allow that one mode of motion may be converted into another, but that in any given series of transformations each motion is exactly equivalent to the one which preceded it and determined its existence. Tyndall, we have seen, holds that only motion can be the cause of motion. Consequently, according to this assumption, we have nothing in the effect which did not previously exist in the cause, and hence there is no production or origination of motion—nothing but a transformation. Dr. Tyndall illustrates the supposed transformation thus:—

"Here is a cold lead bullet, which I place upon this cold anvil, and strike it with a cold sledge-hammer. The sledge descends with a

* *Notes on Light*, p. 71.

† *Correlation of Physical Forces* p. 25.

certain mechanical force, and its motion is suddenly destroyed by the bullet and anvil; apparently the force of the sledge is lost. But let us examine the lead: you see it is heated, and we shall by and by learn that if we could gather up all the heat generated by the shock of the sledge, and apply it without loss mechanically, we should be able by means of it to lift the hammer to the height from which it fell. . . . When our sledge-hammer descended upon our lead bullet, the descending motion of the sledge was arrested; but it was not destroyed. The motion was transferred to the atoms of the lead, and announced itself to the proper nerves as heat."—*Heat a Mode of Motion*, pp. 7, 27.

Now the assertion that "if we could gather up all the heat generated by the shock of the sledge, and apply it mechanically, *we should be able, by means of it, to lift the hammer to the height from which it fell,*" is not true. How does Dr. Tyndall in this experiment measure the amount of mechanical motion? Not by the *vis viva*, not even by the *momentum*, but simply by the weight of the sledge multiplied into the distance through which it falls. Let us suppose that, instead of striking the anvil with the hammer, it is pulled through the same distance *by the force of gravity alone*, what will be the result? The heat generated will not be nearly so great as when the fall is the effect of the combined action of gravity and muscular force. Dr. Tyndall quietly drops out of view in this experiment the all-important element of *velocity*, simply that he may make his facts fit his hypothesis. It is confidently asserted that the experiments by which Dr. J. P. Joule determined the mechanical equivalent of heat support the conclusion in question. We as confidently affirm that they do not. Through the kindness of Dr. Joule we have been permitted to form our own judgment respecting the precise significance of these experiments, and also to determine to what extent they warrant the various doctrines which have been based upon them. We cannot, however, enter upon this question now. We merely remark that Dr. Joule, like Faraday, is a most painstaking experimentalist. Like him, too, he values facts above all price, but holds theories with a very loose hand.*

* Much confusion has arisen in recent dynamical speculations in consequence of not perceiving that the physicist and the philosopher must of necessity contemplate Dr. Joule's experiments from very different points of view, and with reference to totally distinct inquiries. We have space for but a single illustration,—one of the experiments for determining "the mechanical equivalent of heat." By means of machinery a weight of 772 lbs. is made to turn a small paddle-wheel placed in one pound of water. Dr. Joule found that the descent of the weight with a given velocity through one foot raised the temperature of the water exactly one degree Fahrenheit. The same result was obtained when

Even with the assumptions already noted the advocates of the theory of conservation find that they are not able to explain all the facts. For example, we apply a single spark of fire to an ounce of gunpowder, and thereby explode it. We then explode 10,000 tons of powder by the application of another spark. No supporter of the theory will venture to tell us that in these cases the energy of the explosion is exactly equivalent to the energy or motion of the spark; so, rather than give up their pet hypothesis, they make another appeal to our credulity, and ask us once more to tax our imagination. They tell us that energy or motion is of two kinds, *actual* and *potential*. We have heard much about the *potential* energy of coal, and have endeavoured to think it as it is represented to be—"stored up motion," "bottled sunlight," &c., but in vain. We are not yet sufficiently skilled in—shade of Bacon, pardon the expression!—the "scientific use of the imagination." But let us hear Professor Tyndall's exposition of the nature of the two forms of energy:—

"I have here a lead weight attached to a string which passes over a pulley at the top of the room. We know that the earth and the weight are mutually attractive; the weight now rests upon the earth, and exerts a certain pressure upon its surface. The earth and the weight here *touch each other*; their mutual attractions are, as far as possible, satisfied, and *motion*, by their mutual approach, is no longer possible. As far as the attraction of gravity is concerned, the possibility of producing motion ceases as soon as the two attracting bodies are actually in contact. I draw up this weight. It is now suspended at a height of sixteen feet above the floor, where it remains just as motionless as when it rested on the floor; but by introducing a space

other fluids were employed, allowance of course being made for the difference in their capacity for heat. It is sometimes said, but erroneously, that Dr. Joule has also determined, by actual experiment, that the expenditure of one degree of the heat existent in a pound of water will raise 772 lbs. through the space of one foot. But the question how much mechanical work can be done by a given quantity of heat is far from settled. Now to the physicist the downward motion of the weight is so much "mechanical energy," the heat produced so much "work done." To the philosopher, on the other hand, the motion of the weight is not energy or force at all, but simply an effect determined by the earth's force of gravity, while the action of the heat is another effect. The whole series of effects, beginning with the descent of the weight and terminating with the heat generated, the philosopher refers to a specific action of the force of gravity. This force he views as distributed, each effect expending a portion of the force. The physicist regards the heat produced as transformed mechanical energy or motion, while the philosopher sees in this not the conversion, but the correlation of two physical forces, the action of gravity supplying the condition of the action of the heat previously existent, though latent, in the water. To the physicist the descent of the weight viewed in relation to the heat is a *cause*. To the philosopher this motion, viewed in the same relation, is not a cause, but a *condition*.

between the floor and it, I entirely change the condition of the weight. By raising it I have conferred upon it a motion-producing power. There is now an action possible to the weight which was not possible when it rested upon the earth—it *can fall*, and in its descent can turn a machine, or perform other work. Let us employ, generally, the useful and appropriate term *energy* to denote the power of performing work; we might then fairly use the term *possible energy* to express the power of motion which our drawn-up weight possesses, but which has not yet been exercised by falling; or we might call it ‘potential energy,’ as some eminent men have already done. This potential energy is derived, in the case before us, from the pull of gravity, which pull, however, has not yet resulted in motion. But I now let the string go: the weight falls and reaches the earth’s surface with a velocity of thirty-two feet a second. At every moment of its descent it was pulled down by gravity, and its final moving force is the summation of the pulls. While in the act of falling, the energy of the weight is active. It may be called *actual energy*, in antithesis to *possible*; or it may be called *dynamic energy*, in antithesis to *potential*; or we might call the energy with which the weight descends *moving force*. The great thing, now, is to be able to distinguish energy in *store* from energy in *action*; potential energy from actual energy. . . . Our weight started from a height of sixteen feet; let us fix our attention upon it after it has accomplished the first foot of its fall. The total pull, if I may use the term, to be expended on it has been then diminished by the amount expended in its passing through the first foot. At the height of fifteen feet it has one foot less of potential energy than it possessed at the height of sixteen feet, but at the height of fifteen feet it has an equivalent amount of dynamic or actual energy, which, if reversed in direction, would raise it again to its primitive height. Hence, as potential energy disappears, actual energy comes into play. *Throughout the universe, the sum of these two energies is constant.* To create or annihilate energy is as impossible as to create or annihilate matter; and all the phenomena of the material universe consist in transformations of energy alone. The principle here enunciated is called the law of the *conservation of energy*. . . . To Nature nothing can be added; from Nature nothing can be taken away; the sum of her energies is constant, and the utmost men can do in the pursuit of physical truth, or in the applications of physical knowledge, is to shift the constituents of the never varying total. The law of conservation rigidly excludes both creation and annihilation.”—*Ibid.* par. 153, 154, 155, 626.

The statement that the sum of the actual and potential energies of the universe is a constant quantity, Sir John Herschel has clearly shown to be nothing but a truism. It is so simply in consequence of what he terms “the unfortunate phrase potential energy.”* According to Professor

* *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects*, p. 469.

Tyndall, in the case supposed, the weight, when resting on the surface of the earth, is destitute of all energy, potential and actual. Yet he tells us that "*it exerts a certain pressure.*" This is an error. The pressure is an effect produced by the earth's force of gravity, and therefore not exerted by the weight. We leave out of view the infinitesimal amount of pressure determined by the weight's attraction of the earth. If the energy of the universe is an unvarying quantity, it follows that the weight can acquire power, not by a creation of energy, but only by its transference from some other reality. This Dr. Tyndall allows. But the question arises, *what is energy?* Several distinct and totally different answers have been given. We shall in this connection refer only to one. Professor Balfour Stewart has a series of papers in *Nature* on this question.* He asserts that energy is not a *quality* but a *thing*. We have no conception of what he means;—but this may be due to the fact that we did not learn our metaphysics in the lecture-room of Professor Tait. Stewart says that "the chemist has always taught us to regard quantity, or mass of matter, as unchangeable, so that amid the many bewildering transformations of form and quality which take place in the chemical world, we can always consult our balance with a certainty that it will not play us false. But now the physical philosopher steps in and tells us that energy is quite as unchangeable as mass, and that the conservation of both is equally complete. There is, however, this difference between the two things: the same particle of matter will always retain the same mass, but it will not always retain the same energy. As a whole, energy is invariable, but it is always shifting about from particle to particle, and it is hence more difficult to grasp the conception of an invariability of energy than of an invariability of mass." Dr. Bence Jones, Secretary to the Royal Institution, asserts the exact opposite of this. He makes no distinction whatever between force and energy, and consequently confounds two totally distinct theories, viz., "the conservation of force" and "the conservation of energy." He says that force cannot be separated from matter at all, thus denying Stewart's doctrine respecting the transference of energy. He tells us, for example, that "the union between matter and gravity is as inseparable as the union between matter and chemical force. Matter without weight is not matter at all; the weight belongs to the matter, and cannot be taken from it."† But to return to Tyndall's

* Nos. 26, 31, 36, 40.

† *Croonian Lectures*, p. 18.

illustration. He tells us that when the weight is suspended at a height of sixteen feet its condition is changed; that it possesses a power which it did not possess when it rested upon the earth;—"it can fall." So also affirms Professor Stewart. He supposes a stone thrown upwards, and "caught at the summit of its flight and lodged on the top of a house." He asks "what has become of the energy of the stone? Has this disappeared? Far from it; the energy with which the stone began its flight has no more disappeared from the universe of energy than the coal, when we have burned it in our fire, disappears from the universe of matter. But this has taken place: the energy has changed its form and become spent, or has disappeared as energy of actual motion, in gaining for the stone a position of advantage with regard to the force of gravity." According to Stewart the potential energy of the stone at its maximum height is simply its position, and by virtue of the position thus gained the stone possesses a power to fall. All this we deny. The stone has not, in consequence of its upward motion, acquired a power to fall. Why cannot the so-called potential energy of the stone determine a further upward motion? The power which is supposed to be existent in the stone at the moment its upward motion ceases, has no reality; it is simply a creation of energy by "the scientific imagination." When the stone or the weight falls to the ground, it is not through the action of any power belonging to the objects themselves, but is simply the result of the exercise of the earth's force of gravity.

We accept the doctrine of the conservation of force as opposed to that of the indestructibility of energy. No one has stated this doctrine with greater clearness than Faraday. He says: "A particle of oxygen is ever a particle of oxygen; nothing can in the least wear it. If it enter into combination and disappear as oxygen—if it pass through a thousand combinations, animal, vegetable, and mineral—if it lie hid for a thousand years, and then be evolved, it is oxygen with its first qualities: neither more nor less. It has all its original force and only that."* Hence it is evident that the theory of the conservation of force is really nothing but one aspect of the doctrine that matter is indestructible except by Him who gave it existence. Each material reality, as we have seen, possesses both *qualities* and *powers*, and hence the two aspects of conservation.

It is necessary to call attention here to a distinction too

* *Researches in Chemistry*, p. 454.

generally overlooked by the physicist. It is admitted, in reference to the force of gravity, that we have a power in constant action. If it does not produce motion, it determines the existence of pressure or weight. But the action of many forces is intermittent, and we are often able to supply the constituted conditions of this action. Now we must carefully distinguish between a given force and some particular action of this force. The force may be exerted a thousand times and in a thousand different combinations, still there is no change in the force itself. The same results are always possible provided the conditions of its action are the same. But while the force itself cannot be diminished in amount, every action of the force is expended or exhausted in the production of a limited number of effects. Each action is of definite degree, and this degree can be measured only through the effects determined. Hence it is that we are unable, by any mechanical arrangements, to make the least addition to any given action of force. To augment the results we are compelled to resort to fresh exertions of force. We employ mechanism simply and only for the purpose of distributing force. Thus the fall of a body weighing 772 pounds through one foot is work, but it is not useful work. The fall is an effect determined by the action of gravity in a given time. But when this weight is attached to machinery, we distribute the action of gravity. Instead of a single useless effect as before, we now have a plurality of useful results, sustaining to each other the relation of means to end. *Each result consumes a definite portion of the action of the force.* In the case of the steam-engine, though we employ not the force of gravity, but the power existent in heat, the same reasoning is applicable.

Further, we maintain that the forces of the universe are often *correlated*, but are *never convertible*. We find much in the writings of both Faraday and Grove to support this doctrine. But we are obliged to allow that their statements are not always consistent. Faraday taught that electricity, heat, magnetism, and other powers of matter "are all connected," but he affirms that "we cannot say that any one is the cause of the others." The term "Correlation," first employed in science by Grove, we regard as a very happy one. He teaches that forces "are correlative, but not identical."

"Reviewing," says Mr. Grove, "the series of relations between the various forces which we have been considering, it would appear that in many cases where one of these is excited or exists, all the others are also set in action: thus, when a substance, such as sulphuret of antimony, is electrified, at the instant of electrification it becomes *magnetic*

in directions at right angles to the lines of electric force; at the same time it becomes *heated* to an extent, greater or less, according to the intensity of the electric force. If this intensity be exalted to a certain point, the sulphuret becomes luminous, or *light* is produced; it expands, consequently *motion* is produced, and it is decomposed, therefore *chemical action* is produced."—*Correlation of Physical Forces*, p. 242.

Sir Henry Holland tells us that "the same single electrical current from a voltaic battery is capable in its circuit of evolving heat and light,—of creating magnets,—of producing mechanical force,—of violently affecting the nervous and muscular organisation,—and of inducing, by decomposition or combination, the most powerful chemical changes, simply according to the nature of the different material objects which the experimentalist interposes in the circuit."* It is thus evident that forces are correlated in the sense that the action of one supplies the necessary condition of the action of another. Thus in the illustration of the spark exploding the powder, the action of the power of the spark is not the *cause* of the explosion. The action of the force existent in the powder itself is the true cause, while the action of the spark merely supplies the necessary condition of the action of the power belonging to the gunpowder.

The supporters of the theory of the conservation of energy overlook the fundamental distinction between correlation and convertibility. Heat can never be converted into light, nor light into heat; heat cannot be converted into electricity, nor electricity into magnetism. But realities possessing the powers of heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, may come into such relations that the action of any one of these powers shall supply the conditions of the action of all the rest. Failure to perceive the distinction in question has been productive of the wildest theories. We can notice only two. The first is that all the energy we derive from plants and animals is drawn from the sun. In a recent paper on "Vitality" we are told that—

"Besides the mechanical actions which he produces in the surrounding planetary system, the sun acts as a *radiant* body, from which issues, in the form of minute waves, a power whose functions have but recently been fully apprehended. These waves, impinging upon the optic nerve, produce light, and impinging upon other nerves, produce heat, the impressions of heat and light depending on our organisation, different parts of which are affected differently by the self-same thing. But the function of the sun is not only to illuminate and warm us; for,

* *Essays*, p. 12.

without his vibrations, vegetable life—and consequently animal life, which depends ultimately upon that of vegetables—could have no existence. A few years ago, when the sun was affirmed to be the source of life, nine out of ten of those who are alarmed by the form which this assertion has latterly assumed, would have assented, in a general way, to its correctness. Their assent, however, was more poetical than scientific, and they were by no means prepared to see a rigid mechanical signification attached to their words. This, however, is the peculiarity of modern conclusions; that there is no *creative* energy whatever in the vegetable or animal organism, but that all the power which we develop by the combustion of wood or coal, as well as that which we obtain from the muscles of men and animals, has been produced at the sun's expense."

This writer allows that it is a somewhat disquieting circumstance that the most "advanced philosophers" of the present day have arrived at the conclusion that *life*—all vital energy—"is derived, not from the fiat of a supernatural agent, but from a reservoir of *inorganic* force." "Whence," ask Professors Thomson and Tait, "do we immediately derive all those stores of potential energy which we employ as fuel or as food? What produces the potential energy of a loaf or a beef-steak? What supplies the coal or the water-power without which our factories must stop? The answer, going one stage back, is quite satisfactory. To the sun we are indebted for water-power, coal, and animal and vegetable food."* Tyndall might be quoted to the same effect. Huxley refers not only the powers of life, but even those of thought and feeling, to the reservoir of inorganic force, and asserts, as we have already seen, that "it is demonstrable that it is utterly impossible that anything whatever may not be the effect of a material and necessary cause."† But as Professor Huxley, whenever he gets out of his own special province, makes assertions the most inconsistent and contradictory,—when he can teach that we may accept the materialistic doctrines without being materialists,—when, after so confidently asserting that there are no causes in the universe but material causes, he can, in the very same paper, confess that he knows nothing about the matter,—he puts himself out of court: his statements are not even admissible in evidence.

The doctrine that all the powers now existent in our world have been derived from the sun, we reject for three reasons:—*first*, because it rests upon the assumption that forces are convertible—which assumption we know to be false; *secondly*,

* *Good Words*, 1862, p. 605.

† *Fortnightly Review*, Feb. 1869, p. 142.

because it is inconsistent with the hypothesis of the conservation of force—an hypothesis most satisfactorily established by the facts adduced by Faraday; and *thirdly*, because it is directly opposed to the correct philosophy of causation.

The other false theory based upon the assumption that forces are not merely correlated but mutually convertible, is that of the "Dissipation of Energy." It is asserted that, though other forces are capable of being converted into heat, yet the process is not strictly reversible. It is not possible to reconvert the whole of the heat produced into any other force. Hence the portion of heat which is incapable of transformation is said to be dissipated and lost. We are told that not even a stone can fall to the earth without changing the dynamical condition of the universe! It is argued that as each action of the earth's gravity generates heat by concussion, or friction, or by compression, and that as the whole of this heat cannot be transformed into other forces, the earth's energy is constantly diminishing, and that we are therefore gradually creeping towards the sun. Sir William Thomson and Professor Tait inform us that—

"As all energy tends ultimately to become heat, which cannot be transformed without a new creative act into any other modification, we must conclude that when all the chemical and gravitation energies of the universe have taken their final kinetic form, the result will be an arrangement of matter possessing no realisable potential energy, but uniformly hot—an undistinguishable mixture of all that is now definite and separate—chaos and darkness as 'in the beginning.' But before this consummation can be attained, in the matter of our solar system, there must be tremendous throes and convulsions, destroying every now existing form. As surely as the weights of a clock run down to their lowest position, from which they can never rise again, unless fresh energy is communicated to them from some source not yet exhausted, so surely must planet after planet creep in, age by age, towards the sun. When each comes within a few hundred thousand miles of his surface, if he is still incandescent, it must be melted and driven into vapour by radiant heat. Nor, if he has crusted over and become dark and cool externally, can the doomed planet escape its fiery end. If it does not become incandescent, like a shooting-star by friction, in its passage through his atmosphere, its first graze on his solid surface must produce a stupendous flash of light and heat. It may be at once, or it may be after two or three bounds, like a cannon-shot ricochetting on a surface of earth or water, the whole mass must be crushed, melted, and evaporated by a crash, generating in a moment some thousands of times as much heat as a coal of the same size could produce by burning. . . . Light, electric motion, and all other forms of energy, ultimately become heat. Therefore though the progress of

energy through these various stages may modify the course of events, it cannot in the least affect their inevitable termination."—*Good Words*, 1862, p. 606.

To this testimony to "the death of the universe" we add that of Professor Stewart:—

"Intimately linked as we are to the sun, it is natural to ask the question, Will the sun last for ever, or will he also die out? There is no apparent reason why the sun should form an exception to the fate of all fires, the only difference being one of size and time. It is larger and hotter, and will last longer than the lamp of an hour, but it is nevertheless a lamp. The principle of degradation would appear to hold throughout, and if we regard not mere matter, but useful energy, we are driven to contemplate the death of the universe. Who would live for ever, even if he had the elixir of life? or would purchase, if he might, the dreary privilege to preside at the end of all things—to be 'twins in death' with the sun, and to fill up in his own experience the melancholy dream of the poet—

" 'The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The stars with age were wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man.
Some died in war, the iron brands
Lay rusting in their bony hands,
In peace and famine some.
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,
And ships lay drifting with their dead
To shores where all were dumb.' "

The supporters of the theory of the "Dissipation of Energy" are also believers in that of its Conservation. To ourselves, the two theories appear to be inconsistent. We are told that energy cannot be lost; that when not available in one form it is in another. We are then informed that to this there is a trifling limitation; that the whole energy of the universe is slowly but surely taking the final form of heat, and that this heat is being dissipated or lost,—lost in the sense that it is no longer available for the production of motion or of any other effect. On this ground, Sir William Thomson affirms that perpetual motion is impossible. Grove, on the contrary, teaches that the possibility of perpetual motion is an established fact of science. Thomson appears to take for granted that when heat has ceased to be available to man the Creator no longer employs that heat to determine the action of the other forces necessary for the continuance of the phenomena of the universe. Do not many of our modern physicists deserve the rebuke which the Almighty administered to the too speculative patriarch of old,—“Who

is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? . . . Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding.”*

We think that we have now made it evident that neither the theory of “Natural Selection” nor that of the “Conservation of Energy” has any basis whatever in fact. To a true philosopher like Faraday what can be more painful than to find such bewildering theories treated as though they were established truths, and to hear it so persistently asserted that science contradicts the Bible. Think of Professor Huxley affirming that he is not acquainted with “any man of science or duly instructed person” who believes that God created Adam and Eve! Can dogmatism be more offensive or more irrational? Let our readers imagine, if they can, how these “duly instructed persons,” who pretend to regard the idea of creation as “unphilosophical,” would have exclaimed had they first found the doctrines of evolution and natural selection in the Bible and not in Darwin’s *Origin of Species*!

Dr. Bence Jones is a believer in the theory of conservation. He, however, differs on some important points from other prominent supporters of the doctrine. Professor Stewart, as we have seen, teaches that the “thing” called energy may be transferred from one reality to another. Thus a stone, he says, possesses an energy in one position of which it is entirely destitute in another. Consequently, taking only a limited portion of the created universe into account, we cannot affirm that its energy is a constant quantity, an unvarying amount. In opposition to this, Dr. Jones teaches that the energy belonging to any given thing cannot be separated from

* If the assumption of the “Dissipation of Energy” is really valid, we think its supporters cannot render a more valuable service to their fellows than by pointing out the most economical methods of using the various physical forces, but especially the force of gravity. To Sir William Thomson, as President elect of the next meeting of the British Association, we beg to suggest that, as a former president took for the motto of his address, “Save your coals!” he should adopt as his, “Preserve your gravity!” This would certainly be an improvement on the course taken by the president last year, who devoted the whole of his address to prove what, until that time, we really were not aware “any duly-instructed person” had ever called in question.

Our readers will now be able to understand why Professor Huxley should be so anxious that science should be taught in our schools. To him, as a member of a most important School Board, we venture to recommend that the very first lesson in science should refer to the evil of throwing stones. The lads must be taught that every stone thrown produces heat by collision; that as a portion of this heat is certainly lost, each stone thrown of necessity alters the dynamical condition of the universe, and hastens the dread moment when the earth shall fall into the sun, and their bodies and their souls be dissipated into fire-mist! Surely, the thought of such responsibility will exercise a most restraining influence upon the youngsters.

it; that a material reality, for example, if deprived of its force of gravity, would thereby cease to be material. He takes for granted that the powers of life are material forces, never supposing that any sane mind would question this. Therefore he holds that the energy of life cannot be separated from the human body. In this, science, he says contradicts the Bible, since in the Book of Genesis "we read that man was formed of the dust of the ground; and *after* he was formed the breath of life was breathed into his nostrils." According to Dr. Jones, this statement cannot be true, since it assumes that a fully formed body may exist before it lives. To this we need not reply. We merely ask, would it not be well for the advocates of the hypothesis of the conservation of energy to meet in council for the purpose of ascertaining whether they are all really agreed in reference to a single assumption on which the doctrine rests? Dr. Jones informs us that there are four or five other particulars in which science contradicts the teachings of the Book of Genesis. Some of these are even more absurd than the one we have named. But enough of Dr. Jones's puerile objections to the Bible. We can give but one more illustration of the manner in which our ablest men of science employ their present crude theories to undermine our faith in the Divine authority of the Bible. Professor Tyndall says:—

"To create or annihilate matter would be deemed on all hands a miracle; the creation or annihilation of energy would be equally a miracle to those who understand the principle of the conservation of energy. Hence arises the scepticism of scientific men when called upon to join in national prayer for changes in the economy of nature. Those who devise such prayers admit that the age of miracles is past, and in the same breath, they petition for the performance of miracles. They ask for fair weather, and for rain, but they do not ask that water may flow up-hill; while the man of science clearly sees that the granting of the one petition would be just as much an infringement of the law of conservation as the other. Holding this law to be permanent, he prays for neither. But this does not close his eyes to the fact, that while prayer is thus impotent in external nature, it may react with beneficial power on the human mind. That prayer produces its effect, benign or otherwise, upon the mind of him who prays, is not only as indubitable as the law of conservation itself, but it will be probably found to illustrate that law in its relative expansions. And if our spiritual authorities could only devise a form in which the heart might express itself without putting the intellect to shame, they might utilise a power which they now waste, and make prayer, instead of a butt to the scorner, the potent inner supplement of noble outward life."

How prayer is to be made "the potent inner supplement of noble outward life," in the absence of all faith in the power of God to grant anything that His needy creatures may ask, is, indeed, a problem. Let Dr. Tyndall himself undertake the solution of the difficulty; for sure we are that "our spiritual authorities" are not yet sufficiently practised in "the scientific use of the imagination," and are too much under the influence of Bacon, to attempt the task with any chance of success. In the meantime, as philosophers, we shall cling to our faith in the simple yet sublime declaration of God to his servant Solomon:—"And the Lord appeared to Solomon by night, and said unto him, I have heard thy prayer, and have chosen this place to myself for an house of sacrifice. If I shut up heaven that there be no rain, or if I command the locusts to devour the land, or if I send pestilence among my people; if my people, which, are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."—2 *Chronicles* vii. 12—14.

We beg that the leaders of thought in physical science will cease their attacks upon the doctrines of Revelation, until they are able to bring their own theories somewhat into harmony with the established truths of philosophy, since, as Mr. Grove candidly admits, the world will, in the end, follow the philosopher. By adopting this course, they will best promote the interests of science, while they will be spared the unspeakable humiliation of having to affirm that science contradicts the Word of God. The *theories* of science, no doubt, are often opposed to the teachings of Scripture, but the *facts* of science never! Absolute truth is a unity, of which the truths of the Bible, of philosophy, and of science, are but emanations. All are revelations from one and the same Omniscient Mind.

ART. II.—*Birmingham Scepticism. Essays.* By Members of the Birmingham Speculative Club. London: Williams and Norgate.

WE are continually being told that this age may be congratulated on the character of its unbelief. It is "earnest," "thoughtful," "reverent," contrasting so advantageously with the flippancy of Voltaire and his school. Indeed, so much is written, and so much more is said, in this direction, that hundreds of self-asserting young men think it a fine thing to be sceptical, and, when older and wiser persons remonstrate, close the argument with those rash lines which have scandalised so many of the truly Christian admirers of the laureate—

"There dwells more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

There is a fashion in this, as in other things. Unbelief, we fear, is in its essence much the same as ever. The pride of the natural man, and the wish of the fool—that wish which finds its expression in the words which David tells us he hath said in his heart—these are always its parents, however different, under different circumstances, may be the features of their offspring. A century ago it was fashionable to be a free-thinker, just as it was fashionable to wear a tie or wig. Not one in a thousand argued seriously on the subject. Toland might throw out hints which Frenchmen afterwards took up; but the mass of beaux who laughed at religion were simply the lineal descendants of the godless cavaliers, driven to scepticism when they found that the Anglican Church claimed something more than mere "loyalty" from her children. Now-a-days it is fashionable to have doubts, not only because the burden of true religion is grievous, as it always must be to the world, but also because, unhappily, some of the Arnold party, in protesting against the errors of the Oxford school, strove to combine the "earnestness" which they adopted as their motto with a tendency to unsettled views on almost all points. Every "earnest young man," therefore,—every so-called Maurician and Kingsleyite,—the majority, perhaps, of the whole Rugby following,—began

to think it a point of honour to have doubts, and to look tenderly on neology. In this way the last error becomes worse than the first. Pope's free-thinking contemporaries were feather-headed fops; Voltaire's sneer was (on Byron's authority) a solemn one; his *Ecrasez l'infâme* led the way to those revolutionary excesses which, in spite of Tom Paine, never found many admirers among us on this side of the Channel; but the insulting patronage of the "earnest" school, who think they have done a great deal when they have assured us of their belief in the general honesty and good intentions of the writers of the Bible is, in some respects, more dangerous than either. It is alluring to many minds from its very show of fairness; and it is difficult to be answered, because it not only assumes Protean forms, but also moves about among quicksands, shifting its base (we cannot say its ground) the moment an attack is made. Perhaps the strangest fact is that an infidelity which boasts of being itself earnest and reverent can combine, with its general pooch-pooching of all Biblical exactness, specific "difficulties" so absurdly trivial (to most minds) as many of Bishop Colenso's, and most of Mr. Voysey's. When we are told that Moses, "standing in the door of the tabernacle of the congregation," could not have addressed the assembled Jewish people, because the said door was so many feet broad, and therefore he could only have been seen and heard by so many thousand persons, we fail to recognise the thoughtfulness (to speak of nothing higher) of the object. As for Mr. Voysey, his career only proves the danger of unsettling the foundations: beginning by cavilling about verbal inspiration, and indulging in ingenious quibbles about little matters, such as the arrangement of the risen on the Judgment-day, in which the weakest faith could never have found the least stumbling-block, he was led on to that condemnation from which even the authority that protected *Essays and Reviews* was powerless to save him. Alas! the "earnestness" of the unbeliever is a very uncertain matter; it may even, in time, become compatible with a liking for M. Renan, who talks of the Incarnate Son of God as a *beau jeune homme de la Galilée*, and reminds us that, when searching the Scriptures, we must remember they were written by Orientals, i.e., by men whose standard of truth was wholly different from our own.

What is most objectionable, in fact, in books like that now before us is their tone. When, in an article on the "Natural History of Law," we are told:

"In the foregoing pages I have assumed the truth of the popular view that the laws of Moses, as we have them, are all contemporaneous. I am well aware that a very different view is taken by some eminent modern Biblical critics. The pertinence of the illustrations I have used does not depend on either view. They are relevant on the popular theory; they are equally so on the critical theory."—P. 158.

We feel that the book must be insidious, if not openly aggressive; and that such "speculations" as its authors indulge in ought to be looked on by Christians with very grave suspicion. How much of the sceptical spirit of our "earnest thinkers" is due to Court influence, is so painful a question that we do not care to enter into it. But we cannot help quoting, from the third volume of Professor Max Müller's *Chips from a German Workshop*, the following testimony to the feelings of the highest lady in the land toward Bunsenism; and we know that of Bunsenism the main danger is that it does not stop at the limit set by the mind of its founder:—

"The Queen often spoke with me about education, and in particular of religious instruction. Her views are very serious, but, at the same time, liberal and comprehensive. She (as well as Prince Albert) hates all formalism. The Queen reads a great deal, and has done my book on *The Church of the Future* the honour to read it so attentively, that, the other day, when at Cashiobury, seeing the book on the table, she looked out passages which she had approved, in order to read them to the Queen-Dowager."—P. 387.

Baron Bunsen's is, if report be true, by no means the most questionable influence which has been exerted on some of our royal family; and there is no doubt a number of persons to whom neology would be the more acceptable because they believed it was looked on kindly by those above them.

The essays before us, with one exception, err more in tone than in expression. The subjects of some of them scarcely admit of any direct reference to religion.

Hold fast your Colonies, by Lucas Sargent, author of two volumes of *Essays by a Birmingham Manufacturer*, is a lively protest against the Manchester school, and in favour of "national greatness," which the writer, like Mr. Froude, deems inseparably connected with the preservation of our colonies. The matter is one which most Englishmen will think scarcely admits of two opinions; and, while thoughtful readers will regret that Mr. Sargent, in speaking at some length of the value of India to us, says not one word about our stewardship there as God's appointed agents in spreading His Gospel, no one will deny that both the civil and military

services in India "enlarge men's minds, and teach them to appreciate the greatness of their country." Is Mr. Sargent aware, we wonder, of the remarkable change which life in India makes in the spiritual state of so many of those who go out there? The zeal for Missions and for all good works shown so generally by old Indians of all services, proves that contact with idolatry certainly does not tend to make men broad in the sense in which the word is used approvingly by those who, wholly eschewing dogma, can afford to be comprehensive with a vengeance.

Speaking of a friend of his who went to America and Australia, Mr. Sargent remarks:—"He felt the truth of what a Frenchman has said, that the Teutonic race, by its Anglo-Saxon branch, has taken possession of half the globe, and his warm heart must have been wonderfully changed if he had not rejoiced, seeing the spread of his native tongue, and remembering how our ancient rivals, the French, had once hoped to make theirs the universal language." We could wish that, while recognising the wonderful way in which God has enlarged our borders, Mr. Sargent had said a word, or even given a hint, about the fact that this Teutonic race is the depository of Christian truth, and that its spread must extend more rapidly than it could else be extended by the knowledge of that truth. Better have pointed this out than have urged that Englishmen are, of all others, fittest to hold these vast colonies, "because, satiated with success, they do not desire further increase; having nothing to gain by injustice, and their sentiments being unwarped by greed, they are the natural arbiters of the world. The task is one they must not shrink from, as they desire the well-being of the human race, and value their own continued greatness." Very true; but every Christian reader must feel what a want there is when the matter is allowed to stop there.

The next essay, by W. Matthews, jun., on the relation of the Universities to practical life, is peculiarly interesting from the fact that, at Birmingham and elsewhere, manufacturers' sons have been sent to college, and have afterwards taken an active share in their fathers' business. Yet, here there is not a word about the religious influences which ought to be so powerful at the Universities. Mr. Matthews criticises, ably enough, the impracticable nature of university studies. "The science of mechanics, as taught at Cambridge, is made to consist," he well says, "of the phenomena of a number of curious intellectual puzzles, explanatory of a wholly imaginary world. The defect is the more remarkable, from the opposite course

pursued with astronomy, a knowledge of the use of astronomical instruments being exacted which would qualify its possessors for the post of assistant at Greenwich Observatory, and for little else. Now astronomy, notwithstanding its magnificent interest as a speculative science, is of little practical utility except in imagination. With the problems of terrestrial mechanics, on the other hand, every man must have to do, more or less, every day of his life. For one who wants to determine the right ascension of a star, there are scores who love to build or alter houses, &c." There is truth in this, though it is, at best, only half truth. Experimental science may be a very desirable addition to the university course; but, in an essay like that of Mr. Matthews, the truth should not be wholly ignored, that one grand thing which the Universities have to do to practical life is to Christianise it.

Some Thoughts on Pauperism by Alfred Hill, is just such a paper as we might fancy the recorder of Birmingham would have written; it shows a complete mastery of detail, and we are very glad to see that the boarding-out system meets with Mr. Hill's unqualified approval. We are sure he is right, when he judges that the burden of the rates being laid on the occupier instead of the owner is one great reason for the makeshift character of many of the proceedings of Boards of Guardians. We are equally sure he is wrong, when he speaks approvingly of drafting off the inmates of a Dublin penitentiary to the care of Sisters of Mercy.

These three essays, then, contain not a word hostile to Christianity; negative, not positive, is their attitude with regard to it. The next, *The Natural History of Law*, by G. J. Johnson, is considerably different: it speaks of failures in the Mosaic legislation, insists on the modernness of the division into moral, civil, and ceremonial, and makes the startling assertion that "in process of time, the nation had become everything which the Mosaic institutions were intended to prevent its becoming." We who believe that the Mosaic Law was of Divine institution, and that it did in God's providence fulfil its work, as all things of His ordering must do, see, by this one remark, how total must be the want of sympathy between ourselves and Mr. Johnson. His essay gives a character to the volume; writers publishing such a group of essays must have felt, from the case of the Essayists and Reviewers, that the heterodoxy of one will be to some extent charged upon all; and thus harmless and useful essays, like Mr. Hill's, suffer from being bound up with others which no Christian can patiently read through.

The next essay, *The Future of Women* by Charles Edward Matthews, presents nothing remarkable from our point of view, except the same want which we have deplored in several of the other papers. When, indeed, we read of "*the biblical story*, that a rib was taken from Adam while he slept," we are unpleasantly reminded of the latitude which Birmingham speculation seems not only to allow, but to encourage. The author approvingly quotes Miss Cobbe, and regrets, with Professor Tyndall, that the woman of the present day "suffers deflection from intellectual pursuits, both through her own motherly instincts, and because inherited proclivities act upon her mind like a multiplied galvanometer, to augment indefinitely the force of the deflection. Tendency is immanent, even in spinsters, to warp them from intellect to baby love." We are thankful that it is so, and that—though, if women had been carefully trained in mathematics since Elizabeth's day, we might have had several more like Mrs. Somerville, our women have been kept to the work for which God meant them. As to questions of female franchise, wife's property, divorce, &c., it is not our province to say anything. We will only remark that the advocates of absolute reciprocity in money matters between man and wife forget that this reciprocity involves, as a necessary consequence, those *mariages de convenance* which have been more or less the rule in France since Cæsar's time, and which certainly seem to have had a very bad effect on the general morality of the country.

The last essay in the book, *Method and Medicine*, by B. W. Foster, is naturally almost totally removed from the sphere of our criticism. It seems to us a lucid history of the Greek schools, and of the growth of modern medical science, and of the secular dispute between the dogmatists and the empirics. It is a little surprising to find such a name as M. Nélaton among the ranks of the latter. Yet, not only does the eminent French surgeon declare for empiricism, he rejects microscopic observation as giving too much prominence to trifles, and as leading men, while studying the minute details of morbid processes, to lose themselves in the abyss of the infinitely little. What Mr. Foster's religious opinions are, it is not easy to gather from passages like the following: "The Jews, influencing Roman thought, gradually introduced their belief that all serious diseases were direct punishments from God, and that to attempt to cure them was to interfere with the course of Divine justice. The miracles which the Founder of Christianity had performed in Judæa, and that power over disease which He had transmitted to His Apostles, gave

support to the doctrines of Jewish philosophy. The influence of the Church favoured the tendency to superstition." We suppose we must be thankful that Mr. Foster does not say "the miracles *attributed* to the Founder of Christianity," seeing that he cites the godless sensualist, Van Helmont, without a word of reprobation. However, we have nothing to say against Mr. Foster's essay. What he remarks about "the Church," is most true, if we understand thereby not the primitive Church, but the corrupt Church of the dark and middle ages; nay, it must be admitted that the notions of several of the fathers, e.g. Origen, and even Augustine, were, on medical matters, sadly tinged with superstition.

But the essay which is the most startling, and which is the occasion of our noticing the work at all, is the last but one,—*Euthanasia*, by S. D. Williams, jun. This is nothing more nor less than a proposal that, in cases where recovery is hopeless, the patient shall be put out of pain by an overdose of chloroform, or in some other equally effectual way. Christian doctors, in fact, are to employ, and dying Christians are to submit to, the very method which Bonaparte is said to have employed at Jaffa to put his own sick speedily out of the world, and his employment of which has always been one of the most serious charges against him. Mr. Williams's proposal is so outrageous, that it is best to give it in his own words:—

"In all cases of hopeless and painful illness, it should be the recognised duty of the medical attendant, whenever so desired by the patient, to administer chloroform, or such other anæsthetic as may by-and-by supersede chloroform, so as to destroy consciousness at once, and put the sufferer to a quick and painless death, all needful precautions being adopted to prevent any possible abuse of such duty, and means being taken to establish, beyond the possibility of doubt or question, that the remedy was applied at the express wish of the patient."—P. 212.

No wonder that, after seriously making such a proposition, its originator expatiates on the boon which would be conferred on mankind could such a rule be generally recognised and acted on. It is worth while to see a little closer what are the reasons which he alleges for and against his proposal, and we think that a statement of these, and a brief analysis of the essay, will be a sufficient answer to him. For most minds the bare proposal is its own refutation.

Mr. Williams begins by stating, we know not with what truth, that the use of chloroform in cases of labour was long opposed as evidencing impatience of the ways of Providence,

and symptoms of revolt against the decree "in sorrow shalt thou bring forth." Why, then, he asks, should it be right to use means for rendering less painful the less naturally painful passage into life, while it is wrong even to suggest the same means for soothing the still more painful passage out of life? We answer, because there is no true parallelism between the cases: the bringing a child into the world is a mere surgical operation; the passing out of this world is a moral act, differing in every way from the other, mainly because in Mr. Williams' system it involves the will of the sufferer. No doubt, as Mr. Williams urges, what men in their want of faith will call "purposeless suffering" is, perhaps, the deepest among the many mysteries of life; it is more than flesh and blood can bear to watch, day after day, a little child pine and fade away under fierce pain, the only respite being brief intervals of broken sleep. "Why is this?" we constantly ask. "To whom can such misery be doing good?" And when to the present suffering is added the certainty that death will only come when the bodily strength is wholly exhausted, and that the last living moments will probably be the hardest of all to bear, even faith itself can scarcely stand firm against so sore a trial. "The life is no longer of any use to others," argues Mr. Williams; and to one who feels as he does, it is of little use to say, that, by such a bitter lesson, parents and friends are being educated in love, and endurance, and faith, and patience. He who talks of "submission to God's will" as equivalent to a yielding to the inevitable, cannot understand the Christian's utterance, "though He slay me," though He see fit to lay His afflicting hand on those who are dearer than life, "yet will I trust in Him." He would, perhaps, call these commonplaces, the stock words of an obsolete faith which has ceased to move men's practice; and, feeling as he does, he naturally argues that it should be a recognised and sovereign duty for the doctor to bring immediate and permanent relief to pain, and "rob death of its bitterest sting," by putting the patient out of the world. We might at once close the discussion by saying that, in our creed, the sting of death is not pain but sin. It is as well, however, with a view to understanding the extent to which the canker of "honest doubt" has eaten into society, to follow Mr. Williams through his essay. On "the sacredness of life," he, naturally enough, remarks that life would seem to have no sacredness about it apart from the use made of it by its possessor. Nature knows nothing of such sacredness, nor does man—always so ready to go to war with his fellow-

man. For Mr. Williams, life is "sacred" only because on each man is laid the duty of using his life nobly while he has it. He, in his clinging to laws of nature, and giving up a personal God, has got further from revealed truth than were almost all the old philosophers, who deemed it wrong for man, having been put as a soldier into this life, to fall out of the ranks or to slink away from his post without the general's leave. The sentry stands on guard, no matter what may be the weather or his feelings. Can Mr. Williams see nothing but a deceptive analogy here? Is he so certain that the discipline of pain is not needed in those cases where our Father inflicts it for the perfecting of imperfect humanity? Life, he argues, is our own property; and as there can be no violation of the sacredness of property when it is laid aside with the owner's consent, so there can be no violation of the sacredness of life when with the consent of the sufferer a life, useless to others, and unbearable to its possessor, is taken away.

But the most striking parallogism in the essay is involved in the statement (p. 217) that because "the man who is ready to face death for others' sakes, to save others from grinding pain, has always been reckoned a hero; and what is heroic, if done for another, is surely permissible, at least, if done for oneself" (p. 257). It is heroic to spend energy and pains in feeding another; is it, therefore, heroic to use the same pains in feeding oneself? Pity and benevolence, said Hobbes, are forms of selfishness; we feel the one, and practise the other, because we are conscious that at any moment our turn may come; but even Hobbes did not suggest that pity for our own sorrows and benevolence to ourselves were as meritorious as they are when exercised towards others. That was reserved for the new school, whose bugbear seems to be physical pain, to diminish the aggregate of which (in animals as well as in men) is, we are told, one of the very highest duties. It is not, therefore, without a true instinct that most Christians have looked suspiciously on efforts for the abolition of capital punishment and the like, for it seems that the real ground for such efforts is, in many cases, the belief that death is an end, that soul and body perish together.

The "sacredness of human life," then, is a phrase which Mr. Williams professes himself unable to understand in the sense in which we trust it is still understood, without explanation, by the majority of his countrymen. "Submission to God's will," he finds still more incomprehensible. "Man's whole existence, so far as it is not blindly passive, consists in systematic opposition to the will of God, if the phrase

quoted has any real meaning. But the phrase has a meaning beyond expressing the duty of bearing uncomplainingly whatever has necessarily to be borne." Hence, he argues that man, though he ought to resign himself to the inevitable, should not submit to fruitless suffering which he can remedy; in such non-submission, he is carrying out the principle which has lain at the heart of every useful act of his life. This is terribly logical as to a life which has been spent without reference to a Father, to a Providence, after the ordering of what is described as either a dread power, working possibly with what by analogy may be called a purpose,—or else a mere blind force, exerting itself to the utmost at all times and in all directions, and issuing at one time in scenes of beauty and harmony, at other times in spectacles of rapine and lust. We wonder that a man who really holds such views does not go one step further, and decline to do anything towards replenishing a world in which "purposeless suffering is so shockingly predominant; in which, in fact, pain is the one primordial fact lying at the root of existence in all its forms." The newborn babe will not only suffer much itself, but it will be the cause of much discomfort and suffering, probably of much moral anguish to boot, to others; why not nip it in the bud, before the evil blossom has had time to open? Mr. Williams's arguments tell both ways, just as the old Platonic proofs of immortality told with equal strength in favour of pre-existence. We owe nature nothing:—

"She,
Red in tooth and claws,
With raving shrieks against our creed,"

when we talk of her kindness and beneficence. What we have to do under any circumstances, is simply to strike a balance of probabilities, and adopt the course which will be most likely to "diminish the aggregate of human and animal misery," and of our own in the foremost place. Who can say, then, that to kill any particular newborn babe, or, better, to prevent babes from being born into the world at all, is not a safe way of diminishing misery? When we total up the pains and sickness of infancy, and the amount of "nerve force" spent in ministering to them; when we think of the number of children who grow up permanently diseased,—a misery (in our author's language) to themselves and others; when we calculate the wear and tear of mind and body, the ceaseless anxiety, the gnawing care which "another child"

brings to too many bread-winners, we feel that it is a great question whether "the sum of happiness" is increased, or the reverse, by any particular individual. Let anyone look back on his own life, leaving religion and all that it implies wholly out of account, and he will probably find that the sum of his actions will have brought, on the whole, more pain than pleasure to himself and others. "Were it not better not to be?" Yes, on Mr. Williams's principles. In Mr. Tennyson's *Two Voices* the case for the unbeliever is put strongly and clearly, and the conclusion irresistibly driven home. Of course the laureate does not acquiesce in this conclusion; but his answer being simply one of sentiment, and not of faith and doctrine, is feeble indeed beside the other. This is the weakness of so much of our moral writing; principles have been given up; men lay other foundations than those which are laid, and then, too late, their foundations are proved to be on the sand. What is the laureate's answer to the doubts which, elsewhere, he speaks of as so much better than "half the creeds?" It is that—

"Like a man in wrath, the heart
Rose up and answered, 'I have felt.'"

This is his substitute for the written Word, the evidence of Revelation, the Law and the Testimony; and, as has been scoffingly remarked, it may be all very satisfactory to Mr. Tennyson, but what right has he to call on one to believe, because his heart believed in a very singular manner? Surely this Birmingham essay deserves comment: not that we expect it will be much read beyond the circle of the Speculative Club (we devoutly hope not), but because it is one more proof of the danger of beginning to speculate apart from continual reference to God's revealed Word. Natural religion, as it is called, is but a bruised reed in the hands of those who would use it as their chief stay. We remember, years ago, hearing the late Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Jenne, remark on the unsatisfactoriness of Bishop Butler's famous argument in the "Three Sermons on Human Nature." Butler says there are two senses in which we use the words "my nature:"—the wrong sense, when we thereby mean the baser parts, the passions and appetites which are always striving to gain the mastery over us; the right sense, when we mean that higher part which ought to have the pre-eminence, because (as St. James says), "He made us to be a kind of firstfruits of His creatures." My nature, then, must be regulated by what is the purpose of my existence. But (said Dr. Jenne) suppose

you have to deal with a man who denies such a purpose, who says : "I don't know nor care what your nature may be, but mine prompts me to so and so, and, as it is my duty to live according to nature, I mean to follow its promptings;" what possible answer can you give him, except to take him to revelation, and show him the positive commands and sanctions therein contained? Self-interest will seldom move him; he may, from temperament, be indifferent to it, or he may be subtle enough to prove that many outrageous sinners have lived long and happily, and have died without remorse. Nothing but the appeal to Revelation will answer in such a case; feelings may do for *esprits d'élite* like Mr. Tennyson, and Mr. Hughes, and others of the sentimental broad school; but revealed religion and its evidences are what we must trust to for the great majority of doubters. Would that this truth could be more strongly impressed on our broad Churchmen; they would then not be so ready to invite, and even to join in, attacks on God's Word, seeing that, after all, it is the barrier against a flood of unbelief more hopeless in its character than the frivolous free-thinking to which we referred at the outset. The unbelief of to-day is actually propagandist, and to battle against it, the efforts of the whole Church are needed. Sad to think that, while one party is wasting energy and time in "ecclesiastical millinery," another should be parleying with the foe and putting the outposts into his hands.

But Mr. Williams is not content with identifying "submission to God's will" with stoical endurance of the inevitable, and with logically carrying out his dictum about diminishing pain by urging the use of chloroform to kill off the hopelessly diseased, he has a word to say in favour of suicide in general, which (he fairly confesses) his argument would justify. Suicide is emphatically man's privilege:—

"What beast has heart to do it?"

So said the author of *M. de Camors*, the appearance of which novel some two years ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was a sign of the thorough rottenness of French literature. But we were not prepared to find such a justification of suicide among essays which are supposed to show us what is the tone of thought among a large and influential section of our educated countrymen. The popular feeling against suicide has, we are assured, no logical, or religious, or even moral ground! It is simply the fruit of ecclesiastical discipline, one of the legacies of the Roman Catholic Church.

A suicide is not to be called a fool until we can know all the circumstances and motives which prompted him to the act : he is certainly not a coward ; and the very men who call him so would scarcely stand at their posts an hour under fierce trial, if voluntary death could be reached as easily and as pleasantly as sleep. "The physical terrors attending on death are the main preventives against suicide." If this be so, it may be well that insurance offices, which have hitherto seemed to act harshly with regard to this form of death, should be still more stringent ; or else, when Mr. Williams's system of anæsthetics comes to be generally applied, they will find their existence impossible.

By way of further enforcing the duty of self-murder on those who are slowly dying in hopeless pain, our author puts the case of a party seized by Greek brigands or Red Indians. Suppose their captors are preparing to kill them by fierce and lingering torture, and that this resolution is known to be irrevocable ; but that there is a doctor in attendance, not involved in their fate, who can, by chloroform or otherwise, put them to an immediate and painless death, and so spare them the hideous torments which await them. Mr. Williams rules that in such a case it would be the doctor's bounden duty to give his help to such a "happy despatch," and that he would be guilty of most cold-blooded selfishness in refusing to do so ; and he asserts (what, without attempting to decide the irrelevant case which he has put, we emphatically deny) that the captive about to be tortured by brigands is in an exactly analogous position to that of the man struck down by a fatal disease ; and that to one so struck down nature is as one of these pitiless brigands, neither more nor less. "Death by disease is always death by torture, and the wit of man has never devised torture more cruel than some of Nature's methods of putting her victims to death. All the talk about the kindness of 'the mighty mother' is rhodomontade, which no rational being could be guilty of if he looked facts straight in the face, and spoke only according to what he saw. Our mother, Nature may be, and mighty she may be, but kind she assuredly is not." And so on through a long diatribe against the order of this world, and against our puling folly in looking patiently on when Nature is the author of acts which, in brigands, would madden us, and urge us to move heaven and earth to stop them, and in finding, after all, that all she does is good, and stringing pretty phrases together to show our sense of her tenderness and mighty love. This, we take it, is a very unexpected outcome

of the sentimentalism which has more and more been usurping, with too many of the more cultivated among us, the place of true religion.

Mr. Tennyson, no doubt, believed the optimism which he expressed when he spoke of the faith which taught him that—

“ Not a worm is cloven in vain,
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire.”

But by adding, “ behold, we know anything,” he opened the door for the terrible scepticism, which finds its expression in *Euthanasia*. A more utterly hopeless feeling than that which shows itself in every sentence of this sixth essay it is impossible to imagine. Mr. Williams is here, “ he knows not why.” Therein, again, he agrees with the sentimental sceptics of whom the laureate is the poet ; but, so far from being able to add, “ he thinks he was not made to die, and Thou hast made him, Thou art just,” he recognises no relation between himself and anything more personal, more fatherly, than “ a dread power,” or a “ blind force,” and he sneers at “ complacent optimism ” for persisting in ignoring the facts which surround it, and in dreaming dreams about the beneficent adaptation of all things to an enjoyable end, and about the steady continuous growth of good. All this proves, as we have said, the danger of being wise above what is written. The complacent optimists whom our author overwhelms with such scathing irony too often give up revelation altogether, and rest their faith on natural religion, “ final causes,” and the like. Even those who do not go quite so far as this insist on understanding revelation in their own sense, in putting aside the plain sense of Scripture, in getting rid more or less completely of the truth about inspiration. It is well that at times such men should have the tendency of their scepticism pointed out to them. They can perhaps pause where they are, find a foothold on the slope, and resist the strong impulse to go further ; but for most men this is impossible. The case is like that of the Girondists : they, blinded by their enthusiasm, had no more suspicion that their views were to result in the Terror than the advocate of natural religion has that *Euthanasia* with all its terrible logic about pain and misery, and the cruelty of Nature, is to be the outcome of their speculations about a beneficent creator. The fact is, the word “ unsoundness,” applied to faith, is more than a mere figure of speech. Some men whose views are unsettled may have salt enough in themselves to keep them,

by God's grace, from further deterioration. But with the majority, unless the taint is eradicated, the poison spreads until the whole spiritual nature becomes corrupted, and he who began as an optimist ends, if not by talking of nature as Mr. Williams does, at any rate by acquiescing in his terrible propositions. Here is another brief exposition of the pessimist or hopeless theory :—

“ One of the main facts, then, that men have to make familiar to the thoughts, and to adjust their lives to, is, that they are born into a world on the painful riddle of which speculation can throw no light, but the facts of which press hard against them on every hand, and from these facts the truth stands out clear and harsh, that not enjoyment, but, in the main, struggle and suffering is what they have to look for, and that to bring this suffering into bearable proportions should be one of the chief aims of their lives.”—P. 229.

Man's only hope of escape, in fact, is in his steady persistent efforts to oppose “ Nature's beneficent plan.” And what that life can be worth which has no link to a higher Being, and in which enjoyment is at best fleeting, and seldom intense enough to make us wish it protracted, while pain is terribly real, we are at a loss to imagine. As we said, on Mr. Williams's showing, the sooner the human race bravely brings itself to an end the better. It will thus, at any rate, have the satisfaction of putting an end (as far as it is concerned) to that “ sport of Nature ” which is death to Nature's works.

The close connection between Mr. Williams's views and those of the least spiritual school of Greek philosophers will be evident to the most cursory reader; and if this is the result, for unstable minds and half-trained intellect, of that Darwinism with which the language of *Euthanasia* is saturated, we can only say that the author of *The Descent of Man* has a great deal to answer for, for having put forth his views in a form so open to grievous misunderstanding. The deity of Herodotus (*φθονερόν καὶ ταπαχῶδες τὸ Θεῖον*, grudging and fond of causing confusion), whose malignity so excited the disgust of Plutarch, was at any rate a personal power, he might be appeased by a more or less precious sacrifice; but Mr. Williams's Nature is hard, relentless cruelty, not embodied in a person, but diffused in a law. His verity is a creed which, if it were acted out as logically as he argues it out, would lead to that strange state of things which was seen in Greece and elsewhere when national life had been crushed out by Roman despotism, and faith had been destroyed by philosophy falsely so called, and when (in consequence) marriage

became more and more rare among the upper classes, and the arguments of the bachelor-uncle in the comedies, whose intelligent selfishness leads him to prefer celibacy as an escape from responsibility, were accepted and acted on to such an extent that the Hellenic race almost (Bishop Thirlwall inclines to believe altogether) died away.

We do not think we are wronging Mr. Williams in these remarks. He warns us, indeed, that he is dealing with this world only, leaving untouched all questions of recompense and adjustment hereafter. And he quotes from the *Grammar of Assent* the well-known passages which speak of the control of the CREATOR as so indirect and so obscure—"What strikes me so painfully is His absence from His own world"—and of the amount of suffering of all kinds which is our portion, and which seems to prove that some malignant being had got hold of us, and was making us his sport. But he quotes these rather in support of his theory about Nature, than as proving the absolute necessity of a future state to set right what in this state is manifestly wrong. Dr. Newman speaks of "the great gulf fixed between us and the good God," and says that even a universal restitution could not undo what has been, or account for evil being the necessary condition of good; but he goes on to say a good deal more, needful for the understanding of his previous remarks, which our author has not thought fit to quote. However, our chief business with Mr. Williams is to show the danger of that sentimental optimism which is sometimes supposed to be compatible with the position of a broad Churchman. The author of *Euthanasia* proves, as the author of the *Grammar of Assent* had proved by a different line of argument, that such a position is logically untenable; that between simple faith in God our Father and His Word, and blank, hopeless unbelief, there is no halting-place. Hopelessness is, in fact, the ruling thought in this extraordinary essay. The writer wonders how, knowing our constant liability to the terrible conditions of existence, we can ever so far banish our fate from our thoughts as to give ourselves heartily up to our daily labours and projects. He compares man to a turkey-cock, strutting in the sun a week or so before he is killed for dinner; nay (he says) "the turkey-cock is an embodiment of sober sense compared with poor human beings flouting their pale splendours in the beholder's eyes."

Next to this hopelessness, the most prominent feature in *Euthanasia* is the morbid dread of physical pain which it evinces. Pain is for the writer such a bugbear, that he forgets

the great majority of deaths are almost wholly painless, and that the rarity of this final terrific struggle, the fear of which haunts him, has actually been made use of by certain sceptics (notably by Lord Byron, in his letters to Lara) as an argument against religion. The key-note of the whole is: since we must die, let us at all events have the consolation of dying painlessly. Indeed, in the exuberance of his anxiety to lessen physical pain, the writer would have his recipe administered to animals. Against this proposal we have nothing to say; we do not think what he is pleased to term "English Philistines" would treat it with scorn if such a plan could be shown to be practicable. The tendency of the age is certainly against needless cruelty; Christians started, and Christians support, the society which has this special object in view. But sparing animals needless pain is a very different thing from shortening the lives of men:—

"If this remedy (says Mr. Williams) were of recognised and general use, the greatest evil man has to submit to would be so far modified as to lose its chiefest dread. Death might then be faced calmly by the timid as well as the brave; its sufferings might be met by the weak as well as by the strong; those blessed with great endurance might brave the worst to the end. Those who cannot bear pain—and there are brave men among those who cannot—would have a refuge from it always open to them, and the mere fact of knowing that such refuge was open, would give a strength and patience which nothing else in the world could give. For it is a sense of hopelessness, the knowledge that no help can come except through death, that makes the suffering of a known fatal disease so appalling; from the almost unbearable present, the patient is constantly looking to the still more unbearable future, and it is wonderful how, under such conditions, calm and patience are ever possible at all."

To the unbeliever, indeed, all this must come with unanswerable force; but for him who looks on God as his Father, and who believes the course of this world to be ordered by His loving care, it has simply no meaning at all. A Christian would no more be moved to adopt Mr. Williams's method than to do as do the Hindoos, to take the hopelessly sick down to the bank of the sacred river, and send them direct to paradise by stuffing nose and mouth with the consecrated mud.

The strangest thing of all is that (like most of his school) Mr. Williams is eagerly propagandist, and urges on everybody the duty of persuading dying men to acquiesce in their own "happy release," because it is so selfish to let them live on in

their misery. Savages, notably unfeeling, say that when another suffers it is but a bit of wood that suffers; but civilised man, he urges, ought to be ashamed to allow preventible pain to go on when a little chloroform would set all right.

Such is Mr. Williams's contribution to the speculations of his Birmingham friends. We have given our reasons for noticing such a book at all. It is very sad to find such a clear business-like way of dealing with such a subject, not the slightest reference being made to God or Providence, or to man's immortal part, though the matter in hand is one with which that immortal part has the most vital concern. Providence is ignored; the teaching of suffering is slurred over. Mr. Williams thinks there are plenty of curable diseases, by ministering to which we may learn patience. Not a word is said to check that selfishness of which surely this shrinking from pain is a very serious form. Altogether the essay, which, despite the protest at the outset, we cannot but look on as giving a tone to the volume, is wholly godless. It does not even exhaust the matter in its purely human aspect; for "while there is life there is hope" is an adage, the applicability of which to *every* form of disease few doctors of large experience would venture to deny. We fancy few medical men would be found to act on Mr. Williams's advice, when we remember the wonderful instances, some of which are within the recollection of most of us, of a bringing back from the very jaws of the grave.

But that is not the point; it is that loose unsettled views have a tendency to drift into an unbelief as hard as that of Dr. Darwin, who (says Mr. Schimmelpenninck) believed, and did his evil best to make others believe, in nothing but what can be smelt, tasted, and handled. It is because the faith of so many of us is unreal; because (as Mr. Ruskin truly urges) we pretend to believe, and think God will acquiesce in a sham belief which leaves us free to act in direct opposition to our professions, that therefore so many of us come to feel (if they do not yet dare to write) like the author of *Euthanasia*.

This theoretical hopelessness has its poets as well as its prose writers. Mr. Swinburne stands in the same relation to it that Mr. Tennyson does to the sentimentalism which, while clinging to spiritual belief, yet dallies with scepticism. In the most striking of all his poems, almost the only one which is free from that taint of sensuality so natural in one who, believing that "to-morrow we die," may well call on us "to

eat and drink," we have the uselessness of prayer put forth in Mr. Swinburne's most powerful style:—

"For none can move the most high gods
Who are most sad, being cruel. None
Can bend or put aside the rods
With which they smite us, but as one
That smites a son."—*Felice—Poems.*

Mr. Swinburne, like Mr. Williams, scouts the idea of any fatherly relation between God and man. They are both ready enough to submit to the inevitable, but such submission is that of the Titan Prometheus, not the loving submission of a son who feels his own ignorance to a father in whose love and wisdom he has full confidence.

Men who write in this way, cannot have really seen much of life and its trials. They have just that little knowledge which is a dangerous thing. They are not, like fast young men and "girls of the period," wholly careless about and ignorant of the order of things; they have found that there is a vast amount of sorrow in the world; they have sat, perhaps, by some sick bed, where hopeless agony was uncheered by Christian patience. And so they rush to the conclusion that the evil exceeds the good. They know nothing of the compensations which life (by God's gracious ordering) affords. They have not studied a household in which the incurable invalid, patient and full of thought for others, is, despite crises of acute agony, a very angel to the whole family; they have not noted how strong faith will carry weak flesh and blood triumphantly, not only through the sore trial of poverty and loss of worldly goods, but also through the severest bodily torture; they have not been brought near one of those who are verily, in their affliction, Christ's confessors, and whose precept and example strengthen the faith and quicken the piety of all who come near them. When they write as they do, they show their want of experience. Scepticism has always been the temptation of young people who think and look beyond the range of the majority. Kirke White, afterwards so truly Christian, was, says his biographer, troubled, when a young man at college, with the doubts "*which often beset young men at their first start in life.*" They want to understand everything, and there is much which they feel is beyond them, therefore they are offended. But most young men are happily reticent; scarcely to their bosom friends do they reveal what it has become a fashion with some to analyse and comment upon. This is a bad

sign. We are told that the present is an introspective age : if the result of looking within is to show such a lamentable want of believing power as is evidenced in this essay, better it were to keep our eyes for the outer world with its grandeur, its loveliness, its evident adaptation of means to an end : at any rate, better not to write down our feelings, if they are such as those of Mr. Williams. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God:" what then shall we say of him who proclaims on the housetops such a view of Nature and her attributes as that which we have quoted above?

The social effect of carrying out our author's system to its fair conclusion would be, as we saw, to bring about something worse than the infanticide of old Greece and modern China. Of course, the Spartan rule which consigned all weakly and misshapen babes to death, must be enacted at once ; to rear such children would increase that sum of physical pain which Mr. Williams is morbidly anxious to lessen. So if the parents are poor, they would argue that, for us as well as for the child, its life is clearly undesirable ; for us it means more toil, more anxiety, more hardship, for the child it means underfeeding and consequent illness, perhaps permanent weakness. Surely it is best to save ourselves and it from all this certain result of its growing up. And, of course, with illegitimate children, the case would be still stronger ; to the uncertainty of subsistence, the struggle for life, would be added the shame of the mother,—a motive too often strong enough to burst the bonds of natural affection, even among many whom Mr. Williams's very advanced views would horrify.

If we felt as Mr. Williams thinks he feels (for we will not believe that any human being can permanently continue to think so), we could not continue to live. This fair world would seem a cruel mockery ; Nature without God a grand and beautiful illusion. Man, with his noble aspirations, his high aims, the divinity of which in his better moments he feels himself capable, would be in our eyes something far worse than the brutes. As the laureate puts it, in one of the noblest sonnets of *In Memoriam*, if this world is for us the end of all things, why man, seemingly the noblest work of all, is,—

" . . . A monster, then, a dream,
A madness. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in the slime,
Were mellow music matched with him."

But the grandeur and the loveliness spring from natural laws which are unquestionably real, and the aspirations and aims follow from the grandeur and the loveliness;—"the heart leaps up when it beholds a rainbow in the sky," and in the presence of sea or mountain the man feels himself raised above himself. How can these results, of what is certainly true, be themselves false? Even natural religion teaches immortality, and asserts the spiritual nature of man. All we have said is that its voice is not of equal power for all, and that for every one of us at times, and for some of us always, the voice of God's revealed Word requires to be superadded to it. The 104th and other Psalms, passages in the Prophets, portions of our Lord's discourses, contain the most eloquent exposition of natural religion; but the Bible does not stop there; it teaches us that, while in Nature we may catch a glimpse of the Father's face, in the Bible we may hear His voice pleading with us as with children. Once realise the fundamental truth of Christianity that, "because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father," and then pain and anguish, moral and physical, become endurable because they are His burden laid upon us. Our refusal to shorten the life which He has given us in trust, is based on higher motives than those which led the Pythagorean to refuse to quit the post assigned him by the world's commander; and the suggestions of *Euthanasia* become for us the dark whispers of an evil dream.

The Christian, then, will not be moved by such arguments as those in this essay; he will feel that "submission to God's Will" means something very different from giving way to the inevitable, and he will humbly trust that his life is not a continual opposition to that Will of God. But from such a book he will receive a twofold warning: first, against the danger of loosening the bonds of faith, of sentimentally inclining, in a mis-called spirit of charity, towards a broadness which shall make all insecure by trying to include too much. Mr. Tennyson, to whom we have so often referred, begins well his *In Memoriam*,—"Our wills," he says, "are ours to make them Thine,"—yet we know how sadly vague are other parts of that great poem. Natural religion may be a comfort and a help to some favoured spirits; but it will never supersede the higher Revelation; and in the hands of most men it is sure to prove an effectual instrument for urging them on to deny spirituality altogether. Its vagueness, its shifty uncertainty—the very things which delight minds

like the laureate's—fail to satisfy ordinary men, and leave them, robbed of their trust in a covenant God, to take refuge on the firm, if deadly cold, basis of naturalism.

The other warning is of the need of union and co-operation among Christians. Unbelief has attained proportions which few of us suspect; and we quarrel, forsooth, and our sects and parties are as bitter against each other as the Jewish sects were when Titus had cast around them the net of a common ruin. Would it not be better to unite against the foe, of whose tremendous energy and wide-spread "intelligence" among our own people the volume before us gives one further proof?

The one grain of hope which we are able to extract from this volume comes from the fact that the form of unbelief to which a portion of it testifies is so very repulsive, that men must needs be driven by it to consider for what they are sacrificing God's revealed truth. The scepticism which recognises a spiritual side to life, and which, though rejecting Revelation, can still indulge hopes and aspirations for the future, and can still believe in a Divine purpose in man's existence, is enticing—to many minds fatally so; but this negation of all that is beyond the mere animal life, this hopeless unbelief, is surely something in which men cannot be content to rest. We trust the publication of *Euthanasia* may open the minds of many to the dangers which, from so many quarters, beset unwary minds.

- Art. III.—1. *Roma Sotterranea; or, Some Account of the Roman Catacombs, especially of the Cemetery of San Callisto.* Compiled from the Works of Commendatore de Rossi, with the consent of the Author. By Rev. J. SPENCER NORTHCOTE, D.D., President of St. Mary's College, Oscott; and Rev. W. R. BROWNLOW, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Pp. 408. London: Longmans.
2. *The Testimony of the Catacombs, and of other Monuments of Christian Art, from the Second to the Eighteenth Century, concerning Questions of Doctrine now Disputed in the Church.* By the Rev. WHARTON B. MARRIOTT, B.D., F.S.A., sometime Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and Assistant Master at Eton, Select Preacher, &c. Pp. 228. London: Hatchards.

SHALL we call the former of these works the bane, and the latter the antidote? That would be true; yet it would, if left so baldly stated, do injustice to the numerous and undeniable excellences of the beautiful and remarkable work of Dr. Northcote and Mr. Brownlow. Beautiful as the book is, however, it is so manifestly written in the interests of the Church of Rome, and is so pervaded by a corresponding bias, as not only to invite, but even to demand, controversial treatment from any Protestant critic. While, however, we shall point out what we deem unfair or erroneous in its pages, we hope to avoid the manifestation of a bigoted and narrow spirit; the more so, as its style and language are almost, if not quite, invariably courteous and respectful towards "non-Catholic" readers. Mr. Marriott has set us an admirable example of the same kind. While fearlessly exposing the errors of *Roma Sotterranea*, he maintains everywhere towards its compilers a generous and Christian spirit.

The story of the Catacombs of Rome is one of most profound interest, and on the whole, it is, perhaps, more fully and accurately told in the work of Northcote and Brownlow than in any other English book. Mr. Maitland directed attention to the subject twenty-five years ago, in his deeply interesting but much too brief work, entitled *The Church in the Catacombs*; but at that time only the most inadequate and superficial exploration of these wonderful galleries had taken place;

his work is therefore defective, and, on some points, quite misleading. Nearly three hundred years since some labourers, who were digging *pozzolano* in a vineyard (now the property of the Irish College) on the Via Salaria, about two miles out of Rome, came unexpectedly on an old subterranean cemetery, ornamented with Christian paintings, Greek and Latin inscriptions, and two or three sculptured sarcophagi. In the eyes of our authors, it is of auspicious—in some others, it will be of sinister—import that this period of discovery was “the age of St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Charles Borromeo, and St. Philip Neri.” Cardinal Baronius, then labouring hard on his *Ecclesiastical Annals*, was deeply interested in the event, but his *magnum opus* occupied his all but exclusive attention, and he did little or nothing in the way of exploring and interpreting these underground galleries. The most eminent explorer of that time was Antonio Bosio, “who has justly been called the Columbus of this subterranean world.” He was employed for six and thirty years in the examination of the Catacombs themselves, and in the study of the literature connected with them; and he has left a voluminous and invaluable collection of MSS. on the subject. Besides these, there was published posthumously, in 1692, his *Roma Sotterranea*, a magnificent volume, which met with a hearty and extensive welcome. In this work—

“He took in order all the great consular roads which led out of Rome, and collected every historical notice he could find concerning the Christian cemeteries on each of them, their precise position, their names, their founders, and the martyrs or other persons of distinction who had been buried in them. He then, by the light of this information, examined all the Catacombs he had seen, and endeavoured to assign to each its proper name and history.”—*Roma Sotterranea*, p. 8.

The discovery of the Catacombs was, as might have been expected, followed by a “rush” on the part of the faithful to these subterranean graves; and permission was freely accorded “to search for and extract” the remains of saints and martyrs. Our authors, with the true instinct of Roman Catholic divines, put in a plea for the genuineness and value of the abstracted relics, but complain that the paintings, sculptures, and inscriptions were rather unscrupulously treated, to the damage of “the interests of Christian archæology.” Towards the close of the seventeenth century, Papal edicts arrested the destructive process, and definite and systematic plans for the exploration were devised, which are identical for the most part with those now in use.

We will not detain our readers by any further notices of subsequent explorers and narrators up to the year 1841. In that year the Jesuit Padre Marchi commenced his great work on *The Monuments of Early Christian Art*, but the political and social convulsions of the troubled years that followed interrupted and finally terminated his labours. He had, however, communicated his own enthusiasm to Cavaliere De Rossi, of Rome, of whom Mr. Marriott says, "No one living is so fitted to be the historian of the Catacombs as the distinguished Roman antiquary we have just named." The testimony of our other authors to his labours is worth quoting at length. They say:—

"The fruits of his labour speak for themselves, for whereas before his time only two or three important historical monuments had been discovered in the Catacombs during more than two centuries of examination, and all of these the result of accident, the excavations directed by the Commission of Sacred Archaeology, of which De Rossi is one of the most active members, have brought to light within a few years six or seven historical monuments of the utmost value, and in every instance he had announced beforehand with more or less accuracy what was to be expected.

"We are naturally led to ask after the cause of so great a contrast. From what new sources had De Rossi derived his information? or what was his new system for extracting ore from old mines? The answer is soon given, and is much more simple than we might have expected from the magnitude of the effects to be accounted for. He followed the same general plan as had been originally laid down by Bosio; he studied also the same ancient authorities, but with the addition of two or three more of considerable value, which in Bosio's time lay buried in the MSS. of libraries."—*Roma Sotterranea*, p. 15.

These MSS. were indeed the itineraries of pilgrims who visited Rome in the seventh and eighth centuries, and who enumerated all the tombs of the martyrs as they lay in their first resting-places. But the Popes of that superstitious time had made many changes, had built staircases, scooped out *luminaria*, added vestibules to various chapels, and in short done all in their power to promote the convenience, and thereby increase the number of the pilgrims whose sojourn in Rome had become so lucrative to the hierarchy. De Rossi's predecessors, and especially Marchi, had sought for Catacombs which had not been so disturbed, and had found comparatively little to reward their search.

"De Rossi, on the other hand, shrewdly judged that the crypts which had been changed into sanctuaries contained the very key, as it were, to the history of each Catacomb. Wherever one of these could

be recovered and identified, we had a certain clue to the name and history of the cemetery in which it was found. He hailed, therefore, every token of ruined masonry in the heart of a Catacomb with the keenest delight, as the sure sign that he was in the neighbourhood of what he most desired to see, and the results have abundantly proved that he was not mistaken in his reasoning."—*Roma Sotterranea*, p. 16.

According to these authors, the word "Catacombs" has "no etymological meaning, and not a very determinate geographical one." They were vast labyrinths of galleries excavated in the hills around, not within, the city of Rome, for the purposes of Christian sepulture. The earliest Catacombs of all were indeed Jewish; and the first Christians, being Jews, continued the funereal usages of their own race. It was the custom of the heathen to burn the bodies of their dead, and to deposit the ashes in urns. These urns were arranged in little niches, like pigeon-holes, in the family sepulchres, which for this reason were called *columbaria*. The *columbaria* were erected outside the walls, as intra-mural interment was strictly forbidden. Now the doctrine of the resurrection from the dead had invested the very remains of Christians with a peculiar sacredness in the eyes of their surviving brethren, and so had immensely strengthened the Hebrew preference for interment rather than cremation. There is abundant evidence of the rapid progress of Christianity in Rome during and immediately following the apostolic age. Of course the more numerous became the living Church, the greater became the number of dead Christians requiring interment. For depositing these remains entire, a much larger space was necessary than for the preservation of cinerary urns. Moreover, the humbler Christians were regarded as on a level with the richest and most noble, and as, therefore, entitled to equally careful and honourable burial. In the heathen *columbaria*, the ashes of slaves and of the poor had, with here and there an exception, no place; but their bodies were cast into common pits, which became, in course of time, scenes of disgusting obscenity, and centres of pestilential mischief. Then, again, the poverty of the greater number of the Christians compelled them to bury their dead as near to the city as possible; and, in point of fact, the Catacombs mostly lie within a circuit of three miles from the walls. To all this it must be added that, while frequent and fierce persecution greatly augmented the number of the dead, it also not unfrequently sought to violate and desecrate their repose. These and similar causes originated the Catacombs. That "necessity" which is "the mother of invention" stood the Roman

Christians in good stead. They might not, indeed, obtain possession of large and commodious cemeteries, open to the eye of day; but in certain of the circumjacent hills they found a way of excavating galleries, tier below tier, where, in chambers resembling the berths of a ship, vast numbers of the faithful could be laid after death. In those hills are three kinds of deposits—the stony, the granular, and the friable *tufa*. The first probably supplied much of the material for building the city; the last afforded the sand which was so valuable for many purposes. The first was too hard for the purpose, as the construction of cemeteries of sufficient size in such material far surpassed any means at the command of the Christians generally. The third was altogether unsuitable, from its crumbling and disintegrating tendency. But the granular *tufa* exhibited the exact conditions required. It could be easily worked, and yet was solid enough to make walls, passages, arches, vaults, recesses, and whatsoever was requisite for Christian sepulture. Here, then, tier below tier, and gallery below gallery, did the early Christians hew them resting-places, in which they might bury their dead. For the most part, and except in times of unusual persecution, the heathen and the heathen laws respected these sanctuaries of the dead; and for perhaps four hundred years they continued to be Christian burial-places, and were filled up with a mighty multitude of those who had died in the faith, great numbers of whom had confessed Christ unto the death. So vast are these underground cemeteries that, “on the whole, there are certainly not less than 850 miles of them; that is to say, if stretched out in one continuous line, they would extend the whole length of Italy itself!”

It was at one time supposed that these Catacombs were simply deserted sand-pits, appropriated and adapted to sepulchral uses. Mr. Maitland fell into this mistake, and reasoned very ingeniously from the erroneous premises which he adopted. But his conjectures on the connection between the *arenaria* and the Christian Catacombs are disproved by the discoveries of De Rossi, and the opinion is now universally abandoned. The *arenarium*, or sand-pit, did, indeed, in times of persecution, offer opportunities for providing secret and difficult entrances to the Catacomb, but the structure of the two is altogether different. The passages in the sand-pits are wide and very irregular; whereas those of the Catacombs are remarkable for their narrowness and regularity, generally crossing each other nearly at right angles, and presenting, on either side, smooth and neatly hewn walls of *tufa*. They were

from the beginning designed exclusively for Christian burial, and were made openly, with public entrances from the high road. Their sepulchral purpose must be constantly kept in view. Dr. Northcote adds to this, that they were designed for "holding religious assemblies;" moved to this statement, no doubt, by his Romanist proclivities. He has a good deal to say about the use of the tombs of the martyrs on the anniversaries of their deaths "as altars whereon the holy mysteries were celebrated." That this practice ultimately grew up, there can be no doubt; but it was an abuse, originating in a corrupt age, not in any sense a part of the original design. As Mr. Marriott truly observes, "we are contemplating in the earlier pictures and epitaphs of the Catacombs" expressions of Christian faith, by primitive believers committing their loved ones to the grave, not entering churches or chapels, prepared for modern Roman worship. The reader of *Roma Sotterranea* needs continually to remember this, which seems to have been forgotten almost as soon as acknowledged by Dr. Northcote.

The general name of the Catacomb was *hypogæum*, a subterranean place, or *cæmeterium*, a sleeping place. This was a beautiful Christian term, founded on Our Lord's own representation of the death of His beloved as their "sleep." The burial-place of a martyr or confessor was called *martyrium*, or *confessio*; an ordinary grave, containing one body, *locus* or *loculus*; or *bisomum*, *trisomum*, or *quadrisomum*, if it contained two, three, or four. The gravediggers were called *fossores*; burial was named *depositio*. The galleries were every here and there expanded into chambers, which were called *cubicula*. When, as was sometimes the case, a tomb was larger and more elaborate, or perhaps built up of masonry, and a semi-circular arch vaulted over it, it was called *arcosolium*. Light was admitted to the galleries and *cubicula* by shafts called *luminaria*. This explanation is necessary, as probably all these terms will recur in the course of the following pages.

There can be no doubt that these excavations were first undertaken in the very earliest ages of Roman Christianity. The oldest consular date appears to synchronise with A.D. 72, and two others have been found belonging to 107 and 110 A.D. Their main construction continued during the first three centuries, and they were partially enlarged and altered in detail for a further period of 500 years. About A.D. 850, they were closed up, and soon even forgotten; nor was anything known of them till their discovery in the year 1578.

Much valuable information relative to the Roman burial-laws, and the relation of the early Roman Christians to them, may be found in *Roma Sotterranea*. But our chief business lies in quite another direction. These subterranean sepulchres abounded in inscriptions and even pictures; and these give us marvellously significant and vivid instructive hints on matters connected with the status, the habits, and the religious and theological views of the Christians of the earliest centuries. Some general remarks on this subject, by Dr. Northcote, are very intelligent and suggestive:—

“ It is gathered that some five or six of the subterranean cemeteries of Rome were believed to have had their origin in apostolic times; and in every one of these instances, so far as we have had an opportunity of examining them, something peculiar has been either noted by our predecessors, or seen by ourselves, which gives countenance to the tradition. When these peculiarities are brought together, they are found to be in perfect harmony, not only with one another, but also with what we should have been led to expect from a careful consideration of the period to which they are supposed to belong. The peculiarities are such as these:—Painting in the most classical style, and scarcely inferior in execution to the best specimens of contemporary pagan art; a system of ornamentation in fine stucco, such as has not yet been found in any Christian subterranean work later than the second century; crypts of considerable dimensions, not hewn out of the bare rock, but carefully, and even elegantly, built with pilasters and cornices of bricks or terra-cotta; no narrow galleries with shelf-like graves thickly pierced in their walls, but spacious *ambulacra*, with painted walls, and recesses provided only for the reception of sarcophagi, whole families of inscriptions, with classical names, and without any distinctly Christian forms of speech; and lastly, actual dates of the first or second century. It is impossible that such a marvellous uniformity of phenomena, collected with most patient accuracy from distant and different cemeteries on all sides of the city, and from authors writing at so many different periods, should be the result of accident or of preconceived opinion. There never was any opinion preconceived on this subject, or rather, the opinion that was in general vogue a few years ago was diametrically opposed to this. But the opinion which has now been enunciated by De Rossi, and is gaining universal acceptance among those who have an opportunity of examining the monuments for themselves, has been the result of careful observation; it is the fruit of the phenomena, not their cause. Whereas these former writers have always taken it for granted that the first beginning of *Roma Sotterranea* must have been poor, and mean, and insignificant, and that any appearance of subterranean works on a large scale, or richly decorated, must necessarily belong to a later and more peaceful age, it is now certain that this statement cannot be reconciled with the monuments and facts that modern dis-

covery has brought to light. All who have any knowledge of the history of the fine arts, are agreed that the decorations of the many remarkable crypts lately discovered are much more ancient than those which form the great bulk of the paintings in the Catacombs with which we were familiar before, and which have always been justly regarded as the work of the third century. Nor can any thoughtful and impartial judge fail to recognise in the social and political condition of the first Roman Christians, and in the laws and usages of Roman burial, an adequate cause for all that is thus thrown back on the first and second centuries."—*Roma Sotterranea*, pp. 74—76.

One such Catacomb—designated "the Catacomb of St. Prætextatus"—deserves mention in this connection, both as confirming some of the above remarks, and as illustrating the singular astuteness and sagacity of De Rossi. This is situated on the famous Via Appia, nearly opposite to one, that of "St. Callixtus," which the labours and discoveries of the antiquarian above-named have made for ever famous. Crypts of the Catacomb of St. Prætextatus were accidentally opened in 1848 and 1850, containing paintings of a highly classical character. In 1852, De Rossi, having compared the position of this with that of other cemeteries, as assigned in the old itineraries, published his opinion that these crypts were part of the cemetery of St. Prætextatus, "famous as the scene of St. Sixtus's martyrdom, and as the place of burial of St. Januarius, the eldest of the seven sons of St. Felicitas, who laid down their lives for Christ on July 10, A.D. 162; also of St. Felicissimus and Agapitus, deacons of St. Sixtus, and many others." (Of course, all these good people are saints of the first water in the Romish calendar, and we take their names as we find them.) In 1857, a very large and beautiful crypt was accidentally disclosed, into which, of course, De Rossi at once penetrated, and which he proceeded *con amore* to examine. It was soon apparent—

"That this crypt was not hewn out of the living rock, but that, though underground, it had been all built with solid masonry, and that its three sides had been originally intended only for three sarcophagi. It had once been lined throughout with Greek marble, and its internal face (towards the cemetery) was a piece of excellent yellow brickwork, ornamented with pilasters of the same material in red, and cornices of terra-cotta. The workmanship points clearly to an early date, and specimens of pagan architecture in the same neighbourhood enable us to fix the middle of the latter half of the second century (A.D. 175) as a very probable date for its erection. The Acts of the Saints explain to us why it was built with bricks, and not hewn out of the rock, viz., because the Christian who made it (St. Marmenia) had

caused it to be excavated immediately below her own house: and now that we see it, we understand the precise meaning of the words used by the itineraries describing it, viz., a large square cavern, most firmly built (*ingens antrum quadratum, et firmissima fabrica*). The vault of the chapel is most elaborately painted, in a style by no means inferior to the best classical productions of the age. It is divided into four bands of wreaths, one of roses, another of corn-sheaves, a third of vine-leaves and grapes (and in all these birds are introduced visiting their young in nests), and the last or highest, of leaves of laurel or the bay-tree. Of course these represent severally the seasons of spring, summer, autumn and winter. The last is a well-known figure or symbol of death. And probably the laurel, as the token of victory, was intended to represent the new and Christian idea of the everlasting reward of a blessed immortality. Below these bands is another border, more indistinct, in which reapers are gathering in the corn, and at the back of the arch is a rural scene, of which the central figure is the Good Shepherd carrying a sheep upon his shoulders. This, however, has been destroyed by graves pierced through the wall and the rock behind it, from that eager desire, of which we shall have occasion to speak elsewhere, to bury the dead of a later generation as near as possible to the tombs of the martyrs. As De Rossi proceeded to examine these graves in detail, he could hardly believe his eyes when he read around the edge of one of them these words and fragments of words:—'*Mi Refrigeri Januarius Agatopus Felicissim Martyres*'—Januarius, Agapetus, Felicissimus, Martyra, refresh the soul of . . . The words had been scratched upon the mortar while it was yet fresh, fifteen centuries ago, as the prayer of some bereaved relative for the soul of him whom he was burying here, and now they revealed to the antiquarian of the nineteenth century the secret he was in quest of, viz., the place of burial of the saints whose aid is here invoked."—*Roma Sotterranea*, pp. 78, 79.

Our readers will not fail to note that, according to Dr. Northcote, this grave, with its inscribed appeal to the martyrs, dates far on in the fourth century,—a fact to be much attended to, and on which we shall have further occasion to dwell. Its discovery would have proved by itself no more than that the martyrs in question were at that time supposed to have been buried there. Nor is the testimony of Pope Damasus, or, as Dr. Northcote prefers to call him, "St. Damasus," who then filled the pontifical chair, wholly conclusive as to the validity of the supposition. Damasus confessedly laboured "ardently in the search for the bodies, and the furthering of the devotion to the remains of the martyrs." This fact will, no doubt, increase the value of any testimony of his in the eyes of Romanists; but we sceptical Protestants should look upon such a man as specially likely to be deceived and im-

posed upon. It matters little, however; and Dr. Northcote is welcome to the evidence supplied by three or four fragments of a marble slab, "marked by a few letters of most certain Damasine form, but of unusual size." The subsequent discovery of more fragments enabled De Rossi to restore the inscription, which is as follows:—*Beatissimo Martyri Januario Damasus Episcop. Fecit.* The identification of the "Damasine form" is a curious matter. This Pope laboured incessantly in the work of rediscovering tombs, "the precise position of which was only known by tradition." He composed, moreover, numerous inscriptions in honour of the martyrs, which were engraved in marble, "in a peculiarly beautiful character by a very able artist, Furius Dionysius Filocalus." He seems to have been the sole artist so employed, and the unique and perfectly uniform character of the letters chiselled by him at once serves to identify them.

But by far the most striking fact recorded in this book, is the discovery and identification of the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, Bishop of Rome in the early part of the third century. The story extends over some seventy-five pages of *Roma Sotterranea*, and will be read with extreme interest by all Christians, of whatever theological views. Its discovery is due to De Rossi, and it has been the especial scene of his learned and indefatigable investigations. The ancient itineraries describe, with great unction, four groups of cemeteries on the Via Appia, with the third of which we are now chiefly concerned. It was said to contain "an innumerable multitude of martyrs." For some centuries it was confounded with the cemetery of St. Sebastian, where, according to Romish tradition, the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul were originally deposited, and lay for forty years. But in 1849, De Rossi discovered fragments of a marble slab in a cellar of a vineyard much nearer to Rome, "having on it the upper part of the letter R, followed by the complete letters—N E L I U S M A R T Y R. He judged them to relate to Cornelius, Bishop of Rome, A.D. 250. The present Pope was induced to purchase the vineyard, and the work of excavation soon disclosed the other moiety of the slab. De Rossi had long been convinced that the tomb of Cornelius was near, though not in the Catacomb of Callixtus, and that in the latter would be found, at least, two exceptionally famous crypts, the one formerly containing the bodies of many popes, and the other that of St. Cecilia. As he proceeded, he found "confirmation strong as Holy Writ" of his long-formed opinion. More than a hundred and twenty fragments of a Damasine inscription

were recovered ; and it appears certain from that inscription that the Catacomb is that of Callixtus, and the crypt in which it was found, the celebrated "Papal crypt." The inscription, originally in Latin, is thus translated by Dr. Northcote :—

"Here, if you would know, lie heaped together a whole crowd of holy ones.

These honoured sepulchres inclose the bodies of the saints,

Their noble souls the palace of heaven has taken to itself.

Here lie the companions of Xystus, who bear away the trophies from the enemy ;

Here a number of elders, who guard the altars of Christ ;

Here is buried the priest, who long lived in peace,

Here the holy confessors, whom Greece sent us ;

Here lie youths and boys, old men, and their chaste offspring,

Who chose, as the better part, to keep their virgin chastity.

Here I, Damasus, confess I wished to lay my bones,

But I feared to disturb the holy ashes of the saints."

Roma Sotterranea, p. 148.

Zephyrinus was the first Pope buried in this crypt. Callixtus himself lies in quite a different and distant cemetery. His successors, Pontianus, Fabianus, Lucius, Stephen, Sixtus II., Dionysius, Eutychianus, Caius, Eusebius, and Melchiades, were all interred here. Among the plates in this beautiful volume is a view of this crypt "restored,"—probably as authentic as "restorations" usually are ; and it is impossible even for us to contemplate it without emotion. We can imagine with what fire the heart of a devout and all-believing Romanist will glow as he looks upon it. These Popes all "reigned"—since we must use the Popish phraseology ever and again—between the years 197 and 311, and all of them appear to have belonged to the "noble army of martyrs," who sealed their testimony with their blood during the persecutions ordered by successive Roman emperors.

But we now turn to a truly remarkable crypt—that of St. Cecilia. Her case is in many ways one of the most remarkable in all Romish legend. The story is told as a legend, by Mrs. Jameson ; as a veritable fact, by Dr. Northcote. Is it due to the incurable bias of a Romish writer, that he should have omitted from his narrative the clauses which would have marked it as a myth in the opinion of "non-Catholic" readers ? It appears certain that she was a lady of noble birth. The story runs that her parents secretly professed Christianity, and brought her up strictly in the faith. She secretly made the vow of chastity ; and, as she excelled in music, she so

used her gift for the glory of God, that the very angels descended to listen to her, or to join in her strains. At the age of sixteen, she was married to a young pagan of noble birth, named Valerian. Dr. Northcote says that, "on the day of her marriage she persuaded her husband to visit Pope Urban, lying hid in a cemetery in the Appian Way, by whom he was instructed and baptised. So also was his brother." The legend, as given by Mrs. Jameson, has, in relation to this part of it, a truer Roman ring:—"When she was about sixteen her parents married her to a young Roman, virtuous, rich, and of noble birth, named Valerian. He was, however, still in the darkness of the old religion. Cecilia, in obedience to her parents, accepted of the husband they had ordained for her, but beneath her bridal robes she put on a coarse garment of penance, and as she walked to the temple renewed her vow of chastity, praying to God that she might have strength to keep it; and it so fell out, for by her fervent eloquence she not only persuaded her husband Valerian to respect her vow, but converted him to the true faith. She told him that she had a guardian angel who watched over her night and day, and would suffer no earthly lover to approach her. And when Valerian desired to see this angel, she sent him to seek the aged St. Urban, who, being persecuted by the heathen, had sought refuge in the Catacombs. After listening to the instruction of that holy man, the conversion of Valerian was perfected, and he was baptised. Returning then to his wife, he heard, as he entered, the most enchanting music, and on reaching her chamber, beheld an angel, who was standing near her, and who held in his hand two crowns of roses gathered in Paradise, immortal in their freshness and perfume, but invisible to the eyes of unbelievers," with much more of a like edifying kind. Why has Dr. Northcote omitted these unctuous and sensuous details, so characteristic of the legends of his Church? We may commend his prudence in toning down the story for Protestant readers, but we cannot say much for his candour. But to proceed. Valerian and Tiburtius, his brother, were soon martyred for refusing to sacrifice to the gods; their constancy and courage resulting in the conversion of Maximus, the officer who presided at their execution. Cecilia, as the prime cause of all these defections, was ordered to be shut up in her own *caldarium*, and to be suffocated by the heating of the pipes with which the walls were perforated. She, however, according to the story, not only survived the process, but came forth from it scathless as the three Hebrew children from the burning fiery furnace.

The prefect at once sent a licitor to behead her. "He found her in the room of her victory, and proceeded at once to accomplish his errand." Somehow or other he did his work so clumsily that, though his axe inflicted deep and mortal wounds, he had not at the end of the legal number of strokes—three—succeeded in striking off her head. Her friends presently surrounded her, finding her alive, though bathed in her own blood. She kept alive for two or three days, and on the third morning, being visited in answer to her prayers by Pope Urban, and having obtained his assent to her dying requests, and his blessing, she turned "her face towards the ground, and letting her arms and hands fall gently together upon her right side, she breathed forth her pure spirit, and passed into the presence of her God."

Wonderful as is this legend of her martyrdom, that of her "relics" is far more so. Nearly six hundred years afterwards, Pope Paschal I. began the collection and translation of the relics of martyrs; and between January and August 817, he removed the bones of no fewer than 2,800 to various churches of the city. Among these were those of the Popes buried in the papal crypt. He was much disappointed at not finding the remains of St. Cecilia; but four years afterwards she appeared to him in a vision,—

"And told him that when he was translating the bodies of the Popes, she was so close to him, that they might have conversed together. In consequence of this vision, he returned to the search, and found the body where he had been told. It was fresh and perfect as when it was first laid in the tomb, and clad in rich garments, mixed with gold, with linen cloths stained with blood rolled up at her feet, lying in a cypress coffin."—*Roma Sottterranea*, p. 155.

But greater wonders were yet to happen in relation to the remains of St. Cecilia. Paschal lined the coffin with silk, placed it in a white marble sarcophagus, and deposited it under the high altar of the Church of St. Cecilia, in Trastevere. In 1699, nearly 800 years after, it was found there by Cardinal Sfrondati. After removing the lining and silk gauze of Pope Paschal, he beheld the virgin form of the martyr, lying as Paschal had found it, with all the accessories just as they were in 817:—

"The body was perfectly uncorrupt, and by especial miracle retained, after more than thirteen hundred years, all its grace and modesty, and recalled, with the most truthful exactness, Cecilia breathing forth her soul upon the pavement of her bath."

We hold our breath for a moment, and then cry with all our might, "Prodigious!" No wonder that Rome was beside itself, and rushed in a fever of frantic devotion to have a look at the holy relic. No wonder that the form was sculptured in marble by Maderna, and remains to this day a *fac-simile* and a proof of what was found inside the sarcophagus. But the comment of Dr. Northcote is a fine specimen of Romish and Jesuitical simplicity:—

"A more signal vindication of the Church's traditions; a more consoling spectacle for a devout Catholic, mourning over the schisms and heresies of those miserable times [the time of the Reformation to wit]; a more striking commentary on the Divine promise, 'The Lord keepeth all the bones of His servants, He will not lose one of them,' it would be difficult to conceive."—*Roma Sotterranea*, p. 156.

Our readers will not forget that this was "the age of St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Charles Borromeo, and St. Philip Neri," the age when the appalling progress of the Reformation thoroughly alarmed the Holy See, and led to the wholesale multiplication of miracles and visions, and to the adoption of the most unscrupulous pious frauds in every part of Europe. We do not believe that the relic-monger Paschal, still less the Jesuits of the Pontificate of Clement VIII., would have any scruple or difficulty in palming off the appearance of such a "miracle" upon their superstitious disciples. Rome has manufactured so many miracles, and authenticated them by such abundant testimony, that we are never surprised at any of her performances in this kind; but we do wonder that any educated Englishman of the nineteenth century should believe in such things himself, or expect his fellow-countrymen to agree with him. As to his qualities for interpreting Holy Scripture, they speak for themselves. The glaring mis-translation, "He will not lose one of them," cannot be passed over. The word rendered, "he will lose," is "shall be broken." It is in the passive conjugation, and this daring attempt to give it an active force, and wholly to misrepresent its meaning, is very unworthy. Our Authorised Version has correctly rendered the clause: "He keepeth all his bones; not one of them is broken." But were the translation correct, the application of a promise made concerning the living righteous to God's care of their dead bodies, is almost incredibly absurd; not to say that, if the preservation incorrupt of the body of St. Cecilia be an exact fulfilment of that promise, it has been strangely broken as to the vast majority, not only of ordinary saints, but, Rome herself being

witness, of her most eminent confessors, apostles, and martyrs. Considering the prodigious trade which Romish clerical merchants have driven in the big and little bones, pieces of bone, hairs, finger and toe nails, and all manner of personal relics, of the former denizens of these very Catacombs, such a comment on such a text "exceedingly fills us with contempt."

We must, however, pass away from the story of excavation and discovery in the Catacombs, and devote the remainder of our space to the illustrations which these subterranean galleries supply of "Christian Art." We have already made general reference to the inscriptions, paintings, and decorations found on many of the tombs. There are eight chapters on this subject in *Roma Sotterranea*, five of them written by Dr. Northcote, the remainder by Mr. Brownlow. The subject of inscriptions receives hardly any notice, and may be omitted from our review. Dr. Northcote begins by lamenting that the field of Christian art is becoming increasingly "the battlefield of such violent religious disputes," giving as his reason that "the paintings that have been lately discovered have obliged Catholic writers to claim still more strongly than before the voice of antiquity as bearing unequivocal testimony to their own teaching and practice upon this important point." How far he is entitled to make this boast we shall see in the sequel. We see no reason to reject the conclusions of De Rossi respecting the comparative elegance and freedom of the earliest paintings and decorations. We know that Christianity soon gained numerous adherents in Rome from the nobility, and even from the Imperial court and household; and there does not appear to be any warrant for the supposed iconoclastic dislike of the first Christians to the fine arts. De Rossi is most likely right when he says:—

"The universality of the pictures in the subterranean cemeteries, and the richness, the variety, the freedom of the more ancient types, when contrasted with the cycle of pictures which I clearly see becoming more stiff in manner and poor in conception towards the end of the third century,—these things prove the impossibility of accepting the hypothesis of those who affirm the use of pictures to have been introduced, little by little, on the sly as it were, and in opposition to the practice of the primitive Church."—*Roma Sotterranea*, p. 188.

On the whole, it seems safe to conclude that a high and elegant style of pictorial decoration argues a high antiquity. The classification adopted in the work before us proceeds apparently on right principles. Symbolical, allegorical, and

Biblical paintings, "paintings of Christ, His Holy Mother and the saints," liturgical paintings, gilded glasses, Christian sarcophagi,—these constitute the divisions of the subject. We have not space for minute detail, but shall touch some of the more salient points. The symbolical paintings are those "in which the object set before the eye is not depicted for its own sake, but in order to convey to the mind some further idea beyond itself, yet connected with it either naturally or by convention." Dr. Northcote rightly says that they must be interpreted, not by any conjectures or controversial reasonings, "but by the strictest rules of argument and testimony; by a comparison of the various ornaments, first with one another, and then with inscriptions written only in words; by appeals also to Holy Scripture, and to the writings of the early fathers." The figure of the cross is very commonly found, as also the monogram of our Saviour's name: but Dr. Northcote admits that these were not, as many writers have supposed, "the earliest and most common of all Christian symbols." The tendency was rather to avoid the free exposure of this sign to public view. When at last it does appear, and become common, it is a cross of the most simple form. And no doubt it was originally a token of joy, and, as some paintings prove, an object thought "worthy to be crowned with flowers, a sign in which to conquer." The deterioration from cross to crucifix came late, and was very gradually developed. The first step seems to have been the picture of a lamb at the foot of the cross. Then appeared "Christ, clothed, on the cross, with hands uplifted in prayer, but not nailed to it; in the " next stage, " Christ fastened to the cross with four nails, still living, and with open eyes. He was not represented as dead till the tenth or eleventh century."* Mr. Maitland, writing of the class of paintings, with which the fully-developed crucifix is associated, truly says:—

"The subjects of those paintings are nearly always distressing: the Divine Infant, with a heavy contracted countenance, excites no sympathy for the helpless offspring of the Virgin; and the 'Man of Sorrows,' a more usual object of representation, covered with triangular splashes of blood, with a face indicative of hopeless anguish, intense in expression, and not deficient in execution, illustrates less the Redeemer's life than a dark gap in the history of Christendom. . . . The sky of sacred art darkened, as the Saviour's countenance, its proper sun, shed a more disastrous light over its scenes of woe, till the last glimmering of Divine majesty suffered total eclipse from the exclusive display of agonised humanity."—*Church in the Catacombs*, pp. 165, 166.

* Millman's *History of Christianity*, Vol. III. p. 515.

The monogram seems to have been derived from *X* and *P*, the first letters of *ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ*. The anchor is of course a symbol of hope, "as old as Christianity itself." A sheep is Our Lord's own emblem of His disciples. The dove symbolised the Holy Spirit; and, in a secondary sense, it seems to have denoted the disembodied spirit of a Christian. These symbols are found both separately and in various combinations on the graves in the Catacombs. But the most curious and remarkable symbol of all is the fish. It is not easy to say how soon it was introduced, but it had ceased almost entirely by the beginning of the fifth century. In looking for an interpretation, we can hardly fail to be reminded of Our Lord's parables of the fishes, and of His promise to make His Apostles "fishers of men." But, perhaps, few of our readers are prepared to hear that this creature, as represented in the Catacombs, is certainly a symbol of Christ himself. It is curious to note that the Greek form *ΙΧΘΥΣ*, is made up of the initial letters of the formula, *Ιησους Χριστος Θεου Υιος Σωτηρ*. This fact undoubtedly gained for the word *Ιχθυς* very early and general veneration,—containing as it does, according to one old writer, "a whole multitude of holy names." Some of the more imaginative of the early fathers use the symbol, to our apprehension, rather oddly. "We little fishes," says Tertullian, "are born in water [alluding to baptism] after the example of *Jesus Christ our fish*." Jerome says that the fish in whose mouth the stater was found "was Christ, the second Adam, at the cost of whose blood both the first Adam and Peter, that is, all other sinners, were redeemed." This one fact, that the fish is primarily a symbol of Christ, is the key to its use in a great variety of ways on the Christian monuments. It appears to be seldom found alone.

"It is sometimes found in connection with a ship. In three or four instances the fish is bearing a ship on its back; and this combination naturally suggests to us Christ upholding His Church. Much more frequently, in more than twenty epitaphs for example, to say nothing of gems, in which these two symbols are almost inseparable, it is found in conjunction with the anchor; and we understand at once, as plainly as if it had been written in ordinary letters of the alphabet (as, indeed, it often was), *SPES IN CHRISTO*, *SPES IN DEO*, *SPES IN DEO CHRISTO*, 'Hope in Christ,' &c. Another combination of the symbol of the fish is with the dove. This we meet with in nearly twenty instances; and as we have already seen that this bird with its olive branch, when found on a Christian gravestone, is only another mode of expressing the most common of all Christian epitaphs, *SPES IN DEO* [TUT] IN PACE,

'Thy spirit [be, or is] in peace,' so, when the fish is added, we recognise the same inscription in its longer and fuller form, as we sometimes find it written also, *IN PACE ET IN CHRISTO*."—*Roma Sotterranea*, pp. 212, 213.

Our space does not permit us to pursue the discussion of another frequent combination of the fish—namely, that with bread. Much very curious lore is collected, both in *Roma Sotterranea* and in Mr. Marriott's work, on this subject; and it seems clear, from the language of some of the early fathers, and from the terms of certain inscriptions, that this combination pointed to the Holy Eucharist. Unscrupulous Romish controversialists seek to press these pictures and inscriptions into the service of the doctrine of the Real Presence. The authors of *Roma Sotterranea* do not seem to be open to this charge. Mr. Marriott, however, has rendered very great service to the cause of truth, by the detailed and painstaking proof which he has adduced that the fathers of both the Greek and Latin Churches especially taught the doctrine of Christ's spiritual presence in the Eucharist, and give no hint of any other. The quotations from the Greek fathers, and from Augustin and Leo the Great, are remarkable instances. Take, for example, the following from Augustin on John xiv. 28: "I go away, and I come again to you,"—

"'As God, He was not to leave those whom, as man, He was to leave; and in Him, the One Christ, God and Man are united. Therefore was He to go away in regard that He was Man, and abide in regard that He was God. *He was to go away by that [nature] which was in one place [only]; He was to remain by that which was in every place.*'"—*Testimony of the Catacombs*, p. 102.

And, further, that Augustin applied this distinction to Christ's presence in the Eucharist, is proved by the following quotation:—

"'After the Supper, being close now to His Passion, He spake unto His disciples as about to go away and to leave them in regard of bodily (or 'corporeal') presence, *but with a spiritual presence* to be with all them that are His, even to the end of the world.'"—*Ibid.*, pp. 163, 164.

It is superfluous to point out how opposite to this would be the language of a modern Tridentine Romanist, or a Ritualistic Anglican divine. Mr. Marriott sums up the ancient views on the symbolism of the fish in reference to Our Lord exceedingly well:—

"In the language of Christian writers, both in east and west, from the second century onwards, Our Lord is spoken of as ΙΧΘΥΣ, as Piscis, 'Piscis noster,' and the like, and that for a variety of reasons.

"First, in respect that the fish, blessed on more than one occasion to the feeding of great multitudes, or of His own Apostles (John xxi.), by Our Lord while on earth, was regarded as a type of that heavenly food, His body offered on the Cross, which He gave for the life of the world. And, according to the mystical interpretation of Scripture adopted by many of the fathers, the 'broiled fish,' together with a piece of honeycomb, of which Our Lord partook with [should not this be, 'in the presence of?'] His disciples after His resurrection, was regarded as a type of Christ Himself, in regard of His passion, when by the fire of tribulation He was, as it were, 'scorched.' This thought, which we meet with first in Melito of Sardis, . . . gave rise to the catchword, so to call it, of this symbolism, '*Piscis assus, Christus passus.*'

"Secondly, inasmuch as fish was in primitive times very generally in use as an ordinary article of food, as a savoury accompaniment to the bread, which, in some form or other, formed the chief staple of food, so under the figure of fish, as well as under that of bread, early writers not unfrequently designated the wholesome doctrine of Christ, and particularly the words of truth contained in Holy Scripture.

"Thirdly, when the practice of figuratively designating Our Lord as ΙΧΘΥΣ, or Piscis, had become established, it was not unnatural to connect this thought with that of birth (i.e. new birth) in water. The earliest example of this is in the well-known passage in Tertullian (*de Bapt.* c. 1), 'We smaller fishes, after the example of our Fish, are born in the waters, and it is only by continuing in those waters that we are safe, (continue in a state of salvation.)'—*Testimony of the Catacombs*, pp. 121, 122.

The last reason we have already stated,—namely, the formation of the word ΙΧΘΥΣ from the initials of the titles specially belonging to our Lord. We cannot stay further on the subject of this symbol; but we commend the whole essay in which it occurs,—that on "The Autun Inscription, having reference to the Doctrines of Baptism, the Holy Eucharist, and the State of the Faithful after Death,"—to the careful and candid perusal of our readers. It is a wonderful monument of archæological painstaking and sagacity, of deep and accurate scholarship, and of sound and conclusive argument.

The second class of paintings—the allegorical—embrace "those which were suggested at least by some of Our Lord's parables, though they can hardly be said really to reproduce them." Of these, Dr. Northcote particularly names the Vine, the Wise and Foolish Virgins, and the Good Shepherd. The

last was "quite the favourite subject" of the artists of the Catacombs. Superficial observers have sometimes fancied a resemblance between this figure and pagan pictures of shepherds carrying a lamb, or sheep, or goat; but there is too marked a contrast between these naked creatures, and the grave form of the Good Shepherd, to warrant such a comparison. The Christian figure is easily detected, and it occurs on all sorts of places and utensils, and is very variously represented according to the lesson which, in any particular instance, it is intended to convey. Sometimes "He is alone with His flock;" at others, His Apostles, those "under-shepherds," are associated with Him, but more frequently His figure is that suggested by the parable of the Lost Sheep, which, when He findeth it, He bringeth home on his shoulders rejoicing.

The Catacombs also contain many Biblical paintings,—such as Noah in the Ark, Jonah and his Whale and Gourd, Daniel in the Lion's Den, and the Three Hebrew Children in the Furnace. To the same order belong the Adoration of the Magi, Moses striking the Rock in the Wilderness, the Resurrection of Lazarus, and similar decorations.

Dr. Northcote next calls attention to "Paintings of Christ, His Holy Mother, and the Saints." We expected to find him, in spite of himself, betraying the cloven foot of Romanism in this chapter, nor have we been disappointed. If there be one thing which Romish writers *cannot* find in the Catacombs of the earliest Christian centuries, it is a warrant for modern Romish doctrine and superstition. Yet, as might be expected, great pains and ingenuity have been expended in the effort to prove the contrary. Before attempting any detailed consideration, however, a general cautionary remark or two may not be inappropriate. Were the fact otherwise than it is; could it be proved that these singular galleries—even the most ancient among them—give countenance to the Tridentine theology and ritual, we should not be the more disposed to accept that doctrine and ritual. When we remember how clearly it has been proved that the germs of every false and superstitious tenet of later times began to be developed long before the Nicene period; how the ante-Nicene fathers sometimes denounced and sometimes half-apologised for opinions and practices which had not then assumed, and did not for long ages assume, the full proportions of developed Romanism, we should be only the more impressed with the duty of testing the oldest Christian monuments by the teaching of the New Testament, and of

ascertaining, if possible, the exact time and point of their departure from Scriptural truth. The faith of Protestant Christians does not rest in any degree upon opinions and practices current after the Apostolic age, but upon the teaching of the inspired writings. Nay, if it could be shown that any Roman Christians were buried in these Catacombs during the lifetime of St. Paul himself, and during his sojourn in the Imperial city, and that on their monuments were inscriptions or decorations in accordance with modern Popery, we should not alter our opinion, or be over-much surprised. Such passages as the following would rather prepare us to expect something of the kind: "For I know this, that after My departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them" (Acts xx. 29, 30). "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you?" (Gal. iii. 1).

If Dr. Northcote and his co-religionists, therefore, could find apparent warrant for "all Roman doctrine" and practice among these ancient monuments, we should only say, in sorrow and humiliation, "So much the worse for the Church of the Catacombs!" Alas! that "the fine gold" should so soon have "become dim!" "the wine" so soon "mixed with water!" The churches of the post-Apostolic, nay, of the Apostolic age itself, must be rigidly compared with the infallible standard of doctrine, ritual, and morals contained in the New Testament; and whatever is found not to agree thereto must be rejected, though it were the most venerable cobweb in the whole structure.

It would, however, have been painful indeed to admit, through force of evidence, that the records and paintings of these early cemeteries gave countenance to Popery. Such, emphatically, is not the case. Dr. Northcote has presumed to put the *cultus* of the Virgin Mary to this crucial test, and it is as well he did so. For the instances quoted by him completely disprove his conclusion. We make no apology for going at some length into this very curious episode in the learned doctor's work. Among the more common of the paintings in the Catacombs are figures of men and women standing with outstretched and uplifted arms. Such was the attitude of prayer generally observed in these primitive times (we need not stay to inquire the reason); and the figures thus shown on the subterranean tombs are, for that reason, called

in Italian, *oranti*. Dr. Northcote fancies that he sees in some of the female *oranti* indubitable representations of the "Blessed Virgin," and that, with such accompaniments, or under such a form, as indicated that she was the object of a reverence like that which is characteristic of modern Romanism. His eagerness to make this out has involved him not only in many delusions, but in a palpable, though perhaps unintentional mis-statement of fact, the exposure of which is as complete and curious a matter as we ever remember to have seen. But let us quote his own words:—

"Among the innumerable *oranti*, as they are called (persons praying), which appear on the walls of the Catacombs, there is one of a woman, which is frequently found as a companion to the Good Shepherd, and which a multitude of considerations lead us to believe was intended for our Blessed Lady, or else for the Church, the Bride of Christ, whose life upon earth is a life of prayer, even as His Holy Mother is similarly employed in heaven. The two interpretations do not necessarily exclude one another. On the contrary, both may have been present to the mind of the artist together, as there are several indications in ancient writers of a certain recognised resemblance between the Blessed Virgin and the Church.

"It has sometimes been supposed that this female *orante* denoted some martyr or person of distinction buried in the principal tomb of the *cubiculum*, where the painting is found. And possibly this conjecture may be sometimes correct. But in the majority of instances we feel certain that it is inadmissible; as, for instance, where it is manifestly intended as a companion to the Good Shepherd; and, indeed, in some few instances, we find this figure engraved upon the tombstones, instead of the Good Shepherd; it stands with outstretched arms between two sheep. And in many more instances it occupies a part of a ceiling in which every other compartment is filled by some person or story from the Bible, and where, therefore, it is hard to believe that any memorial of a private individual would have been allowed to remain. For these reasons, then, we more willingly believe that either the Church or the Blessed Virgin was intended; and of these representations we incline to the latter, because the Blessed Virgin is to be found represented in this same attitude on some of the gilded glasses in the Catacombs, either alone, or between the Apostles Saints Peter and Paul, and can be identified in both cases by her name written over her head."—*Roma Sotterranea*, pp. 254, 255.

Mr. Marriott has thoroughly sifted, and conclusively disposed of these reasonings; if prejudices and prepossessions born of modern Romanism deserve so dignified a name. In a footnote on page 12 of his *Testimony of the Catacombs*, he remarks as a comment on Dr. Northcote's words, "frequently found as a companion to the Good Shepherd:—"

"We append the following analysis of twenty examples (*all* that are figured by Aringhus) in the Catacombs, in which the 'Good Shepherd' is so represented as in *any sense* to be described as accompanied by an Orante.

"In five of these instances, this figure of the Shepherd occupies the centre of the decorated roof of a sepulchral chamber, and there are *four figures* of Oranti in the surrounding compartments. In two of these five examples, half of the Oranti are *men* and the others women.

"In yet five more cases, there are *two* Oranti, one on each side of Our Lord (as the Good Shepherd). And in these five, either both are women, or one of them a man, the other a woman (in one case evidently man and wife. See Aringhi, R.S., tom. ii. p. 209).

"In yet nine instances more, the figure of the Good Shepherd is seen, where in *some part or other of the same chamber* occurs an Orante, perhaps as one out of many figures on a ceiling, or in part of the same Arcosolium. [In one at least of these (*ibid.* ii. p. 257) the Orante is a man.] And in *one only example* do we find *one* female Orante side by side with a figure of the Good Shepherd, such as will answer to Dr. Northcote's description."

Now comes the crowning discovery as to this exceptional instance. Dr. Northcote's book contains a number of very remarkable plates, purporting, for the most part, to be copies of inscriptions and paintings on tombs, coins, glasses, and so forth. They greatly add to the beauty and value of the work, and would be much more valuable if we could be sure they were perfectly authentic. But he has made such a blunder in relation to the particular plate (VIII. in his collection), representing the female Orante in company with the Good Shepherd, that our confidence in his competence as critic and interpreter is seriously shaken. Hear Mr. Marriott:—

"If our readers will turn to his Plate VIII., reproduced, as he states it is, from Bosio, they will find what is *apparently* the strongest confirmation of the statement that he had made. They will see an Orante represented side by side with Our Lord (symbolised as the Good Shepherd), and forming with Him one composition, in which the juxtaposition of the two figures was evidently designed. The picture *as given* is just what Dr. Northcote could most wish to prove his point. We ourselves came upon it accidentally, just after a careful examination of all the pictures in the Catacombs, as given by Bosio and Aringhus. Almost the last sentence that we had written, in summing up the results of the investigation, was this: 'In one only example do we find a single figure of a female so placed side by side with the "Good Shepherd" as to form with Him what was evidently intended to be a studied and significant juxtaposition, and to make up between the two a complete picture. And in *this one exceptional instance*, the

Orante is clearly marked out as a Christian martyr by the "attribute" of an instrument of torture, a scourge loaded with lead or iron, which is painted on a large scale beside her.' Our astonishment may be imagined when, on turning to Dr. Northcote's plates, the moment after writing this, we found this very fresco referred to (in the catalogue) as the Virgin Mary and the Good Shepherd; and the one feature which was specially characteristic of it, serving at once to determine its meaning, had been removed from the picture, and not the slightest reference made anywhere to its existence. Had this remarkable feature in the picture been preserved, any skilled antiquary would at once have seen that the picture could not possibly be intended for the Virgin Mary. And even ordinary observers could scarcely have failed to feel, as it were by intuition, that Dr. Northcote's interpretation could hardly be the true one. But in Dr. Northcote's work the picture appears catalogued as 'The Good Shepherd and the Blessed Virgin,' and a reference is made to Bosio, p. 387. We ourselves felt pretty certain, on seeing this reference, that Bosio would not bear out this description. We turned to his pages, and found exactly what we had anticipated. 'Una Donna Orante,' says that writer, 'a woman in the act of prayer,' without one word as to any even possible reference to the Virgin Mary.

"What do our readers suppose to be the explanation of this extraordinary misrepresentation? It is one, we are glad to be able to say it, which explains entirely how Dr. Northcote came to be himself deceived as to the real facts of the case, while the Roman artist employed (probably not an archæologist at all) was of course equally guiltless of any intentional misrepresentation. The answer may be best given in Dr. Northcote's own words. 'It is no news to those who received our prospectus, inviting them to subscribe to the work before publication, but it is a fact which was unaccountably omitted in our preface to the volume itself when published, and therefore is new to your reviewer, that all the twenty plates, as well as the maps, were prepared for us by De Rossi himself, executed under his own eye at the Cromolithografia Pontificia in Rome, and the impressions sent to us from that city exactly as they now are. . . . Eighteen of the drawings for these plates were taken from the originals. For plates VIII. and XI. he had an order from us to provide a specimen of Noah in his Ark; the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace; the Raising of Lazarus; and an *Orante*. [I have the correspondence before me as I write.] When sending me the proofs of the impressions, he apologised for the different and inferior style of these, but said he did not understand us to want any special instances of these subjects, and therefore he had not hesitated to spare himself trouble by taking them from books instead of going to the Catacombs for them; and he wrote on the back of the proofs the references to Bosio which we printed. I neither looked into Bosio myself, nor was at all aware, until I read the article in the *Christian Observer*, that the necessity of getting into the same plate a representation of Noah and his Ark, as well as an *Orante*,

had caused De Rossi's artist to omit a single line of the drawing which he copied.'

"We dwell upon this point the rather because it will suggest a very important lesson for those who are obliged to take their knowledge of antiquity, for the most part at second-hand, on the authority, it may be, of controversialists engaged in maintaining a particular thesis. The 'scurge' at the side of this picture is what context is in a quotation from an ancient author. This context, so to call it, is omitted, first by the copyist, in ignorance of its importance, and then left unnoticed by Dr. Northcote, who knows nothing of its existence. And, accordingly, he publishes the picture in question, in perfect good faith, but in a shape which entirely misrepresents its true meaning."—*Testimony of the Catacombs*, pp. 17—20.

Surely here is blundering enough to destroy the confidence of most readers, not in Dr. Northcote's integrity, but in his accuracy and impartiality. It is impossible to acquit him of wishing to see what he professed to find, and hence he was but too easily duped. He is hardly more fortunate in his appeals to other pictures of the Virgin Mary upon these subterranean tombs. He says:—

"Whatever may be thought of the cogency of these arguments [those drawn from the Oranti], and we believe that they cannot be easily refuted, the question of Our Lady's position in the most ancient field of Christian art by no means depends upon them. If these paintings do not represent her, yet she certainly appears in more than a score of other scenes, where her identity cannot be questioned."—*Roma Sotterranea*, p. 256.

He refers for proof of this bold statement to pictures of the Adoration of the Magi. Mr. Marriott shall again correct his mistakes:—

"We are sorry to find ourselves continually finding fault, but again we are obliged to say, that Dr. Northcote evidently forgets the right meaning of words. This imposing phrase of '*more than a score of other scenes*,' means only that the purely Scriptural subject of the Adoration of Our Blessed Lord by the Magi is represented more than twenty times (as he states shortly afterwards) in various parts of the Catacombs. One scene it is, and not twenty, though that one again and again represented with slight variations of treatment. . . .

"And what is the scene thus repeatedly dwelt on by the Church of Rome as once she was? Is it one which, like those shortly to be set before our readers, exhibits the Mother of Our Lord as herself an object of worship to the faithful? The very contrary. Among the various Scriptural subjects on which these early Christians loved to dwell, this of the Adoration of the Magi was prominent, as an emphatic testimony to the Divinity of Our Blessed Lord, and as the earnest of the

coming in of the Gentiles into the one fold of Christ. In this picture they were reminded how these Magi, the firstfruits of the Gentile Church, when they saw the young Child and His Mother, *fell down and worshipped Him*. A later monument will show us what Roman art taught in the twelfth century. Our readers will there see two Popes, who, like those Magi of old, are represented as in the presence of that young Child and His Mother, and they, as will be seen, fall down and worship her! "*—Testimony of the Catacombs, pp. 21—23.*

Our limits warn us not to pursue this particular subject at greater length. But we cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Marriott's summing up as to the testimony of the earliest monuments in the Catacombs respecting the *cultus* of the Virgin Mary:—

"In those earliest decorations of the Catacombs, which De Rossi and other Roman Antiquaries believe (and probably with good reason) to be before the age of Constantine, representations of the Virgin Mary occur only in such connection as is directly suggested by Holy Scripture. One picture there is of the Holy Family at Bethlehem, . . . one (probably) of the Annunciation; and there are upwards of twenty (we here follow De Rossi) of the Adoration of the Holy Child by the Magi, in all which, of course, the Blessed Mother of Our Lord is one of the persons represented. If, in deference to Dr. Northcote's opinion, or upon any other grounds, any should be inclined to think that some of the Oranti figures may have reference to her, even then the statement that follows will be in no way invalidated. With that statement we sum up our investigation of the subject as regards the Christian art of the first three centuries. In no one picture of those which even Dr. Northcote himself could claim as antecedent in date to the age of Constantine, is there anything which would appear strange or out of place, on doctrinal grounds, in an illustrated Bible, put forth, let us say, for the use of English Sunday-schools by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. And this being so, our readers may judge what amount of evidence in favour of modern 'Marianism' is to be obtained from the witness of really primitive Christendom at Rome." *—Testimony of the Catacombs, pp. 27, 28.*

Mr. Marriott pursues the examination of this subject as depicted on monuments of Christian art through succeeding centuries. In our judgment he conclusively shows that, in the first four centuries, Christian art "was kept strictly within the limits of the canonical books of Holy Scripture;" that, in the fifth and sixth centuries, while the more public monuments never represent the Blessed Virgin as having any place on the throne which belongs to her Son, and to Him alone, there are traces in certain private works of art of legendary fables concerning her, and superstitious honours

paid to her ; that in the seventh and eighth centuries Mariolatry was rapidly developed, *concurrently with the rapid progress of barbarism* ; that in the ninth century she is represented as "enthroned, and in all the splendours of royal estate, in dress of purple and gold, a golden crown upon her head, and scarlet shoes upon her feet; and that thenceforward, in an age which Romanists themselves confess to have been ignorant, corrupt, and barbarous in the extreme, this exaltation of the Virgin to Divine honours was developed more and more, till in the twelfth century the worship due to God alone was "diverted from Our Lord to be bestowed upon Mary : or, worse yet, in a picture 300 years later in date, in which upon the walls of the Vatican palace itself, and by the orders of a Pope, the worship of Christendom is embodied under the guise of an Alexander Borgia kneeling as a votary at the feet of a Giulia Farnese."

We must pass over the remarks of Dr. Northcote and his colleague on the liturgical paintings, gilded glasses and Christian sarcophagi found in the Catacombs, with the single observation that they are tainted and vitiated throughout by the Tridentine spirit. Our authors are determined to find warrant for the latest developments of Romanism in the monuments of a time when as yet those developments did not exist even in purpose or imagination. There is a curious instance of this at page 310, in a description of a "sculptured representation of the ascent of Elias into heaven in the fiery chariot." This sculpture is figured on page 250 of the volume. The incident is manipulated by the authors thus :—

"The sons of the prophets are gazing with eager astonishment at Eliseus, who reverently and with veiled hands receives from the ascending prophet the cloak or *pallium*, the symbol of the double portion of the Spirit which rested on him. . . . This history forms the subject of a painting which may still be seen in the Catacomb of SS. Nereus and Achilles. It is carved also at the end of a sarcophagus near the door of the sacristy of St. Peter's containing the bodies of Popes Leo II., III., and IV. ; and on two or three other sarcophagi, copied in the works of Bosio, Bottari, and others. It would certainly have reminded Roman Christians of the *pallium*, the symbol of jurisdiction worn by the Bishops of Rome, and given by them to metropolitans as from the very body of St. Peter—'*de corpore Sancti Petri*.'"

These writers plead, of course, for the high antiquity of some of these monuments, apparently overlooking the fact that, the more nearly such monuments can be shown to approach the Apostolic age, the more certain is it that they

cannot have had any reference to such questions as the jurisdiction of the Roman over other episcopal sees. When we remember how Pope Gregory the Great—even so late on as the sixth century—peremptorily refused to be called “Universal Bishop,” declaring “that anyone who presumed to put forward such pretensions would, in so doing, mark himself out as anti-Christ,” we cannot but feel that only men determined to support a foregone conclusion would speak of the *pallium* as being exhibited on monuments of a far earlier time as a symbol of Papal jurisdiction. Common sense, however, as Mr. Marriott points out, revolts against the notion that the “Roman Christians” in the hour of their bereavement, and while committing their loved ones to the grave, should think especially of “the jurisdiction over other churches implied by the Papal *pallium*.” On the other hand, it was natural, nay, inevitable, that such incidents as the translation of Elijah should be to them a pledge of the new life into which the sainted dead had entered, and should thus become means of inexhaustible solace and consolation to their souls. These natural sentiments of that piety which is the fruit of Christian faith, and which was fed by the thought of the “life and immortality” which “Our Saviour Christ hath brought to light,” far more truly and appropriately interpret such monuments as the one in question than the desire to bear witness to an arrogant and presumptuous ecclesiastical claim which had not even been so much as whispered in the age when these monuments were constructed.

This question of the supremacy of the Roman See, as derived from the supposed primacy of Peter and his alleged episcopate of five-and-twenty years in Rome, of course occupies the attention of the authors of *Roma Sotterranea*. It forms also the subject of the second treatise in Mr. Marriott’s learned and exhaustive work. There arises a previous question which, however, he does not discuss; namely, the question whether Peter ever was in Rome at all. It seems to us that this question has generally been decided by the bias of controversialists. It is of course absolutely necessary that a modern Romanist should decide it in the affirmative; for, if Peter was not only not Bishop of Rome, but not even a visitor in the Imperial city, the claim of supremacy cannot be made out in behalf of the Roman See. Nearly twenty years ago the subject was very thoroughly investigated by Mr. Thomas Collins Simon, in a work on the *Mission and Martyrdom of St. Peter*. This work contains the original

text of all the passages in ancient writers supposed to imply a journey from the East, with translations and Roman Catholic comments, showing that there is not the least sign in antiquity of the alleged fact, nor even of there having been a tradition to that effect. The supposed testimonies extend from A.D. 45 to A.D. 636, besides the "Golden Legend," which belongs to the close of the thirteenth century. They are given in the original. Then follow translations of them, with Mr. Simon's comments. The volume is extremely curious and interesting, and we do not think the conclusion at which Mr. Simon has arrived can possibly be shaken. Observe: it is essential that both the residence and the episcopacy of Peter in Rome should be demonstrated. If it can be shown that either or both of these things is extremely doubtful, resting on no better evidence than a very questionable and late tradition, there is an end of all the pretensions that Rome has so long put forth to be the mother and mistress of all churches, and the *pallium* implies an absurd and insolent assumption, which has no basis either in reason or fact. Mr. Marriott appears willing to allow that Peter may have been at Rome, but he argues strongly and unanswerably that he was never Bishop of the Roman See. His argument is founded on certain Christian art monuments—the Diptych of St. Paul; the monuments on which Peter is "distinguished from 'Petra,' the Rock; those on which he is supposed to be represented as the Moses of the New Covenant; St. Peter's Chair; the Fresco of Cornelius Papa and St. Cyprian; the Mosaics of the Triclinium Lateraneum; the supposed Donation of Constantine, and the Bassi Relievi from the great gates of St. Peter's at Rome. We can do no more than make this bare mention of most of these monuments. But there are two of which we must speak somewhat more in detail.

The "Diptych of St. Paul" is a curious work in carved ivory, having on one side the naked figure of a man, together with groups of animals; and on the other, three groups of figures to be described immediately. Its date is not later than A.D. 400. The first-named carving was supposed for a long time to represent the naming of the beasts by Adam in Paradise. But a close and full examination of the second side leads to a different supposition. On that side, as we have said, are three groups. The central group, without any doubt, is a representation of St. Paul shaking off the viper from his hand into the fire in the island of Melita. Publius, "the chief man of the island," stands by, lifting his hands

in astonishment, and there are two Roman soldiers also looking on. In the bottom group are figures evidently representing the "many which had infirmities in the island;" and one of the soldiers of Publius is pointing upwards to the figure of St. Paul, as if directing them to apply to him for healing. If now we turn to the first-named side of the Diptych, we find a figure of the serpent conspicuously entering the region where the beasts are grouped around the figure of the man; and Mr. Marriott, as it seems to us, accurately interprets these parts of the Diptych as symbolic of "Paradise lost through the malice of the serpent, and Paradise reopened through Him who crushed the serpent's head." But the top group of the second side of the Diptych is that to which he calls special attention. Here are three figures—the central one seated, that on the spectator's left-hand holding a book, and that on his right carrying a scroll, or roll of a book. The seated figure is an exact copy in feature and general appearance of that of St. Paul in the central group of the first. There cannot be a doubt of this. And, curiously enough, the face and head bear out the scoffing description of St. Paul by Lucian as "the bald-headed and long-nosed Galilean, who mounted through the air into the third heaven." He appears in both these groups, with "high bald head, and peculiar pointed beard." It is impossible not to conclude that the same person is intended. He is, in the top group, seated in a chair, which Mr. Marriott somewhat pompously, and—he will forgive us for saying so—with an anachronism almost equal to that of Dr. Northcote and Mr. Brownlow respecting the *pallium*, calls "an Apostolic chair, or throne of state." It is, indeed, possible, and perhaps not unlikely, that in the beginning of the fifth century, ideas of official chairs and thrones of state may have begun to take hold of the ecclesiastical mind; and, in view of that fact, the language on which we now comment may pass muster. But we must not accept it as conveying the notions of St. Paul, or his Christian contemporaries, as to the episcopate. No doubt he would have been very much astonished had any one spoken to him of his "Apostolic throne or chair of state." But to proceed: this seated figure has its right arm uplifted, as in benediction of the standing figure on its own right, or the spectator's left-hand. That figure, Mr. Marriott very reasonably decides, on grounds which cannot be mentioned here, is the figure of Linus, said by Roman writers to have been Peter's successor in the episcopate. The remaining figure he shows good reason for believing is that of St. Peter, "sharer

of the same Apostolic office with St. Paul, and united with him in counsel; but not, like him, the actual founder, under God, of the Roman Church, and the immediate head of its line of Apostolic bishops." The following passage is worthy to be carefully pondered in this connection:—

"If any one were to examine for himself the language of Holy Scripture (more particularly the Epistle to the Romans and the Book of the Acts) and that of St. Clement's first epistle, the conclusion he would draw would probably be, that the *actual founder* (under Christ) of the Roman Church was St. Paul; that this Apostle both wrote his Epistle, and arrived at Rome as a prisoner, before St. Peter was in any way connected with the Church that was there; that St. Peter's connection with that Church was mainly through his martyrdom, St. Paul's through a residence there of considerable, though interrupted, duration, before the time of that martyrdom which he shared with St. Peter. He would conclude, that St. Paul would be at Rome not only an Apostle, as were others of the twelve, but in a special sense *the* Apostle of the Roman Church, as being its founder; but that St. Peter when at Rome was [*ἐν ἄλλοτρίῳ κατόντι*] within a spiritual domain which already owed a kind of personal allegiance to St. Paul. In a word (if the earliest historical indications are followed rather than late tradition), St. Paul at Rome would be not Apostle only, but Apostle and Bishop, occupying a place such as that held at Jerusalem by James the brother of Our Lord.

"It is, perhaps, not without significance in this regard, that among the frescoes of the Catacombs the only figure of an Apostle which is represented separately from the rest of the Twelve, is that of St. Paul, described as *PAULUS PASTOR APOSTOLUS*, side by side with a figure of 'The Good Shepherd!' In none of the Catacombs is St. Peter specially designated by name or attribute."—*Testimony of the Catacombs*, pp. 73, 74.

A curious episode in our subject introduces to our notice "the Chair of St. Peter." Several pages are devoted in the appendix to *Roma Sotterranea* to a verification of "this celebrated relic," and a description of it. Here is the summary of the so-called evidence:—

"We have now traced up the testimonies to this celebrated relic from the fifth century to the age when men were living who had conversed with the contemporaries of the Apostles themselves. All this time it was regarded by Christians in various parts of the world as the very pledge and symbol of Apostolic succession, and of true dogmatic teaching. It was the object of a festival, celebrated alike by St. Ambrose at Milan, and St. Augustin in Africa; and the relic itself was deposited by St. Damasus in the Basilica of the Vatican, where it remained throughout the fifth and at the beginning of the sixth century; and there is every probability that it is directly alluded

to in the epitaph of Ceadwalla at the close of the seventh century. During the Middle Ages the mention of it becomes merely incidental, principally in accounts of the enthronisations of the Pope, and in liturgical books; so that, instead of this Chair of St. Peter having been an invention of the credulity of the barbarous ages, it barely maintained during those ages the veneration paid to it from Apostolic times, and was never adduced, as in earlier days, as an important weapon for the confusion of heretics. We learn from incidental notices that every year, on the 22nd of February, it used to be solemnly carried to the High Altar of St. Peter's, and that the Pope was then seated in it. The historians of the Vatican relate, that it was translated from one chapel of the Basilica to another, until Alexander VII., two centuries ago, enclosed it in the bronze monument, where it remained concealed from the eyes of all until the summer of 1867. It is impossible, or, to say the least, in the highest degree improbable, that a new chair could have been surreptitiously substituted for that mentioned by Ennodius, and placed by St. Damasus in the Vatican Baptistery. The *sella gestatoria* exposed for veneration in 1867 corresponds exactly with Ennodius's description, for the rings which render it *gestatoria* are fixed in a portion clearly distinguished from the more modern additions to the chair; wherefore we conclude that from an historical and archaeological point of view, we are justified in regarding as true the venerable title which a living tradition has never failed to give to the Chair of St. Peter."—*Roma Sotterranea*, pp. 395, 396.

Such is this "venerable relic" from a Roman point of view. Mr. Marriott decides that "it is *not* an episcopal 'throne' or 'cathedra,' such, for example, as that assigned to St. Paul in the Diptych, . . . but is a *sella gestatoria*, a kind of portable arm-chair, such as was used in old times as a mark of dignity by Roman senators." Certainly it is extremely unlike the American rocking-chair kind of article on which St. Paul is figured sitting in the Diptych. No doubt the most ancient part of it is very old indeed, and very Pagan, too, for it is adorned with ivory plates, representing the labours of Hercules. The authors of *Roma Sotterranea* conjecture that it was "probable to have been conferred by a convert of senatorial rank upon the chief pastor of the Church." This, in the face of the absence of all proof that Peter ever held that office, is sufficiently cool. But we dare say our readers have had enough of the mouldy and worm-eaten old rubbish. Our chief reason for calling attention to it at all, is the edifying spectacle presented by two eminent and educated Englishmen discussing with grave faces all this nonsense, and marshalling testimony upon testimony, as if salvation almost depended on the identification of the oak or acacia on which an Apostle is supposed to

have sat. Truly our "perverts" cut a sorry figure when they sacrifice "the reasonable service" of their old liturgy and the manly studies of the Reformed Theology for laboured investigations into ecclesiastical furniture and millinery.

We must refer our readers to Book V. of *Roma Sotterranea*, as containing most ingenious and apparently satisfactory arguments in favour of the exclusively Christian origin of the Catacombs, and their designation from the beginning as places of Christian burial. These long-buried galleries are made also to bear witness—in a way with which it seems impossible to find fault—to the mode of their own construction and development; and the work closes with an elaborate analysis of the latest and greatest of De Rossi's discoveries, namely, the Catacomb or Cemetery of St. Callixtus. All this part of the work is most interesting in an archæological and engineering point of view, and the description of the last-named Catacomb is accompanied by a map which admirably assists the imagination of the reader. That a great and real service has been done, in an artistic, antiquarian, and theological sense, by the labours of De Rossi, and by this English abridgment of his account of those labours, may be most freely admitted. True, indeed, it is that the peculiar theology of Rome finds no sanction among the most ancient of these underground passages, crypts, and chapels. Not until the time when the voice of history testifies to the encroachments of corrupt doctrine and ritual, do these subterranean monuments exhibit any reliable traces of Romish error. It is, indeed, asserted that the practice of praying for the dead is sanctioned by very ancient monuments and records; but, so far as we are able to judge, the one or two cases which are supposed to afford evidence of this are most doubtful and uncertain; that what Romanists suppose to be prayers that the dead *may* rest in peace are more likely to be expressions of happy trust that they *do* rest in peace; and that the invocation of saints and martyrs—another practice supposed to be illustrated here—made no appearance till long after the martyr age, when wholesale error and corruption had invaded the Roman Church. But we do find all over these strange and weird places undeniable evidence that "the Church of the Catacombs" held fast the Christian faith in the Divinity of Our Lord, and in His Passion for us sinners upon the Cross. We do find that during the first three or four centuries that Church had not learned to exalt the Virgin Mother to an equality with her Son, much less to an elevation higher than His own. It required no small hardi-

hood on the part of Dr. Northcote to assert that, in the earlier monuments, the Son of Mary is only introduced to show who Mary is. Never once, till the Church was beginning to depart from the faith, does writing or picture countenance this profane and shocking assertion. Nor, again, is there a trace of evidence to be found here of the doctrine of Transubstantiation and the Sacrifice of the Mass. We are not sure that the Holy Sacraments, and specially the Eucharist, were not regarded with more reverence in these early centuries than they are by the majority at least of the Non-conformist churches in our own age and country. It is not impossible that the abominable corruption[of Scriptural truth respecting these Sacraments on the part of the Church of Rome, and the revival of her idolatrous and superstitious teaching by Anglican ritualists, may drive superficial Protestants too far the other way. For ourselves, we have always desiderated a more reverent and uniform observance of the two Christian Sacraments than, for the most part, we have observed in our own denomination. Yet the idea of memorial is the all-pervading idea of the Holy Eucharist in the first Christian monuments, as it was in the writings of the most ancient Christian fathers; and nothing found in these sepulchral caverns gives countenance to the strange ceremonies practised in Romish churches. Nor, lastly, as we have already seen, is there the faintest trace, when these monuments are rightly rendered, of the pretensions of the Roman See to ecclesiastical supremacy; still less of the appalling claim to personal infallibility. We close our review of these books, and our remarks on the subject which they bring before us, with a profound impression of thankfulness to God for the picture of comparative soundness in the faith, purity of character and life, peace and triumph in death, which they give us in relation to the primitive ages of Christianity. It will remain to the credit of Pope Pius IX., amid all that he will have to answer for at the bar of posterity, that he should have sanctioned and fostered the enterprise of exploring these Catacombs. We are very much mistaken, however, if future Roman *theologians* will not rather curse than bless his memory for committing the work to a comparatively enlightened and liberal layman, instead of to some thorough and unscrupulous member of their own order.

ART. IV.—1. *Report on the Organisation of the Permanent Civil Service.* London. 1854.

2. *Papers relating to the Reorganisation of the Civil Service.* London. 1855.

8. *Order in Council*, May 21st, 1855.

4. *Reports of the Civil Service Commissioners.*

5. *Civil Service Gazette Newspaper.*

6. *Order in Council*, June 4th, 1870.

7. *Civil Service Estimates*, 1871-72.

ABOUT four years ago Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, introduced a Bill into the United States' House of Representatives for the purpose of regulating the American Civil Service and promoting its efficiency. In the speech which he delivered on that occasion, Mr. Jenckes said:—"The American people have reached that point in their experience where they have found that the best thing for them to do in their public business is to do away with all compromises, with error in all its forms, and to stand upon the firm ground of principle and justice. With regard to this class of offices the public sentiment undoubtedly is, as the public interest demands, that, while competition for them should be open to all, yet only those who show the best fitness for them should have them." This will apply as forcibly to the English as to the American Civil Service, and happily expresses the idea that has induced recent changes. The publications placed at the head of this article prove that the later history of our Civil Service has been largely made up of a series of compromises; but though compromise is sometimes advisable, we do not think that its application to Civil Service affairs has been attended with fortunate results. On the contrary, it has generally had a mischievous effect; for, while it has disturbed what had hitherto been the practice, it has failed to supply an effectual substitute; and, being obviously only a stop-gap, has created a feeling of uncertainty which is incompatible with efficiency.

The system of exclusive patronage and nomination is now a matter of history: we know what its results were, for the Report of Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan very clearly exposed its shortcomings. It required the display of but very limited educational attainments. While absolute

corruption did not extensively prevail, jobbery was not only possible but easy, and ignorance formed no insuperable obstacle to Government employ. But when we compare the terms of the Report of Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan with those of the Order in Council which this Report called forth, we see that the Government adopted a compromise between their remedial recommendations and the opinions of those who wished to maintain the *status quo*. In like manner the file of the *Civil Service Gazette* shows that since the establishment of the Civil Service Commission almost every administrative and departmental reform has been influenced by this same spirit of compromise. But the time has come when compromise can no longer be accepted as the solution of the difficulties which beset the question of Civil Service Reform; and in the matter of original appointments the Government have accepted the inevitable, and acted on the recommendations of Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan so far as to make these appointments the result of open competition. This, however, can only be the commencement of what must end in the production of a comprehensive, thorough, equitable, and successful scheme. The policy which governs the Civil Service must, in the words of Mr. Jenckes, henceforth "stand upon the firm ground of principle and justice."

The work of Government depends in a great measure on the efficiency of departments. The unseen machinery which is kept in motion by our Civil servants is the power by which legislative, judicial, and executive functions are discharged, and it becomes therefore a matter of the first importance that it should work regularly and smoothly. Few people unacquainted with the details of official life can have the least idea of the character of this wonderful mechanism. The intelligence and coherence of the whole are surprising; each department performs its allotted duties with such precision and apparently matter-of-course ease, that the skilful disposition and excellence of arrangement to which this is due receive little or no credit from the public. But when we think how the duties of one department are intertwined with those of another; how separate offices are dependent on each other; and how harmony and order are evolved out of apparent complication and confusion, it must be admitted that our Civil Service is something more than an institution of large dimensions, and that on its efficiency much of the success of Government depends.

The immense range of the Civil Service strikes us very

forcibly when we glance at the Estimates. But it is obviously unfair to take these as providing merely for what in the ordinary acceptation of the term would be called Civil Service uses. The national expenditure is provided for in three separate divisions, and whatever is not set down to the Army or Navy, is put to the account of "Civil Services." Thus, when we see that this latter division absorbs nine or ten millions sterling every year, it must be borne in mind that this sum does not merely refer to the salaries and expenses of public departments (the Civil Service properly so called), but includes all national expenses that are not incurred by naval and military administration. This article, therefore, embraces only those portions referred to in the Estimates which provide the Executive with motive power. But these are very extensive, and refer to Government establishments not only in every part of the United Kingdom, but throughout almost every part of the known world. The great revenue departments have their representatives in almost every town and village in the country; the diplomatic and consular establishments¹ are scattered over the whole earth; the Civil portions of our War Office and Admiralty find location at home and abroad; while the departments which have, as it were, to supply the details of administrative work are both numerous and important.* In fact these departments are like the nerves of the human frame, and are almost as essential to the existence of the body politic.

In a work† recently published, Mr. Arthur Helps says:—"When a man in power asks for time to consider anything,

* The Order in Council of the 4th of June, 1870, decreed that the principle of open competition should be applied to the following departments:—Treasury, Privy Council Office, Colonial Office, India Office, War Office, Admiralty, Board of Trade, Poor Law Board, Privy Seal Office, Customs, Inland Revenue, Paymaster-General's Department, Civil Service Commission, General Post Office (Clerks in Secretary's Department), Mint, Exchequer and Audit Department, General Register Office, Office of Works, Office of Woods, &c., National Debt Office, Public Record Office, Stationery Office, Charity Commission, Education Office, Registry of Designs, Registry of Seamen, Registry of Joint Stock Companies, Emigration Office, University of London, Science and Art Department, London Gazette Office, County Courts Judgment Registry, Office of Examiners of Criminal Law Accounts, Queen's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer's Office (Scotland), Chief Secretary's Office (Ireland), Constabulary Office (Ireland), Directors of Convict Prisons' Office (Ireland), Office of Inspectors-General of Prisons (Ireland), General Register Office (Ireland), Registrar of Petty Sessions Clerks' Office (Ireland), Inspectors of Lunatic Asylums' Office (Ireland), Registry of Deeds (Ireland), Public Works Office (Ireland), Dublin Metropolitan Police Office, Divisional Justices' Office, Dublin. The Foreign and Home Offices are not included in this list, but these exceptions will be discussed elsewhere.

† *Brevia*.

it is generally in order that he may be able to consult his immediate inferior, without whose sanction he dares not assent to anything,"—the "immediate inferior" being, in all probability, a member of the permanent Civil Service. The Clerk of the Privy Council shows us that the details of Government policy are shaped by Civil servants, even if the policy itself be not determined by them. It is to this that we owe the fact of the machinery of Government working with its accustomed regularity even when there is nobody at the helm. The country is sometimes without a Government for two or three weeks at a time, but few feel any inconvenience from the interregnum. Politically, of course, affairs are at a standstill; but, socially, no ill effects are felt. If Cabinet Ministers really directed departmental work, a change of ministry would be the signal for an outbreak of confusion and disorder. No practical inconvenience is felt when there is no Cabinet for weeks together; but what would be the result if, say, our Customs were stopped for a single week? We should hear of the utmost confusion in the commercial world; departments depending on this would suffer to an inconceivable extent, and the consequences would be felt throughout the country. As it is, no such circumstances ever arise. Whether the country has a Government or not, the duties of the departments are performed as usual. When one set of ministers takes the place of another set, the change is so smoothly effected that the work goes on under the new comers with no more disturbance than if there had been no change at all. A new Secretary of State is installed in his office, and is taught its administrative duties by his practical advisers, who performed the same act for his predecessor, and will do so for his successor. A Minister may give character to the department under his command, may plan new methods for the more efficient or less expensive work of administration, but the execution of the details must be necessarily left to his subordinates. The necessity for having an intelligent and efficient staff is, therefore, manifest; for however brilliant may be the idea conceived, the consequences of its adoption mainly depend on those who have to give it practical effect. It may prove to be a boon or a bane to the country just in proportion to the ability displayed by the permanent officials of the department. Hence it is imperative, if successful administration is to be secured, that our Civil servants should be thoroughly efficient, not possessing the efficiency of mere machines, but that which is guided by trained intelligence.

The influence of the country with foreign nations may also

be determined to a very appreciable extent by the bearing of the diplomatic branch of the Civil Service. The duties of the *employes* in our diplomatic and consular establishments consist not merely in throwing their *égis* over British subjects and looking after their interests, but also in supplying the Foreign Office with every kind of information regarding the countries in which they reside. But inasmuch as the main bulk of the work these officials perform is of a secret character, and scarcely known beyond the precincts of the Foreign Office, reformers are apt to conclude that no work at all is done, and that the members of the consular and diplomatic establishments are so many leeches sucking the blood of the nation. Hence there is an annual motion in Parliament, the scope of which is hostile to these establishments. Though this motion is always opposed on general grounds, it would be easy for the Government to silence the censors by adducing evidence which, for obvious reasons, they keep secret. The important work performed by the subordinates of our Foreign Office is, as a rule, known only to their chiefs; but to what an enormous extent those chiefs are indebted to them when any particular course of foreign policy has to be shaped, the public can never know. Only when some crisis occurs, and all information bearing on the subject is laid before Parliament, is a ray of light thrown on the value of the services thus rendered. But this branch of the Civil Service is not only important in supplying the Government with desirable information, it is also useful in protecting the interests of British subjects when occasion arises. In elucidation of our meaning we may refer to a recent example. When M. Gambetta decreed a levy *en masse* throughout every part of France where the absence of the Germans rendered such a movement practicable, some of his subordinates failed to recognise the principle of Talleyrand's advice—*point de zèle*. At Boulogne-sur-Mer it was intimated to the English residents that they would be required to join the Garde Mobile and the Garde Nationale respectively. Of these few would be unwilling to admit that the presence of Mr. Hamilton, our consul, saved them from extreme annoyance. Had there been no consular establishment at Boulogne, our Foreign Office would have interfered, but this interference would almost certainly have been delayed until much mischief had been done. But Mr. Hamilton's action produced immediate effect, and saved his countrymen from prolonged anxiety, if from nothing worse. We quote this as a small instance of the importance of our consular service, which is periodically attacked. It is obvious,

however, that in such an emergency the British representative should display such qualities of tact and discretion as a competitive examination would not ensure; and for this reason we consider that Lord Clarendon was justified in procuring for the Foreign Office exemption from the operation of last year's Order in Council. But we shall consider this part of our subject presently.

The necessity for efficiency in every branch of the Civil Service being evident, it remains to be shown what has hitherto interfered with that efficiency, and by what means it may be best secured. Taking the *Civil Service Gazette* as the exponent of the ideas of Government *employes*, it is certain that discontent, one of the main causes of inefficiency, is rife in the most important of our public departments. The cause of this is to be found in the multitude of anomalies that almost everywhere prevail, although they appear to have not the slightest *raison d'être*. As a rule, the baneful effects of these anomalies press with the greatest force on those who perform the most important work, and who are, therefore, constantly agitating for a redress of their grievances. The insufficient remuneration awarded to the rank and file of the officials is the mainspring of this agitation, and the feeling of dissatisfaction is aggravated by the absence of any rule by which the scales of salaries are framed. But yet it may be broadly stated that those departments engaged in the collection of the revenue are much worse paid than those engaged in spending it. Beyond this it is impossible to discern anything approaching to method or uniformity of practice. Men performing exactly similar work are paid according to different scales, and very often a junior clerk in one department receives as much as a senior in another. To this complaint of insufficient stipend, they add that of anomalous regulations. The Civil Service being composed of men whose educational attainments have been tested by the Civil Service Commissioners, and whose zeal and intelligence have again and again been honourably acknowledged in Parliament, the incongruities to which we allude cannot be maintained without also keeping up a seething agitation. The officials will only be satisfied with the abolition of the senseless inconsistencies that now abound in profusion, and with having their position and remuneration based on principle. Independent observers can detect nothing unreasonable in this demand, and even the Government have, at times, shown a disposition to adopt a compliant line of policy. But, unfortunately, Red-tape yields only to pressure, and no con-

cession is usually made unless absolutely forced. Beneficial reforms are generally resisted, even if it can be shown that the public welfare would be promoted, rather than otherwise, by the proposed changes.

Though we believe antagonism of sentiment is more apparent than real, it must be admitted that the course pursued by the Government has generally encouraged a contrary notion. Only three years ago a Bill, which was introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Monk, for the purpose of restoring to the officials in the Revenue departments the privilege of voting for Parliamentary candidates, was opposed by the leaders of both political parties; but so overwhelming were the arguments in its favour, that the Member for Gloucester and his coadjutors carried it triumphantly through Parliament. It is this unaccountable practice of refusing to grant harmless concessions,—carried on, we believe, more from reverence for tradition than with any absolutely hostile feeling,—which gives colour and cogency to the idea that the Government really do entertain sentiments of direct antagonism to the interests of their *employes*.

Two other prominent instances of this apparent want of consideration on the part of the authorities towards their subordinates may be noticed, and it is remarkable that the almost unanimous support of the press, headed by the *Times*, should have been given to the officials.

Towards the close of the year 1867, a petition was sent to the Lords of the Treasury from the clerks in the London Custom House, asking for an increase of salaries on the ground of inadequacy, and an unfavourable comparison which their incomes made with those of clerks performing analogous duties in the Inland Revenue department. The discontent in the Custom House was such, that the principals of the various offices, with but one or two exceptions, sent to the Treasury a joint representation to the effect that, unless the just grievances of the officials were remedied, they would not be answerable for discipline and efficiency. This serious step could not be disregarded, and a Commission, consisting of Mr. Ward Hunt, the Financial Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Sclater-Booth, the Secretary of the Poor Law Board, and Mr. Mowbray, the Judge Advocate General, was appointed to investigate the subject. The inquiries were careful and prolonged, and, just before the Conservative Government resigned, a Treasury Minute was issued, granting an improved scale of salaries. But on the accession of the Liberals to office, this Minute was suspended until inquiries could be

made as to the practicability of effecting some amalgamation and reductions, thus making the salary question depend on a matter with which it had no connection. These inquiries appeared to be so fruitless, that, early in the present year, some of the leading merchants of the City of London were impelled to address the Lords of the Treasury on the exceptional condition of the Customs. But soon after this the inquiries were brought to a close, and such reforms recommended as involved a very large diminution in the clerical force of the establishment. It is only fair to the Government to say that the new scale of salaries has been allowed to take effect from April 1869, so that the officials have, practically, lost nothing by the suspension. But it is impossible to describe the painful anxiety which two years of uncertainty must have engendered; and though great concessions have been made to the officials' claims, we regret to find that the elements of former discord are to be perpetuated. There seems always to be a want of completeness in Civil Service reforms, which is strange, inasmuch as experience has always proved that reform must be complete if it is to be effectual.

Even more discouraging to the officials has been the policy adopted towards the other great revenue department—the Excise. The *employés* of this branch of the Civil Service have also long agitated for increased remuneration, but they have offered the Government a *quid pro quo* in the working out of the details of a new plan of revenue collection which they themselves proposed. The late Chancellor of the Exchequer adopted the principles of their scheme, and the first result was that the skilled intelligence and zeal of the Excise officials brought, the first year, a million dogs into the duty-paying category, instead of four hundred thousand, which the local tax-gatherers had been accustomed to account for. The immense success of Mr. Hunt's experiment induced Mr. Lowe to extend its application, "the dogs being," he said, "the pioneers of reform." Thus the costs of local collection are, to a great extent, saved, and much additional revenue is brought into the Exchequer. But though the Excise officials have performed their part of the implied contract with signal success, and though Mr. Lowe candidly admitted in the House of Commons that they deserved improved remuneration, more than one-half of their number—the men to whose skill and energy Mr. Lowe has owed much of his ability to reduce taxation—have yet received no benefit whatever! The columns of the *Civil Service Gazette* show how bitterly they feel what they consider a breach of faith; and when we see

the splendid success of their scheme, we cannot but think that it is impolitic to do anything, either positively or negatively, which may damp their ardour or lessen their zeal. As the revenue departments furnish the State with its working power, and as the zeal of the officials, upon which so much depends, must be, to a large extent, discretionary, it is a matter of vital importance that their just claims should be satisfied. Profuse adulation by Parliamentary leaders is very gratifying, but it does not supply the necessities of life, nor take the place, in the estimation of the officials, of that material recompense which they regard as their right.

In the plan of Civil Service reform which has been inaugurated by the introduction of open competition, and which, we believe, it is intended to make comprehensive, these matters of Imperial importance to which we have referred ought to be taken into due account. But the question of cost interferes with the efficiency of the Civil Service, and it does not seem to be considered that judicious outlay—as in the case of satisfying the officials who collect the revenue—would be the truest economy, inasmuch as it would probably have the effect of bringing ten times the amount into the Exchequer. When Mr. Gladstone was Finance Minister, and the increase of salary question was brought under his notice, we believe that he sternly set his face against any increase of the estimates, but was willing to entertain the idea of redistribution. This is the proper position to be taken up now. Sufficient money is annually voted for Civil Service purposes to satisfy all just claims; and not only so, but we believe that by the amalgamation of analogous departments, and the total abolition of useless offices, every necessary official could be liberally paid, and a large saving effected besides. Before Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan made their report, the Civil Service was a sort of Augean stable; but though the Herculean task of sweeping it out has been partially performed, it has not been completed. Numerous sinecures are yet in existence, work is often unnecessarily performed in duplicate and triplicate, and offices of very little public use continue to have large provision made for them in the Estimates.

The Board of Trade may furnish us with an example. Mr. Bright said that, so far as he could find out, his duties as President consisted in perpetually giving advice that was never acted upon. The department is, we believe, supposed to look after shipping interests, to control the railways, to take cognisance of matters connected with adulteration, and

to publish certain statistics known to the public as "Board of Trade Returns." One small branch of the department must be ample for the shipping business; the less that is said about its control of the railways, the better for its credit; adulteration has been declared by one of the Presidents to be "merely a form of competition," while the "Board of Trade Returns" are prepared almost wholly by the Customs and Excise officials, the department in Whitehall having just to publish them and to receive whatever credit may be the consequence. If the existence of the Board of Trade can be justified, it is certainly not by these results. The shipping interests might be attended to by the Customs as formerly (in fact, the work is even now done chiefly by Customs officials), the statistics could be published by the departments that prepare them, while the jurisdiction over railways and miscellaneous matters should be transferred to the Home Office. We might think the existence of the Board of Trade is in itself a sufficient anomaly; but, according to Civil Service rule, the anomaly has been aggravated by giving a last-class Board of Trade clerk the same maximum salary as that given to a first-class clerk in the Customs! But the force of absurdity can even yet further go. Mr. Lefevre, the late Parliamentary Secretary of the Board, paid frequent visits to the Custom House last year, to see whether he could not suggest an improvement in its organisation; and among his recommendations to the Treasury may be mentioned the abolition of one or two offices, and the attempt to deal a death-blow to the Customs Fund—an insurance office and benevolent institution established expressly for the benefit of the Customs officials and their widows. This was, indeed, a "beam" and "mote" parody.

We have quoted the Board of Trade as an example of what we consider to be useless departments, which, with the sinecures, absorb so much of the Civil Service Estimates. If a thorough revision were made, and the pruning-knife vigorously applied, a redistribution of money could be obtained, and, compared with what it now is, the Civil Service would be rendered cheap and effective. But when reductions are effected, it is not necessary that it should be at the price of individual hardship. Hitherto, Civil Service reforms have cost many of the officials dearly. They have had to suffer for a rotten system, but this is clearly unfair and unnecessary. Let it be determined how many will be retained, and then offer the rest suitable inducements to retire. The superannuations would be sufficiently numerous for all purposes, and though

this might at first sight seem an expensive course, we are convinced that it would be the cheapest in the end. Compulsory retirements, such as those with which the Service has lately been familiar, are not only cruel to their subjects, but do an immense amount of injury by weakening confidence in the good faith of Government. A writer in a contemporary* has expressed his opinion that this has been one mischievous result of Mr. Childers' tenure of office at the Admiralty. Men who wished to remain, and who were perfectly competent to perform the most important duties of the department, have been sent away in order to enable the First Lord to carry out his plans of reform, and a heavy blow has thus been struck at that feeling of security which has always been regarded as some compensation for smallness of pay. The Service should be made attractive by the element of certainty (good behaviour and efficiency being indispensable) and by granting indulgences that cost nothing and promote *esprit de corps*. The tendency of certain features in recent policy has been to lower the character of the Service; but this is a great mistake, because, as we have already shown, so much depends on the integrity and the efficiency of the officials that evil must result from any retrograde movement.

The most judicious policy which the Government could adopt for the Civil Service, and that which would also be best for the interests of the country, would be to make provision for encouraging and rewarding merit, and making advancement, as far as possible, independent of accident. In the report of Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan, we read:—"It would be natural to expect that so important a profession would attract into its ranks the ablest and the most ambitious of the youth of the country; that the keenest emulation would prevail among those who had entered it; and that such as were endowed with superior qualifications would rapidly rise to distinction and public eminence." But such is not the case now more than it was sixteen years ago. There is little or no encouragement given to merit; promotion is generally very slow, and always uncertain; while the prizes of the Service are almost invariably given to men who have had no previous connection with the departments to which they are appointed as chiefs. "In several departments," says the above-mentioned report, "the clerks are regarded as having no claim whatever to what are called the staff appointments; and numerous instances might

be given in which personal or political considerations have led to the appointment of men of very slender ability, and perhaps of questionable character, to situations of considerable emolument, over the heads of public servants of long-standing and undoubted merit." Nothing has yet occurred to qualify this statement, and commissionerships and kindred appointments continue to be given to private friends and political supporters of the patron. It is impossible to estimate the evil results of this pernicious system. The depressing influences of slow promotion, the certainty of never winning a prize, and the absence of all incentive to exertion, must be prejudicial to the public interests. But if the Service were reformed so as to attract to its ranks men of high intelligence, great organising power, literary ability, and scientific attainments, the nation would soon reap the benefit of the change. At present, it must be confessed, the Service does not *attract* these men. Many are already in, and never cease to regret having entered, and many others join the official ranks with the full intention of quitting them at a convenient opportunity, or of devoting their best energies to literary or other pursuits.

This is not the character which should pertain to the Civil Service of the United Kingdom. The Order in Council of last year effected a mighty change in the mode by which admission to the Service is to be gained; but, though the first essential step in the path of Civil Service reform reflects great credit on its promoters, other indications will not warrant our belief in the soundness and completeness of the whole scheme which they have in contemplation. Only two offices are, as a whole, exempted from the provisions of the Order in Council,—the Foreign Office and the Home Office. When the scheme for giving up Ministerial Patronage and making appointments the result of open competition was being prepared, Lord Clarendon and Mr. Bruce were of opinion that the guarantees for ability and integrity which open competition would provide, would not be sufficient for officials to be employed in their respective departments. We readily admit that the performance of Foreign Office work requires abilities of an order which our examination system provides no means of testing. We have had much dearly-bought experience of subordinates in this department lacking the qualities most essential to their position. Perception, resolution, tact, discretion, conciliation, are as necessary to a Foreign Office *employé* as knowledge of French or orthographical proficiency. There would be no security for the possession of these qualities by the ablest

man among an indiscriminate crowd of candidates as tested by our system of competition, and it may therefore be held to be wise and expedient that the Secretary of State should reserve to himself the right of nomination. He thereby increases his own responsibility, but the public interests are rendered additionally secure. With his usual skill, Lord Granville has, to a great extent, incorporated with this nomination privilege the benefits of the open competition principle, and when a clerkship in the Foreign Office became vacant a few months ago he nominated six competitors instead of three as usual, so that there could be no question about the successful candidate being as meritorious as he was favoured.

But we cannot see that Mr. Bruce could advance any reasons for exempting the Home Office from the operation of the Order in Council which would not apply with equal force to the Treasury, the Colonial Office, or the India Office. There cannot be many State secrets confided to the Home Office clerks, and certainly their duties are not more important or responsible than those of the officials in the Indian Civil Service. Unless Mr. Bruce can advance more potent reasons for exemption than any we can think of, the public may reasonably demand that the Home Office shall be included in Schedule A.

It has been said that the work of Government could not be carried on without the aid of patronage, but patronage has now been practically given up, and educational attainments are henceforth to open the way to official employ. When the Order in Council was promulgated, certain literary seers announced that for the future the son of a peasant and the son of a peer will have equal chances for a clerkship in the Treasury or in any one of the offices of the Secretaries of State, with the exception of the Foreign Office. But this is absurd, for examinations are to be divided into two classes, the subjects prescribed for each being widely different. It was said that the departments would be divided into two classes, and that the two sets of examination subjects would be adopted for those included in Class I. and Class II. respectively. But Mr. Lowe, having been questioned on this point in the House of Commons, was reported to have said that the Government had no such intention. We hope the newspaper report was correct, although its accuracy has been questioned by a gentleman holding a high official position. The division of offices into distinct grades would mar the whole scheme, and, looking at the causes of inefficiency, the last state of the Civil Service would be worse than the first.

Instead of drawing offices closer together and introducing necessary uniformity into the Service, such an arrangement as that we indicate would create an impassable gulf between the separate divisions, and would engender the endless comparisons and consequent agitation which have produced such mischievous results in the Customs and the Excise.

Hitherto there has been no very material difference between the examinations for the various departments, the addition of Latin, French, précis-writing, or bookkeeping, forming, in a few instances, the only dissimilarity. Under the new system the second-class examination will be very much like an ordinary examination under the old system of nomination and limited competition. In both classes candidates will be subjected to a preliminary test which those only will pass who possess the requisite standard of qualifications determined on. These test examinations perform the useful function of separating the grain of intelligence from the chaff of ignorance. Candidates who undergo the second-class examinations are to be tested in handwriting, orthography, and elementary arithmetic. The competitors will be formed of those who have successfully passed the preliminary examination, and the subjects in which they will be examined will include handwriting, orthography, arithmetic (for each of the foregoing subjects the maximum number of marks obtainable will be 400), copying MS. to test accuracy, digesting returns into summaries, English composition, geography, English history, and bookkeeping (200 being the maximum number of marks obtainable for each of these). Candidates will have the option of being examined in any or all of these subjects, and, when the marks are added up, the candidate who has obtained the greatest total will be the winner. As all competitors must have been proved to possess the necessary standard of qualifications for the offices to which the appointments are to be made, the competition is not regarded as a test of fitness, but of relative merit. The subjects prescribed for these examinations are well adapted for the purpose of showing that those who are appointed to clerkships must possess qualifications of a respectable order, and have received an ordinarily good English education.

But when we come to consider the subjects of the first-class examinations we discover that the difference between the two classes is very wide. The subjects prescribed for the preliminary test are handwriting, orthography, arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions), and English composition. Between the respective preliminary examinations the difference

is not relatively so great as between those that are competitive. The formidable nature of the first-class competition will be judged from the following list of prescribed subjects, with which we also give the maximum number of marks obtainable for each :—

English Composition	500
History, Laws, and Constitution of England	500
English Language and Literature	500
Language, Literature, and History of Greece	750
" " " Rome	750
" " " France	375
" " " Germany	375
" " " Italy	375
Mathematics, pure and mixed	1,250
Natural Science :—	
(1) Chemistry with Heat	} 1,000
(2) Electricity and Magnetism	
(3) Geology and Mineralogy	
(4) Zoology	
(5) Botany	
Moral Science :—	
Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy	500
Jurisprudence	375
Political Economy	375

It will be seen that this must be a competition between giants, and that few but university men will have much chance of success. In fact, it is reported that the promoters of this scheme will consider that they have failed in their object, unless they secure university graduates for the appointments to which this competition will apply. As in the second class competition, none of the subjects prescribed for the first-class are to be obligatory, and candidates may name any or all. It is, however, easy to see what class of candidates will have the best chances of success. The large number of marks set down for classics and mathematics, to say nothing of other subjects included in a university course, will give Oxford and Cambridge men an advantage over those who may not have made classics and mathematics their principal study. In examinations for the Home Civil Service appointments, there has hitherto been nothing comparable, either in diversity or range of subjects, with what has been now proposed for certain situations. The papers which will be set before candidates will bear a striking resemblance to those set for the B.A. degree in the London University. But in the Civil Service examination, a mere display of proficiency will not

suffice. The candidate, to be successful, must also prove himself superior to an indefinite number that will be arrayed against him.

One novel feature in the new system is the demand for the payment of certain fees by the candidates. This will be almost certain to create additional dissatisfaction. Candidates before undergoing the preliminary test in second-class examinations, will be required to pay a fee of 10s., and £1 will be demanded of each competitor. For the first-class examinations the preliminary and competitive fees have been fixed at £1 and £5 respectively. We anticipate that these figures will check the ardour of the crowds who would otherwise inundate the Civil Service Commission on the mere chance of getting one of the prizes at the Commissioners' disposal. Those who feel that they are unlikely to be successful will hardly care to risk the substantial sum which must be paid before the privilege of trying for an appointment will be granted. Some safeguard of this kind is probably necessary, else the waste of time and material would be prodigious. But it is little less than a mockery to tell the multitude that the benefits of "open" competition have been conceded, when candidates for some appointments will have to *purchase* their chances at the rate of £6 each. We have no objection to the preliminary fee, but the other is an imposition, especially as the bulk of competitors must necessarily fail. What has been given with one hand is thus taken away with the other. The value of the concession by which the peasant's son is not precluded from competing for a Treasury clerkship, is materially diminished when it is considered that, even if he could afford to pay the fees, his success in such a competition would be morally impossible. The result of the whole will be that those appointments which are to be obtained through the medium of first-class examinations will remain as practically exclusive as in the old days of patronage and nomination.

The introduction of a new arrangement of any kind in the place of an old mode must necessarily produce for a time confusion and opposition, and the point to be determined is whether the new mode has surplus advantage sufficiently great to atone for the disturbance which it causes. The results of the defunct system of nomination and limited competition are before us; but we can only speculate on the effects of that by which it has been displaced. It is notorious that old Civil servants are remarkably conservative in their ideas of administration, and in the "Papers relating to the Re-

organisation of the Civil Service" we find many expressions of opinion, on the part of highly-placed officials, in favour of that system which Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan condemned. But while ready to make allowance for these ideas, and the basis on which they are founded, we still believe that open competition, fairly carried out, would really possess the advantage claimed for it over the nomination and patronage system. At first sight it would seem as if there could be no dispute on the point whether duties are likely to be better performed by conquerors in literary examinations than by those who owe their positions in some measure to the title of a patron. It appears to be only natural that he who has proved himself superior to a miscellaneous host must be better adapted for a place of difficulty and responsibility than he who has to succumb. But here the advocates of the competitive system are met by their opponents with an argument which, on the surface, appears to be powerful, but which, when examined, proves to be almost worthless. Of the subjects which have formed the staple of a competitive examination there can be no dispute as to which of the candidates possesses the greatest amount of knowledge. But the dispute rests with the point whether it is possible to comprise in a few subjects a general test of ability—whether proficiency in mathematics or classics (to take the highest type) can be considered evidence of ability for colonial magistracies and judgeships, or even for ordinary clerkships. The suggested difficulty rests with the fact that competitors have to prove themselves capable of doing one thing, in order to show that they can do something else. It would, it is said, be considered very absurd that a man should be compelled to show that he can write well, in order to prove that he can read well; or that a man should be obliged to show that he can solve a geometrical problem, in order to prove that he can build a house. And yet, it is urged, competitive selection must involve something of the same absurdity. Candidates are questioned on subjects which may never afterwards become duties. They may, without any loss of standing, forget all they got up for the competition, and be even, with regard to those subjects, as vacant as those they outran. This fact or opinion may seem to militate against competition. But it really does not. The avocations of life and service are so various, and such slight points of character and temperament make men fitted or unfitted for certain kinds of activity, that it is impossible to import into any general subject so much value as to give it anything but

an approximation to what we require. The subjects selected for candidates to be examined in are chosen with this object. They are supposed to contain an amount of test which no other subjects contain, and it is considered that he who can triumphantly pass them must have so much of clear intellect as to fit him for the duties he will be called on to perform. But it leaves in abeyance a great mass of what we may call energy unexplored. Perseverance, resolution, application, conscientiousness, perception, conciliation, which play a far more extensive and important part in the duties of society than any literary qualifications, are wholly untested, for the simple reason that we have no means of testing them. Competition is, therefore, reduced to this:—Certain subjects are chosen, in order to establish a rough guess between the capable and the incapable, and as the incapable universally fall before every test, it really does serve to select persons more likely to perform their duties well than the indiscriminate capable and incapable nominees of patronage. It has slight power, perhaps, of true selection, but it rejects unprofitable dulness. It may not command or choose the very best, but it can and does reject the very worst, and on this basis it stands and will remain.

The duties of the Civil Service Commissioners have tended towards a very simple end. A vacancy, or vacancies, having occurred in a department, candidates, generally in the proportion of three to each vacancy, have been sent to the Commissioners to be tested in the subjects prescribed for examination. The latter have not been instructed to select from among the nominees those who would make the best clerks, but they have simply had to determine the relative knowledge which each possessed of the subjects stated. It has been often declared that success in these examinations must obviously be a matter of chance, and that the best man often fails to get the highest place. Though these are random statements which it would generally be difficult to prove, we are not disposed to contend that the ablest man in a competition always wins the prize. But the Civil Service Commissioners have nothing to do with the discovery of natural talent; their duty is simply to find out which of the candidates can best answer the questions set before him. These questions are always framed with a view to test the candidates' general knowledge of the subjects; and it is considered by competent authorities that the order of merit is laid down with almost unerring accuracy. We have the authority of a clergyman, who has prepared hundreds of pupils for these

examinations, for saying that in this respect the success of the Commissioners has been marvellous. On many occasions, when there was only one vacancy to be competed for, the three candidates sent in for examination have happened to be his pupils, and when the result of the competition has been notified, he has invariably found that the relative order of merit in which they have been placed, has been that which his own absolute knowledge of their attainments showed him to be correct. The only element of "chance" about this result, has been that the candidate possessing the greatest amount of natural ability might obtain only the second or third place in consequence of his imperfect knowledge. A curious case in point may be mentioned. For a vacancy in the office of one of the Secretaries of State, three candidates were sent in to be examined. If these candidates had been placed in the order of natural ability, the successful competitor would have been at the bottom, while the last man would have been at the head of the list. But judging them, as they had to do, by the knowledge they then possessed, the Commissioners placed them correctly. This incident may encourage men of moderate ability, by showing them that perseverance in the acquirement of knowledge will not always fail of reward, even when superior talents are to be competed with. The public may be assured that the duties assigned to the Civil Service Commissioners are justly and skilfully performed, and that fifteen years' experience may be confidently relied on as a guarantee for the future.

Now that the sphere of the Civil Service Commission is enlarged, it cannot be inopportune if we glance at some of the results of its establishment. The benefit which the Service has received has probably not been distributed in equal proportions. The best offices have always been filled by the relatives or the immediate friends of those who possessed the necessary influence to secure the situations, and these would almost invariably be persons of superior education and good social position. This was the case in the days of patronage pure and simple, and was scarcely affected by the practice of nomination and limited competition which has latterly prevailed. No one could compete unless on the nomination of the patron, and this was generally given only to those whom it was desirable to provide for. It is true that the Minister, in nominating three to compete for one situation, could not say which would succeed; but, by the act of nomination, he had done his duty to his friends, and given the chance which they sought. More than this could not be

expected, and a candidate's success or failure depended entirely on the superior or inferior knowledge he possessed in comparison with that of his competitors. But if the patron could not guarantee individual success, he could, and, as a rule, did take care that those whom he nominated possessed a certain standing in society; and thus the department was kept select. The change which the Civil Service Commission has effected in the best offices of the Service has not, therefore, been quite so marked as in those departments where provision was commonly made, in the olden time, for the sons of needy political supporters. Where ignorance was formerly admitted, the change wrought by the agency of the Civil Service Commission has been prodigious, and these departments have ceased to be a refuge for the destitute, or the property of corrupt politicians. One result, however, has been dissatisfaction with emoluments that formerly satisfied, and a demand for equal remuneration with those who entered other branches of the Service under similar conditions, and are now engaged in the performance of similar duties. We shall scarcely err in stating that considerably more than one-half of the present establishments consists of well-educated men whose intelligence and zeal are worth paying for; and we believe that the wide-spread agitation to which we have referred elsewhere can be extinguished only by the application of a just remedy. From an economical point of view, also, the Civil Service Commission has worked a beneficent change, because skilled labour, such as is now employed in the Civil Service, is infinitely more productive than that which is influenced by neither ability nor intelligence.

The country at large has gained an educational and moral advantage from the existence of the Civil Service Commission. Youths aspiring to Government employ have entered eagerly into the pursuit of knowledge; the schools of the country have been called upon to prepare candidates, and thus education has received an impetus which would have been scarcely thought possible twenty years ago. The great moral good resulting from this can never be estimated, but its influence is assuredly vast. Under the new system, we believe that, both in an educational and moral sense, these advantages will be widely extended. The service of the Crown has been always popular, and its popularity will scarcely diminish. Many youths, ambitious of entering the Civil Service, have hitherto been unable to do so because of their inability to get a nomination. But now no patron has to be conciliated. Education itself will win the prize, and throughout the

country the effect of this will be immense. Teachers and students will alike throw themselves into the work necessary as a preparation for the contest, and though by far the largest proportion of candidates must necessarily fail of success, we cannot doubt that they will for ever retain the beneficial influence of their preparatory studies. Intellectual competition must involve close mental application, and this will induce habits of study and thought which will certainly have an appreciable effect in promoting the moral and material welfare of the people.

Of the Civil Service as a profession in the future we cannot confidently speak, but we do not hesitate to affirm that it should be made like that which Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan said might be naturally expected. The interests of the country would be best served by having a contented, homogeneous, and efficient Civil Service. We have already shown that the largest departments have been profoundly dissatisfied and agitated, and it does not seem as if the policy of the Government will lay the mischievous spirit that is abroad. The removal of all legitimate causes of complaint is a matter of grave and Imperial concern. If caste should be introduced by dividing offices into two grades, the change will be most unwise and prolific of evil. The Service already possesses two grades of officials to whose continued existence there can be no objection. But this feature was introduced for the purpose of dividing the labour and not separating the offices. It is obvious that in every department of the Civil Service there must be a vast amount of labour to be performed requiring only care, legible handwriting, and a moderate amount of intelligence. Copying, indexing, registering, and other work of a similar character would hardly seem appropriate to the capacity of those who have passed a competitive examination embracing classics, mathematics, and natural and moral science. Yet, until within a comparatively recent period, those simple duties were performed by men who had successfully passed the Civil Service Commissioners' stringent ordeal! But when Mr. Childers filled the post which Mr. Baxter now holds at the Treasury, he determined to separate the mechanical from the intellectual labour, and to have the former performed by an inferior class of officials, who would get neither the pay nor the privileges of those on the Establishment. Yet, though he laid down the principle, it was only to be gradually adopted, and "writers" employed as vacancies occurred among the Established clerks. No hardship was thus entailed, and the

experiment had a fair time for trial. Experience has proved its wisdom, although each writer, in accepting the terms offered by the Government, must have said, with Shakspeare's apothecary, "My poverty, but not my will, consents." The idea to which Mr. Childers gave tentative embodiment in 1866 is unquestionably sound, and might be extensively and advantageously adopted as part of a comprehensive scheme of reform, but there is nothing whatever to warrant the division of the Established clerks into superior and inferior grades. To make official Brahmins and Pariahs of them would be a fatal mistake. Uniformity, as complete as possible, in pay, privilege, and position, should be established, and an attractive career opened up for those who might wish to win distinction.

The last Order in Council contains no provisions of particular novelty, with the exception of the abolition of patronage and the payment of fees by candidates. As heretofore, the Civil Service Commissioners will have to be satisfied that the ages of candidates are within the prescribed limits; that their health is good; that their character is stainless; and that they possess the requisite knowledge and ability for the performance of official duties. Newly-appointed officials will also have to serve a period of probation of similar duration to that under the old system, and will not be allowed to remain in the public service unless, during the term of probation, they shall have given satisfactory proofs of fitness for the positions they may be called upon to fill. It is also decreed that:—

3["In case the chief of a department to which a situation belongs and the Lords of the Treasury shall consider that the qualifications in respect of knowledge and ability deemed requisite for such situation are wholly or in part professional, or otherwise peculiar, and not ordinarily to be acquired in the Civil Service; and the said chief of the department shall propose to appoint thereto a person who has acquired such qualifications in other pursuits, or in case the said chief of the department and the Lords of the Treasury shall consider that, either for the purpose of facilitating transfers from the Redundant List, or for other reasons, it would be for the public interest that examinations should be wholly or partially dispensed with, the Civil Service Commissioners may dispense with examination wholly or partially, and may grant their certificate of qualification upon evidence satisfactory to them that the said person possesses the requisite knowledge and ability, and is duly qualified in respect of age, health, and character."

This provision is said by those who are nothing, if not

critical, to be a loophole for the commission of jobbery; but while we admit that under its authority jobbery would be possible, we yet believe the reservation it contains is necessary. There are posts in the Civil Service requiring very peculiar qualifications, and the men possessing these qualifications would probably not be successful competitors in an examination in the subjects ordinarily prescribed to test intellectual and educational ability. Moreover, the Government, having voluntarily sacrificed their patronage, would not be likely, under any circumstances, to falsify their character and their acts by anything either unworthy or degrading. Dismissing this idea as undeserving of consideration, we hold that the clause of the Order in Council which we have quoted is one of the first importance, and contributes, in no small degree, to the perfection of the whole scheme.

We have quoted elsewhere an extract from the Report of Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan bearing on the practice of giving the prizes of the Civil Service to outsiders, and this practice will, we confidently believe, be very materially modified, if not positively discontinued, under the new system. It has hitherto been usual to appoint needy relatives or faithful political adherents to commissionerships and positions of similar dignity and emolument. Military and naval officers are not appointed to bishoprics, nor are clergymen given the command of regiments or men-of-war; but the highest positions in the church, the army, the navy, &c., are filled by men who have served in subordinate capacities, and whose careers have probably been stimulated by the prospect of some day obtaining these objects of their laudable ambition. It would surely be politic to give our Civil servants something to aspire to—some legitimate reward for faithful and zealous service. Under the new system the class of officials who will fill the higher order of appointments will be of such a character as to render it unnecessary to go beyond the ranks of the Service for suitable persons to fill positions of command and responsibility. We do not say that a man who is not a Civil servant should be declared ineligible for what is called a staff appointment, but if competent men can be found in the ranks of the Service, they should certainly have the preference when one of its prizes is to be disposed of. But we feel sure that in respect to these appointments, another of the recommendations of Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan will be ultimately adopted.

The importance of promoting the efficiency of the Civil

Service by means of a just and comprehensive scheme of reform cannot be over-estimated, and the Minister who can accomplish this work will not only exhibit consummate statesmanship, but will really be a benefactor to his country. Though many questions of policy take precedence of this in public estimation, we are convinced that there are few of more vital interest now waiting for solution. Civil Service reforms have been generally too partial and too local in their operation. Some department or branch of a department has been singled out, and its constitution has been changed, but, as a rule, no comprehensive scheme has been inaugurated. The present Government cannot be charged with having confined their schemes of reform within a limited area, for already great changes have been effected in the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Customs. But we are not altogether satisfied with these changes. They have certainly been prompted by a desire for reduction, but here the uniformity ends. We are convinced that, much as we approve of what has been done, no scheme of Civil Service reform will be satisfactory until, by being rendered uniform, it stands upon "the firm ground of principle and justice."

ART. V.—*Henry J. Raymond and the New York Press for Thirty Years: Progress of American Journalism from 1840 to 1870.* By AUGUSTUS MAVERICK. Hartford, Conn. Pp. 550.

WHEN Charles X. of France, in 1830, among the last desperate acts of his unhappy reign, suspended the liberty of the Provincial Press, he gave a sort of dying testimony to the mighty influence of that institution. Whatever the private thoughts of the King about his Government may have been, it is evident he had no wish to challenge the opinion of his subjects. It is said "the Bourbons never learned anything, and never forgot anything;" otherwise the fate of his family might have taught something to the misguided monarch. It might seem that the Orleanists were equally incapable of being taught. Louis Philippe sacrificed to his hatred of a public meeting the same crown which his predecessor had sacrificed to his abhorrence of a newspaper.

In all states in which, as it is harmlessly expressed, "everything is done *for* the people, and nothing *by* them," a Free Press is simply impossible. Where liberty reigns in the atmosphere, the unshackled newspaper plays the part of the lungs through which it breathes. The atmosphere will be sometimes vitiated, and the lungs will have labour and pain. But then, it is purely a question of national life or national death; and it is surely better to have lungs, even with a tainted atmosphere and unlimited exercise, than to be altogether without them. Better, in other words, a newspaper with the knowledge of good and evil, and with very many abuses, than no newspaper at all.

Amongst the necessities, artificial and otherwise, that the progress of civilisation and human politics creates, there is none which has more equally kept pace with that progress than the newspaper. The following words are pertinent to our subject:—

"The elaborate machinery, the wide circulation, and the vast influence of newspapers, are now such familiar things, that it takes some mental effort to conceive of their absence, without an undue depreciation of the public opinion of the days when newspapers were unknown. It is even difficult thoroughly to apprehend the facts that those days are little more than two centuries removed from us, and that the newspaper of a period, considerably less distant than one

century, was utterly unlike any publication that now bears the name. A few men, indeed, of high principle and vigorous intellect (of some of whom we shall have to speak hereafter), earlier employed themselves in political writings, which were periodically issued, but those writers were rather pamphleteers than journalists. The true predecessors of the broad-sheets of our own day were for the most part little better than Court newsmen, slenderly endowed even as respects syntax and orthography, who were usually content to retail meagre intelligence in disjointed paragraphs, without a syllable of useful comment or intelligible inference; and of whom not a few were in the habit of filling up occasional blanks by the insertion of false news on one day, and the contradiction of it on another."

The Periodical Press has long taken its place among the necessities of existence—at least in free countries. It is not, as a mere condiment, or as a mere stimulant, that it is to be viewed; it is, in some respects, the very staff of a nation's political life. We shall not, therefore, make any apology for calling the attention of our readers to some account of journalism among a people that, it is said, have more newspapers than the whole world beside.

The treatise, whose title we have given above, is more than a mere book-making speculation. The author was, and perhaps still is, one of the staff of the *New York Times*. Mr. Raymond, whose life he sketches, was the creator and editor-in-chief of that newspaper, and it was at Mr. Raymond's suggestion that he collected the Press details which render his book so interesting to us. Following the very lucid arrangement of the volume before us, and with a view of indicating the changes that have been effected in American journalism of late years, we must briefly refer to the condition of things previous to the year 1840.

The Dutch element at that time entered largely into the population along the beautiful banks of the Hudson; and, notwithstanding the fire of the Revolution, thirty years ago Batavian phlegm prevailed in most of the departments of life. The New York journals of those days were called "blanket sheets," because the Dutchmen, pipe in mouth, fell asleep over—or, rather, under—the reading of them.

The vile personalities that were required to give piquancy to certain organs of those days, were indescribably offensive. It was then that Colonel Driver flourished, and his "war correspondent, Mr. Jefferson Brick." As for commerce, politics, and other matters that concerned mankind at large, there was no painful anxiety about such things. There was no fever heat in the atmosphere of life; no eagerness to lie

down and, with ear to earth, listen to men's thoughts as the Indian of the wilderness listens to their footsteps. There were no telegrams by sea or land, no fast ocean steamers, no Associated Press to hurry along the news of the world. Our fathers on both sides of the Atlantic, if they did not outstrip us in perseverance, surpassed us in patience. They could wait.

The message of the President of the United States had to tarry, at least, a week before it could provoke an editorial remark, a fact totally unintelligible to the journalists of this generation who, on the wing of the lightning, hasten to their work.

It is very interesting to observe the gradual approaches to the present marvellous success in newspaper enterprise, and the variety of causes that have tended to promote it:—the bringing of nations within speaking distance from the one end of the earth to the other, whether they will be friendly or not; the opening up of new spheres of commercial enterprise; the evolution of new interests out of each fresh discovery; the progress of the principles and practice of free trade between most great countries; the education of the masses, and extension of the franchise; the suddenness with which it has been proved that invasions may be made among unsuspecting people, and the quick destruction which war carries in its terrible train. It is interesting to mark the operation of these causes, and how they have rendered it absolutely necessary to the security and grandeur of each separate people that takes a part in the great transactions of mankind, whether in peace or war, that they have the whole world at every moment of time under a full supervision. To meet such necessities as these, there sprang up into an unprecedented activity the quick-eyed, ready-armed, all-comprehensive newspaper of the present day, a wonderful phenomenon everywhere, almost a miracle in America.

Let us take a glance at the beginnings of American journalism. Boston was the first city in the New World that had a local organ; but the attempt to establish it was at the outset suppressed by the authorities. The only copy of this patriarch of the American Newspaper Press which escaped destruction, is the copy that may still be seen in the State Paper Office in London. It is a small quarto sheet, one of the four pages of which is blank; the other three are filled with the usual details of local occurrences, somewhat like the English papers of the time. Nearly fourteen years afterwards the first number of the Boston

News-letter was issued. In 1719 the editor enlarged his borders, in order "to make the news newer and more acceptable, whereby that which seemed old in the former half-sheets becomes new now by the sheet. This time twelvemonth we were thirteen months behind with the foreign news beyond Great Britain, and now less than five months; so that we have retrieved about eight months since January last." He goes on to promise his readers that if they hold on to him "until January next, life permitted, they will be accommodated with all the news of Europe that are needful to be known in these parts." It is amusing to compare this with the state of things brought about by the Atlantic telegraph, which enables the enterprising New Yorker to give his readers intelligence of what is passing here almost as soon as it has happened. The details of the rivalries of these ancient worthies are very interesting. The following passage from an address to his readers, issued by the editor just referred to, may be worth reading, as it shows how ambitious were the aims of the journals of those days:—

"The design of this paper is not merely to amuse the reader, much less to gratify any ill-temperers by reproach or ridicule, to promote contention, or espouse any party among us. The publisher, on the contrary, laments our unhappy and dangerous divisions, and he would always approve himself as a peaceable friend and servant to all He longs for the blissful times when wars shall cease to the end of the earth The publisher would, therefore, strive to oblige all his readers by publishing those transactions that have no relation to any of our quarrels. For this end he proposes to extend his paper to the history of nature among us, as well as of political and foreign affairs. . . . That so this paper may in some degree serve for the *Philosophical Transactions of New England*, as well as for a political history; and the things worthy of recording in this, as well as in other parts of the world, may not proceed to sink into eternal oblivion, as they have done in all the past ages of the aboriginal and ancient inhabitants."

We take an interest in noting that Green was succeeded by John Draper, who did his best to keep down the rising spirit of independence. His paper was the only one printed in Boston during the siege; and, with the evacuation of the city by the British soldiers, it ceased to appear. In 1721, James Franklin started the *New English Courant*, now memorable for its connection with the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, his brother. It is interesting to note that it was very early embroiled in a controversy respecting inoculation, which however was opposed, not so much by scientific and

professional men, as by the clergy. Many of the greater Franklin's earlier writings are preserved in its columns. He afterwards became its editor, and the following words occur in his opening address. "The main design of this paper will be to entertain the town with the most comical and diverting incidents of human life, which, in so large a place as Boston, will not fail of a universal exemplification. Nor shall we be wanting to fill up these papers with a grateful interspersation of more serious morals, which may be drawn from the most ludicrous and odd parts of life."

The oldest paper in Massachusetts (we speak, however, of a period not very recent) has a singular history. "In July 1774, during the operation of the Boston Post Bill, and soon after the landing of four British regiments, Franklin's odd device was adopted, representing Great Britain as a dragon, and the Colonies as a snake divided into nine parts, with the motto '*join or die*.' But Boston grew too hot for the patriotic printer, and he had to remove to Worcester on the day of the battle of Lexington. Here the paper continued to be published until 1786; the lack of the stirring revolutionary matter being occasionally supplied by the republication in its columns of entire books, such as Robertson's *America* and Gordon's *History of the Revolution*. But this journal, like so many more, was, for a time, killed by a tax. The stamp duty, imposed in March 1786, though amounting to but two-thirds of a penny, and very speedily repealed, led to the suspension of the *Spy* until April 1788. At that period it was resumed, and it still continues the oldest paper in Massachusetts."

A word may be said, before we reach New York, about the Southern States. We take the following from a most comprehensive paper based upon minutes of evidence before a committee:—

"In the Southern States the annals of newspapers, as of so much else, may be far more compactly dealt with than is possible in regard to the Northern and Middle States. Virginia, notwithstanding its precedency, possessed neither newspaper nor printing-office until 1736, so that (as respects one-half, at least, of the wish) there was once a prospect that the devout aspiration of Sir William Berkeley might be realised. 'Thank God,' said this Virginian governor in 1671, 'we have neither free-school nor printing-press, and, I hope, may not have for a hundred years to come.' The Virginia papers occasionally present to modern readers figures of Liberty at their head (sometimes with a banner, inscribed *Drapeau sans tache*), whilst in the body of the journal comes a string of advertisements headed 'Cash for Negroes.' Those who love America best may, perhaps,

be apt to think that Sir W. Berkeley's words would make as appropriate a motto. This great question apart, several of the Virginia papers have evinced considerable ability and independence of spirit. The earliest journal established in the State was the *Virginia Gazette*, commenced in 1736. The *Richmond Enquirer*, which started in 1804, early attained a leading position. In 1810 the total number of Virginia papers was 23; in 1828, 37; at the census of 1850, 67, with an average total circulation of 56,188 copies. North Carolina, at the last-named date, possessed 37 newspapers, with an average total circulation of 25,439; South Carolina, 29, with a similar circulation of 36,415; Georgia, 26, with 23,346; Florida, 7, with 3,500; Alabama, 46, with 25,336."

From these statistics it will appear that the South has not kept pace with the North in the journalistic element. But now to return to New York.

The New York papers of 1840 are described as "heavy papers," and as costing sixpence. There was an evident opening for a sharp, fresh, unfettered, and cheap organ, when there appeared upon the field a man of great sagacity, indomitable perseverance, and commanding talents. James Gordon Bennett, a Scotchman, who, to replenish an empty exchequer, had, like many a bold adventurer, graduated as a school-master, issued the *New York Herald*. He was the first man in the world who was bold enough to depend upon the common people for his patronage; and he has at least the distinction of having been the pioneer in a movement in whose track both hemispheres have followed.

His journal still holds, as to circulation, the lead of the American Press. He has been unscrupulous and unprincipled, but that has probably only increased his immense success.

We shall not attempt to justify the spirit and conduct of the *New York Herald* from the outset. We simply chronicle the fact that the proprietor of the first cheap newspaper hewed for himself a new way into the multitude, broke down the barriers between the Press and the people, and opened up new worlds to thousands who had been hitherto sitting in political darkness, and outside the pale of the national life as such.

Another notable figure now appears upon the stage. Availing himself of the great awakening which Mr. Bennett had created, Horace Greeley, who had arrived in New York with brains in his head and two or three dollars in his purse, and who had served a hard apprenticeship to the business of a printer, brought out the now notorious *Tribune*, with, it was to be hoped, additional, and, we may add, sensational claims upon

the great operative classes of New York and the Union at large. With that rugged intellect and daring spirit of innovation for which New England has gained a name, the editor of the *Tribune* made war unceasing and without quarter upon many of the institutions and usages in Church and State and social relations. He assailed the hoary tyranny of slavery in all its aspects, and poured upon it his withering indignation. Had he rested there, no friend of man could or would take exception to the fury of his onslaught; but he invaded the sanctities of the family and the rights of property, and by an appeal to the Socialistic tendencies of advanced thought and the new light, sought to put in jeopardy the very altar of God. We find it hard to spare the reputation of the editor of the *Tribune*. We have some idea of the temptations that cross the path of a man who must, in order to live and become influential, meet and satiate the demands of the public who sustain him. But there is a limit to the gratifying of popular passions, and we hope that we have read the last of the contributions which used to proceed from such women as the Richardson tragedy in New York brought to the front.

It was in the furious contest with Greeley on his Socialistic tendencies that Mr. Raymond, the subject of the biography of the book before us, first came prominently into the notice of the New York world. At that time he was a writer for the *Courier and Enquirer*. Like Bennett, of the *Herald*, and Greeley, of the *Tribune*, he arrived an adventurer in New York. He graduated in the *Tribune* office, on an allowance of seven dollars a week. By industry and perseverance, and close study of politics, he attained to the distinction of Member of Congress, President of the Senate, and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York.

But, as we are concerned with him as a newspaper man, we repeat that his controversy with Horace Greeley on his novel theories opened a way for independent action on his part. He projected a journal of his own, which was entitled the *New York Times*, its design being to meet, in a Conservative spirit, certain wants, and therefore certain purposes, which none of the existing penny papers fulfilled. There was still a field unoccupied. The *Herald*, it was said, was unscrupulous, gross, sometimes indecent, and not unseldom venal too. The *Tribune* was revolutionary, abolitionist, and generally uncertain.

There must be an organ—temperate, but not time-serving; progressive, but not radical; orthodox, but not sectarian; and Mr. Raymond became the editor in 1851.

Here, we might hope that we are getting into purer waters; into the region of disinterested benevolence. But the censorious world will have their scruples, and persist in ascribing the origin of the *New York Times*, not so much to a pure and virtuous desire to save the public from the contamination of Bennett and Greeley, as to the awakening discovery that the *Tribune*, only nine years old, had, during the year 1850, cleared for its proprietor the immense sum of £12,000 sterling, or 60,000 dollars.

Mr. Raymond was triumphant sooner than his hopes had anticipated. During the first year, seven millions and a half copies were printed, giving an average daily circulation of between twenty-four and twenty-five thousand. It is said that one hundred thousand dollars were, during the year, spent on the various departments, of which sum thirteen thousand dollars were expended on editors, correspondents, and contributors, the editor-in-chief in the meantime drawing only fifty dollars, or ten pounds sterling, a week.

Looking at the newspaper as a mere business speculation, this result was most encouraging; and we are much disposed to the opinion that, with the exception of a few journals avowedly set up in some very pressing political emergency, those who view newspapers in any other light, or propose to work them on any other plan, than as simply commercial speculations, will be woefully mistaken, and will come to loss. In a certain sense they lead public opinion; but it is more correct to say that public opinion leads them. They are mighty agents in scattering abroad the seeds of thought, which bring forth the fruit of a general intelligence; they lay the broad base of free inquiry, and create for themselves a constituency whose interest they feel bound to protect, and whose counsel they are not at liberty to reject.

The complex of institutions, political and religious, have created a public sentiment in this country, and few great journals will run the risk of defying it. The *Times* newspaper of London is the spirit of England. Political necessities or expedients are our apologies for that apparent inconsistency called change. No Minister will undertake to guide the Ship of State by observations taken a thousand years ago. This is the spirit of English legislation. The newspapers catch it and coin it into money. It argues well for the state of society in New York in 1857, that a public existed for such a paper as Mr. Raymond established, a paper which remains to this day, and is among the most remunerative in the world.

Few newspapers are other than a photograph of the opinions of the people. No journal can exist which does not, to a very considerable extent, reflect the mind of a large constituency. It is on this account that we may judge of a nation from its Press, without much danger of error. For instance, we may form a pretty accurate idea of the ruling powers in England from the columns of the *Times*. It is a great newspaper, because the nation that it leads, or rather that leads it, is great. The news, fresh every morning from all parts of the earth, tells of a people whose interests are bounded by no territorial limits. Its tone of authority, its almost Imperial bearing, declare that it is familiar with greatness, conversant with vast interests, and deep in the confidence of the guides of the State, while its strict impersonality adds an almost irresistible force to the great talent and the wide culture it can make to bear on every subject that concerns its "renowned and ancient England."

In the United States, the variety of the people that constitute the population east, west, north and south, is such, that no one organ could give the stranger the faintest picture of the whole. New York is well photographed by its *hundred and fifty newspapers*. The city is a sort of microcosm of the entire globe—of all that is good, and of all that is bad. The *Herald*, which is the greatest paper of the city, or in the country, is both good and bad, useful and pernicious, edifying and diverting. It will, at any cost of money or morality, serve itself and please the people; in fact, it may be judged what a place New York is out of the pages of the *New York Herald*. But there are other sources from which to form an estimate of that great Babylon; for there is not a condition of life that has not pressed the printer into its ranks. Religion, spiritualism, the rights of women; fashion, frivolity, and vulgarity; even the *ring*, the *turf*, and the *brothel*—all have their representatives in the New York Press.

Americans will naturally complain that it is unjust to denounce New York for the eccentricity and immorality of its Press, seeing that other cities, and London particularly, have likewise a plethora of pernicious periodicals, and prints of various colours, which would swell beyond even their present dimensions, were it not for the policeman and the magistrate. On the principle that if there be no demand there will be no supply, and that public caterers do not create, but simply gratify tastes already existing, the Turf and the Ring must have a large metropolitan constituency. There is this distinction to be drawn between the "fast" Press at

home and in America. In London it is by no means so widely disseminated as in the great city of the New World. In both places its patrons are principally composed of those who follow no occupation, and who have received some degree, more or less, of worldly culture. In London, such a section of the community must be looked for among the idle, the wealthy, perhaps among the titled. Soldiers, sailors, civilians of easy circumstances and of easy habits, are the mainstay of the mire-mongers of our metropolis. Not so exactly in New York. There is in that city to be found a vast multitude, the like of which could not be seen elsewhere on the globe. They are the *rowdies* of the city, composed, in the main, of sons of wealthy *parvenus*, who have not had the *entrée* into good society, and who spend their whole existence in fire companies, volunteering, and "playing the devil" generally. This main body, when reinforced by the rank and file of ordinary blackguardism, constitute a very great army. *They can all read*, thanks to the common schools, and they must have a literature, and especially a newspaper literature; and as lawyers and doctors are said to thrive well upon the mischiefs and maladies of mankind, the editors of rowdy journals fatten on their disgrace and villanies. In London, only a few of the dangerous and idle classes can read a newspaper. In vain does the organ of the "Coal-hole" reach St. Giles's, however much it may enlighten St. James's. In New York there are readers everywhere; in the Bowery, as well as in Maddison Square; the daring burglar of the "Five Points" has this in common with the reckless libertine of the Fifth Avenue, that each will have the *Jolly Joker* or the *Clipper* in his hand.

We must bear in mind, in justice to our cousins across the water, that New York is not America; it is rather an aggregate—and an aggregate changing its nature every day from its accessions—of all the cities of the earth. If we wish to see the United States in somewhat of a settled and national light, we must go to New England, or to some of the older Southern States. To judge Massachusetts, for example, by the standard of the Press of Boston, would be to judge it favourably. The newspapers there have very plainly in view a dominant class of thoughtful, earnest, and well-educated men. The Press there is not labouring under the dreadful pressure of a profligate people; and we are bound in justice to testify that in the various provincial towns the same characteristics largely prevail. And if we should place in this category many very considerable places in New York State, we may assure our

readers, from our own experience, that we should be only rendering to them what is their due ; for towns and villages which can get along without either public-house or policemen can easily dispense with a profligate Press.

Of Washington we can say little that is creditable. The newspapers there are simply among the contrivances of political adventurers, and with this remark we dismiss them from these pages. In the West we find gratifying signs of progress. Chicago exercises an immense power, influence, generally for good, through her most creditable journals. The *Tribune* there is, we presume, the principal organ. It is adapted, not to the city merchants and persons of call in the city only, but to the people of the far-stretching prairies, and in addressing the Western Pioneers, sharp, short, lightning sentences must be summoned to the service. The wild hunter, leaning on his rifle, will not listen to a long sermon.

The missionary must strike home to the heart of the hearer as incisively as does the bullet reach the heart of the buffalo, else his congregation will melt away into nothing. And if a Western newspaper fail to keep a weary farmer alive of an evening, "it's no use;" hence, we suppose, the large place that is yielded in a great many journals to sensation stories and to infinite specimens of American wit and humour.

The personalities of the New York Press five-and-twenty years ago had become proverbial. Such was the fierce rivalry between the great papers, after the introduction of the *Tribune* to the city, that one is disposed to treat some of the "leaders" of the period as worthy of a place among the curiosities of literature. For example the *Courier and Enquirer*, in 1844, thus assails Greeley :—

"The editor of the *Tribune* is a philosopher ; we are a Christian. He is a pupil of Graham, and would have all the world live upon brown bread and sawdust. . . . He seeks for notoriety by pretending to great eccentricity of obaracter and habit. . . . He lays claim to greatness by wandering through the street with a hat double the size of his head, a coat after the fashion of Jacob's, with one leg of his pantaloons inside and the other outside the boot, or with boots all bespattered with mud, or possibly a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other, and glorying in an unwashed and unahaven person. We on our part recognise the social obligations to dress and wash. Indeed there is not the slightest resemblance between the editor of the *Tribune* and ourselves, politically, morally, or socially, and it is only when his affectations and impudence become unbearable that we condescend to notice him or his press."

Such was the mine sprung upon the notorious Horace Greeley, by no less a notoriety than Colonel Webb; but it will be seen in the sequel that he got as good as he gave:—

"The editor of the *Tribune* is the son of a poor and humble farmer, came to New York a minor, without a friend within two hundred miles, less than ten dollars in his pocket, and precious little besides; he has never had a dollar from a relative, and has for years laboured under a load of debt. . . . Henceforth he may be able to make a better show, if deemed essential by his friends. That he ever affected eccentricity is untrue, and certainly no costume he ever appeared in would create such a sensation in Broadway as that James Watson Webb would have worn but for the clemency of Governor Seward. Heaven grant that our assailant may never hang with such a weight on another Whig executive! We drop him."

The personalities of the leading papers were not confined to the duels of rivals. Whatsoever would sell the paper, even if it should raise the laugh at the editor, was eagerly adopted. The most curious specimen of this is to be found in the *New York Herald* of June 1840.

James Gordon Bennett is about to be married, and he issues a proclamation in his own paper, the beginning of which is too vile to quote, but in which are the following sentences, which illustrate the early character of the American Press—

"I sought and found a fortune,—a large fortune. She has no Stonnington shares or Manhattan stock, but in purity and uprightness she is worth half a million of pure coin; in good sense and elegance another half million; in soul, mind, and beauty, millions upon millions, equal to the whole specie of all the rotten banks in the world; and the patronage of the public to the *Herald* is nearly twenty-five thousand dollars a year My ardent desire in life has been to reach the highest order of human excellence by the shortest out possible. Association night and day, in war and peace, with such a woman, must produce some curious results in my heart and feelings, and these will develop in due time in the columns of the *Herald*."

In the postscript Bennett gives notice that he shall have no time to waste on editors who may attack him "until after marriage and the honeymoon."

There is one class of journals that has never secured the patronage of the Americans. Whereas *Punch* has for thirty years kept England in a roar of laughter, and others have successfully followed in his wake, no comic paper has become an institution in any city of the Union. We are told

that soon after John Brougham started the *Lantern*, he met his rival on the stage, Burton, in a restaurant. Burton, upon being asked—"Have you read the *Lantern* this week?" replied "No! I never read the thing unless I'm drunk." Whereupon Brougham immediately rose from the table at which he was sitting, advanced, hat in hand, towards Burton, and making a bow in his grandest manner, observed, "Then, Mr. Burton, I am sure of one constant reader."

In the language of the country, Burton was "flattened." But even that solitary reader, *Lantern* and all, have disappeared, and nothing remains but the memories of the Momuses and Yoricks of the past.

It requires some knowledge of the peculiarities of the people and of the Press to account for the extinction of comic periodicals in this country. One cause is the extreme sensitiveness of Americans; they will suffer neither friend nor stranger to expose even their admitted follies to the broad light of the world. James Russel Lowell or Oliver Wendell Holmes may venture upon the patronage of the selectest circles when they satirise their countrymen in a well got-up book; but even they would fail, week after week, to secure support adequate to keep up a perpetual fire against the crimes and inanities of the nation.

Another cause is, that even were the Americans inclined to patronise periodicals of the kind referred to, there would be a difficulty in furnishing interesting matter and striking cartoons all the year round. There is a class in London who are reckoned fair game—the great Ministry of the Crown and world-distinguished veterans in all the high walks of human ambition. These men can bear a joke such as *Punch* fires at them; the world laughs, and they laugh too. They in effect say—it pleases the people, and it does us no harm. But there is no such easy-going class in America. Every man there is as good as another; and persons on the same level, at least in their own estimation, will not be made butts of by their fellows. General Grant would march with his legions "into the mouth of hell," but he would fly before the uplifted *Tomahawk* of a satirical Press. Another cause of the lack of steady support to such periodicals lies in this—that most of the ordinary newspapers devote a column or perhaps more to the latest jokes uttered abroad. *Punch* is reproduced by the Harpers in their *Magazine* and in their *Weekly*.

In this indirect mode our cousins will even hear a laugh at their own expense.

But, as for supporting an institution set up for no other purpose than to make a laughing-stock of them, they are not the people to stand that.

In the provincial newspapers we have a constant succession, too, of harmless, though miserably vulgar, specimens of the humour that grows out of the simple manners and customs of the people. For example, editors of rival newspapers are in the habit of setting forth the superior advantages of their respective journals as media for advertisements. The whole compass of comic literature, ancient and modern, has nothing to surpass, or indeed to equal, the low humour of these advertisements. One paper had such remarkable energy in its words that when the editor was writing an advertisement to recover a lost dog, the dog walked in! Contemptible as this kind of stuff is, it rises to the dignity of a new order of national comedy in America. The boundless prodigality of invention in this kind gives to what is very vile in itself a certain representative character.

In a community where voluntary subscription is the only earthly hope of the various Churches, it may be expected that every expedient will be adopted to rally the people round their respective banners. The agency of the Press is not neglected. There is no sect, however poor, that does not possess its periodical. The Wesleyan and the Presbyterian Churches, in particular, abound in religious literature. The *New York Observer* and *Independent* profess a sort of Catholic Protestantism. They claim the faculty of seeing more than one side of the questions of the Churches, and they aspire to an atmosphere clearer and healthier than that of the sects. As in the State every man who belongs to a party, and has a vote, must have his newspaper, with its accounts of all party caucuses, conventions, torch-light processions, triumphs and defeats, so must the American church-goer have his Church newspaper, and its sacred details of those various transactions in which, from having a part in them, he takes a sort of patron's interest.

The author of the book before us writes very severely concerning the singular animosity that disgraces the literature of the Religious Press. We are to bear in mind that animosity may be detected in other criticisms besides those of the editors of Church journals, and that the remarks of our author may furnish an illustration. It is much to be desired that charity should characterise the writings of the self-appointed censors of the Press. None know better than they that to err, to come short, is only to be human, and that if

the newspapers of the Churches do give forth a certain sound, it, in the vast majority of instances, is the result of such deep convictions of truth and duty, as purely political journals cannot afford to entertain. Of all the newspapers issued in the United States, the Sunday Papers are the least religious. Such papers as the *Sunday Dispatch* and *Mercury* are read by at least one-half of the entire population of New York, while there remains a sufficient custom for the Sunday issues of the *Herald*, the *World*, and the *Times*. To provide a secular literature for the day of rest is, in the estimation of many of us, to do wrong; it is to gratify an irreverential, an unchristian taste. But this is not the specific evil inflicted upon society by the *Sunday Papers*, properly so called. If it were ordinary news, such as the *Herald* and *Times* furnish, it were defensible on the low ground that the people will suffer no interruption in their intercourse through the Press with the world; but no such excuse can be offered for such papers. The object of such papers as the *Dispatch* or the *Mercury* is not to instruct, or even purvey news; it is to deprave and corrupt.

It will not fail, we trust, to interest our readers, if we present them with a bird's-eye view of the New York Press as it is conducted at this hour. We are informed that each of the great daily papers employs more than a hundred men in different departments, and expends half a million of dollars annually; that the *editorial corps* of each of the morning papers issued on the first day of the present year numbered at least half a score of persons; reporters in equal force; that there were sixty printers, twenty carriers, and a dozen mailing clerks and book-keepers. We are informed that editorial salaries now range from twenty-five to sixty dollars a week (£5 to £12), and (as quoted before) that "the gross receipts of a great daily paper for a year often reach the sum of one million dollars, of which an average of one-third is clear profit."

In the organization of a daily newspaper in New York, the Chief Editor controls all the details of the editorial department; his decrees being final in all matters concerning the tone of the journal, the engagement of assistants, and the preparation of the contents of each sheet. His partners are charged with the affairs of business, and he meets them in consultation, but in his own department he is supreme. One assistant, placed in charge of the news, is known as the Night Editor. Another, to whom is given the place and title of the City Editor, directs the work performed by the reporters who gather up the local intelligence of the day.

A special department is devoted to the Money Market, and the assistant in charge is the Financial Editor. Another gives his attention to the literature of the time, and he is Literary Editor. There are critics of the drama and the opera, and the staff of editorial writers who are in direct communication with their chief, receiving his suggestions, and writing articles on topics indicated by him or upon others of their own selection, which are submitted for his approval; and thus a machine of the most difficult complications moves harmoniously along.

The Associated Press Agency in New York was organised for the purpose of simplifying and cheapening the communication of the news of the world. It is at present composed of the proprietors of seven daily papers, and, through agents established in London and Liverpool, in Montreal, Quebec, and all the great cities of the Union, the history of mankind is written each successive hour. The evening papers are permitted to use the intelligence furnished by this great Association at an average cost of eight thousand dollars a year from each; and outside of New York there is a large and remunerative trade driven of the same sort. We are informed by the *New York Times* that those seven papers of the Press Association print 112,000,000 sheets annually, and receive \$2,500,000 from advertisements; and that the entire Daily Press of the city has an income of \$8,700,000, contributed by the public for knowing the news of the day; while there are the weekly, semi-weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals, with an issue of 150,000,000 a year, and a revenue of about seventeen millions of dollars.

These facts and figures are of interest to us mainly through the light which they cast upon phases of human life. How different those new people, panting at the edge of the ocean for the news of Europe to be unladen out of the depths, from the wing of the lightning,—how different from their old fathers of the days of the good Queen Bess, who never thought of reading news-letter or bulletin, except when such a monster as the Spanish Armada disturbed their serene composure.

It appears that it was the terror of war that at first inspired an editor. We have it on record that it was out of the struggle between the Republic of Venice and Solyman II. in Dalmatia, that the first *Gazette* originated. It was a written sheet, exhibited at a public place to be read for a coin called a *gazetta* (hence the name); and we are further informed that this unpretending sheet continued in existence till the end of

the sixteenth century, and long after the invention of printing, *and still in manuscript*. It is only after we think of this Venetian *Gazetta*, and the Armada Press of England, and then of our marvellous photographs of the living moving world in all its parts, that we can estimate worthily the almost incredible velocity of the progress of mankind.

In the United States, the school and the newspaper have progressed together. That a man be ignorant of letters is a disgrace to a Republic; it is also its weakness. Shall we say that it is almost equally deplorable that he be without a newspaper. But it does not happen that in every nation the school and the newspaper go hand-in-hand. Prussia has a well-educated people, so far as schools and colleges and universities have it in their power to educate, but Prussia has few newspapers for her people to read. It is politics, it is self-interest in the all-important matter of governing free men, that creates a demand for a free and cheap newspaper. It is political power and self-assertion that are the power of the Press. In the United States, besides 5,000 journals published for those that speak the English language, there are upwards of two hundred issued for the exclusive benefit of Germans, Scandinavians, Frenchmen, Italians, Bohemians, and Dutchmen—foreign-tongued nationalisms that could exist in their fatherlands without such a luxury, but who, no sooner than they breathe the air of the "land of the West," demand a newspaper as a right, and enjoy it as those can who have discovered a new sense and a new sensation.

It cannot but be manifest to every thinking person that the power of such an institution as this is almost beyond estimating in words. It is an education that pervades society thoroughly, exerting its influence when the school ends and upon those whom the school has surrendered. Great multitudes derive all their impressions from their daily paper, derive from it all their opinions, and receive from it the colouring of their motives, aims, and desires. We have observed that, in America, the religious paper is a more amply sustained thing than in England. It is much more powerful both for good and evil. One who thinks well of American institutions, and hopes much from their prosperity, must needs look with considerable anxiety upon their tendencies. It is easy to sneer at and condemn their vulgarity, their indifference to the common decencies, and carelessness of the feelings of those concerning whom they write. It is almost impossible, further, to note with any

complacency their familiarity with sacred things, the irreverence of their style, and their commercial way of looking at everything heavenly and earthly. But a candid observer will note the signs of a healthy desire to promote every good cause, and co-operate with every good agency. And, among the elements of hope for America, this is not the least, that the religious Press, when really religious, is deeply in earnest. There are some writers who are possessed by a sense of the dignity of their function, and not insensible to their responsibilities. We close with a few sentences from the article on "Newspapers" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, to which we have been indebted for many of these statistics.

"To say that the Newspaper Press, with all its ability and influence, is as yet but at the threshold of its career, is neither presumptuous nor hazardous. In Britain, as well as in America, the journals that unite the highest order of talents with a manifestly conscientious sense of responsibility for the use of them, do but put into stronger light the defects of their opposites. We as little believe that the newspaper, at its best, will ever supersede books and pulpit, as we have faith in the much-bruied but very silly assertion, that 'a number of *The Times* contains more instruction than all Thucydides.' Until the journalists and the readers of a country are alike imbued with the spirit of (at least) their national classics, neither the full powers nor the highest functions of journalism will be elicited. But when a public thus intellectually nurtured shall be daily addressed by a Press plainly under the guidance of religious principle, then unquestionably the power of instilling the same thought, at the same moment, into thousands of minds will prove the mightiest of all the secular agents of civilisation, the most effective of all curbs on misgovernment, Phother arising from the errors of rulers, or the temporary excitements of popular majorities."

We can only express our hope that, both in England and America, all causes of distrust and enmity being removed, there may be a wholesome rivalry in this, as in all other respects,—the elevation of the Newspaper Press.

It is gratifying to observe many signs of that elevation. The papers, for instance, that write temperately on topics of an irritating nature are listened to with more complacency, and are beginning to have greater weight in the public mind. The extracts which we observe in our prints from those on the other side of the Atlantic are decidedly more peaceable in their tone, less extravagant in their pretensions, and less reckless in their sporting with national susceptibilities. There is great encouragement in this. In vain are commissions appointed, and statesmen wearying their brains with

schemes of international reconciliation ; if the Daily Press, which feeds the public appetite and gives direction and strength to the public excitement, is wholly influenced by rancour and unreflecting national pride. The responsibility that rests upon some of the American papers for the industry with which they have sought to influence their countrymen against England, it is scarcely possible to exaggerate. It might almost be said that the terrible excitement which has openly raged or burned with suppressed intensity has been kept alive by them. But we must hope that the great evil is past ; and that with the results of the great International Commission an era of international comity will begin among the leaders of the Press on both sides of the Atlantic.

ART. VI.—*The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland.* By JOHN P. PRENDERGAST, Barrister-at-law. Second Edition, enlarged. London: Longmans. 1870.

THERE is no such thing (says Mr. Gladstone) as a one-legged nation; yet the persistent animosity with which the Irish have always regarded the English would seem to indicate that a people of abnormally long memory has been developed in the sister island. Something must, no doubt, be laid to the account of "race." The Welsh have kept up, in a quiet way, a good deal of ill-feeling against their "Saxon" neighbours, and this they show freely enough on occasion. The said "Saxon" bears conquering better than the Celt: it is so in England; it is so in Bayeuxland, where the spectacle of the tall, stout Teutonic yeoman kept down by the little French soldier disgusts Mr. Freeman so much. The Celt has more of that tenacity which marks the aborigine, and which has caused (rather than whisky, or even small-pox) the destruction of so many aboriginal races. Unfortunately for the peace of Great Britain, the Celt refuses to disappear: he even shows a wonderful power of recovery that puts him out of the list of Mr. Kingsley's "rotting races." He surges over each successive stratum of invaders, and even sweeps on beyond his own bounds into their peculiar territory. His hatred of "Saxons," however, is founded on a pretty sure instinct. We spoke of the "Saxon" as patient of conquest, but he has never yet been tried with extermination: the Norman overthrow of England, the French annexation of Bayeuxland, brought about, at most, a change of ownership. A more parallel case is that of the formation of the Danelagh, to which the English did not submit with any great equanimity. Satan said of Job, that, if God went far enough in His chastisements, the much-enduring man would end by cursing Him to His face. So might the Celt say: "You Saxons bore well enough a repeated change of masters; you bore all the hard names which William of Malmesbury, and Giraldus, and the rest of them applied to you: you were wise; hard words break no bones; and you, who have no innate loyalty, doubtless found one master just as good as another.

But had you been evicted wholesale, and shut in among the marshes round the Wash, while the place, not only of landlord but of labourer, was taken by a swarm of 'Popish' Frenchmen, my opinion is, not only that you would hate Frenchmen and Papists with an unextinguishable hatred, but that you would be, at least, as persistent as we have been in your efforts to get back into your own again."

There are reasons for this unhappily persistent ill-feeling; for (despite the taint of aboriginality, a taint which we can only insist on by belying all the "Milesian" traditions) the Irish are a reasoning, if not always a reasonable, people. Mr. Prendergast's book explains one grand set of reasons, on which the Irish, with perverse ingenuity, *will* go on arguing wrongly. If they argued rightly on wrong data, they would be madmen; what they deserve to be called for assuming that the average Englishman of to-day feels towards an "Irish Papist" just as a Cromwellian felt two centuries ago, and that sensation leaders in *Times* or *Standard*, and disgraceful caricatures in *Punch*, and outcries of their own landlords, are to be taken as expressing the sentiments of the English nation, we need not stop to inquire. Their data are right; for, unhappily, the Cromwellians did act as they say—did things far worse than have yet got into print, and the English papers do forget themselves, and say and draw things that the nation at large is heartily ashamed of. But their way of using their data is wrong, as is proved by the Church Bill and the Land Bill, and the whole tone of English feeling towards Ireland for years past. To say, "You cannot help hating us and planning our extirpation now, because your ancestors did their best to extirpate us more than 200 years ago," is foolish enough; but the Irish do say it, and the fact that the Cromwellian settlement is generally understood to have been the Nemesis of the Irish massacre of 1641 justifies them in assigning to that affair a great deal of importance.

The case, as the Irish state it, is that the new English "undertakers," and others, who had come over since 1601, holding the land "as an unarmed garrison" (as Sir H. Sydney said they would be), did, by their greed and their persecutions, force not only the native Irish but the other English settlers also into disaffection. They imported (what was unknown before) the bitterness of religious tyranny: thus "at Michaelmas Term, 1616, the jurors who were imprisoned for refusing to find verdicts against their fellow-Catholics, were packed in jail like herrings in a barrel; their fines reached to £16,000 (£8,000 in Cavan alone), which went, not

to the poor of the parishes, but to private favourites. Out of such fines was built the primate's palace at Drogheda; lists of all who did not attend the English service were tendered to grand juries, in order to be presented for fines." The same system which was used to crush Puritanism in England, and to force Prelacy on the Scotch, was employed in Ireland to bring about conformity to the Establishment. Why did not the Irish make common cause with the Liberal party in Great Britain? Strafford's treatment of them partly accounts for this: his thoroughness not only cowed them but made them actually like the cause which he represented. But mainly, the Irish kept aloof because they were never invited to join. Pym would as soon have thought of offering equal laws to Irish Papists, as some discontented Ephor would of proposing to admit helots to the full rights of citizenship. That O'Connell and his tail should be a power in an Imperial Parliament was a wonder reserved for the nineteenth century. An O'Connell was impossible till "the rights of man" had come to be more fully understood than they were even by the giants of the Long Parliament. The Irish, therefore, feeling that between them and the Puritans there was an impassable gulf, drew naturally enough to the Stuart side. They thought they could buy toleration as the price of helping the King: they were assured, too, by busy emissaries, that Charles was at heart a Catholic, and that what he did against their faith was forced upon him by the English heretics; as soon as he should be free from Parliamentary control, they would see how truly he was well-disposed to them. Hence, although Strafford's plan for overawing England by bringing across a regular Irish army failed, and Charles's mad zeal in Scotland hurried matters on, the Irish were not at all averse to the proposals which the King made them in 1641, when (after Strafford was dead, and the outbreak between him and the Parliament was only a question of time) he was on his way to Edinburgh to collect evidence against the men who had "incited" the Scotch to invade England. What these proposals were may be gathered from the Marquis of Antrim's evidence before Dr. Henry Jones, Bishop of Clogher, and Henry Owen—evidence given in 1650, to be communicated to Cromwell. The King (he said) ordered him and Ormond to gather the lately disbanded army of Strafford; if the Lords Justices opposed them, they were to seize Dublin Castle; the Irish Parliament was to declare for the King against the English Parliament; and the whole of Ireland was to be raised in his service. Lord Antrim told Lords Gormang-

town and Slane, and many others in Leinster and Ulster; "but the fools," he continued, "well liking the business, would not expect our time and manner of ordering and undertaking the work, but fell upon it without us, and sooner and otherwise than we should have done, taking to themselves, in their own way, the management of the work, and so spoiled it." "The fools," in fact, determined to begin with what most concerned themselves—the ousting of the new settlers, and then they would be ready to help the royal cause in more direct ways. Thus (on the Irish showing), the rebellion of 1641, of whatever kind it was, was fomented by Charles, in the hope of making a diversion, and crushing at once the Scots and the English Parliament:—nay, it was authorised, say they, under his sign manual; and it failed to do what he intended, only through the want of concert inseparable from enterprises in which men like Ormond and Gormanstown were associated with men like Sir Phelim O'Neil, as was several times fatally exemplified in '98.

Such is the Irish view of the origin of the rebellion. As to its nature, we are assured that it was just like other rebellions; attended, no doubt, with excesses, but these much greater on the English side than on that of the natives. All the horrible details (we are asked to believe) were forged five years later, when the King was about to conclude a peace with the Confederate Catholics, and they were forged in order to excite English feeling to the uttermost, so that no quarter might be given to any Irish Papists seized in England, and that the *noyades* of royalist Irish troops along the Welsh and Cheshire coasts might become possible. During the interval, the Parliament had raised money for the Irish War, but had employed it in strengthening themselves against the King. Before the Civil War broke out, the Irish rebellion gave the Parliament a splendid opportunity for seizing military stores, levying troops, and raising money, to be paid out of forfeited lands. They took on themselves the whole management of Irish affairs; knowing Charles's scheme in that quarter, they told him, in April 1642, that if he carried out his design of going over to Ireland to head his army against the rebels, they should consider such act an abdication.

Their object was to let the rebellion gain a head, in order at once to make it the occasion of raising larger supplies, and increase the odium against Charles, who, as they and every one else knew, had some hand in the rising. After the Civil War had begun, they had no leisure to look to Ireland, though the

sale of "debentures" to "adventurers" who were willing to invest in Irish land still went on, showing, on the part of the buyers, a confidence not unlike that of those Romans who made bids for the site of Hannibal's camp when he was just outside the city. The gradual growth of the Massacre-myth is thus described :—

On the 23rd December, 1641, a commission was issued to seven despoiled Protestant ministers "to take evidence upon oath to keep up the memory of the outrages committed by the Irish to posterity." These outrages, in the original draft, were *destruction of property*: it was amended, on 18th January, 1642, to include murders. Both are given at full length by Dr. Henry Jones, acting as agent for the Protestant clergy of Ireland: the first recites, "that many British and Protestants have been separated from their habitations, and others deprived of their goods;" the second inquires "what violence was done by the robbers, and how often, and what numbers have been murdered, or have perished afterwards, on the way to Dublin or elsewhere." A remonstrance (of which more anon), published in 1642, showed that these outrages were only such as necessarily followed from stripping the English of their goods and driving them out as they had driven the Irish out thirty years before, and that the slayings were fewer than is usual in such insurrections. Thus the Parliament succeeded in doing what would best serve them against both King and Irish—in fixing the stigma of Popery on his Irish friends. The rebellion was really a patriotic rising of native Irish and old English settlers combined to recover their lands from the "undertakers" and Jacobean colonists. It was carried on, unhappily, in that underhand manner which has so often stamped insurrections,—not Romanist only, but all insurrections,—and it had a religious colour given to it by Charles's assurance that whereas, forced by bad men, he had hitherto persecuted Popery, he would henceforth favour it; but, though industriously represented as a war of Papist against Protestant by those who knew the value of a no-Popery cry, it was really a war for the recovery of land and goods,—a war, too, from which the royal sanction had in many minds taken away all stain of rebellion. This was ingeniously converted into a bloodthirsty religious massacre, rivalling the worst continental excesses. We at once turn (if we are disposed to accept the Irish way of putting the case) to the behaviour of the English press at the beginning of the Sepoy war: we remember the exaggerations, the reprisals, the precautionary massacres, the pandy-potting,

the conversion of a *bonâ fide* Oudh rebellion into an aggravated mutiny. As to the 1641 rebellion being called Popish, from the accident of the religion of most of those who took part in it, we must remember that the land question gave trouble in Ireland long before religion became a source of quarrel: the complaint of the Irish nation to Pope Innocent XII., made in 1711, when oppressors and oppressed were of the same faith, is one of the saddest things in history; the beginning of the re-conquest by Plantation, which Cromwell sought to complete, was made in O'Moore's and O'Connor's country by Philip and Mary. The rebellion of 1641 meant help for Charles, as one likely to be a useful ally; it meant the establishment of Popery as a *national* religion; but above all it meant the recovery of their lands by those who had been ousted by the latest invasion of "undertakers."

That is the Irish view of the case; and it has certainly never been so ably put as by Mr. Prendergast in the work which has now deservedly reached a second edition. But his book, full of detail and of evidence of the most painstaking research, wants *perspective*: he hardly seems to grasp what the English mind requires to overthrow its settled convictions about the "cruel Popish massacre." *In limine*, we must have very strong evidence to upset the testimony of Rushworth and Clarendon, and men of every party,—evidence which has come to be accepted unquestioningly by writers of every calibre. No doubt research throws light into dark places. St. Bartholomew is now plausibly asserted to have been a concoction of Catherine de Medici, for which the Pope unnecessarily offered a *Te Deum*, seeing that he counted for nothing in the affair; Anne Boleyn, again, is a person about whom opinions have changed; but can Mr. Prendergast make us throw overboard all our old traditions about 1641? He gives us marvellous photographs of the times; he shows the cruelties of which the other side was guilty; he cannot of course be expected to prove a negative, and satisfy us that there were no murders at all; loss of documents, easily accounted for, prevents us from bringing home full complicity to Charles; but that is a minor matter, the great point is whether he, as a lawyer, has shown cause for a reversal of judgment in regard to the massacre. We certainly think he has; and, before going to the main part of his book, the cruel thoroughness of the Cromwellian settlement, which was only hindered from being the deportation of a whole people by the fact that nature was stronger than even Cromwell, and that it was needful (as one told him) "to

leave a remnant of those Popish idolators even as Joshua spared the Gibeonites." We will consider a little more in detail the proofs which he brings forward against the popular view of the case. His position is, that the rebellion of 1641 was not a massacre but an attempt at counter-revolution got up in Charles's interest, the Irish hoping (of course) to do something for themselves by helping Charles. As we have seen, the heads of the party were bitterly annoyed at the outbreak having been hurried on. They were, like the United Irishmen, Protestants; and it was not till the time of dire extremity that the Royalists consented to allow Papists to join with them in aiding the King, just as, in '98, it was not until the original movers had recognised their own powerlessness that they admitted Catholics to their confidence. Royalists, who ought to have been better taught by adversity, display a worse than Stuart ingratitude when speaking of those who had lost all for the royal cause: thus Clarendon writes (*State Tracts*, vol. iii. p. 244, folio, Clarendon Press): "We are at a dead calm for all manner of intelligence. Cromwell, no doubt, is very busy. Fiennes is made Chancellor of Ireland; and they doubt not to plant that kingdom without opposition. And truly, if we can get it again, we shall find difficulties removed which a virtuous prince and more quiet times would never have compassed."—(Sir Edward Hyde to Mr. Betius). Ormond showed cruelly the English proclivities of his house by allowing the King's declaration of November 1660, for the settlement of Ireland (i.e. the setting right of Cromwell's wrongdoings), to become almost a dead letter. Instead of the ruined royalists coming to their own again, the universal complaint was that the restored English were worse than the Puritans. Mr. Prendergast's tract, *The Tory War in Ulster*, pictures the misery of the Irish who, on the Restoration, had hurried back from abroad and had expected to be helped back to their estates; they were left to die of broken-hearted poverty in London, after spending their little hoards in trying to get access to the harlot-ridden prince whose fortunes they had followed. "Worthy cousin," writes, in Christmas 1660, Richard Ghee, of Kilkenny, to Patrick Bryan, lawyer, in London, "there are thirty-two artificers and shopmen whom the late usurper thought fit to dispense from transplantation, and are now commanded by strict order, in twenty-four hours' warning, to depart with their families. These poor people, with sighs and tears, desired me to implore you to obtain some countermand from the Duke or His Highness."—(*Carte Papers*, vol. ccxiv. p. 194.)

Much as he needed their help, Charles could not venture to openly countenance men towards whom his English supporters felt in the way which their behaviour after 1660 shows they did feel. His part was a difficult one; and the disingenuousness, which his difficulties do not excuse, but explain, made the position of the Irish "rebels" a very awkward one. They rose, and their rising was marked by atrocities common to most civil wars at that time; atrocities which, beside those of the Huguenots and Leaguers, seem very tame indeed. The people were in a state in which atrocities could scarcely have been avoided: they had been growing more and more savage since Strongbow's day; the plantation in James the First's time had been marked by circumstances of cruelty incredible to those who have not studied the "Anglo Saxon" in his panics. Above all, Mr. Prendergast asserts (and to his own satisfaction proves: he is a popular barrister, and knows the value of evidence, and the futility in a book like his of making statements *in tempus*) that the English party began the killing, and that throughout they had the monopoly of the slaughter of women and children, who were on all occasions spared by the Irish; just as we know that in '98 not a woman ever got the shadow of ill-usage from the "rebels," while yeomanry officers boasted (see *Massey's Hist. of George III.*) that for miles round their stations not a girl or wife was left unravished, and that "if any resisted too stoutly, the bayonet was a sure cure for squeamishness." That the English party began it is proved thus:—The rising took place in November 1641. At first, the Lords Justices temporised, being so terrified that in Dublin, on Christmas Eve, the unusual puling of a flock of sea-fowl over the city, "that could not be dispersed, though great pieces out of the Castle were shot off for that purpose," was enough to drive the inhabitants distracted. "For three days and nights no dog dared to bark, no cock to crow—nay, not even when the rebels came close by." But when, later in the month, some regiments of English were landed in Dublin, and some of Scotch in Ulster, the Justices took heart, and instigated the officers and soldiers to all cruelty imaginable. The work was just like the pandy-potting which Mr. Trevelyan had the candour to expose in his *Story of Carnpore*; the new-comers, driven frantic by the lies which were told them, fell on all native Irishmen armed and unarmed alike; just as fresh regiments, in the mutiny days, landing well primed with the *Times*, and M. F. Tupper's ballads, and his plan for sowing Delhi with salt, could scarcely be withheld from massacring Calcutta.

Babooes and corn contractors, and even poor coolies, in their indiscriminating hatred against all "niggers." "At first" (says a contemporary pamphlet) "they were fearfully scared by a popular rout of unarmed clowns, so that they scarce durst peep out of their great garrisons of Dublin and Drogheda: but when they had discovered those multitudes to be weaponless, then indeed they took courage, and rushing out with horse and foot completely armed, they slew man, woman, and child, as well those that held the plough as the pike, the goad as the gun." Such raids were called "birdings," and the Lords Justices were known not to favour any officer who did not give a good account of his sport. Two regiments, Sir Simon Harcourt's and Sir Thomas Temple's, specially distinguished themselves. An Englishman, author of *Good and Bad News from Ireland, or the Taking of Kinsale from the Rebels*, London, 1642, found Kinsale in their hands. "They had not made an end of execution upon the rebels in church and churchyard; and we heard these two great commanders crying, 'Down with all males above thirteen years.'" Next March, Sir Simon, with 1,500 men, was besieging the Castle of Carrickmines, near Dublin, whither some rebels had fled; but while pointing a gun, he was himself mortally wounded. Hereupon, the castle being taken, those found in it, men, women, and children, over 260 in number, were put to death; and a priest whom they discovered hidden in a hogshead, was "cut as small as flesh for the pot" (*The last True News from Ireland: how Carrickmargue, a great Castle, was taken by the English, and all the Rebels put to death.* London: 1642). Sir C. Coote, brutal barbarian as he was, was of course conspicuous in such killings. His soldiers had orders to spare no infants above a span long. "Nits will be lice," was the jest with which these worthies put aside the plea of compassion for babes (Dr. Nalson's *Historical Recollections*, vol. ii. p. vii. folio ed. London: 1642-8). The same characteristic apology appears in a queer book, often quoted by Mr. Prendergast, *The Moderate Cavalier, or the Soldier's Description of Ireland. A Book fit for all Protestants' Houses in Ireland.* Printed A.D. 1675:—

"Brave Sir Charles Coote

I honour, who in's father's steps so trod
As to the rebels was the scourge or rod
Of the Almighty. He, by good advice,
Did kill the Nitts that they might not grow lice.'

The Bishop of Meath dared, in a sermon before the Justices,

at Christ Church, Dublin, to preach mercy for infants; whereupon an English officer threw up his command, and published *An Apology of an English Officer of Quality for leaving the Irish Wars, declaring the design now on foot to reconcile the English and Irish, and, expelling the Scotch, to bring the Popish forces against the Parliament*. London: 1648. But what was "murder" and "massacre" in the Irish was merely "lawful killing" if perpetrated by their enemies; and for more than two centuries the lions have been the painters: except Curry (*Historical and Critical Review of the Civil Wars in Ireland, &c.*, by John Curry, M.D. London: 1786), and Carey (*Vindiciæ Hibernicæ, or Ireland Vindicated in the Legendary Tales of the Conspiracy and Pretended Massacre in 1641*, by M'Carey, Philadelphia, 1819), and Lingard, whom (in spite of Mr. Prendergast) so few Englishmen will acknowledge as "an independent inquirer," the other side has had it all its own way. The record of the English cruelties is gathered from the incidental remarks of contemporary Englishmen, who gloried in them as putting the doers on a level with Joshua and his horde of Israelites. Books published in the opposite interest, such as *A True Relation of the Proceedings of the Scots and English Forces in the North of Ireland in 1642* (published in 1642), and *A Collection of the Murders done upon the Irish by the English* (published by the Confederate Catholics in 1648), were burned and suppressed, and the printers and sellers imprisoned. From this "true relation," confirmed at all points by books like Sir James Turner's *Memoirs of his own Time*, Mr. Prendergast culls a good many shameful facts, showing that Scandinavian savagery, when well roused, outdid the panic-stricken cruelty even of the Cootes and the Harcourts. Thus Newry surrendered to Marshal Conway and General Munro, commanders of the joint English and Scotch armies, in May 1642, "on quarter for life," yet next day forty of the townsmen were put to death on the bridge, "and among them two of the Pope's pedlars, seminary priests;" and the Scotch soldiers, finding a crowd of Irish women and children hiding under the bridge, took some eighteen of the women, stript them naked, and threw them into the water and drowned them, shooting them in the water; and more had suffered so, but that Sir James Turner, in command under General Munro, galloped up (as he tells us in his *Memoirs*) and stopped his men.* Mr. Prendergast has other authorities: among them

* This Newry affair resembles, on a large scale, what happened during the defence of Lynna. Blake's men, in one of their sallies, caught, among others,

A Discourse between Two Councillors of State, the one of England, the other of Ireland, printed at Kilkenny, 10th December, 1642. Of this he has only seen a MS. copy among the *Carte Papers* (vol. iv. No. 54). We at once ask, is anything reasonably conjectured as to its authorship? What is its value as an authority? For the trouble about Governor Eyre, and the extraordinary difficulty (waving the impossibility) of obtaining a fair account of what seemed very straightforward matters, remind us of the need of weighing the evidence given at such a time, and therefore of knowing on what principle to weigh it. Ireland then was further off than Jamaica is now, and men were not so far removed from the Machiavellian traditions of an age when all sides held truth and falsehood to be as nothing where party was at stake—nay, when it seemed as if an epidemic of lying for lying's sake had broken out over almost all Christendom. In this "discourse" the Irish "councillor" does not confute the massacre, because none is charged. He complains that the seven despoiled ministers appointed to collect evidence do in their *Remonstrance* (published in April 1642) exaggerate the murders and outrages:—

"Doubtless," says he, "the Irish did in many places kill men, resisting them in their pillaging; but the report of their killing women or men desiring quarter, and such like inhumanities, were inventions to draw contributions and to make the enemy odious. But I am sure there was no such thing done while I was there in Ireland, about six months after these *sturres* began; and though unarmed men, women, and children were killed in thousands by command of the Lords Justices, the Irish sent multitudes of our people, both before and since these cruelties done, as well officers and soldiers as women and children, carefully conveyed, to the scaperts and other places of safety; so let us call them what we will, bloody inhuman traitors or barbarous rebels, we have suffered ourselves to be much exceeded by them in charity, humanity, and honour."

If the "Discourse" is the true book of a true man, this settles the point. One thing is certain: the tale of murders grows, till in Clarendon it is swelled to an amount largely exceeding the whole Protestant population of Ulster.* Further,

a Popish priest and an Irish woman, whom they stripped and hunted along the Cobb, making them jump off into the sea at the end of it. It was in revenge for this killing at Newry that the murders on the Irish side began: Sir Phelim O'Neil's men were naturally ready to retaliate. *The Levite's Lamentation* tells how "Mr. Griffin, Mr. Starkey, Mr. Bartly, all of Ardmagh, were murdered by these bloudsuckers on the six't of May, in return for our killing neare forty of them upon the bridge of the Newry not long before."

* Clarendon varies between 40,000 and 300,000 in 1633; the whole number of new settlers in Ulster fit for bearing arms was only 13,092.

as soon as the plan had been started of making the outbreak a religious war, the massacre was spoken of as extending over all Ireland. This, of course, was manifestly an afterthought; there had been cruel raids made by the English in various quarters, but there was in 1641 no attempt at an Irish rising, except in the North.

Of the behaviour of the Irish to their prisoners we have abundant evidence: how they treated Bishop Bedell, of Kilmore, and the thousands (the Bishop of Elphin among them) who took refuge with him, is notorious; they were left free liberty of worship at a time when seven priests, reprieved by the King, had just been hanged in England, at the angry demand of the House of Commons, simply for saying mass; and they were generally so kindly dealt with that, when they were marched under escort to Dublin, the parting was with tears and protestations of affection on both sides. All that the most violent of immediately contemporaneous pamphleteers allege against the Irish is the intention to massacre: thus, in *A brief Declaration of the Barbarous and Inhuman Dealings of the Northern Irish Rebels*, . . . written to excite the English Nation to relieve our poor wives and children that have escaped the Rebels' savage cruelties, . . . by G. S., Minister of God's Word in Ireland. Small 4to. London: 1641 (Prendergast, first edition, p. 5),—a book whose title sufficiently shows its author's bias,—we read: "The Irish intended to massacre all the English. On Saturday they were to disarm them; on Sunday to seize all their cattle and goods; on Monday, at the watchword 'Skeane,' they were to cut all their throats. The former they executed; the third only they failed in." That is Mr. Prendergast's case; isolated murders he does not, of course, deny. There is, for instance, the case of Lord Caulfield, shot out of private revenge by Sir Phelim O'Neil's foster-brother, when Sir Phelim was absent. This was represented by many as a bloody murder done by the insurgent chief, though Sir Phelim's worst enemies confessed that he was sorely vexed at the occurrence, and "caused his foster-brother and two or three villains more to be hanged who were conspirators in the matter" (*A Relation of the Present State and Condition of Ireland*. London: 1641-2). Other accidents were similarly converted into "murders." Thus, in Cavan, the British plantation at Belturbet was destroyed, and the planters driven away, and a number (about sixty) perished in the deep river. To revenge which so-called "massacre," "Sir Francis Hamilton, with thirty horse and one hundred foot, drew to Derevilly, on the borders of Leitrim, having

intelligence of sixty rebels lying in a wood. . . . Them he surprised in their cabins and beds, of whom twenty-seven he slew, taking fourteen prisoners, the soldiers being unwilling to reprieve any; these he then hanged, and the rest who escaped fell into the hands of Sir James Craig's foot, who slew ten and hanged four. Thus were all of the rebels used who after that time fell into our power."

Here was one of the chances of war revenged as if it had been a premeditated massacre: yet even by such treatment the Irish are very seldom goaded on to outrage. This very Hamilton had at last to surrender his castles of Kylagh and Crohan to Philip MacHugh Reilly, "on terms of safe quarter and conveyance to Drogheda, with bag, baggage, &c., for the Lady Mary Craig, himself, the gentlemen, gentlewomen, soldiers, women, children, and all of whatsoever condition." They are accordingly sent, 1,340 in all, under a guard of 700 men, and delivered safe into the hands of Sir H. Tichborne, the governor, the Irish observing strict faith in this as in all similar transactions. And, be it always remembered, the Irish did not look on themselves as rebels at all; they were fighting as well for the King's prerogative as for their own lands and their own religion—" *Tam pro Rege quam pro scipsis*," as Rory Maguire phrased it to Sir Audley Mervyn, whose sister he had married, and whom he urged to go to England and lay the real causes of the outbreak before King Charles (*see* Mervyn's evidence afterwards before the Parliament). Here is one fact which will enable any impartial witness to measure the cruelty on either side: "*A True Relation of the Manner of one Colonel Sir F. Hamilton's Return from Londonderry to his Castle and Garrison of Manor Hamilton, in the County of Leitrim, with the particular Services performed by the Companies of Horse and Foot which he commands*" (London, 1648), sets forth that within a year from October, 1641, "he had, with his regiment, killed 2,417 swordsmen of the rebels, and starved and punished of the vulgar sort (whose goods were seized on by the regiment), 7,000; and that he had received and relieved 5,467 Scotch and English Protestants." This man had captured Con O'Rourke, brother to Colonel O'Rourke, and some others, whom the Colonel wished to get exchanged for Sir R. Hannay, Lady Mountrath's father, and others then in the Colonel's hands. Sir Frederick's answer to the proposal was to at once hang Con before the eyes of his brother and the Irish troops. If these men had been the fanatical savages we have been taught to believe them, not a soul would have been left

alive of Sir R. Hannay's party. Of course O'Rourke was forced, by the opinion of his men, to retaliate, *but neither Sir R. Hannay himself, nor any of those who had safe conducts, were in any way molested.*" The facts are given in one of a curious set of pamphlets, consisting of reply and rejoinder, information, defence, and "replication," between Sir W. Cole and Sir F. Hamilton, the latter accusing the former of tenderness to rebels, and of having known of the intended rising long before it took place, the former charging the latter with barbarous cruelty and wholesale pillage. Sir W. Cole asserted that the hanging of Con O'Rourke was done "in presence of his brother's messenger in a most provoking and unchristianlike manner, in revenge for which the rebels did murder ten or eleven Protestants, whereof two were godly ministers:" the "repliant," Hamilton, answered that the hanging of his prisoners was an act of just reprisal for the burning of his town up to the castle wall; and that, as for its being an act of folly and indiscretion, endangering the safety of Sir Robert Hannay and his party, "this repliant is confident that *neither the said Sir Robert Hannay nor his wife or children will complain of any injury done unto them.*"—(*The Replication of Sir Frederick Hamilton, Knight, Colonel, to the scandalous recriminating Answer of Sir W. Cole, made to the Information exhibited against him to the Honourable Committee of both Kingdoms, 26th December, 1644.*) This proves that the Irish, even under the cruellest provocation, respected their word, and refused to be goaded into a breach of contract. Sir Frederick, on the contrary, in excuse for one of his "killings" done on men received to quarters, says that he had made a protestation to himself unto Almighty God never to spare any of them, even though his own sons were in their estate; and he plainly declares that he thinks it "a piece of good service to rid any of the viperous brood of idolatrous rebels out of the way upon all occasions." Of course, no such contest could go on without cruelty on both sides; but it certainly seems that the Irish were far the less cruel of the two: their leaders, far from emulating the faithlessness and savagery of the Hamiltons, were not even so bad as men like Lord Broke and Will Dowsing in England. The O'Rourke might be excused for some violence, seeing how recently "the Earl of Ororick, an Irishman, came out of Ireland into Scotland on this King's (James VI.) word and security, and immediately, because the Queen of England offered more money to have him delivered up to her, the King gave him up, and his head was struck off in London" (See

Camden, who calls him "the proudest Irishman that had ever been seen").

The whole pamphlet war between Cole and Hamilton sufficiently shows what sort of men the settlers were—certainly the very opposite of true God-fearing Puritans. Dr. Spottiswood, who, when, by the interest of the Earl of Desmond, he had been appointed to the see of Clogher, plied James with daily letters, "sent by James Maxwell, in favour both with his Majestie's self and the Duke of Buckingham, without whose especial favor nothinge past in Ireland in those dayes," beseeching that he might still hold his living of Wells in Norfolk, is quite a favourable specimen of the Churchmen, among whom the saintly Bedell (the only man who saw that if England wished to "convert" and not to exterminate the Irish, it must give them prayers and Bible in their own tongue, and whose goodness the Irish so appreciated that their whole army turned out to give him a grand military funeral) seems like a stray dove among a flock of buzzards. Spottiswood is a greedy Scot, anxious for "a comendham" to hold Wells, and enraged that "the Dean of Winchester sent to Cambridge in all haste for his countryman, George Ramseye, and made such friends that he got the graunt of Welles to Ramseye;" but he is a very good sample of the clerics, and of course the lay folks have no conscience in their rapacity. They are thus painted by their own people. Andrew Blair, who died minister of St. Andrews in 1690, and had begun life as a Church parson in Raphoe diocese, says: "Albeit amongst these settlers Divine Providence sent over some worthy persons for birth, education, and parts, yet the most part were such as either poverty, scandalous lives, or, at the best, adventurous seeking of better accommodation, set forward that way. Little care was had by any to plant religion. As were the people, so for the most part were the preachers. This was the main cause of my unwillingness to settle my abode there. . . . But the case of the people through all that part of the country was most lamentable, they being drowned in ignorance, security, and sensuality."

Andrew Stewart, minister, in his history of the Settlement, speaks of the settlers as "generally the scum of both nations, all void of godliness, abhorred at home, insomuch, that going to Ireland was turned into a proverb, and the worst expression of disdain was to tell a man that Ireland would be his hinder end." With men like these, replacing chiefs like the noble young Sir Cahir O'Doherty, no wonder the common people of Ulster—those whom the awful waste of war had

left—should be restless and disposed to join in outbreaks, and not over scrupulous in their conduct during such outbreaks. The wonder is, that they behaved as well as they did. There have been Sicilian Vespers, Parisian Nuptials, and Matins of the Valtelline; and to all these, and to the St. Bartholomew massacre as well, the Irish rebellion soon began to be compared. We have said that the charge of murder was an afterthought, while that of wholesale massacre was not made till some years after. "*A letter from W. Basil, Esq., Attorney-General of Ireland, to the Parliament, ordered to be printed, London, Dec. 1650,*" is the first official document in which the wild stories, adopted without inquiry by later historians, are embodied. There is one point of comparison between the Irish rebellion and the St. Bartholomew,—both have been ranked among religious atrocities: the fact being that the Parisian massacre was a piece of Medician statecraft, and the outbreak of October 1641 was a struggle for land, made under the wing of the royal authorisation, but soon converted by the English, with the view of increasing Charles's difficulties, into a war of religion. This comes out most clearly in the book before us; the Parliament dexterously managed to base the whole matter on a false issue, and so to cut Charles off from almost all the help he might have reasonably expected from Ireland. Many will be disposed to think that Mr. Prendergast has done a good deal more than this; that he has shown himself the Niebuhr of Irish history—a Niebuhr who will not need so much after-correction as he of Germany; and has made it very probable that the Rushworth-Clarendon-Hume story of the "massacre" is as true as the original inscription on the London Monument.

Even those who do not believe this will be glad that attention has been called to, and a good deal of light thrown on, one of the darkest corners of modern English history. Mr. Prendergast indicates his authorities; he gives chapter and verse for every statement. He, in conjunction with the Rev. Dr. Russell, President of Maryworth, has been, since 1865 (i.e. since the publication of his first edition), set by Lord Romilly to go through and catalogue the vast Carte Collection. After five years of patient work, Mr. Prendergast's view of the rebellion is strengthened; what he asserted hesitatingly, as one used to legal evidence would assert points of which he was only morally certain, in his first edition, he now affirms, and challenges contradiction. The change of tone in that part of the book which refers to the

"measure," is remarkable. Of course there will be some who will speak of Dr. Russell and his colleague as too many "liberal-minded" Englishmen permitted themselves to speak of Mr. Turnbull. It is of no use to argue with them. We may tell them at the outset that Mr. Prendergast, in spite of his name, and certain circumstances that might seem suspicious to the superficial reader, is not a Roman Catholic, and that in his preface he makes the very pertinent remark that "if the Irish had continued good heathens, they would probably have kept Norman, and Saxon, and Dane, too, at bay; for certainly the connection with Rome, forced upon them, in the first instance, by England, has been a curse instead of a blessing." It is certainly the Roman religion, so antagonistic to the English (or, if the *Tablet* will have it so—*vide* a notice on June 4th of Kenelm Digby's new book—to the *Norman*) disposition, which has been Ireland's bane, by preventing harmony and making amalgamation between the two races almost impossible. Assuming, then, that Mr. Prendergast, though no doubt prejudiced as we all are, Irish or English, is an honest man, we feel as we read his new edition, side by side with his old, that the matter is put on quite a new footing. The burden of proof now lies with the other side: he has given his proofs; he has said that five years of hard work have confirmed him in what he felt pretty sure of before; his book has waited what, in these days, is a fair equivalent for Horace's nine years, and he has nothing to withdraw, but much to add to the proofs and statements contained in his first edition. Let those who think otherwise go to the Museum and consult Curry and Carey, and the *Mercurius Politicus* of the day; and, if still unsatisfied, let them visit the Bodleian and study the *Carte Papers*; and then, all reflection made, let them say if they can still honestly hold the popular view as to the events of 1641.

We have dwelt at length on this point, because it is one on which "the English mind" requires enlightening. In an old grandfather's geography, which gave the characteristics of all the European nations, we used to read, "The Frenchman tells everything; the Irishman tells what he ought to hide, and hides what he ought to tell." This is too true of Irish historians. The modern ones especially are too anxious to make a fuss about petty trifles, the discussion of which throws contempt on their whole book. Great points they have too often been content to leave to men like Prof. Edwin Smith or Mr. Massey. Mr. Prendergast's monograph is a

move in the right direction. Good scholarly books, illustrating the dark periods of Irish history, will do more than anything else to explain the reason for the lamentable estrangement between the two races; and, when we have a good diagnosis, we may fairly hope we are on the road towards subduing the disease.

So much, then, for the rebellion-massacre question. Of the larger and most interesting part of Mr. Prendergast's book—the transplantation of the Irish ("to hell or Connaught" was the alternative), and the putting in of Cromwellian soldiers and Parliamentary debenture-holders—there is less need to speak, because, unhappily, there is no possible question as to facts or inferences. Since the "settlement" of Canaan by the Jews, there never was a re-colonisation so thorough in intention: that it was not thorough in fact, is owing chiefly (as we have said) to the stubborn vitality of the Irish Gael. The orders in council, issued from Dublin and Loughren, are ultra-biblical; the Irish are "a people of God's wrath," and the language of Deuteronomy is freely used in prohibiting all intermarriage or connection of any kind with them. "The humble petition of the officers within the precincts of Dublin, Catherlough (Carlow), Wexford, and Kilkenny, in the behalf of themselves, their soldiers, and other faithful English Protestants, to the Lord Deputy and Council of Ireland," requires the removal of *all the Irish nation* into Connaught, except boys under fourteen and girls under twelve. After stating how those who came over in Elizabeth's time had "become one with these Irish, as well in affinity as in idolatry," they ask, "Shall we join in affinity with the people of these abominations? Would not the Lord be angry with us till He consumed us?" And then they quote Deuteronomy and Ezra, showing that the spirit is an old one which prompted Copley Singleton, Lord Lyndhurst, to call his father's countrymen "aliens in blood, religion, and language." There was need of such "petitions;" for, long before peace was proclaimed, Ireton's men and officers had begun to take Irish wives. They found them as captivating as John Derrick did (see his *Image of Ireland*, 1581, Somers's Collection, vol. i. pp. 573—5), who describes their gambols in the streams, such as any traveller in Clare may now see hard by the really Irish town of Ennistymon:—

"For bathing is their sweet delight :
To see what games they can devise,
And sundry pastimes make,
'Twould cause, I do assure you,
A horse his halter break."

To stop this un-Israelitish proceeding, penalties were enacted. For offences in this kind, the soldiers were to have, publicly, forty stripes on the bare back with whipcord lash in one camp, and twenty stripes in another. For marriages, unless the damsel had first passed an examination as to the state of her soul before a board of military saints, "to ascertain whether the change flowed from a real work of God upon their hearts, convincing them of the falsehood of their own ways, and the truth and goodness of the way they turn to, or but for corrupt or carnal ends," a dragoon is reduced to a foot soldier, a foot soldier to a pioneer, without hope of promotion. Officers who are guilty of the same crime are broke; and both, if they marry after they are disbanded, have to see their "idolatrous" Irishwomen taken from them, or else to follow them into Connaught, if they cannot do without them. *The Moderate Cavalier*, quoted already, says that all good men,—

"Rather than marrie an Irish wife,
Would batchellers remain for tearme of life."

But, judging by the frequent protests against this "abomination" of intermarriage, there were but few who felt as he did on the matter. Ireton, in 1652, among his plans for paying the army their arrears in land, proposed that officers and men who had married Irishwomen should be incapable of inheriting lands in Ireland; but this difficulty was better arranged by ordering the women to transplant, leaving their husbands to do as they pleased. What the result was, appears from a curious tract,—*The true way to render Ireland happy and secure; or, a Discourse wherein 'tis shown that 'tis the interest of England and Ireland to encourage foreign Protestants to plant in Ireland; in a letter to the Hon. Robert Rolesworth*. Dublin, 1697,—which, lamenting the degenerating of the English in Ireland, says: "we cannot wonder when we consider how many there are of the children of Oliver's soldiers who cannot speak one word of English. . . This misfortune is owing to the marrying of Irishwomen. . ." So that the poet, who thought that to marry an Irish girl was as bad as—

"For one into his naked bed
A poisoning toad to bring,
Or else a deadly crocodile,
When as he goeth to rest
To lie with him, and as his mate
To place next to his breast"—

does not seem to have had much influence among his countrymen.

This transplantation scheme was of old date; it is the universal device of tyrants and foolish governors. So the Assyrian and Persian Kings sought to tranquillise, or at any rate keep down, the mingled populations whom they worsted. The English had affected it from the first. Spenser, in his *State of Ireland*, systematises it, and, by the mouths of Eudoxus and Irenæus, gives all the *pros* and *cons* for it. Sir A. Chichester, James's business man in Ulster, recognised the difficulty of it: "to remove and displant the natives and to bring in strangers is not a work for private men who seek a present profit" (as the Parliament found to their cost in their dealings with the debenture-holders). Strafford, "thorough" as he was, planned it on a large scale: he, the Commons, assembled in Parliament, in London, July 25, 1642, declared,

"Had, before the rebellion broke out, by a violent endeavour, entitled his Majesty's office to the whole counties of Roscommon, Galloway, Mayo, Sligo, and Clara, and to a great part of Limerick and Tipperary, by which means a door was opened, not only to increase his Majesty's revenue, but therewith to settle a plantation of English Protestants, . . . and, however, the proceedings of the Earl are not to be justified in all points yet, . . . the Lords Justices and Council of Ireland, apprehending the great advantage of this service, did exceedingly importune his Majesty that he would not part with his title to those counties and lands, and that the plantation of English Protestants might proceed. Who, nevertheless, upon the private mediation of the Earl of Fingal, Lord Muskerry, Sir Roebuck Lynch, and others, was induced to give away (i.e. restore to rightful owners) these five whole counties."

The only Englishman of note who had a word for the native Irish in this business, was Sir John Perrot, who, in a despatch to the Commons of England, January 7, 1584, urges that "heretofore the Irish have been jealous of the English, . . . but now her Majestie's mercy and gracious meaning, as having interest from God in them all alike, hath made them see their error; and therefore I am far from the opinion of those that would have the Irish extirpated, since I see that the occasion being now taken away, they are (as I suppose) easily made one with us, and so as likely to be continued as any other generation whatsoever that in their place should be planted." This is the sole plea in favour of the native race that we have been able to find among the statesmen of that half-century; and, when we read it, we hold Sir

John to be worthy of his reputed father for clear-sightedness and firm holding to the right amid all sorts of temptations to wrong.

For the details of the transplanting we must refer our readers to Mr. Prendergast. His book is every whit as interesting as the liveliest picture of the Huguenot banishment. We see how soon and how thoroughly the Parliament made the war one of religion, for the older English settlers were involved in the same ruin as their Irish co-religionists. Thus Lord Trimleston, Mathyas Barnewall, twelfth baron, was ousted from Trim to Monivea in Galway (Patrick French being turned out to make room for him), and, dying in exile, was buried in "The Stranger's Room" in Kilconnell Abbey.

Thus, too, a much newer Englishman, W. Spenser, grandson of Edmund, is by a rough "poetic justice" thrust out from Kilcolman, and ordered to transplant into Connaught as "an Irish Papist." Cromwell tries to save him: in the book of the Lord Protector's letters, in the record tower, Dublin Castle (p. 118), is one "to Commissioners of Affairs for Ireland," dated Whitehall, 27th March, 1657, urging that, "as W. Spenser was but seven years old at the beginning of the rebellion, hee repaired with his mother to the city of Corke, and during the rebellion continued in English quarters; that hee never bore arms, or acted against ye Commonwealth of England; . . . that since his coming to years of discretion hee hath, as hee professes, renounced utterly the Popish religion; that his grandfather was that Edmund Spenser, &c." But Cromwell pleads in vain. Kilcolman has been included in the survey; "it is fertile and on a good river; so the grandfather of the Lord Grey of Wilton's apologist has to go along with the rest.

Mr. Prendergast makes a great deal of the case of Pierce Butler, Lord Ikerrin, ancestor of the Earls of Carrick, who had taken the King's side against the Parliament, and had been Lieutenant-General of the Leinster army, under Lord Mountgarret. Falling sick on the 1st May, 1654, as the time for transplanting approached: "he got license, on account of his distemper, to visit the bath in England for vi months; his wife being dispensed from transplanting for ii months." So impoverished was he, that on his return to Ireland the Council (November 1654) ordered Sergeant-at-arms Mortimer to pay him £20 in consideration of his necessities, after which

* Mr. Prendergast's maps are full of most curious detail. Indeed all the lithographic part of his book, including the *facsimile* of a debenture (never before figured) is admirably executed.

he is ordered to transplant at once. He, however, managed to go to London and to make friends with the Protector (who, by the way, comes out in all these matters as a man of great personal kindness). Cromwell, finding him ill and in evil case, writes to the Lord-Deputy and Council in Ireland, earnestly desiring "that you take him into speedy consideration by allowing him some reasonable portion of his estate without transplanting, . . . for indeed he is a miserable object of pity, and therefore we desire that care be taken of him, and that he be not suffered to perish for want of a subsistence. And rest your loving friend, Oliver P—. 27th February, 1657" (*A book of Lord Protector's Letters*, Record Tower, Dublin Castle). Lord Ikerrin's grandson comes before the Commissioners of Claims in June 1666, as "an innocent Protestant," "a student at Maudlin, Oxford, *where he went to church*; at Athlone went to church; Dean Flood gave him the Sacrament at St. Orwen's Church, Dublin." So that it is probable, though the estate was lost, the kindness of Cromwell secured the family some charge upon it.

Pierce Butler, who comes for six months to "the Bath," is not a man to our mind. Bath is still such a place for people "with whom Ireland does not agree." The man in *Punch* who, when asked if there are any absentees near him, replies, "Mee unhappy country swarms with them," might surely have been a dweller in the city of Bladud. One knows so well the type of man, tall and loosely strung together, least of all whisker-growing mortals resembling a king among men; querulous, hipped, but not quite bilious enough to give him a decent excuse for doing nothing; sauntering through life with no concern in it except to diligently read his newspaper and talk his due quantum of scandal at his club and his Bath "evenings," and to save his poor soul, either by the Roman obedience, or some fanaticism at the opposite extreme: the effects of both of which, narrowest intolerance of all else, are, in his case, identical as to any result to the world beyond. No doubt poor Lord Ikerrin was as unlike as possible to this self-styled aristocrat, who is worse even than Carlyle's "shot-belt aristocracy," being too dilapidated to shoot. When Mr. Prendergast talks of "the Bath," we cannot help thinking of the men of to-day, and the way in which, at the first Fenian alarm, they slunk off and left police and soldiers to make the place quiet for them. A still harder case must have been that of the real natives, who had no means, no friends, no power of making their grievances known. Mr. Prendergast gives lists

of them, young and old, sturdy and decrepit, each with his or her passport-like description. But even these are happy compared with the wives and children of the "swordsmen," of whom more than 40,000 (the term being widened to include all who had ever attended a "rebel" muster roll) had been licensed to go into foreign service. These poor creatures, not being attached to any of the transplanting households, fared miserably indeed. Of the fate of the old it is wisest not to inquire, when we find that the wretchedness in the country was so sore that wolves were abundant within six miles of Dublin; and that in some places starving women banded together, and, if a solitary rider passed their lurking-place, would fall on him and tear him and his horse to pieces for food. The younger girls and boys were shipped "to the Plantations." Henry Cromwell's letter (*Thurlow's State Papers*, iv.) says, "It is a benefit to the people removed, who may thus be made English and Christians" (he talks like Lord Palmerston and the *Times*), "as well as to our West India planters." The volunteering for Spain ("where we could wish the whole nation," says a letter from Athlone, April 1652) had left multitudes of destitute families; all women, therefore, "who were of an age to labour and not past breeding," were handed over to the Bristol merchants and put across the Atlantic. It is to be feared there was no Vere Foster in those days to make men ashamed of the horrors of the emigration ships of the period. Still we get hints of what went on even in families of gentle blood. Thus, the amiable Colonel Henry Ingoldsby sentenced David Connerly, a gentleman of Clare, to banishment in 1657, for harbouring a priest. "This gentleman" (says Morison, *Threnodia Hibernica Catholica*, Innsbruck, 1659) "had twelve children. His wife sickened and died in poverty. I saw three of his daughters, lovely girls, sold into slavery for the Barbadoes." All "who have no visible means of livelihood" were liable to fall into the clutches of Sellick, Yermans, Leader, Lawrence, and others, of Bristol. Captain J. Vernon, the Commissioner's agent, contracts with Sellick's firm to supply them with 250 women of the Irish nation above 12 and under 45, and 300 men above 12 and under 50. All wanderers may be arrested and imprisoned in shipping-towns, "and none to be discharged except under hand and seal of the governor." What a power to be given at such a time. It was soon necessary to stop all ships from sailing till search had been made lest any seized without warrant had been forced on board. At last the kidnappers began to

seize the English as well as the Irish; therefore, after some 7,000 had been shipped, in March 1655, the Commissioners provisionally stopped the orders for shipment, "because that persons were employed to delude poor folks, by false pretences, into bye-places, whence they were forced on board." Only provisionally; for, later in the same year, Oliver bids Secretary Thurloe ask Henry Cromwell for 1,000 young Irish wenches to be sent to his new conquest of Jamaica. Henry (*Thurloe Papers*, p. 40) says there will be no difficulty, except that force must be used in taking them. He suggests the addition of 1,500 to 2,000 boys: "We could well spare them, and they might be of use to you; and who knows but it might be a means to make them Englishmen—I mean Christians?"

They could well spare them from a country so cruelly desolated that subsistence was in many parts hopeless. Read the *Declaration of Council*, printed 12 May, 1658 (Dublin, Record Tower, $\frac{A}{2}$, p. 138), about "people found feeding on carrion and weeds, lying starved by the highways, eaten by wolves and other beasts and birds of prey," and about men going thirty miles and not seeing a living creature. Col. Rd. Lawrence, an eyewitness, tells in *The Interest of Ireland in its Trade and Wealth stated*, how that a party of horse out Tory-hunting saw a light one dark night, and riding up found it a ruined cabin, where was a great fire of wood, round about which sat a company of miserable old women and children, and betwixt them and the fire a dead corpse lay broiling, which, as the fire roasted, they cut off collops and ate. Now we begin to hear of Major Morgan's "three burdensome beasts"—the wolf, the priest, and the Tory. The reward for killing the first is £6 for a bitch, £5 for a dog-wolf, from 40s. to 10s. for every cub. The precinct of Galway alone paid £243 5s. 4d. in rewards for wolf killing in the one month of March 1655. The priest was worth £5 to any one who lodged him in a gaol. Lieut. Wood gets £25 in Nov. 1658, for apprehending five friars. Those caught are shipped, first to Spain, and, when it is found they will come back, to the Barbadoes. Of course, tales of devotion are innumerable, making us think of Barrin's thrilling ballad against the Irish Mission Schools, which speaks of—

"The faith which oft in the desert, our knees to the sod,
We have kept from them all for our sons and our God."

Father James Ford dwells in an island in a big bog, surrounded by his scholars, who build huts around him. Father Christopher Natterville lies hid for a whole year in the family

burial vault, removing thence on alarm of capture to a quarry, where he continued his ministrations. The third beast, the Tory, is more fully treated in Mr. Prendergast's most interesting Tory war. The Tory is the Hereward or Robin Hood of those days—a man of the same stamp as those who repaired to David in the cave. After the battle of Worcester, Charles II. advised his partisans in Ireland to make terms for themselves. Lord Broghill and the English blood agreed to this; but the Irish, fearing the total loss of lands, held desperately out. Many went to Spain, many to Poland, some to France; the remnant turned "*Tories out on their keeping*;" i.e. who had refused to *come in* till after the day of grace was past. Rewards for them were of different values, from £500 put on Lord Muskerry's head to £30 on the head of blind Donogh (who surprised and killed a party of Dr. Petty's surveyors), £20 for his lieutenant, and £5 a piece for his men. Then comes the saddest part of the business: civil war always breeds traitors, and the government of that day was even more ready than ours to avail itself of the services of miserable Corydons. An Order in Council, 14 Oct. 1649, empowers Col. H. Prettie "to employ twenty Irish with guns and ammunition into the counties of Carlow and Kilkenny for three months, to find and destroy the Tories in the said counties." It is a sad picture of men "prowling about the grave of society rather than about its habitation, realising what was foretold of the Jews in Lev. xxvi. 31." No wonder, when the country was so desolate, the towns suffered also. For a similar picture of desolation we must look (says Mr. Prendergast) to Plutarch's picture of the state of Sicily when Timoleon won it back from the Carthaginians. Every town was cleared (most of them more than once) of Irish; and the older English settlers (Romanists) were included in the sentence; for, be it remembered, in all Irish towns the bulk of the inhabitants was of English stock. The consequence of clearing the towns was to leave them ruinous; the few newcomers were not enough to occupy them; the deserted houses fell down, and were broken up for firing. Lord Michigan, President of Munster, accused by the House of Commons of having given houses in the city of Cork to his menial servants, replies that upon the expelling of the Irish out of Cork it was to the benefit of the State that he should place any persons in the houses on the sole condition of upholding them; . . . "3,000 good houses having fallen to the ground in Cork, and as many in Youghal, or been destroyed by the soldiers for want of firing in their guards." Many of the

Irish towns have never recovered this,* just as they say some Pomeranian towns still feel the effects of the 'Thirty Years' war. A hard case was that of Cashel, the sacred city with the memories of its priest-kings, the Munster Acropolis with Parthenon and Areopagus in one. It had made exceptionally good terms. Cromwell arrived under its walls in a pelting storm of rain and sleet long after dark in Feb. 1650. Anxious to house his men, he granted that the inhabitants, on giving immediate admission, should enjoy their properties and liberties, and that the priests should be spared. By this happy accident they not only escaped being transplanted, but were reported by the Committee of References for Articles of Capitulation to be "a people to be differenced from the rest of the whole nation" (*Report*, 8 Nov., 1652, signed in the name of the Committee, Charles Coote: *Auditor-General's Records*, pp. 35, 36).

Cromwell's lenity, however, did the Cashel people no good. In *Mercurius Politicus*, p. 3,538, we read:—

"One whole town, Cashel, is dispensed with, toward which we had no great obligation upon us. But the Lord, who is a jealous God, and more knowing of as well as jealous against their iniquity than we are, by a fire on the 23rd inst. hath burnt down the whole town in little more than a quarter of an hour, except some few houses that a few English lived in, which were wonderfully preserved [probably they took the only stone houses in the place], being in the midst of the town, and the houses round each burnt to the ground. They who got their dispensations for the transplantation died the day before the fire of the plague, and none else long before and since dead of the disease there."

Irish towns were then, as Bandon long after continued to be, closed to the natives of the island. Lady Fanshew's account of the clearing of Youghal is well known. Kilkenny was also cleared, though it was eminently an English settlement (it still looks like the best style of English town), as its burghers used to boast their English blood.

"Archdekin, Archer, Cowley, Langton, Lee,
Knarsborough, Raggett, Lawless, Rothe and Shee,"

were their names; yet, after three years' "protection," they had to transplant proprietors and swordsmen into Connaught, the rest anywhere, so that they came not within two miles of their homes. Here, of course, is a parallel to the suicidal

* Witness Kilmallock, now a poor village, grand in its ruin.

policy which drove out the Edict of Nantes people ; and here, too, is a notable instance of the unfairness of history. The Huguenots are remembered and pitied ; we are proud of our Fonblanques, our Romillys, our Le Fanus. The Irish exiles are forgotten at home, though names like Taafe and O'Connor are famous in foreign annals, and the decay of Irish industry, due to the ousting of those in whose hands it mainly was, is falsely charged upon the incapacity of the race. In one case we can trace the after-career of those thus expelled. In 1650 Waterford was cleared, and its merchants retired to Ostend, St. Malo, Montes, Cadiz, and even to Mexico. They acquired wealth, and (as they allege in the plea they put in for restoration after 1660—preserved in the *Carte Papers*) they relieved as many Royalists as came in their way. Some of their descendants may possibly have contributed to the fund which enabled Charles Stuart to come over in 1745.

All, in fact, had to go, both from town and country, who could not prove *constant good affection* (merely good affection was not enough) to the English interest. The merely "good affection men" were *let out of prison and dispensed* for six months, and if at the end of that time they were by two justices of the peace certified to have really renounced Popery, and for six months past to have constantly resorted to Protestant worship, then they were, *on giving security to transplant by 12th April following*, to be at liberty. Mr. Prendergast is right in comparing the English treatment of neutrals with the way in which the Spartans dealt with the Platæans, asking them one by one what he had done for Sparta or her allies. If a man had good land his case was hopeless, however true he might have been to the English. When Ormond, in 1647, gave up Dublin to the Parliament, so vigorous was the expulsion of the "Irish," that none were excepted (by Governor Michael Jones) save Sir Thos. Sherlock, who was only allowed to stay till he could ship himself to England. This signal favour he owed to his having hunted and hanged one hundred Irish marauders in December 1641, in company with Sir W. St. Leger, and for having long held out in his castle at Butlerstown against Lord Mountgarret and the rebels. By the rebellion he lost £4,000, escaping with barely his wearing clothes; but, though received in Dublin as a fast friend, he could not regain his land, *for he had signed the Roll of Association* (in order to be let go by the rebels), and so even Cromwell intercedes for him in vain ; nor does the Act of Settlement restore him. He dies broken-hearted in 1663, and his son has allowance from the Council

of the small sum which he borrowed to bury him. Harbouring a transplanter was a capital crime. Murtagh Cullen and wife are voted by court-martial, September 1652, Dudley Loftus, Advocate-general, being informant, to have harboured one Donogh O'Derg. They are permitted to cast lots, when the lot of life falls to the said Murtagh, and the lot of death to his wife.

Colonel Hewson, Jones's successor, was a specially bitter enemy of the Irish: he effectually clears Dublin, and boasts, "though Dublin hath formerly swarmed with Papists, I know none now there, but one who is a chirurgion and a peaceable man. It is much to be hoped" (he adds, in total unconscience of the way in which he and his party had been making Protestantism hateful in the eyes of the Irish) "the glad tidings of salvation will be acceptable in Ireland, and that this savage people may see the salvation of God," a wish which, with wolves howling in flocks within six miles of the city, might, to less sanguine Puritans than Col. Hewson, have seemed still far from its accomplishment. This Hewson, in 1651, signalised his raid into Wicklow "by taking the scythes and sickles sent over in 1649, with the intent to cut down the growing corn which the enemy is to live upon in winter time." (*Letter of Commissioners, Dublin, Record Tower* $\frac{1}{4}$, p. 7). He had the Roman conqueror of Gaul for his warrant, but the Tories, whom he took this means of dislodging, would hardly be converted by that mode of "showing them the salvation of God." So thorough was the slaughter of animals, that three-fourths of the stock was destroyed: cattle had to be imported from Wales; it required a license to kill lamb. "Mrs. Alice Bulkeley, widow, in consideration of her ould age and weakness of body, is licensed to kill and dress for her own use and eating, not exceeding three lambs for the year" (*A*, p. 721). Tillage had ceased; the English themselves were sore pressed for food. No wonder Mr. Pendergast says of the settlement: "It was a scene not witnessed in Europe since the conquest of Spain by the Vandals; nay, the Vandals came as strangers and conquerors in an age of force and barbarism, nor did they banish the people, though they divided their lands by lot, while the English, in 1652, were of the same nation as half of the chief families in Ireland, and had had, at that time, the island under their sway for 500 years."

We have said enough to show that this book is a most interesting contribution to Irish history: it reverses the verdict, or, at any rate, gives reason for suspending judgment

as to the so-called "massacre" of 1641, and it contains a lifelike picture of the transplanting, of the misery that followed, and of the necessarily imperfect way in which it was carried out. How the Irish clung to their old homes—though every now and then one (as Mr. E. Hetherington, hanged in Dublin in 1655, with placards on breast and back, "for not transplanting") was killed to hasten on the others; how the debenture-holders, and, above all, the soldiers, while hurrying off the gentry, connived at the stay of the baser sort, because it was impossible to persuade cultivators to come over from England; how those who had to travel into the wilderness of Connaught suffered (some going mad and hanging themselves, rather than face the journey); how the Council fretted and fumed, and issued fresh orders, complaining "that the children were come to the birth, but there was not strength enough to bring forth;"—all this we must let Mr. Prendergast tell to those who care to consult him. We hope they will be many, for the book will repay careful perusal on the part of the best read historian, and it deals with subjects of which almost all Englishmen are content to accept the popular version, or rather to know nothing at all.

One point we must note: the transplanting was not an act of retribution for a supposed massacre; it was a cold-blooded work of necessity,—a necessity brought on by the Parliament through the mode which they had adopted of raising money to make war on Charles. This is put very plainly in Colonel Lawrence's answer to Vincent Gookin's *Great Case of Transplantation Discussed*. Gookin had exclaimed against the cruelty of transplanting those who could not be conceived guilty of murders (gentlewomen and children), and allowing farm-hinds, the class most capable of them, to stay. Lawrence replies: "In all of the acts and orders, there is not one word tending to ground transplantation on the principles of punishment or avenging of blood." Lawrence points out that Parliament, in their want of money, had confiscated, by anticipation, one quarter of Ireland, and had sold it to the adventurers: "it was not for the comfort or safety of the new planters to have the former owners of these lands, with their ruined families, living with them;" therefore all had to go, Connaught being the safety valve. Colonel Ingoldby gave three reasons for retaining the poor and ousting the gentry:—first, the poor were useful as earth-tillers and herdsmen; next, deprived of their priests and gentry, and living among the English, it is hoped they will become Protestants; thirdly, the gentry, deprived of them,

must work themselves, and their families, and so in time turn into common peasants, or die if they do not. This last plan has been only too successful ; and its success accounts, more than anything else, for the sad state of the country. It has no native aristocracy ; they are replaced by aliens, of the implanting of many of whom Mr. Prendergast gives us a lively picture. His whole book is a lively (though a very heartrending) picture of a sad time. The good of writing such books is, that they help us to a true diagnosis, they show us why things are as they are, and thus put us in the way of bettering them. No one nowadays will read such a book in the spirit of hatred. Ireland knows and trusts our present statesmen, and England (while she glories in her Puritans) can afford to be ashamed of their excesses. If Mr. Prendergast here and there condescends to a little abuse of the Anglo-Saxon, he is no doubt justified by the too often repeated example of the English press ; but still he should remember that, in flinging back dirt, we do nothing except soil our fingers.

ART. VII.—*The Life and Letters of Hugh Miller.* Two Vols.
By PETER BAYNE, M.A. London: Strahan & Co.

MR. PETER BAYNE has had a singularly delicate and trying task to perform in writing this biography. Almost at every point he comes into competition with Hugh Miller himself, and that is no indifferent matter. Every one knows that in *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, Hugh Miller relates his own story up to the date of his assuming the Editorship of the *Edinburgh Witness*,—the organ of the Free Church party,—when he was a man in the prime of life. With what inimitable delicacy he there tells of the loss of his brave sea-faring father during a storm, when he was only a boy of five, and how he used to go to the banks and look longingly out on the Moray Firth for the “sloop with the two stripes of white and the two square topsails;” how afterwards his mother would sit of evenings, and, as she wrought assiduously at her needle, repeat in his awed ear wild weird highland stories; how he disliked school, and loved to wander at will in wood or on moor, or near to the sounding waves; how he neglected his lessons, and how he delighted to observe all natural things; how he found pictures in the stones, and was struck with wonder; how, in opposition to his uncles, who wished him to be a “minister,” he chose the trade of mason, mainly because he had seen that his cousin George had some months of winter to himself, and he would thus have time to study his favourite subjects, and in *his own way*; how he was so pained and fatigued at first with the strain of his work, that he was fain to try by omens whether he was to live or to die; how the quarry suddenly became full of interest to him, because of ripple marks he saw on the stones; how he dwelt in “bothies” that were abundantly lighted from crevices in the roof, else but ill supplied with light; how he lived contentedly on half-a-crown per week; how he wrote poems, which by-and-by got abroad and brought him many friends, though they failed wholly to satisfy himself when seen in type, and historical sketches, which rapidly extended his reputation; how he was made a bank accountant; and how, finally, he became a newspaper editor.

Hugh Miller was a master in narrative; and this piece of autobiography is almost, if not altogether, unmatched in

English literature, at once for its poetic grace, its rare reflectiveness, and its mature wisdom. The difficulty of going over the same ground with any approach to freshness is therefore very apparent. But not only so. Hugh Miller's whole writings are in the strictest sense autobiographic. Even his leaders in the *Witness* newspaper stand by themselves, as much for the unconscious egotism which pervades them as for beauty of style and nice completeness of conception. On every thing, even the most insignificant, that he touched, it would seem as though he aimed at impressing his stamp. Nor did he ever fail in this. Perhaps no man ever lived who was less fitted than Hugh Miller to be a newspaper writer, and on this very account. His personality everywhere appears. He does not even know the meaning of self-repression. If he is to write at all, he must have free sweep for his individuality. Even in a trifling question he must go direct to the point with the whole impetus of his nature in reserve, to conquer if obstacles be in the way. And it consisted with his disposition to look backward for a lesson rather than to look forward for an inducement. His life is thus made a continual commentary upon itself; and the blended impetuosity and caution of his character might almost be said to have its root here. He is imaginative, sensitive, fanciful; but he is at the same time self-conscious, and almost morbidly self-analysing. The one set of qualities warred against his succeeding as a poet; the other sometimes tended to weaken him as a man of science. But both helped him in the field of narrative, wherein, as we have said, he was a very master, especially when he has himself for central figure. He craved to have himself for his subject; and indeed, do what he would, he could not completely leave it behind him. His letters, which for purity, trustfulness, and sly self-revealings, are almost unsurpassed, constitute a continuous autobiography up to the moment of his death. And very characteristic it is, that Hugh Miller never despatched a letter of the least importance without keeping a copy of it. Not only did he make himself the subject of his own contemplation: he almost consciously kept command of the materials which would enable him to do it faithfully. He had self-control and sense enough to make his self-observation serve useful and kindly ends. From his very earliest years, he seems to have regarded himself as the possible centre of great interests. His instincts were prophetic. He has made his early home, his humble neighbours, and his truant school companions immortal; for he has embalmed them in English which is classic; and in

imagination has raised them up along with him to the high level which he himself attained.

Hugh Miller thus wrote his own memoirs in the most effective manner. Everything that he attained was inseparably associated with his early impressions. He was a geologist and a discoverer without knowing it; when he did know it, his early boyhood became nothing less to him than a romance. Every fresh discovery, every new thought shed softened lights back upon Cromarty and Cromarty people. His uncle and his schoolmates were involved in the glory of all his achievements. He constantly had them in his eye. He says himself, in reference to *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, which first appeared as a series of articles in the columns of the *Witness*.—

"If the writer of these chapters has been in any degree successful in addressing himself to the Presbyterian people of Scotland, it has always been not by writing *down* to them, but by doing his best on all occasions to write *up* to them. He has ever thought of them as represented by his friend William Ross, his uncles, and his cousin George—by shrewd old John Fraser, and his reckless, though very intelligent acquaintance, Cha; and by addressing to them on every occasion as good sense and as solid information as he could possibly muster, he has at times succeeded in catching their ear, and perhaps in some degree in influencing their judgment."

Hugh Miller did not half receive and half reject. With him it was ever either all or none; and they who had helped him by their confidence or their sympathy were never forgotten or overlooked.

When, a young man of four-and-twenty, he was engaged as a mason in building Niddrie House, not far from Edinburgh, he was very much tried by dissolute fellow-workmen. But there were one or two to whom he was indebted for high influences, and the memory of these he gratefully cherished to the end. In *My Schools and Schoolmasters* he thus characteristically writes of one of them :—

"I was joined in the course of a few weeks, in Peggy Russell's one-roomed cottage, by another lodger—lodgers of the humble class usually associating together in pairs. My new companion had lived for some time ere my arrival at Niddrie in a neighbouring domicile, which, as he was what is termed a 'quiet-living man,' and as the inmates were turbulent and unsteady, he had, after bearing a good deal, been compelled to quit. Like our foreman, he was a strict seceder, in full communion with his Church. I found that, like my uncle Sandy, he was a great reader of good books—an admirer even

of the same old authors—deeply read, like him, in Durham and Rutherford, and entertaining, too, a high respect for Baxter, Boston, old John Brown, and the Goodwins. In one respect, however, he differed from both my uncles: he had begun to question the excellence of religious establishments; nay, to hold that the country might be none the worse were its ecclesiastical endowments taken away. . . . John Wilson—for such was the name of my new comrade—was a truly good man,—devout, conscientious, friendly, not highly intellectual, but a person of plain good sense, and by no means devoid of information. . . . Aware how little the religious opinions of others were tolerated in the place, he seemed unable for some time to muster up resolution enough to broach in the family his favourite subject. He retired every night, before going to bed, to his closet—the blue vault with all its stars,—often the only closet of a devout lodger in a south-country cottage; but I saw that each evening, ere he went out, he used to look uneasily at the landlord and me, as if there lay some weight on his mind regarding us of which he was afraid to rid himself, and which yet rendered him very uncomfortable. ‘Well, John,’ I asked him one evening, speaking direct, to his evident embarrassment, ‘what is it?’ John looked at old William the landlord, and then at me. ‘Did we not think it right,’ he said, ‘that there should be evening worship in the family.’ Old William grumbled out, with unwonted emphasis, that he ‘wasna for *that*.’ I struck in, however, on the other side and appealed to Peggy. ‘I was sure,’ I said, ‘that Mrs. Russell would see the propriety of John’s proposal.’ And Mrs. Russell, as most women would have done in the circumstances, unless, indeed, very bad ones, did see the propriety of it, and from that evening forward the cottage had its family worship.”

When Hugh Miller was at the height of his success and distinction he sought out this John Wilson, and invited him to his house, and tried to find a way of helping him without injuring his independence or self-respect. Such was the value Hugh Miller put on a good influence, no matter what the circumstances in which it was exercised. He had got more help from John Wilson than he could give him in return. He despised patronage; he hated condescension; and yet, in spite of a massive self-dependence, he did not easily shake aside the painful and degrading associations to which he had been exposed in the course of his labours as a mason. The recollections of men like John Wilson preserved his faith in manhood and virtue, and never allowed him to become a sceptic altogether, though when a young man he was often on the verge of it. John Wilson, the hodman, had his share in Hugh Miller’s great achievements too: some pages of the *Testimony of the Rocks*, as well as of *My Schools*

and Schoolmasters, of right belong to him ; for, doubtless, he helped to make Hugh Miller a Christian.

The force of Hugh Miller's character, combined with the purity and tenacity of his affections, thus makes his life pre-eminently a whole. The parts do not stand disconnected. There is no lapse or chasm. The boy, playing truant, that he may wander with his companions in the woods or on the beach, to nicely observe the ways of butterflies and spiders, of crows and crabs, and to ply John Feddes's hammer on the rocks, is the father of the geologist ; the mason working in the quarry, wonder-struck by the wave-marks on the stone, is only significant to us as the chief link between the two. Hugh Miller saw the significance of the various portions of his own life in relation to each other ; and it is because of this that we are not reluctant to call *My Schools and Schoolmasters* a poem in its own kind. Milton's aim was to justify the ways of God to man. Miller's purpose is the same ; but he desires to draw the providential design close within the circle of the individual life, that the lesson may be the more effectually taught ; just as, to make the sun's rays burn, you must concentrate them through glass. The book is on that account only the more valuable. In one of his early papers he notes down his intention to write memoirs of his uncle, of William Ross, and of some other of his early friends. All are in time written ; but the idea of Providence makes them take place around himself as centre-figure. The variations which are found in different records of the same early events are thus in great part accounted for. Hugh Miller did not misrepresent his early life in the same way as Goethe did. Goethe did it designedly for the sake of art ; and this is so far confessed in the very title he gave to his autobiography—*Dichtung und Wahrheit*, or *Poetry and Truth from my Life*. Hugh Miller never consciously misrepresented for the sake of effect ; if he ever gave a new colour to an incident in a later telling, it was because it was faithfully seen in relation to a wider circle of effects and influences. We can therefore sympathise with Mr. Bayne in this passage, though we have taken the liberty of intimating the spirit in which we are inclined to view it :—

"Hugh Miller, as all the world knows, was the author of an autobiographic work entitled, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, and it may have occurred to some that he thus anticipated and superseded biography. But there are no good grounds for this opinion. The book which has been named, recognised by all judges as one of the most captivating and able of the author's performances, has a place

in English literature from which it cannot be moved ; but it is no substitute for the biography of Hugh Miller. In the first place, it deals with but one portion of its author's career, and that the portion which preceded his emergence into public life. In the second place, a considerable amount of biographic material relating to Hugh Miller, unencroached upon in the *Schools and Schoolmasters*, is in existence. From early boyhood he was fond of jotting down particulars connected with his personal history, and for many years previously to his being harnessed to steady literary toil he took great delight in letter-writing. In the third place, it will hardly be disputed by any one who reflects upon the subject, that biography is necessarily a different matter from autobiography, and that the latter is to be regarded simply as one of the sources from which the biographer constructs his narrative. Mr. Lewes, whose *Life of Goethe* has a place of honour not only among biographies but among the select masterpieces of biography, may be held to have settled this point. He had before him Goethe's celebrated autobiography, in three volumes, a work which its author declares to have been composed in a spirit of austere veracity, and yet Mr. Lewes finds it characterised by 'abiding inaccuracy of tone.' Goethe, looking from the distance of half a century, beheld his own face through a medium which softened, brightened, or obliterated the features. Hugh Miller, when he wrote the *Schools and Schoolmasters*, was not so old as Goethe when he wrote *Poetry and Truth from my Life* ; nor am I prepared to say that the former departs from literal accuracy to the same extent as the latter ; but in the case of Hugh Miller also, the impression made by an event or spectacle, as set down at the moment by the boy or lad, and the account of that impression given by the man of fifty, prove often to be two different things. 'It is possible,' says Hugh Miller himself, 'for two histories of the same period and individual to be at once true to fact, and unlike each other in the scenes which they describe and the events which they record.'

But Mr. Bayne's biography is not the less interesting that his position has been thus delicate and difficult. Autobiography cannot rejoice in the cross lights and middle tones which biography rejoices in, simply because, by its very nature, it does not allow the same healthy exhibition of sympathy. We see a man better through another, if that other be at all of a clear and conscientious character. Men are mirrors reflecting each other. Mr. Bayne is sometimes happy enough to reveal Hugh Miller in a fresh light. He has patiently studied the man, dwelt with him, and accompanied him on manifold errands, and has found that his company well rewarded all the attention and labour. Nor was it needful for him to justify his own performance by general references to distinctions between the province of autobiography and that of biography, such as involved the

glance at Goethe which we have in the above extract. Goethe figures very much as his own Providence. He is the master of the circumstances amid which he was placed by virtue of a controlling egotism. The poetry of his life is, therefore, caught in a cold and artificial light, which imparts to it a certain clearness and grace, but robs it of any lesson for the great bulk of poor human strugglers. Between Goethe and them there is for ever a great gulf fixed. His life is too poised and complete; the self is ever too sufficient to itself. The abiding inaccuracy of tone, which Mr. Lewes indicates springs from this, that Goethe never lifted his eye from the self of the past in order to see it even for a moment in relation to the ideal of Providence, apart from which all biography is artificial and incomplete. Let the eye dwell too long on any the most ordinary object, and it will soon get loose in outline. Goethe failed to see his old self rightly, because he would not lift his eyes to look on aught else. But how different was it with Hugh Miller! If the tone of his later record differs from that of the earlier one, is it not because he then clearly saw the facts in closer relationship with Providential guidance? In his case there is no suggestion of isolation, no hunger for culture for its own sake. He offers himself up freely at every period of his life to claims, very human in themselves, but which in themselves are utterly alien to culture. Yet the one thing which his autobiography teaches, as happily also does Mr. Bayne's biography, is simply this, that true culture comes most directly when least directly sought. Every incident is thus pregnant with lessons for the humblest hard-handed toiler amongst us. Never, perhaps, was there a man who brought a more cheering message of self-respect to the masses. And yet he never painted in *couleur de rose*. He is faithful to himself first. He points out with honest severity that he has no hope in magic deliverances for persons or for classes. He had no desire to abandon his order; indeed, his own desire was to work as a mason and make literature and science the studies of his spare time. To the end, he was in spirit a working man. And the root of his culture he constantly traced to this source. He was a man of science *because* he had been a quarry-man. He constantly celebrates the commoner virtues. He deprecates the idea that he succeeded by dint of genius. Patience and care were the masters under whom he placed himself. Stern and hard of feature, yet their faces ever and anon broke into benignant smiles of encouragement for him. Hugh Miller is scarcely the man whose style would lead us

to expect from him such a confession as the following, with which he naïvely excuses himself for a little self-repetition :—

"All this will, I am afraid, appear tolerably weak to the reader, and somewhat more than tolerably tedious. Let him remember, however, that the only merit to which I lay claim in the case is that of patient research—a merit in which, whoever wills, may rival or surpass me; and that this humble faculty of patience, when rightly directed, may lead to more extraordinary developments of idea than even genius itself."

Mr. Bayne has approached his subject in a most favourable spirit. He is not inclined to be the mere panegyrist, blindly intent upon justifying everything Hugh Miller ever said or did. He tones his picture faithfully, and it is therefore all the more effective. If there is any shadow of tendency to the high-flown, it lies rather in single phrases than in studied intention or in predominating moods. Especially, it deserves to be noted that, in the later period of Hugh Miller's life, when differences arose betwixt him and some of the leaders of the Free Church, respecting the conduct of the *Witness*, Mr. Bayne keeps his own point of view, and does not allow himself to be run away with by mere enthusiasm for the master. Generally, there is in this memoir decided note of faithful and thorough canvass of facts—a rigid determination to be true and only true. From this springs an attraction and persuasiveness which all the vacant panegyric in the world could not command. For, as it has been said, with some approach to paradox, that "selfishness is a quality apt to inspire love," so it may be said that the biographer gains influence by keeping his eye open for the defects of his subject. The only question is whether he sees them in strict relation to an ideal, and interprets them only by reference to possibilities; thus proving himself, in the profoundest sense, just as well in his insights as in his condemnations. All one-sided denunciations, or party dodges, or special pleadings, are thus put under ban. There are two lives implicitly written in every biography—the actual and the ideal—the life that was lived, and the life that might have been lived. This is the root at once of the pity and the joy which we experience in the perusal of true biography; for in every man there is prisoned and preserved his own distinctive personal ideal. By this, in a deep sense, must he stand or fall. No trick of elaboration, or resource of art in the biographer, can save him, if he is condemned by this. Now, the high value which Hugh Miller's life has for us lies in this, that he lived near

to his ideal ; that he would allow no worldly compromises, no prospects of success or wealth or fame to divert him far from it. The loftier features of his character came close to lowly and common ones, and joined hands with them ; so that where he is at his best, he may be followed by the humblest ; while his faults again lay like the vein in the marble, deep inwrought in the grain of his temperament, and belong to him alone. How tender and discriminating it was of Mr. Bayne, looked at in this light, to suggest rather than to demonstrate the existence, from the first, of the possibility of mental aberration in Hugh Miller. It is not till we have read on to the end of the second volume, that we get a hint of the whole significance of this passage, which, when we turn back to it, affects us deeply, but with a kind of pathetic quietness, which we might not otherwise have felt, in the midst of the terrible lurid shadows that closed round Hugh Miller at the end :—

“ A sustained intensity of mental vision, a creative force of phantasy, characterised Miller to the last. Not powerful enough to overbear or to pervert the scientific instinct with which it was associated, it had a pervasive influence on his mental operations: the feeling, belief, impression on his mind, had for him a substantive reality ; and *there was an antecedent probability that, if the steadiness of his intellectual nerves was shaken by disease or by excess of mental toil, some fixed idea might obtain the mastery over them, and hurl his reason from her throne.*”

From the very first, then, Hugh Miller had to fight against fateful tendencies of temperament. He was morbidly superstitious ; he was long the slave of terrible fears. He says that he had a hard fight against an appetite for strong drink when he was a young man, whilst the strain of bodily labour still sorely tried him. He rose superior to these tendencies. Religion cast out Superstition, or, at least, bound her hands, so that he was enabled to do a great work for his country and for Christendom. It was only amid the pressure of a trying public position that his mind at last gave way. To this position he himself never aspired ; it was offered to him, and accepted, with an inward reserve, and only on account of the great issues which Hugh Miller conceived were at stake. These were no less than the freedom of Scotland, and the purity of the national conscience. It is most touching, indeed, to see a man like Hugh Miller committing himself to a work for which he instinctively feels that he is hardly fitted, simply because of his devotion to a great cause. It was not

that he conspicuously lacked any of the mental endowments needful for the journalist. Rather it was that he was too doggedly individual and unfitted to walk steadily on any paths save those of his own choosing.

He is thus peculiarly interesting as a subject of study. Whether we follow him amid his youthful companions in their journeys and adventures, or join him as he works with the squad of rude masons at Gairloch or Niddrie, or see him seated at the bank desk, or in the editor's room, he is ever the same faithful man, with wonderful capacities for tender attachment, but with equally wonderful capacities for outbreak and defiance of all conventional rules and observances. To give our readers as vivid an idea of the man as possible, we will present some salient incidents in his life, rather than aim at a complete analysis of his characteristics. We have referred to his firm attachments to his early friends. One of these, William Ross—a sensitive, consumptive lad, who was a working house-painter, and who died early—seems to have had more influence over him than any of the others. Indeed, generally, the timid and the tender, the weak and the helpless, had the greatest hold upon him. Superstitious, and full of morbid fears from his boyhood, yet he only needed to look in the faces of these to recover his presence of mind and lapsing strength of will. This William Ross was a singularly beautiful character. Miller believed that Ross had the finest intellect with which he ever came in contact, and Miller was surely no mean judge. At a very early period William Ross left Cromarty for the South, and, notwithstanding he was far gone in consumption, he underwent many sacrifices for the sake of his fellow-workmen. He and Miller kept up correspondence. He advised Miller to give up his drawing, as nature had never intended him for a draughtsman; while she undoubtedly had meant him for a literary man, as he only wrote ill because he wrote seldom. In sending to Ross copies of all his early poems, Miller thus writes:—

“I have long since promised you copies of all my little poetical pieces which you were so good-natured as to approve of, and I now send you them. I am too vain to forget how much you used to praise them; but was it not as the productions of a half-taught boy that you did so? and if you loved them, was it not merely because they were written by your friend? I now see that many of them are extremely juvenile, and this could not have escaped you; but I dare say you did best in not telling me so. I would have been disheartened, and have perhaps stood still. And yet even now, when I see many of their faults, like a true parent, I love them notwith-

standing; but it is more for the sake of the association connected with them than for their own sakes. Some of them were composed among the rocks of my favourite hill when I played truant; some of them in Marcus cave, when the boys who had chosen me for their leader were engaged in picking shell-fish from the skerries for our dinner; some of them in the work-shed, some in the barrack. And thus, like the purse of Fortunatus, which was made of leather but produced gold, though not rich in themselves they are full of riches to me. They are redolent of the past and of you: remember how I used to run to your closet with every piece the moment I had finished it, that you might say something in its favour. You were the whole public for whom I wrote. You will not deem me paradoxical when I say that the pieces I send you are full of scenery and character, though poor in description and manner, and rich in thought and sentiment, though meagre, perhaps, and commonplace. Your affection for me will, I dare say, make them poetry to you too. Do you think I shall ever write what will be deemed poetry by anybody else? *I deem my intimacy with you the most important affair of my life. I have enjoyed more from it than from anything else, and have been more improved by it than by all my books. Since you left me I have not advanced an inch;—have you no means of impelling me onward when at a distance? or is it necessary, as in physics, that before communicating motion to me, we must come in contact?*"

And so Hugh Miller owns his obligations to the poor house-painter, who is always full of self-deprecations, self-accusations, and confessions of helplessness:—

"O Indolence!" he exclaims; "thou demon who hast ever had such power over me (never more than now), accept the heartiest, bitterest curses of thy victim. Unnerved by thy baleful influences, I have loitered in the dark valley of obscurity until the day is far spent, until clouds have arisen and obscured the bright vistas through which I had hoped my way would lie. I am even losing the little ground I have gained. I am sliding backwards. The want of natural abilities, the want of a proper education, the want of rational self-confidence—each of these throws steep obstacles in the path of many a sojourner; but when thou, O fiend! seizest the will and makest it thine own, we struggle no longer against these obstacles."

More characteristic, still, perhaps, as illustrating the manner in which Hugh Miller drew strength from those who depended upon him, is the account which he gives of his adventure with Swanson in the Doocot Cave:—

"The cave proved a mine of wonders. We found it of great depth, and, when at its farthest extremity, the sea and opposite land appeared to us as they would if viewed through a telescope. We discovered that its sides and roof were crusted over with a white

stone resembling marble, and that it contained a petrifying spring. The pigeons which we disturbed were whizzing by us through the gloom, reminding us of the hags of our story-books, when on their night-voyage through the air. A shoal of porpoises were tempesting the water in their unwieldy gambols, scarcely an hundred yards from the cavern's mouth, and a flock of sea-gulls were screaming around them like harpies round the viands of the Trojan. To add to the interest of the place, we had learned from tradition that in *ould lang syne* this cave had furnished Wallace with a hiding-place, and that more recently it had been haunted by smugglers. In the midst of our engagements, however, the evening began to darken; and we discovered that our very fine cave was neither more nor less than a prison. We attempted climbing round, but in vain; for the shelf from whence we had leaped was unattainable, and there was no other path. 'What will my mother think?' said the poor little fellow whom I had brought into this predicament, as he burst into tears. 'I would care nothing for myself—but my mother!' *The appeal was powerful, and had he not cried, I probably would; but the sight of his tears roused my pride, and I attempted to comfort him; and for the time completely forgot my own sorrow in sympathising with his.* Night came on both dark and rainy, and we lay down together in a corner of the cave. A few weeks prior, the corpse of a fisherman, who had been drowned the previous winter, had been found on the beach below. As often as I slumbered, a mangled thing would come stalking into the cave and attempt striking me, when I would waken with a start, cling to my companion, and hide my face in his breast. About one o'clock in the morning we were relieved by two boats, which our friends, who had spent the early part of the night in searching for us in the woods above, had fitted out to try along the shore for our bodies, they having at length concluded that we had fallen over the cliffs and were killed."

It was a kind of necessity with Hugh Miller that he should enjoy the confidence of those with whom he was brought into contact. His desire for the good opinion of others sprang out of his keen sense of self-respect, which, however, was always sufficiently strong to keep him from seeking to secure such good opinions at the expense of his moral feelings. While he still laboured at his trade in the north, he managed to sustain the kindest relations towards his companions. He affected no superiority over them. Amongst them his one desire was to be a good workman, and to show them that a man might be independent, and sociable, and good-natured, without having recourse to the whisky-glass:—

"I had determined early this season," he writes to Principal Baird, "to conform to every practice of the barrack, and as I was an apt pupil, I had in a short time become one of the freest and not the

least rude of its inmates. I became an excellent baker and one of the most skilful of cooks. I made wonderful advances in the art of practical joking, and my *bon-mots* were laughed at and repeated. There were none of my companions who could foil me in wrestling, or who could leap within a foot of me; and, after having taken the slight liberty of knocking down a young fellow who insulted me, they all began to esteem me as a lad of spirit and promise."

Thus, gaily, he throws off a sketch of his surroundings at this time—a strange place for a man to study political economy and write poetry, and indite letters such as these:—

"Do look round, just for one minute, and see the sort of place in which a man can be happy. The sun is looking in at us through the holes in the roof,—speckling the floor with bright patches, till it resembles a piece of calico. There are two windows in the apartment: one of them filled up with turf and stone, the other occupied by an old unglazed frame. The fire is placed against the rough unplastered gable, into which we have stuck a pin for suspending our pot over it,—the smoke finds its way out through the holes of the roof and the window. Our meal-sack hangs by a rope from one of the rafters, at the height of a man's head from the floor,—our only means of preserving it from our thievish cohabitants, the rats. As for our furniture, 'tis altogether admirable. The two large stones are the steadiest seats I ever sat on, though, perhaps, a little ponderous when we have occasion to shift them; and the bed, which, pray observe, is perfectly unique. It is formed of a pair of the minister's harrows, with the spikes turned down, and covered with an old door and a bunch of straw; and as for culinary utensils, yonder is a wooden cog, and here a pot. We are a little extravagant, to be sure, in our household expenses, for times are somewhat hard; but meal and salt, and every other item included, none of us have yet exceeded half-a-crown per week."

But, in spite of his ready sympathies, perhaps never was a human being more jealous of his own self-respect than Hugh Miller. Dr. M'Cosh, in his *Recollections*, which add not a little interest to the biography, tells how, on one occasion, Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, had asked him to come and meet Hugh Miller at his house. They had gone out for a walk, and just as they came within sight of the house, when returning, they saw Hugh Miller at the door. "Run, run," cried Dr. Guthrie to Mr. M'Cosh, "for if he gets to the door and finds I'm out, he'll be sure to set off again!" This is very characteristic. If Hugh Miller ever went invited to a house and found the host not there, he was very sure to set off again. Indeed some of the most distinguished people in the land could not even get him to their doors, let them invite

and press him as they would. He had a terror of the artificialities of society. He was like Goethe in one thing—he felt that if he was to preserve any atom of character, or any force of faith, he must often retreat into solitude. But his solitude was, after all, a solitude of society. He loved to enjoy communion with nature; but his joys needed to be shared by those he loved; and in idea they were always with him. His letters are the expedients he adopted to bring his friends within the magic circle of his solitudes; and, as he was always freer in making confessions by the pen than by the tongue, he is almost unique as a correspondent. This passage, in one of his letters to Miss Dunbar, of Boath—a lady with whom he became acquainted after the publication at Inverness of his *Poems written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason*, and who took a very warm interest in his career up to the very moment of her death—might stand as the motto for his letters generally, and in itself gives a good idea of his epistolary style:—

“Is it not a pleasant thing to lie, in a fine clear day, on the sea-beach, amid the round polished pebbles and the pretty shells, and see through the half-shut eye the little waves dancing in the sun, and hear, as if we heard it not, their murmur on the shore? to be all alone—shut out from the world—the wide ocean stretching away for many a league before us, and a barrier of steep cliffs towering behind? There is, my dear madam, a kind of social solitude which fits us for society by training us both to think and to feel; or rather, I should say, in which we are *trained*, solitude being but the school, imagination and the social affections the teachers. Let me illustrate: I lie all alone on the sea-shore, but in imagination my friend is seated beside me, and so my thoughts and feelings are thrown into the conversational mould. My attention is alive to what is passing around me, my memory active, my reasoning faculties in operation, my fancy in full play; and all this because the conversation must be kept up. *And thus friendship and solitude operate on my thoughts, as the waves operate on the pebbles which lie in heaps around me. There is a continual action, a ceaseless working, till the rude unshapen ideas, like the broken fragments of rock, are rounded and polished, and display all their peculiarities of texture, and all their shades of colour.*”

This peculiar love of solitude induced that excessive diffidence and proud shyness which made Hugh Miller so sensitive to slight or to indifference. He himself was aware of this, and thus records the fact in one of his letters:—

“You remember Addison's description of those trap-doors on the bridge of Mirza, through which the unfortunate passengers were continually dropping into the water? The minds of some men

abound with such doors. Their judgments seem stately structures, if I may so speak, that connect the opposite regions of causes and effects—of means and ends; we see their purposes and resolves moving rapidly along the arches, and think they cannot fail of passing from the one extreme point to the other. Suddenly, however, they disappear in the midst, and leave their objects unattained. Or, to drop the allegory:—How often are we surprised in even superior men by some unthought of inconsistency that mars all their wisdom, some latent weakness that neutralises all their powers. There is, my dear madam, a weakness, an inconsistency, a trap-door of this kind in the mind of the poor fellow who has now the honour of addressing you. Its appearances and modes of operation are as various as the circumstances in which it exhibits itself, but for a general name, I believe, I may term it diffidence. It torments me as much as conscience does some men. For instance:—There are a few excellent people in Cromarty whose company I deem very agreeable, and whose friendship I value very highly, but whose thresholds, without a special invitation, I never cross. Why? Just because diffidence tells me that I am but a poor mechanic, regarded with a kind, perhaps, but still compassionate feeling, and that if I but take the slightest commonest liberty of social intercourse, it is at the peril of being deemed forward and obtrusive. Well, I receive an invitation and accept it. I come in contact with persons whom I like very much; the better feelings are awakened within me, the intellectual machine is set a-working; and I communicate my ideas as they rise. ‘You chattering blockhead,’ says diffidence, the moment I return home, ‘what right, pray, had you to engross so much of the conversation to-night? You are a pretty fellow, to be sure, to set up for a Sir Oracle!—Well, you had better take care next time.’ Next time comes, and I am exceedingly taciturn. ‘Pray, Mr. Block,’ says diffidence, the instant she catches me alone, ‘what fiend tempted you to go and eat the lady’s bread and butter to-night, when you had determined preposse not to tender her so much as a single idea in return? A handsome piece of furniture, truly, to be stuck up at the side of a tea-table. Perhaps, however, you were too good for your company, and wished to make them feel that you thought so.’ But truce with the accusations of the witch; fifty pages would not contain the whole. Was not Diffidence the wife of that giant Despair whom Mr. Greatheart slew when he demolished Castle Doubting? She, too, is said to have perished at the same time, but both must since have been resuscitated. I stand, however, in no fear of the husband, giant though he be; but alas! for the iron despotism of his lady!”

A peculiar thread of scepticism runs through the Scotch character. Scotchmen, we are led to think, hold so fast by their dogmas, because they recognise in themselves a constant possibility of sliding away from them altogether. In this

regard, Hugh Miller is not a bad representative. He tells us himself that he was a "boy-atheist." It was well that he had friends, for whose minds and hearts he had the fullest respect, who could bring to bear upon him at once the pressure of clear reasoning and fine sympathies. Some of Hugh Miller's letters on religion, written in answer to those of his friend, John Swanson, are very sad and despondent. He, at first, tries to escape from Swanson's questions altogether; but Swanson perseveres and presses the matter home. William Ross writes in a tenderer strain, and the Rev. Alexander Stewart, of Cromarty, under whose preaching Miller sat, becomes more and more touching in his appeals. Hugh, at length, is compelled to acknowledge himself a Christian. He has some very new and striking things to say regarding Christianity when he looks at it from the inner point of view. Mr. G. H. Lewes has said significantly that no one can combat a philosophy who has not first been a disciple. It is the opposite with religion. No one can argue so well for Christianity as he who has once fought against it. Hugh Miller writes:—

"Christianity is emphatically termed the wisdom of God; but it is not on a first examination that a reasoning mind can arrive at the evidence of its being such. On the contrary, some of its main doctrines seem opposed to the more obvious principles of common sense; and this quite in the same way that, before the days of Newton, it would have seemed contrary to these principles to allege that the whiteness of light was occasioned by a combination of the most vivid colours, or that the planets were held in their orbits by the law which impelled a falling stone towards the ground. Now, this is exactly what we might expect of the true religion. A religion made for rational men—many Deists, you know, were eminently such, and we may instance theirs—will be, like themselves, rational and easily understood; but this very facility is a conclusive proof that it had its origin in the mind of man. It is like his other works—like the clocks and watches and steam engines of his construction—easily understood and easily imitated; but it is not thus with Christianity, nor is it thus with the great machine of the universe. . . .

"True, the difficulties of Christianity may be more strikingly apparent than those of philosophical religions; but it is only because God, in His goodness, instead of confining it to the acute and the highly talented has brought it down to the level of the whole race of man; and thus common capacities are brought in contact with truths of so lofty and abstruse a character, that the greatest mind can but see their importance and consistency without being able to apprehend them. It is well, however, that the heart of the simplest can be made to feel their fitness, and that the excellence of doctrines too mighty to

be grasped by the most capacious minds can be so appreciated by babes as to be made effectual to their salvation."

Hugh Miller, after he had once laid hold upon the truth, was very jealous of anything that presented to him a temptation to relax his hold even for a moment, by intruding the thin edge of sentiment or æsthetic fancy. How wholly characteristic is this incident which Mr. Bayne has wisely preserved for us :—

"In conversation, as in his books, he was strictly, sensitively orthodox. I once spoke with enthusiastic admiration of that famed vision of Jean Paul's, in which the author, with a view to symbolising the horror of atheism, introduces the Christ looking up into a blank universe, one vast hollow eye-socket, emptied of its eye, and wailing for His Father. Miller would see in the piece nothing beyond the poetical expression of a lofty and high-toned Unitarianism, and maintained that Jean Paul intended to deny the divinity of Christ. His Unitarianism might be more spiritual than that common in England, but Unitarianism it was. Mrs. Miller and I took the opposite view, arguing that it was legitimate in the imaginative dreamer to introduce Christ as the representative of created being, and to illustrate the ghastliness of atheism by letting us see Him, a homeless orphan, filling with His moans the black hollow of the universal night; but Miller held to his point."

His scientific writings are throughout coloured by the necessity he felt himself under to guard his theological position. Every chapter is a new battery set up against infidelity. Science, for itself alone, would not have satisfied him. He was impelled and carried forward to his scientific work by the idea of building up towers of defence for the truth that had harmonised and strengthened his nature. No Christian apologist ever wrought in a more self-denying spirit than he did. His geological works are all testimonies. *The Testimony of the Rocks*, by which he named the last one, might have been a general title for the whole.

Without fully taking into account the intense and long-sustained internal struggle which is hinted at rather than described in detail in Miller's autobiography, it is scarcely possible to gain a fair idea of his work as a scientific man, and it is impossible altogether to estimate him aright as an ecclesiastical reformer. It is clear that his superstitions and his early scepticisms had a good deal to do with the dogged tenacity with which he latterly clung to the main doctrines of the Calvinistic theology. To the end we see him guarding himself against their re-emergence. He has resolved to subdue them at all hazards. The emotional elements of his nature

were thus, to some extent, cut off from the others, and denied their proper exercise. In the embargo which he put upon the fancy and imagination, we find the secret of that peculiar self-watchfulness which, at first glance, imparts an air of severe consistency to whatever he does. Looking a little more closely, however, we trace something of intellectual unrest, even where the moral aim is so perfectly kept in view as to draw forth our deepest admiration. In his strictest scientific efforts, he cannot dispense with the aid of the imagination; but it is *compelled* into the service of a position, at the least, narrowed into consistency with a foregone conclusion. He recoiled from the possibilities which this same imagination continually conjured up before him. Like Lamarck, "he had a trick of dreaming when wide awake;" but he never told all his dream. Nay, he was scared by it, as he was by the ghosts, and visions, and omens in which he firmly believed when young, and in which he could not altogether cease to believe when older.

And so his science, rich with carefully gathered facts as it was, yet resolved itself, on one side, into a bold guess. Miller shrank from facing the facts of nature, on their own account, and in full faith of final, if not present *apparent*, agreement with the pages of Revelation. In this shrinking we have evidence that the shadows of his scepticism still haunted him. We are far from underrating his scientific work; but we must say that very often he cast out almost at once the scientific spirit and the spirit of faith; for, while he led in his fancy only to put a chain round her neck, he wrote always as if God had no more truth hidden in the rocks to break forth upon him and others. A new fact might turn up to-morrow to establish more strongly than all his demonstrations the correctness of Genesis, but then it might also overturn his demonstration. He wrote too much as if his ambitious mind had enabled him to grasp even the facts that are yet to be won from reluctant nature. Mr. Bayne thinks that Miller would have come to abandon the verbal-inspiration theory had he lived longer. The abandonment of it would certainly have ruined both his books and him. By doing so, he would, Samson-like, have pulled down in blindness the whole scientific work of his life. For the thread that gives it consistency is his unwavering devotion to that doctrine, and his honest determination to impose on his facts the burden of proof in support of it.

The root of the contradiction lies in this, that Hugh Miller was a Puritan of the Puritans. He sought moral complete-

ness, and would have fought for it even to the death, let intellect and imagination say what they might. Much that they said he *did* put aside as subtle lures of the Evil One. Witness his austere deliverance on Jean Paul's Dream. Many instances of the same kind might be given ; but, if one thing is certain, it is this, that he was as severe upon his own natural tendencies towards fanciful dreamings as he could possibly be on the sentimental or fanciful dreams of others. It is the old story—the Puritans had ruthlessly to hew down "the old man" in their own hearts, and along with him even some of their sweet and innocent affections, before they could in any way deal effectively with others. Ever and anon they had this most trying work to do over again ; as Longfellow, with a true dramatic skill that has not yet been properly recognised, beautifully shows, in the case of Endicott, who had even pitilessly to crush the parental affection within him, when it came into conflict with his duty towards the community and the Quakers. He could the easier be hard to others that he had just been so very hard towards himself. And it is ever so. Hugh Miller's severity and "ferocity" were distinctly of the Puritanic cast, and were watered at the root by repressed springs of tenderness that sought every out-of-the-way crevice for escape. And we must not abate our reverence for the Puritanic spirit because it often seems so much narrower than it really is, and so frequently tends to develop odd forms of manifestation for the feelings. It is ever the reforming spirit, and will always be needful as a bracing tonic to mix in the wine of civilisation. It is the iron in the blood of races. Without the help of its strong hand and nerve, duty would get sucked under altogether in the eddying streams of unguided affection, which would soon become but the foul whirl of licence as dust and clay were gradually drawn in. Culture, according to later prophets, seeks intellectual and æsthetic repose ; but, without moral rectitude, it is doubtful if that could even be attained as a general possession : most certain it is, that, without this, it could, by no possibility, last long.

The men of culture in Scotland, for example, at the end of last century and the early part of this, were the "moderates"—represented by men like Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk and Dr. Robertson, the historian. They were brilliant men ; they preached neat moral essays, well fitted, perhaps, to make hearers clever and self-satisfied, but fitted also to lull their moral and spiritual nature asleep. They had learned much from Hume, and men of that stamp ; and they smiled

at earnestness. They not only attended plays, but sometimes acted in them, and were not always over-sober. They were confessedly men of fashion and men of pleasure. It was the savour of their influence in the Scottish Church which seduced her into acquiescence in that ill-fated encroachment on her liberties in the shape of patronage, or the presentation of ministers to livings by lay patrons instead of by free election of the people. During their time true religion nearly died out of the land. When, under blessed influences—the preaching of the Haldanes amongst others—Evangelical religion began to revive, it speedily appeared that no thorough religious reform of the people was possible until the evils which the “moderates” had permitted to creep in were rooted out. Mere creatures of the wealthy were presented to benefices, without consent of the people, sometimes in direct defiance of their recorded desire. Many parishes were as good—or as bad—as though they had been without the ordinances of grace. The parish church was deserted, and the minister held in no esteem. The right of the people to elect their ministers had been most jealously guarded from the period of the Reformation, until, in 1712, an Act was passed, by dint of political “dodging,” which erected the right of lay patronage into actual property. And so, when ministers were, in several instances, forced by the Civil Courts upon protesting congregations, and when Lord Brougham, in the House of Lords, had scoffed at the very idea of the Scotch people having any legal right to choose their ministers, the more earnest men in the Church were much concerned; for they began to see that a conflict was inevitable, and that political pressure had now come so near to destroying the Church altogether that any sacrifice was worth making to preserve it.

Hugh Miller's was one of the first voices that were raised on the question. His trumpet, truly, gave forth no uncertain sound. He published a letter addressed to Lord Brougham, in which he pointed out that a political right had been, most unjustly, and directly in defiance of pledges, created by an Act of Parliament, to the serious injury not only of the Scottish Church, but of the entire nation itself; and he pointed out, further, how inconsistent were some of the positions which Lord Brougham, as a Liberal, had taken on political questions, with the attitude he had now chosen to assume on this great ecclesiastical one. The argument was tipped and pointed with the most piercing irony. The prominent men in the anti-patronage party at once cast eyes on the writer of the pamphlet, as being able to give utterance

to their views ; and when the *Witness* newspaper was started, Miller became its editor. Never, perhaps, was more faithful and substantial service given to any party. Week by week the *Witness* came forth with its closely-argued yet heart-stirring articles from its editor's pen. They completely awoke Scotland, and did more than anything else to form and completely weld together a great body of men.

At length, in 1843, the great shock came. More than one-third of the Ministers, adhering to their Claim of Rights, which had been neglected by Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham, tabled their protest in the General Assembly and left the hall to constitute themselves into a Free General Assembly. They had to arrange plans, to raise money, to build churches, and to send and support missionaries abroad. And nothing could well be more remarkable than the fact that, while the Established Church, during the heyday of its moderate rule, had declined to have anything whatever to do with foreign missions, the Free Church did not forget them at this crisis, when it was actually without property or shelter,—its ministers without manse, or any certainty of stipend. Another fact is equally remarkable, that almost all the missionaries the Establishment had sent out to distant lands gave in their adhesion to the Free Church.

Dr. Chalmers, by dint of his rare organising gifts, had foreseen much, and was prepared. He saw that nothing but a thorough system of visitation and collection would be sufficient to keep the interest of the people alive, and ensure ready contributions. A plan not wholly unlike to that adopted with success in the Methodist system was set on foot, which, ably administered, has proved itself equal to the occasion. Sustentation Fund for ensuring stipend to every minister over a certain minimum, Home Mission Fund, Foreign Mission Fund, all have been so raised ; and the wonderful finance-sheet of the Free Church is the grand result.

Next to Dr. Chalmers, Hugh Miller was the agent in the achievement of this. He kept public feeling awake. He never wearied ; he never faltered. It was only after the great object was gained, and the Free Church rested secure in the affections of a devoted membership, in many places outnumbering that of the Establishment itself, that differences arose, and policy took the place of plainness. Hugh Miller then found his labour irksome, for he was tormented with doubts whether he was in his right place. Sad it would have been for any man ; specially sad it was for Miller. He had

little tact ; he had dangerous tendencies to morbid suspicion, as the natural accompaniment of the superstitious fears which he had striven to repress. He could only work and brood, brood and work ; and at last the brain broke down and the heart-strings snapped ; and he died by his own hand just after he had put the last touch to the *Testimony of the Rocks*.

His sacrifices for the Free Church were many. In one point of view, his sympathies were with the side that he so bitterly assailed—another proof of the true Puritanic spirit the man. His literary affinities were with the “moderates,” for he hated all the fustian speech of modern Liberalism. Mr. Bayne well points out that from them he had learned much in the way of taste and style, of chaste literary proportion, and measured grace. But he was appalled at the thought of the spiritual deadness which had come over Scotland wherever the influence of these men prevailed. He had a duty to do, and no pleasure could draw him from the doing of it. But the way in which he had formed himself as a literary man, gives a touch of tragic irony to the situation. Here, as in the legend, it was the very weapons the “moderates” themselves had formed which were turned against them to their dismay.

Hugh Miller's experience of working men, especially at Niddrie, had disinclined him for action in their behalf, and had done a good deal to freeze up the little spring of political liberalism which had flowed whilst he was still near Cromarty. But the condition of the Church revived his sympathies. There was still something to fight for with which liberal ideas could be identified. The Church of Scotland was the Church of the people ; and reformers and covenanters had fought and died to keep it so. The same battle was still to be fought, though in another form ; and he could not draw back when he was so plainly called to take his share in a work like this. The religion of Scotland has always been on one side political, because the intellect of Scotland was first awakened, and has all along been kept active, by the impulse of religion. Buckle points out, with a note of enthusiastic surprise quite unusual with him, that, while the English, in their contests with the Stuarts, merely demanded a civil league, the Scots would be content only with a religious covenant. Scotland is conservative by instinct ; but the democratic idea, which has been bound up with her ecclesiastical development, has been stronger than the instinct, and, at every crisis, has transformed the *canny* Scots into a nation of liberals.

Hugh Miller, in this regard too, is a capital representative. He had no hope of real and permanent benefit flowing from political reforms; but the purity and independence of the Church, as it had become a sort of sacred tradition, appealed to far deeper convictions, which might work to individual regeneration. He threw himself into the fight, as we have seen, and nobly he bore himself in it from first to last. Nothing could daunt him; nothing could curb his enthusiasm. He was instant in the work; and there can be no doubt that he did at least as much as any other single man to establish and to mould the Free Church of Scotland. The fact that this can be so unqualifiedly said of a layman (for he was never even an elder) is a proof that Scotland is not priest-ridden in the sense in which this is sometimes said of her.

The essence of Hugh Miller's genius is religious. It is not possible to understand it apart from that. In other and severer conditions, he would have been still more emphatically a witness or martyr; for he gave himself to a cause wholly and without reserve. He is one of the noblest Scotchmen of recent days. Alike in his passionate impetuosity; his shrewd deliberateness; his strong, yet tender and self-concealing affections; his pitiless ferocity, and his scorn of prudent calculation when his ire is roused by wrong done to what he reverences, he is a true successor of the Knoxes and the Melvilles; and a sad pity were it, if the country which produced such an honest, sturdy son, should ever cease to be proud of him. We will not, therefore, look coldly or reluctantly on the outbreak of enthusiasm which this memoir is certain to cause among our Scottish *confrères*, only let them not forget to follow the example as well as to admire the results.

ART. VIII.—*Dogmatische Abhandlungen.* [Dogmatic Essays.]
 Von Dr. JULIUS MÜLLER. Bremen: Müller. 1870.

THIS volume contains seven profound essays on some of the most important topics in Christian theology; more especially bearing, however, on aspects of truth peculiar to German Protestantism and its relations. It does not seem probable—perhaps it is hardly desirable—that the volume should be translated. But there is one treatise which we are disposed to analyse for the benefit of our readers, that on the final cause of the Incarnation. The question, as Dr. Müller states it and works it out, is one of the most interesting that theological speculation has ever dealt with, and its importance is scarcely less than its interest: its importance, that is, to those who allow their philosophical views on matters not clearly revealed to influence their creed. The great mass of inquirers will see in it only the criticism of a beautiful theory unconnected with Christian faith or practice. How far they are right, and to what extent this question may be brought within the region of justified Christian inquiry, the following notes on Müller's essay will show.

Rupert of Deutz, in the twelfth century, was the first formally to propose the question: Would the Son of God have become man had the human race continued without sin? He answered it in the affirmative. During seven centuries that question has been one that sooner or later has exerted its fascination on every Christian thinker of any width of sympathy. As might, however, have been expected, it has found its most enthusiastic companies of debaters in Germany, both Catholic and Protestant; an occasional question elsewhere, there it has been down to the present time a living subject among the *loci communes* of theology. It excites a keen interest at the present time. Thomasius, Philippi, and Müller himself are among the most prominent divines who answer the question in the negative. At the head of those who take the affirmative side is Dorner, who places the whole subject before us in few words, when he says that only by the Incarnation of the Logos could the world receive its consummation according to its original idea. The internal importance of the question appears fully when we regard it as an inquiry into the causes of the Incarnation of

the Logos, as the supreme act of Divine love, whether this is to be sought in the fall of the human race from God, or, apart from that, in the essence and destination of human nature in itself. Now, there can be no consistent doctrine of the mediatorial intervention of Christ without a determination of the question of its cause or ground. And it surely may be allowed to ask whether the redemption of mankind from sin was the supreme and final object and end of the Incarnation.

Whatever germs of the controversy may be found in the early fathers, it was not till the scholastic age that it became prominent. The father of speculative scholasticism, Anselm, in his *Cur Deus Homo*, grounded the Incarnation simply on the necessity of a sufficient atonement for the guilt of the human race. The greatest master of that theological science, Aquinas, decided against the doctrine that Christ would have come without the intervention of sin. But, as already mentioned, Rupert of Deutz first pronounced in favour of an incarnation as the essential crown of human nature. He rejected the common opinion, derived from Augustine, that the human race was created to fill up the chasm made by the fall of the angels, and declared that rather angels and men were alike formed for the sake of the one man Jesus Christ; in order that He who, as One Being in two natures, brought with Him the Divine, might have a human nature also fore-prepared for Him. A long series of speculatists followed in the same track, each adding his contribution of reasons, sometimes fanciful, sometimes scriptural, for the affirmative answer: those reasons, however, being mostly variations on the one theme that it was unworthy of the dignity of Christ to be made a *bonum occasionatum*, His appearing being conditional on human sin. Wessel, as the readers of Ullmann's work know, thought that Christ, even in His human nature, was of infinitely more value before God than all other creatures together. Hence he regarded the highest end of the Incarnation as the exhibition of this most perfect Being, in whom the Divine and the human were united, in and for itself; and said that "the Word was not made flesh for the sake of the flesh, but for His own sake." Among the secondary causes of the Incarnation he placed that one which coincides with Rupert's primary cause, that the whole company of the glorified members should have a legitimate Head to glory in.

The endless variations of the speculative thought of the middle ages, profoundly beautiful, though only half true,

tended to exalt the Incarnation simply, and diminish the death of Christ. The Reformation, we shall see hereafter, introduced another view of Christianity, one which brought the sense of sin into the central place, and gave a new answer, or rather a new arrangement of the answers, to the question—*Cur Deus Homo?* Only a new arrangement; for, it would be unfair to allege that the schoolmen, as a whole, really disparaged the importance of the advent of Christ in its relation to sin. Dr. Dorner gives a full statement of mediæval opinion, which is, perhaps, better understood in his ample extracts than in Müller's brief notices. The Scottish school, undoubtedly, denied that the appearance of Christ was rendered necessary by sin, maintaining that God could have forgiven sin apart from the mediation of Christ. God was held to be eternally reconciled with sin. The earlier tradition of the fathers had been forgotten. But there were others who, like Gregory, sought to combine the two ideas of the necessity based upon man's sin and the necessity based upon the perfection of the world. Before leaving the opinions of the scholastics on the subject, we may sum up the question in an abridgment of the statement given by Dorner in his *History of Doctrine concerning the Person of Christ*. He collects it from the work, *Roberti Caracoli de Licio de Laudibus Sanctorum*. The Incarnation of God served primarily to perfect man, and mediately to perfect the universe. The incipient fitness, the *capacitas* of human nature, a *capacitas* by which it is distinguished from angelic natures, for personal union with God, would have remained useless but for the Incarnation. But no gift could have been conferred on human nature without a purpose. As regards God, He manifested His power, wisdom, and goodness in the act of Incarnation, which He was, as it were, disposed to do without any respect to the standing or falling of man. The Incarnation was the raising of man's nature to a higher dignity than that of Adam simply as such; and, if that exaltation had not been already predetermined, it would appear as though man had derived a blessing from his sin, which, considered in relation to God, would be unrighteous. Then, as regards the Person of Christ, the mediæval argument was as follows: It is as difficult to merit and earn the infinite good for ourselves as it is to offer satisfaction for an insult to Him who is the Infinite Good. If man was incapable of doing the latter, of making atonement for his sin, he was equally incapable of doing the former, of winning in his moral development the infinite good. It was, therefore, as fitting and as necessary, even on the supposition that man had remained holy, that

Christ should appear, in order that through Him the infinite good should be earned, as it was fitting and necessary that He should come to make atonement when man had sinned. And, finally, as it regards the soul of Christ itself, it ought not to be forgotten that the noblest of all creatures should not be supposed to have come into existence merely *occasionaliter*, and without an infinite eternal cause.

At the Reformation, however, the idea of sin and of Christ's redeeming act effaced every other thought. It seemed a waste of time to consider what might have been the case on the unthinkable alternative of man's retaining his integrity. The current of thought set in towards regarding sin as the foundation of the Divine purpose of redemption. Calvin gave this a supralapsarian aspect. Luther's statements almost lead to the thought that the creating act of God included sin in its purpose in order to redemption. Whatever other theory might be tolerated by reformed theology, that at least was abhorred. Hence the profound and always judicious Melancthon put in his caution, but in such a style as to give Dorner and others occasion to number him with the upholders of Incarnation independent of sin. "The Son," he says, "was the final cause wherefore God created all things. This conjunction of the Divine and human natures is the supreme work of God, and in this conjunction of the Divine and human natures is beheld the manifold wisdom of God and His endless love towards the human race." But it must be remembered that to Melancthon, as Müller shows, Christ was the final cause of all things, inasmuch as He, the *Pretium pro Lege*, saved mankind from sin; and it is in this part of the design that we discern the wisdom and love of God in the union of the two natures. Granted that there is some indistinctness in the phrase that makes this the *causa finalis* of the creation of all things, the whole tendency of Melancthon's theology was to do infinite honour to the redeeming design of the Incarnation.

Andrew Osiander represented, among the reformers, the old view of Rupert, but without making reference to him, and like one unfamiliar with his arguments. Osiander's views were in singular connection with his doctrine of the impartation of Christ's Person as our righteousness; restoration to the Divine image as given back with Christ, and not salvation from sin, becomes the grand idea of the Gospel in his doctrine. Subordinately he introduces other grounds, such as the absolute necessity of a crown for the angel world, a King for the kingdom of God, and a Head for the Church.

He regards the prophecy of the Incarnation as altogether independent of the fall. But his main argument is based upon the great Christological Epistles of St. Paul. From Col. i. 15—17, he argues that the Father from eternity and before all creatures decreed the Incarnation of His Son; that for His sake He called all other beings into existence; that He would not have created one of them save on the assumption that His Son was to become man. Thus he establishes what may be called a cosmical necessity of the Divine assumption of human nature. It may be mentioned that Faustus Socinus, as Dr. Müller shows, agreed with Osiander, but on very different grounds. The design of the redemption of Christ in his theory was the communication of immortality; as this was not naturally man's, even independently of his sin, it was from eternity decreed that the Son of God should appear.

Calvin dealt heavy blows at Osiander's doctrine,—blows which, in that age, it did not recover from. His plain and intelligible principle was, that Scripture declares the Incarnation of Christ and human redemption to be inseparably connected, and, therefore, that human curiosity must not dare to separate them. On the other hand, the Lutheran theology was all the more readily disposed to reject the doctrine that grounded the Incarnation on a universal relation of mankind to God, because it had renounced Calvin's predestinarian principles, which, notwithstanding Calvin's protests, looked that way. It became heterodoxy even to discuss the question. But modern Lutheranism has taken its revenge. The strong tendency of its speculation is to assert that the highest elevation of man's nature in Christ could not have been made dependent on anything fortuitous, but must have been bound up with the essential relation between God and man.

The Pantheistic view of this question is discussed by Dr. Müller; but the arguments, or rather words, which make the Incarnation the necessary realisation of God Himself or His own ideal, we must turn away from as in duty bound. Nor shall we enter upon—what every modern German theologian feels it needful to investigate—the view of Schleiermacher, beautiful as it is. The manifestation of Christ was to him the *perfected creation of human nature*, the second stage of that which began with Adam the first. The weakness of the imperfect creation led to defect and sinfulness, which a new individual amply replenished retrieves. This compromise has the essential vice of assuming necessary sin. Dr. Müller spends

his strength upon the question as discussed in modern orthodox theology. Passing over disquisitions on the entrance of death as dependent on sin, and the relation of Redemption to this truth, we are arrested by some good remarks on the assertion that the doctrine of a necessary connection between the Incarnation and Redemption does dishonour to the prophetic and kingly office, while it exaggerates the high-priestly. The Prophetic Word points everything to the redemption of man from sin, and has no teaching concerning the kingdom apart from this. So also the kingly office has sin and its destruction ever in view. As to the whole Person of Christ, all the glory of the Divine in the human is but a condition of the redeeming work; none but the Holy One who needed no redemption could accomplish the redemption of His brethren. To what end would the Son of God have been manifested had there been no sin? "Divine love could have no object in the Incarnation but mankind; and its demonstration must have a need to satisfy."

The pith of the whole matter seems summed up in the testimony of the Apostle Paul and the Cross. When condemning the false wisdom of the Corinthians, he will know nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified; and, if in the Epistle to the Colossians he finds all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge in the mystery of the "Christ of God," the reader will not fail to note that he finds all those treasures hard by the Cross. "In the body of His flesh *through death*." He not only redeemed the world, but unfolded all mysteries of truth also. That is said to explain the past of the race before Christ's manifestation and the future after it. And nowhere is man as such represented as having a new Head in Christ, but only the portion of mankind which individually receives Him.

The theory of the necessary absolute Incarnation of the Logos encounters a very obstinate difficulty in the consideration of other intelligent creatures besides man, whether we think of angels or the rational inhabitants of other worlds. If the personal creature generally can attain its Divine end only through the Logos penetrating and inhabiting its nature, and becoming personally united with it, then it seems necessary, in spite of Heb. ii. 16, to include an assumption of the angel nature also corresponding to the assumption of the human nature. But the idea of a real Incarnation involves this, that the *Logos* becomes the subject of an individual human nature from the first beginning of its development; and this could be only in One Individual, unless we suppose

the *Logos* to use His personal unity in His self-humiliation. Uniting Himself with two or more, He would be in none truly: such union would be somewhat after the manner of prophetic inspiration, the *Logos* operating only on the creaturely consciousness, without identifying Himself with it, that is without any personal union. Otherwise we might be led to a series of personal unions, such as the Avatars of Vishnu, in which the god assumes the forms of various existences, and lays them one after the other aside. But it is self-evident that, on such an assumption, the unity of the Incarnation is gone: that verity absolutely demands the continuance of the union. The pantheistic theory, admitting other orders of intelligent creatures besides man, may easily enough include them in its eternal Incarnation of God, the process by which the Divine ever seeks its realisation. It knows nothing of any Christian Incarnation as an act of free love on the part of the self-emptying Son of God. God and man in this system have no real union. But the Christian idea admits of no extension of the Incarnation to other orders. It is in the one Person of Christ alone; and not to be referred to other human personalities, or to beings of another order.

The Christian doctrine explains the union of the *Logos* with man's nature *alone* by the fact of his need of redemption. The fallen race is the lost sheep, for the sake of which the good Shepherd leaves the ninety and nine. The angels not fallen need no union with the *Logos* in order to their perfection; the fallen angels, who, strictly speaking, needed it as much as men, are regarded as with their deeper fall losing also their susceptibility for redemption. To meet the difficulty which this difference presents to the theory of the Incarnation without sin,—that is, to show how, if every man reaches perfection only through a real union with the *Logos*, any other nature could be lost,—has given birth to another theory, only too flattering to human pride. Man is assumed to be metaphysically higher, more excellent, and more susceptible of the Divine act of assumption. From that starting-point mysticism has almost from the beginning gone on to represent man as a microcosm, as a representative of all creatures, so that the union of Christ with man has poured its benefits forth through him to every other order of the rational creation.

Is there any scriptural warrant for this idea of man's higher and nearer relation to God? None, without arguing in a circle, and urging that very Incarnation which is to be accounted for. The angels are, like men, children of God; they

stand in the most intimate fellowship with God, in relations more confidential than man's, and are more conversant with Divine secrets; while the condition of the children of the resurrection is expressly said to be that of *likeness to angels*. That the angels desire to look into what men are supposed to know is not to be accounted for on the ground of their studying any higher prerogative of man; but they simply study Redemption. Hence in the Scripture the Divine image in which man was created is not peculiar to humanity, but belongs to all personal creatures as such, who further may be obviously assumed to possess all human ethical proprieties. Moreover, if the fallen angels are more deeply fallen than men, and therefore are unredeemed, does not this take for granted, what the mind of Christendom has generally admitted, that they had once been in a higher state of knowledge than man in his normal beginnings? The notion that man holds a representative relation to other orders of intelligent creatures, when held in connection with the idea that the generic unity of mankind is conditioned by the manifestation of the God-man, leads to dreary conclusions. The heavenly beings, however equal to man in all respects, are without the God-angel, and without a head, and without a generic unity. The reasoning followed out would separate man from every creature in an unreasonable manner, and, indeed, finally make him alone capable of God.

Undoubtedly man's place in the Divine economy is a great and comprehensive one; but not because he is higher than any other order, rather for the opposite reason. The angels serve him because he is the weakest, and most needs their help,—“He that would be greatest, must be servant of all.” On account of sin the Only-begotten Son of God became man, and sank into the depth of our death. Hence sin has brought out into manifestation the profoundest depths and highest triumphs of Divine love: almost indicating the *O felix culpa, quæ talem et tantum meruit habere redemptorem!* Now, as it is the *human nature* which the *Logos*, united with creaturely being, glorifies in Himself, He belongs in a peculiar and most internal manner to humanity; and all the Divine glorification of the human in the redeemed is no other than the being transfigured into the image of the God-man, a renewal into His image, an eternal reception of His glory, an indwelling of Christ in them. Redemption, therefore, is more than the restoration into an original integrity, and what we obtain in Christ is something incomparably greater than what we lost in Adam. At the basis of this truth lies the fact,

however, that man, even in his normal condition, could not have received his perfection at once, but only through a becoming,—through a moral development.

At this point, Dr. Müller enters upon the subject of the mystical union, and we must do our best to translate his words, and so make him responsible for his own thoughts:—

“This brings us to the border of a region of dim and undefined notions, which we often have to enter in modern theology, and for which we desire nothing so much as that they might be rendered definite and clear, so that we might be able to decide what is their relation to the foundation of Christian theism. To us, the principle of the highest union of man with God, which involves in itself the blessedness and holiness of the kingdom of glory, is *love*; but this includes, as the abiding distinction of person, so also, in the relation between the creature and the creator, the abiding distinction of *nature* also. It assumes the most inward dynamical penetration of the creaturely life by the self-communicating life of God, a penetration which is no other than a veritable being and dwelling of God in the self-resigning creature, in the humanity proceeding from the God-man, and in which the creature receives from Him all the impulse of his life. But it keeps inviolate, as the sacred and, in all future ages, unremoveable boundary line, the substantial distinction between the Creator and the creature. Were the creature to lose, through the love that unites with God, his creaturely substantiality, and pass over into the Divine, it would follow that an actual communion of love between the Creator and the creature could not be, that the creature as such would not be the object of the Divine love, but only God; or, otherwise viewed, it would follow that the love of God in its outgoing would not confirm and glorify its objects in His own proper essence, but rather destroy its personality. This view of the Divine love makes it in its operation very like hate; it makes God an annihilating principle, a devouring abyss for all who devote themselves to Him. And in this way the *communicatio sui*, as the essence of love, cannot be understood. Those confused notions seem to carry the fellowship of love, which is always *ethical* (using the term in its wide comprehension), over into a metaphysical region; they often admit of being so understood, as if man were destined to a *deification*, to an actual and *essential* union with the Logos, as it were through the medium of the humanity pertaining to Him. And it is natural enough that such notions should specially adapt themselves to the proposition that the Son of God would have become man if man had not sinned; for they render it possible to assign to humanity as the end, the communication of a special good in which, according to the previous results of testing, it was wanting. This specific good would thus be its elevation from the lower to that higher stage of existence on which the God-man stands, from the creaturely to the Divine. But are we to take this kind of language as if it were rigorously scientific? As no one could earnestly

think of a change of substance in those who enter into the fellowship of the Incarnation of the Son of God, it might be deduced that man already, and in himself, had *identity of essence with the Logos*, or Divine nature. . . . But as all this would be no other than a transition from the principle of theism to that of decided pantheism, we must assume that expressions of this kind, as used by Christian theologians, have another meaning. But what?"

We cannot pursue the question into its further relations with pantheism. It might seem in some modern systems that the Incarnation of Our Lord had for its object the introduction of a finished pantheistic revelation; or, instead of bringing life and immortality to light, that of showing how all human personalities are to be extinguished in Himself. But, dismissing all this, a more plausible theory is that the *idea of the God-man*, beyond which there can be no higher idea of the *end* of creation, must be the central idea around which all creative acts revolve, and in which they find their unity. This is what the Apostle is supposed to say in the passage of Colossians i. 16, 17. Before considering this passage, Dr. Müller gives us a fine paragraph of prolegomena, which we must put into English:—

"This must be held fast, even in the soteriological basis of the Incarnation, that Christ is the turning-point of history; that the Cross on Golgotha is the limit at which the centrifugal direction of history is blended into one with the centripetal. If the first Adam was the beginner of a development which, through the power of sin, instead of advancing upwards into union with God, has been an ever-increasing removal from God, the second Adam has become a development of life which rests in no other goal than a perfected fellowship with God (1 Cor. xv. 45). But the proposition which we reject says more than this: it says that humanity, and, therefore, the world generally, was originally predisposed and destined for the God-man and for union with Him, and under Him as Head. Here, also, there is a profound underlying truth, which has been partially misunderstood. If the goal of all creaturely development in the creating thought is to be expressed, it must be as that free union of the personal creature with God, in which it becomes altogether the organ of God, pervaded and glorified by His life. . . . But this personal creation united with God, is, in the eternal idea of God, beheld as one whole, consisting of the fulness of personal individuals as its mutually demanding and furnishing members, and thus as a *fellowship*, a *kingdom of beings*, which, by its creatureliness, is ever *substantially distinct from God*, and in which, nevertheless, *God is all in all*. Now the Logos, as the absolute image of the Father, and as the hypostatical principle of His self-manifestation outwardly, stands in a profound specific connection with all personal beings created in the Divine image. He is the representative

of the Divine idea of the world, the centre of our personality. . . . As such, He is the mediator in a universal sense, which must be carefully distinguished from that of His salvation; the revealer of God internally, by virtue of His indwelling in their being, who guides their development to its issues; for only in the fellowship of God can man, can the personal creature generally, rise to fellowship with God, whether in sinless development, or in return from sin."

But here we must break off, before we lose ourselves; the relation of the *Logos* and of the Holy Ghost to the intelligent creature apart from redemption, is beyond the province of human thought. To apply all to Col. i. 15—17: if these words are to be understood of the *Incarnate Logos*, and the expression, "were made for Him," ver. 16, is made to mean that humanity was originally constituted for the God of the Incarnation, then "all things" must be reduced in signification to mankind only, which the context forbids. Redemption was not in the Apostle's view when he said, "All things were made for Him;" for the inhabitants of heaven are included, who need no redemption. "In the Divine thought, to which the human race is present, as needing salvation, the counsel of redemption is inseparably bound up with the counsel of creation." This sentence is the last that can be said upon the subject, and aptly sums up the whole matter. "If, finally, the Apostle calls Him *the Firstborn of the whole creation*, he merely defines Him to be born of God, before all created existence. Accordingly, ver. 15—17 is to be understood, indeed, of an ideal and real relation of the universe to the Son, but to the Son as *Logos*; and it is not till verse 18, that the Apostle passes on to the dignity of the God-man. And this also shows how Christ, in His state of exaltation, in which He has received again the glory He had with the Father before the world was, is represented as being the Head, not only of the Church, but of angels also, in their several orders and degrees."

The true character of sin, and the deep necessity for the Incarnation in the demands of the Divine nature, are obscured by the theory that has been here, in a free and almost unmethodical manner, exhibited. If sin ceases to be a tremendous reality, then that infinite condescension for its sake that Phil. ii. 8 speaks of, seems to demand the support of a higher reason; and that is found, or rather is sought, in the necessity of the Incarnation for the perfecting of man's nature as such. Such is Dr. Müller's verdict.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

Otto on the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

Das Abendmahlsopfer der alten Kirche. Von H. M. Fr. Otto.
Gotha : Perthes.

THIS is one of many modern Lutheran manifestoes, aiming to restore the sacrificial idea which the early Church connected with the sacramental in the Lord's Supper. It is not, however, a polemical work ; it does not minister to the Romeward craving ; nor does it exasperate the spirit of discord among the German reformed Protestant communion. But what the book is will appear by a short analysis, or rather sketch, of its contents, interspersed with a few remarks of our own.

The religious service of the early Church is exhibited, with tolerable fidelity, as composed of two distinct elements, the ministry of the Word, and the celebration of the Eucharist: the former being designed for the benefit of the unbelievers and the catechumen class, the latter for the faithful alone. It is certainly not to be denied that the Supper might be called the centre of Christian worship: that word being rightly understood to mean, not the centre of every act of worship, but the chief event in the worship of the first day of the week. The Lord's Day in the Lord's house was hallowed by the presence of the Master at His own table, the Lord's Supper. Hence it was essentially a common celebration ; it united the whole Church, was their representative act, and pre-eminently eucharistic. This eucharistic idea was essentially connected with sacrifice. There were two aspects of the ordinance: it was both a *sacrament* and a *sacrifice*. The elements laid upon the table were laid upon an altar. They were emblems of two things: first, of the gifts of God in nature, and secondly, of the expiatory death of Our Lord Jesus Christ; and the worshipping Church offered through the priest a commemorative sacrifice of acknowledgment, a eucharistic consummation of all thanksgiving in one.

Now of all this we find no traces in the Scripture, however distinctly the traces may appear in the second century. Beautiful as is the theory, it is not sustained by any allusions in the New Testament. The Lord Himself has once for all appropriated the bread and wine to be the symbols of His own sacrifice of expiation ;

and, without His permission, it is not allowable to make them representatives of any other gifts of God. Moreover, it is the glory of the New Testament temple service that all believers are priests who offer themselves. When the Epistle to the Hebrews sums up at the close its teaching as to the "spiritual sacrifices" presented on the Christian altar, it expressly tells us what those sacrifices were; and, most certainly, if the Divine intention appointed a literal Christian altar for the symbolical representation of the great gifts of Providence and grace, that epistle would not have ended without some announcement of the fact.

Our author seems to admit that the celebration of the Supper is not expressly classed by the New Testament writers among the spiritual sacrifices, but he finds it hard to resist the evidence of early antiquity. 1. The elements were consecrated after a remarkable manner in the apostolic times, as is evident from the liturgy ascribed to James. There we find an express prayer. 2. And in that prayer the Church, resting on the sacrifice of Christ, addressed the Supreme in words which offered Him the sacrifice of Christ afresh, after a commemorative manner: "We recall to mind thy salutary cross, and we offer Thee, O Lord, this innocent sacrifice." The liturgy of Mark, and many passages of the early fathers, contain the same circle of ideas. But all this does not carry the argument into the New Testament. That the table became an altar almost as soon as the Apostles left it, there can be no doubt: an altar of eucharistic oblations, and unbloody commemorative sacrifices, but still an altar. The Apostolic Church, however, knew no such altar. It had no visible presentation of sacrifice. The bread and the cup that were blessed were still the "communion" partaken of by the Church. Now, when we remember how near akin, in the Old Testament, were the ideas of thank-offerings and partaking of the altar, we may be sure that if the offering had been continued it would have been mentioned. But it is not so. The offering is supposed to be presented in heaven; and the partaking of the altar only on earth.

Otto brings into marked prominence in connection with this subject the Epistle to the Hebrews. Deep as are his explorations in the Palestine mines, he is true to his Lutheranism, and goes first to the New Testament, to which also, as in duty bound, he finally returns. Christ, in his theory, is the eternal High Priest, whose function, as such, theology has not yet exhausted. He thinks that too much attention has been paid to the Redeemer's intercession, as apart from the foundation of it, the perpetual presentation of the expiatory blood. It is true that Otto does not seem to carry his realistic and literalist views of the sacred blood in heaven to the extreme reached by Bengel, Oetinger, Stier, and others; or even to the modified extent of sensuous theory of which Delitzsch is the best example and exponent. He may not cling to the idea of an "incorruptible blood," as supposed to be taught by 1 Pet. i. 18, 19; but still he makes the presentation of His blood by Christ the scene which is ever in process in heaven,

and the representation of which is for ever in process upon earth. The propitiatory offering above has corresponding to it a eucharistical offering below. It is the earnest desire of a large class of modern Lutherans to revive this sacrificial idea as belonging to the Lord's Supper. Bunsen, Hengstenberg, Koenig, Schoeberlein, and very many others, have spent, and are spending, much pains upon the exhibition of the good results that may be expected to follow from a revival of it. But there are two things that should make us pause. First, the terms of our Lord's own institution permit no such element to enter; and, secondly, the idea, however seemingly innocent in itself, has always been found to predispose the theological schools which have received it for the admission of the expiatory sacrifice also, and the doctrine of transubstantiation.

As it regards the former, these writers plead hard that "Do this in remembrance of me" must needs mean more than "Receive this in remembrance of me." And of this there can be no doubt. The sacred ordinance has an objective as well as a subjective side. The congregation certainly does perform something before God as well as receive something from God. There is a service as well as a blessing. By the ministration of its representatives the Church does "show forth the Lord's death till He come;" but it cannot be maintained with any propriety that the "showing forth" is an exhibition before God so long as the strict meaning of the term "show forth," or proclaim, is adhered to. The Saviour has absorbed into Himself all sacrificial functions; and those who would find authorisation for usages and for phraseology which for a long time the reformed theology had seen fit to lay aside, may find ample hints through all the ideas up to Irenæus, and almost the very feet of the Apostles; but not in their teaching itself, nor in the churches over which they presided. And those very hints of the apostolical fathers have been much exaggerated. Irenæus scarcely does more than oppose the spirituality of the Christian sacrifice generally to the material character of the Jewish sacrifice; and his reference to the bread and wine as productions of nature consecrated to God may also be explained by his anti-Gnostic views in relation to matter and the material blessings of Providence. It is true that Eusebius and Augustin gave great prominence to the sacrifice of the Lord's table; but they lay all the emphasis on the commemorative character of the eucharistic oblation, and upon its figurative and symbolical character. And they are not authorities who in these things should sway the usage of the Church. They feebly resisted a current that was strongly setting in towards transubstantiation.

The admission of an altar instead of the Lord's table, however decently veiled and carefully fenced, has never failed, and will never fail, to give access to other ideas that tend to the same Roman Catholic issue. It is true that there is a very wide interval between the doctrines of our Lutheran brethren, and the doctrine of Trent. The latter insists upon the repetition and the continuation of the

expiatory sacrifice of Christ. The most recent writers of that communion teach that the death of Jesus Himself was only the initial, genetic, germinant point, only the virtual accomplishment of this propitiatory work. That which took place on the cross was to the subsequent sacrifices, presented in the celebration of the mass, what the creation of Adam was to the formation of the entire human race. Their theory makes it at once the extension and continuation of Our Lord's incarnation, and of His sacrifice on Calvary: given once to the race in the miraculous conception, He is perpetually given literally afresh in the Eucharist; His oblation once offered, is, in all its reality and import, offered afresh in every renewed sacrifice of the altar. Between all this and the eucharistic and commemorative oblation, there is, we repeat, a very wide interval. But the latter paves the way for the former. He who serves at a eucharistic altar will by degrees, but almost certainly, be led to think of some other meaning of the term altar. It is better, therefore, to abstain from the term, and adhere to the one and all sufficient and sacramental idea of the great institution.

At the same time we are free to admit that the reaction from the altar theory has tended to impoverish both the doctrine and the celebration of the Lord's Supper. It is not a sacrifice; but it is a joyful remembrance on the part of the worshipping assembly of a sacrifice that was once offered. It is not merely a commemoration of Christ's death, or a festal proclamation of faith in His name generally; but it is a solemn and specific remembrance of His *sacrificial* death, in which the victim should first be beheld in the signs which He has appointed before the High Priest takes the place of the victim, and gives Himself to the believer by these tokens. The works of Lutheran divines have done very much to exalt the eucharistic service, to make it more objective, and to give it a more distinct and emphatic place in the worship of Christianity. But the benefit has been far from unalloyed. Their sacrificial idea, while seeming to protect the rite from Romish perversion, by showing the true sacrifice that the sacrament retains, has really tended to lead towards a modified sacrificial presence of the atoning Saviour. And their sacramental idea has, especially in its recent developments of the consubstantiation theories, tended strangely to sensualise this most spiritual ordinance. If we can learn wisdom by these failures, and preserve for ourselves the two ideas of commemoration and reception without the admixture of alien elements, we shall do well. But an extract from a work of Hengstenberg must be inserted, at once to justify the remarks above made, and to show how evangelical is the spirit by which our German "Ritualists" are animated. The following remarks are found in an essay on "The Sacrifices of Holy Scripture," appended to the *Commentary on Ecclesiastes* (Clark's For. Theol. Lib. Third Series, Vol. VI. p. 391):—

"Substantially we present our New Testament sin-offering when we sing, in the public worship of God, the praises of the spotless

Lamb of God, slain for our redemption. But it were to be desired that the idea of sacrifice should be more distinctly expressed in our cultus than it is. Christ has, it is true, 'by His one offering, perfected for ever them who are sanctified' (Hebrews ix. 14.) 'He appeared once in the end of the world to put away sin by His sacrifice' (Hebrews ix. 26). The Romish sacrifice of the mass, even on the view of it given by Veith (see his work, *Ueber das Messopfer*), as 'an imitative representation of the sacrificial death of Christ on the cross,' does not meet the want. It is open to suspicion, both as leading to a confusion of the two states of Christ, namely, of the state of humiliation and of that of exaltation, and as too easily giving occasion and support to views which clash with the complete sufficiency of Christ's one sacrifice on the cross. Our presentation of that one sacrifice of Christ to God is an entirely different thing. It were to be desired that, before the celebration of the Eucharist, by means of which we *appropriate* this sacrifice to ourselves, some rite should be performed in which we *present* the sacrifice to the angry majesty of God,—a rite, solemnly representing and symbolically embodying that watch-word of our Church, 'the blood and righteousness of Christ, they are my adornment and robe of honour,'—a rite through which every Sunday the burdened heart might solemnly cast its load of guilt and sin on Him who bore our weaknesses and carried our sorrows. We want, in short, the sacrifice of the mass in an evangelical sense and spirit. Such a rite would truly become a Church which has chosen for its device the words, 'By faith alone;' a device meaning, of course, nothing else than 'By the blood of Christ alone.' For faith, in the sense of the Lutheran Church, is not that airy thing which it is now often represented to be; it is no hollow, empty excitement or enthusiasm. We look upon faith as the begging hand by which we lay hold on the merits of Christ, by which, kneeling under His cross, we grasp the feet of Christ. The sin-offering is the beginning of all true religion, but it is not its end. There follow the sacrifices which, under the old covenant, were offered by those who were in a state of grace, and which ought still to be offered spiritually by the same class."

We must not enlarge. It is enough to reply to the argument of the venerable expositor that, had such a rite been thought desirable by the Founder of the Church, He would have told us.

Nippold on Contemporary Church History.

Handbuch der neuesten Kirchengeschichte. Von Fr. Nippold. 1867.

WHILE the press is sending out a steady succession of works and monographs on Ancient Ecclesiastical History, those do good service who take note of current events, and write on contemporary events. After all, no future historians will be able to take so clear a view of

these events, or write so vividly about them. The present writer, moreover, has the great advantage of a dispassionate temper, and a wide Catholic tolerance. A few extracts are all that we can venture on; they will prove worth our pains in translating, and the reader's pains in reading. The first brings before us the irrepressible Papal question; but the Pope is not *Pio Nono*. It is Pius VII., and his return to Rome in 1814, and his re-establishment on the throne of St. Peter.

"Since the brilliant era of the domination of the Popes in the Middle Ages, the minds of men had never been better disposed than in 1814 towards the representative of Christ upon earth.

"The question then raised was this: Could the Papacy regain a position similar to that which she occupied during the Middle Ages, an epoch when the Church had known how to seize upon the direction of ideas? Was it not possible for the Pope to place himself afresh at the head of that movement which was agitating the people? It was a time when the restoration of the ancient order of things, joined to the persistency of new ideas, was making felt everywhere the necessity of a compromise between the past and the present, and above all of a *régime* at once constitutional and representative. Was it not possible for the Pope to take the initiative, and in his quality of Sovereign Pastor of Christianity to call upon princes to accomplish the general desire? Undoubtedly, by so doing the Holy Father would have gained lasting sympathies; possibly he might have rendered himself leader of the movement, as were his great predecessors of the Middle Ages in the struggle between princes and people. We have seen, it is true, thirty years later, that after the Holy See had stood for many years at the head of the reaction, the attempt of the liberal pontificate of Pius IX. suffered a complete check. But may we not believe that a similar attempt would have proved for Pius VII. in 1814 much more easy of execution than it was for his successor. This opinion, natural as it may be, cannot stand examination. In the Middle Ages the Pope was at the head of the intellectual movement, because at this time the Church was the focus of civilisation. It was then natural that the Holy See should constitute itself the organ of the dominant ideas, and that, by its challenge to take up the cross for the glory of God and His Church, it rendered itself formidable to temporal princes, whilst its cause became that of the people. But in 1814 such a position was no more tenable. Since the Reformation the See of Rome had always been closely united to all those tendencies opposed to the desires of the people. The same spirit which, by the Encyclical of 1864, declared war to the death against the liberal aspirations of our epoch, had already erected in 1814 an insuperable barrier between the Papacy and civil society. It was then impossible for the Holy Father to give satisfaction to the wishes of the modern world; for political liberalism is nearly always united to a liberty of thought greater than Catholicism can admit. A free people would not know how to raise

an obstacle to the diffusion of light ; enjoying liberty in the State, it would naturally be led to desire it in the Church. Thus the Papacy restored could not but assume an attitude hostile towards tendencies so closely allied to a revolutionary spirit that this spirit itself sought to give the death-blow to the Roman Pontificate. It is not, then, astonishing to see the Pope, after his restoration, effacing, as much as possible, the traces of the revolution, and of the Napoleonic domination, and re-establishing in all points the ancient order of things."

The Jesuits were the effective coadjutors of the Holy See. Re-established by Pius VII., this order succeeded by degrees in infusing ultramontane ideas into the minds of the majority of the episcopate, and brought about in several countries concordats favourable to the Roman Curia. On the other hand, the machinations of the Society had produced a bad impression on the world at large, and alienated the more intelligent classes of the population of even Catholic Europe. "Nevertheless," says Herr Nippold, "Catholicism is at the present time, and will probably continue, the most considerable of the Christian confessions. In fact, the hope that some have entertained of seeing Italy and Spain pass over to Protestantism has no more real foundation than the expectation Manning expresses of seeing the speedy defeat of heresy. The wind will still blow whither it listeth, the Spirit of Christ will manifest Himself in divers manners, and the kingdom of God will go on gathering recruits, in different churches, of sincere adherents."

Our historian describes well the difference between the Protestant historian and the Roman Catholic in regard to this freedom and Catholicity of the Divine Spirit. "The Protestant historian will never suffer himself to be deprived of the liberty to seek for and admire this spirit of grace under all kinds of strange and grotesque disguises ; while Catholicism, if consistent, cannot do this. The Protestant only pays homage to his own faith when he admits that Catholicism had in the past its *raison d'être*. For instance, however much we may regret to see the sisters of charity becoming, in certain cases, the pioneers of Jesuitism, that does not hinder our admiring their benevolent activity. Although we cannot recognise in certain observances that worship which is in spirit and in truth, we cannot fail to perceive the sincerity of the spirit of devotion that they express. Even while we think that monachism is opposed to the true destiny of man, we would not withhold our admiration from the fine examples of abnegation given by certain individual monks. The same principle should make us just to Catholic art and science, to the creations of Overbeck, to the labours of the Oratorians, to the missionary activity and zeal for civilisation of Romish propagandist societies. We indeed regard as above everything else a religious conviction freely acquired, but we perceive a certain grandeur in the humble submission of individual thinking to the objective authority of the Church, quite apart from the opinion we may hold as to that authority itself. So, to use Hase's fine remark, by the side of Luther,

at the Diet of Worms, we may place Fénelon reading his own condemnation to his flock as a fine example of true piety."

Although we can subscribe freely to all this, we cannot but remember that it is often our duty to deny ourselves and do violence to our instincts in this matter. It is not Jesuitism which teaches us, but Christian prudence, that we must not give the system of Rome too much credit even for the good that may be found within its borders. At any rate we must be careful to remember that whatever is grand and praiseworthy in Catholicism is not of Rome but of the Gospel. Too often the system silently appropriates the tribute that is paid, not to it, but the genius of Christianity, which it has not been able to suppress, to which it has given a strong one-sided development. Our author, however, does not leave the subject there.

"But if we feel ourselves attracted by the moral grandeur which ancient Catholicism may present, we have nothing but detestation for the immoral influence of modern Jesuitism. A religious party which could instigate the horrible scenes of Barletta in Italy, the persecution of the Jews in Bohemia, and of the Protestants in the Tyrol; a society which in France and in Spain is daily inventing new miracles, which demoralises the people by its pilgrimages in Catholic lands and by scandalous methods of proselytism in mixed countries, which shows itself retrograde when it has power in its hands, and revolutionary when it is in the minority; which has so little care for moral regeneration that it condescends to inspire the most abandoned journalism;—such a society, we say, cannot be too severely condemned, in virtue of the principle, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

The quiet, earnest, deepening protest of modern intelligence, even in Catholic lands, against the supremacy of Jesuitism, is exhibited with much vigour. But we forbear to quote anything further on this subject. That protest is assuming a form in Bavaria and elsewhere at the present time which this book, recent as it is, did not dream of. The central power of religious despotism has never had such a challenge sounded in its hearing. The rebellion against Rome's temporal power and resistance to its spiritual authority, both exhibited by professed adherents, is a phenomenon without example. We can only wait to see the end.

Herr Nippold's glance over the Christian world rests with a very critical severity on German Lutheranism. He is very decisive in his judgment upon the strait and intolerant orthodoxy which in the Church has risen up to resist the free spirit of criticism that has reigned in the *Schools*. "This orthodoxy, sprung from ancient pietism and the religious revival which followed the wars of Independence, found soon in Hengstenberg its chief, and in the *Evangelical Gazette* its organ. The journal of the celebrated professor has launched its anathemas against the incredulous science of the age, and sought the aid of the secular arm to purge the Church and the universities of heretical doctors. The accession of Frederick William IV.

gave this party the power he sought, and permitted him to execute his plan. The events of 1848, and the political and religious reaction which followed, added to the influence of Hengstenberg and his friends, who, from that time all-powerful, gave scope without restraint to their spirit of domination." To this key our historical critic continues his strain, paints vividly the decay of true theological science, the inferior character of the recruits to the ranks of the clergy, and the decline of national interest, or, at any rate, of the interest among the intelligent classes, in the "official religion." In all this, the author makes a great mistake. Hengstenberg, as the head of orthodox Christian learning, is responsible for nothing but good. The high ecclesiasticism and rigid state control are matters quite apart. We admit the force of many of the charges against this spirit, though we have no great faith in the Schenkel sort of liberalism as a cure. We will close with an extract on Alexander Vinet.

"The fundamental idea of Vinet's Apologetic is that of the natural affinity which exists between the human conscience and the Gospel. The proof of the truth of Christianity he finds in the harmony between it and the most interior needs of the human heart. External proofs are powerless to demonstrate its truth. To understand it aright, man should come into immediate contact with the Gospel. Then is vindicated the *testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ*, which Tertullian, Clement, and Origen dilated on. With Vinet the intellectual element gives place to the moral and subjective. The dogmas purely speculative, and the supernatural element in Christianity, are not so much to him, though he maintains the necessity of a supernatural revelation. As to his dogmatism, Vinet is a heretic when tested by strict orthodoxy. The person of Christ if considered in a psychological point of view, is the centre of his morals; that is, of his theology. Subjective sanctification, and not objective expiation, is the principal thing. In this he directly opposes the Calvinistic anthropology, and gives scope to the free activity of man. He insists on the fact that, ever since the fall, there remains in man a receptivity for the influence of grace. Faith is pre-eminently a matter of the will, a moral act; hence that faith alone justifies which approves itself by works. A characteristic trait of his point of view is that he substitutes the less dogmatic terms 'save' and 'salvation' for the consecrated terms 'justify' and 'justification.'"

Here again there is some truth and a great deal of error. It is true that M. Vinet adopted, in his recoil from opposite errors, a freer view of some of the doctrines of the Gospel than we hold, and used language that concedes more than he would really have given up. But his influence has been a good one, and his land will long feel the effect of it. Our critic admits that "the partisans of theological conservatism have been nourished by his ideas as well as those of the extreme left."

We have given only a faint idea of the comprehensiveness of this free glance over Christendom. We had no intention of recommending

the book itself; only to make a few interesting extracts. The right book on this subject must be written by an equally acute and well-informed observer, with what we should call a more orthodox eye.

Ewald on Hebrews.

Das Sendschreiben an die Hebræer und Jacobos' Rundschreiben. Anhang zur Erklärung der Sendschreiben des Apostel Paulus. Göttingen: Dieterich.

THE former of these two volumes, Dr. Ewald says, is only a continuation of his works on the New Testament, and especially of the Epistles of St. Paul. The Epistle to the Hebrews is the most immediate and the most important continuation of that kind of Christian epistles which St. Paul founded. The Catholic Epistle of James is one which, notwithstanding its slightness, is a counterpoise to St. Paul's epistles. At least, such seems to be the plain meaning of the somewhat rhetorical preface. Before entering on his work he gives us one of his characteristic out-pourings of condemnation. The complaint here is, that the books of the New Testament are far more superficially and unconscientiously treated than those of the Old: "which seems at first glance a thing hardly credible, and yet is only too true." The veteran wields the old two-edged sword; smiting, on the one hand, the Kliefoths and the Hengstenbergs "who, like the lovers and half-lovers of the so-called Tübingen school, have not the fundamental knowledge and aptnesses which the earnest work requires; and, on the other, the Volkmar and others, who wish to push forward to a later time the production of most of the early Christian documents." The preface is altogether a rough one, but this sentence is fine: "A more accurate examination will give us to see much detail, seemingly slender and yet very important, which without it must remain more mysterious and uncertain than it need. Behind the New Testament books we then see a mass of writings which the authors used quite apart from those received in the Old Testament; and this will appear very plainly in the Epistle to the Hebrews, if we only come to understand it aright. Our two books give us, when soundly studied, the surest testimonies that when they were written there had been already long established a very influential new Christian literature of Gospels and Epistles. What avail against this all the late and most recent fables which twaddle about the much later origin of the Gospels. [The "Gospels" of the Zurich theologian Volkmar, to wit, which for this reason fall to the ground; and must in Germany fall to the ground if we are to have a true Christianity remaining.] Let us all be on our guard, on account of the consequences that follow, lest we become the prey of such babbling theologians and raw philologists."

Ewald makes the object of the Epistle to the Hebrews to be, the

warning of the Christians of that time, and especially of those in Italy, against apostasy into partial or entire Judaism. The author is neither Paul, nor Barnabas, Luke, Clemens Romanus, nor Apollos; but a young friend and disciple of Paul unknown to us, who, at the time of the construction of this epistle resided in Caesarea or the neighbourhood. His end this writer—a man deeply learned in Philonic wisdom—sought to gain by first exhibiting Jesus Christ as exalted above Moses and Aaron and the highest angels; as the supreme and only true High Priest; as the sole fulfiller of every hope of true religion; and as the perfecter of the kingdom of God. That is the centre of the whole epistle, which is more a scientific treatise than St. Paul's (as it were a kind of "Midrasch"). Ewald's divisions are: 1. Christ is higher than the angels, chap. i.—ii. 4. 2. But He is also higher than the Old Testament high priest, on which account all should confess to Him, and depend upon Him, chap. ii. 5, v. 6. 3. He is the true spiritual High Priest, the mediator of the perfected covenant between God and man, and therefore the only ground of a sure hope for eternal salvation, chap. v. 11, x. 81. 4. We should believe in Him, and the significance and nature of this faith is here exhibited, with the power and blessing that accompanies it, chap. x. 82, xii. 11. 5. A great Christian exhortation ends, which, however, always looks back on the substance of the epistle, chap. xii. 12, xiii. 25.

It will be plain, from this specimen, that Ewald's commentary is based on no supremely fine or original analysis. As to the composition itself, it is of the nature of paraphrase, consisting of short, lively, often profound, always suggestive, but not clearly evangelical remarks. The effort at condensation has been carried too far. But any illustration we may give must be selected from the other volume, to which we now turn. The following sprightly sentences from the preface will be interesting to the English reader, especially as they are not likely to reach him in any other way. They display the singular combination of dignity and petulance, of self-sufficiency and humility, of conservatism and freedom of thought, which have distinguished "H. Ewald" from the beginning. It must be premised that the translation is faithful, but by no means anxious about exactness:—

"The seven epistles of the New Testament, which I here write in one volume of exposition, close the task I assigned myself. The Acts of the Apostles will follow, and I hope then to present these volumes, devoted to the cause of New Testament exegesis, to the friends of an exhaustive and fundamental investigation, and a fruitful application of the truths of the Bible."

Passing over a furious diatribe against all kinds of assailants of the truth and of himself, which none out of Germany can well understand, we come to words of more general concernment, as bearing on Romanism and the Protestant union: "The Papal Church no longer hinders the free development of the evangelical in our part of the

world : what an immense change has taken place during the term of my public career ; since my journey to Rome in 1836, through all varieties of events in the interval, I have incessantly fought against Papal Christendom so far as it opposed the free development of the truths and of the powers of Christianity ; all that I have done I have done thoughtfully, have nothing to retract of the severest things I have said, forgive all the persecutions I have endured, trusting that I have contributed something to the happy change that has taken place. What would the Evangelical Church have been able to do as against the amazing efforts and resources of the Papacy during these fifty years, if she had not found in Biblical science and the oldest Christian documents an endless store of important elements of knowledge and arguments ! But one science has penetrated with more and more irresistible force into the opposite camp ; who can doubt this in the face of such abundant evidence ! or what genuine Christian will not rejoice that in this slow but sure way a higher and purer intelligence is growing up, and thus the way prepared for the removal of the most profound misunderstandings and enmities ! But, concurrently with the spread of our purged and assured knowledge, political popular movements have brought it about that the Evangelicals have attained to equal rights with the Papists even in lands where the Papacy preponderates ; and what is to hinder in France, Italy, Austria, and even Spain, Evangelical Christianity spreading and proving by fact that it can do more than the Papal Church can do to strengthen and elevate both government and people ? To make so much stir about the recent Papal effort by its Vatican Council, its Decree of Infallibility, and its justification of a multitude of indefinite and incomprehensible things, was scarcely worthy of the intelligence of the Evangelicals. The Papal Church can in this day, neither within nor without its own circle, hinder an earnest Christian man from living faithful to true Christianity ; and the best Christians of both communions are coming to understand each other in the most free and salutary manner upon all points necessary for the true welfare of our people. I say not that we Evangelicals should yield to indifference, and disregard or apologise for any residue of restraints to Christian freedom where they are grievously felt. But of what avail are the everlasting howlings with which the papers of Schenkel and others are echoing ? Is it not as plain as possible that they have not now any real reason for what they do ? that the powers most inimical to a true Christianity and its saving power are to be sought elsewhere ? He who, having a place in the Evangelical Church, nevertheless is helping to its destruction, is the true transgressor, because he hinders the true powers of Christianity from working outwardly in all directions, and healing those old wounds in the only way in which they can now be desirably healed. And such a destroyer is in the present day Schenkel."

We must pause. In our judgment Ewald has some measure of

truth on his side. The Papacy, and the Papal corruption of Christianity, is not to be overthrown by a semi-infidel Christianity. And we also think that the free Protestants are more to be dreaded than the powerless Romanists in these days. But a few words on the present volume, which shows that Ewald himself in his own way is an enemy of that high firm doctrine of inspiration and canonical Scripture which alone can save Christian truth. It contains an exposition of the two Epistles of St. Peter, Jude, the three pastorals, and the epistle to the Gentile Christians (which we call *The Ephesians*).

The tone of Ewald's introduction to this last epistle will be a specimen of the whole. It was the production of an imitator of Paul: "Much earlier was there an impulse to write to the Christian world in the name and spirit of the Apostle Paul, than in the name and spirit of the Apostle Peter. Both these had departed about the same time, but Paul, as the incomparable Christian letter-writer, was much better known; Peter's one letter was alone in existence. Paul's epistles governed the Christian world, and moulded its spirit. One and another would feel the longing to merge his personality in that of the great teacher of Christendom, and pour out the strain that Paul's spirit had begotten within him: the dead speaking still through the living. The Gentile churches had increased; they were in great danger, they needed a revival of the spirit of their founder, and no work could be more Christian and praiseworthy." After dilating on the needs and the dangers of the Gentile churches, and the scope of the epistle as addressed to them, Ewald goes on:—

"Such was the creative double thought of this epistle; and as no other had uttered this double truth so vigorously and so exhaustively, this one very early attained a high estimation. It is the epistle to the Gentile Christians on the dignity and glory of the Church, on its relation to Christ and its entire nature; and the abiding service of the document was this, that it appeared precisely at the time when Christianity had become wrapped up with the interests of the Gentile community, and when there were but few to be found who had a clear conception of the meaning and destiny of the universal Church as such. The merit of the unknown author was that he, though by many tokens not a Gentile Christian himself, but of the Jewish stock, yet so fully recognised the equal prerogative of the heathen, and took such pains to show that it was based upon the Divine purposes in the government of the world. This showed him to be the worthiest and the most grateful disciple of the Great Apostle, in whose spirit and with whose voice he seeks to work in his own age, willingly suppressing his own personality and name."

How many of Ewald's anathemas upon the Tübingen school, and their reckless displacements of the writings of the two great Apostles, Paul and John, might be retorted upon Ewald himself. For ourselves, we are always amazed at this inconsistency and other similar instances in this powerful writer; but we are still more

amazed at the blindness of the modern criticism which insists upon assigning those portions of the New Testament which beyond all others force upon the mind the thought of a Divine inspiration—the sublime and tranquil Ephesian Epistle and St. John's Gospel—to unknown men in the post-apostolic times. It might be supposed that almost any expedient would be preferable to this one; that an ingenious critic could be with infinite difficulty brought to admit such a pious fraud as this while as yet the voices of the Apostles were still lingering in the Church's ears. But it has proved a very fascinating hypothesis. It gave an account of 2 Peter, Jude, Ephesians, and now it will answer for the Epistles to Timothy and Titus.

When the Gnostic heresies had intruded, and the leaders of the Church had grown corrupt, the writer of these three letters felt keenly and unbearably the danger. Vainly did he wish that Paul himself, the great founder of Christianity in the heathen world, were back again, or still lived to pierce the darkness with his burning words; vainly did he look round upon his contemporaries for some one who would act as Paul's representative and enter the breach. "So at last he sank into the depths of his own spirit, concealed his own personality behind that higher name, and wrote with a fiery pen these epistles, as if Paul himself had written them to Timothy and Titus, to remind them of their duties as over-shepherds, overseers, or bishops."

But we shall not proceed with Ewald's theories, however interesting they are in his way of putting them. The reader can judge for himself what value to place on these volumes. It may be said, in conclusion, that the author takes it for granted that his readers have all his works, and know them well: he continually refers to his *History of the Jewish People* for information that ought to be given in these commentaries. For ourselves, we would not willingly be without Ewald's works; but we do not set much store by them as exegetical helps.

Graetz and Zöckler on Ecclesiastes.

1. Kohelet oder der Salomonische Prediger, übersetzt und kritisch erläutert. Von Dr. H. Graetz.
2. Ecclesiastes or Koheleth. By Dr. Otto Zöckler. American Edition, edited by Professor Tayler Lewis, LL.D. Edinburgh: Clark, 1870.

HOWEVER much we may differ from many of the conclusions of this learned Hebraist—almost supreme in all that relates to Jewish history, literature, and philology—we cannot but be fascinated by Dr. Graetz' work on Ecclesiastes. The theory which he adds to the many that have gone before may as well be stated in the words of his preface, the raciness of which will probably incline German readers

to study his commentary. Our translation is a very free one, but faithful.

"A full century has elapsed since Moses Mendelssohn vindicated for the book of *Koheloth*, which had suffered much from typological and homiletic obsecration, a rational commentary. To this end he used the Jewish and Christian exegetical contributions. His exposition cannot now be used; but it was, in its time, an advance. Since then, in common with all the sciences, classical and semitic philology have taken gigantic strides. The so-called 'Preacher of Solomon,' however has not derived much benefit. And so it is that many a commentary of recent times is actually behind that of Mendelssohn.

"This is not the place to consider to what extent this slender exegetical progress, or rather this decline, in regard to the 'Preacher,' may be attributed to the dogmatic prejudices which still hinders us from pushing to their profitable results the consequences of criticism. But it cannot be denied that there has been much neglect of the axiom, incontestable in philology, that every product of literature must be explained by its own historical contemporary type. Probably also something must be set to the account of faulty acquaintance with the process of Israelitish history after the Exile, about which men know only the blue outlines and the prominent peaks without reaching the primary rocks and formations.

"It was with me as with many other investigators in regard to this book of *Koheloth*. I long stood before it as before a riddle, the solution of which not only had escaped men but must be despaired of. The countless commentaries left me, as they have left others, unsatisfied. In details they contributed much help, but the whole remained still obscure and intangible. At length it occurred to me that many things in *Koheloth* spoke plainly of *Herod*, his misgovernment and his surroundings, and this discovery at once began to clear away the darkness. I followed this clue and found that, with every step, the greatest part of the book admitted a connected and unforced explanation from the events and the tendencies of the Herodian epoch. This discovery encouraged me to the bold resolution of adding yet another to the multitude of expositions already extant. There is the genesis of my work. . . ."

The result of this investigation leads to the assumption, that *Koheloth* is the youngest book of the Hagiographa, and in ancient Biblical literature generally. This view altogether disturbs and deranges the traditional and well-supported doctrine as to its canonical authority. Hence we are prepared for such remarks as the following:—

"Two books on Biblical literature, both ascribed to Solomon, excite in the inquirer an ever-new wonder how they ever found a place in the canonical Scripture: the Song of Solomon and the Ecclesiastes. These two make, so to speak, a discord in the music of the scriptural whole: the tone is quite different from that of the other canonical

writings. The Song celebrates ardent love, and is so full of it that it has not a single word left for God, the religious life and feeling, and for the moral sphere of thought generally. *Kokeleth* certainly speaks of God, and of ethical principles; but in a spirit of such harsh contradiction to what we have been accustomed to regard as religious truth, that we must needs stamp it as anti-moral if we look at its exhortation to enjoyment, and as anti-religious if we look at its scepticism as to the doctrine of immortality. No other writings have, even among the Hagiographs, so anti-Biblical a type. It is true that the Book of Esther does not mention God's name; but it deals with the miraculous, and, at the same time, natural deliverance of the Jewish people, and so far we can understand its reception into the canon. The dramatised dialogue of Job, with which Ecclesiastes has some affinity, contains some sceptical, and, here and there, sarcastic assaults on the Divine righteousness and impeachments of His moral government; but it ends in an atoning style. God puts to shame the short-sighted murmuring of man, and so far Job has a didactic character: it leads through doubt to conviction. Quite otherwise is it with the book *Kokeleth*: it closes with a dissonance. It ends by recommending an eudæmonist way of life, especially the enjoyment of youth, before the infirmity of age creeps on; and yet adds to all this the ironical 'All is vanity,' even the enjoyment of joy is vanity."

This will be enough. The introduction and appendix are an elaborate attempt to prove that there is no religion in the book, that it was written in the spirit of a malignant scepticism, restrained and yet scarcely restrained; petulantly satirising, though in the spirit of fear, the evils of the Herodian sway. Traces of Greek and of Latin are discovered, the former accurately enough. But the effect of the whole is very painful. Dr. Graetz forgets that the "discord" which he hears may be of that kind that perfects the strain, and that the whole cluster of books, of which this is one, form but the overture of something far higher and nobler. Besides, he has no right to omit the redeeming verses at the end: we have read his arguments carefully, but they fail to convince us that they are an appendix of another hand. Connect them with the previous strain, and the effect is glorious. As to the Herodian hypothesis, it is utterly baseless. We might admire the comparatively late production of the book, and yet keep it within canonical limits. As to its contents, we have an argument that Dr. Graetz would reject: it is a mysterious book of the *Old Testament*.

"All is vanity"—a sigh that is uttered twenty-five times—is indeed the central strain of the book: it is a declaration of the vanity, which long experience had taught the writer, of all merely human thoughts, and labours, and aspirations. While there is a gloomy and paradoxical strain everywhere, there is the clear assertion of the presence of a personal God, and of a moral government watched over, and the lesson is evident that a belief in the activity

and judgment of a faithful God lends to all the blessings of life their true charm. In short, it would not be difficult to show that, so far from being the immoral and infidel work which this modern critic declares, it is really one of the profoundest products of the wisdom of the Divine Spirit.

As to the date to be assigned to it, let us hear Zöckler, whose work, in *Lange's Bible*, is the best commentary on this book extant:—

"If this book may therefore be very probably considered as about contemporary with Nehemiah and Malachi, or between 450 and 400, then we may find the inducement and aim of its production in the fact that the sad condition of his nation, and the unfortunate state of the times, led the author to the presentation of grave reflections as to the vanity of all earthly things, and to the search after that which, in view of this vanity, could afford him consolation and strength of faith, and the same to other truth-loving minds led by the sufferings of the present into painful inward strife and doubts. The result of these reflections, the author—a God-fearing Israelite, belonging to the caste of the Khakamim, or wise teachers of that time (ch. xii. 9—11; comp. 1 Kings iv. 31), whose personal relations cannot be more clearly defined—thought to bring most willingly to the knowledge and appropriation of his contemporaries, by presenting King Solomon, the most distinguished representative of the Israelitish Khakamim, and the original ideal conception of all celebrated wise men of the Old Testament, as a teacher of the people, with the vanity of earthly things as his theme; and he puts into the mouth of this kingly preacher of wisdom (Koheleth), as his *alter ego*, mainly two practical and religious deductions from that theme: 1. The principle that, while renouncing the traditional belief of a temporal adjustment of Divine justice and human destinies, we must seek our earthly happiness only in serene enjoyments, connected with wise moderation and lasting fidelity to our trusts; and of the exhortation to a cheerful confidence in the hope of a heavenly adjustment between happiness and virtue, and to a godly and joyous looking to this future and just tribunal of God."

So far Zöckler. But the current of antiquity, Jewish and Christian, declares this book to have been the production of King Solomon, in his chastening old age. Dr. Tayler Lewis, the able American editor of Zöckler, vindicates the ancient view. He sees the difficulty clearly which is presented by the occurrence of many words which belong to a later period, but he makes a vigorous and good defence. By his own learning, sustained by other good scholars, he gives a good basis to those whose instincts cling to the old tradition, who feel that nothing is wanting to the perfection of this philosophical descant on human and Divine wisdom but the name of the penitent king, ending life after a most varied and deep experience of life, as its author. We are deeply interested in the argument, the strength and weakness of which, however, cannot be shown in these few notes: much depends upon it with reference to some other books of

the Hebrew Canon. The following sentence will give the unfamiliar reader at one glance the two sides of the question we have slightly abridged :—

“ The internal evidence of the Solomonic authorship, when viewed by itself, and without any reference to what are called later words, or Chaldaisms, is very strong. The reader can hardly fail to be struck, whether learned or unlearned, with the harmony between the character of the book and the commonly alleged time of its composition. It is just such a series of meditations as the history of that monarch would lead us to ascribe to him in his old age, after his experience of the vanity of life at its best earthly estate, and that repentance for the misuse of God's gifts, in serving his own pleasure, which seem most natural to his condition. The language which he uses in respect to kingly power, and the oppression of the poor, has been made by some an argument against the genuineness of the book as ascribed to him. To another class of readers, viewing the whole case in a different light, this very language would furnish one of the strongest arguments in its favour. Even if we do not regard him as referring directly to himself, yet his experience in this respect, greater than that of others in a lower position, may well be supposed to have given him a knowledge of the evils of despotic power, and of government in general, whether in his own dominions or in those of other monarchs, which could not so well have come from any other position. It agrees, too, with what we learn of the character of Solomon in other respects, that, though fond of great works, and of a magnificent display of royal state, he was by no means a tyrant, but of a mild and compassionate disposition towards his own subjects, and all whom he might regard as the victims of oppression ; hence his studious love of peace, and the general prosperity of his reign, which the Jews regarded as their golden age.”

As we have remarked, the only really plausible argument against the Solomonic authorship is based upon certain words which, by a criticism sometimes very capricious, may be assigned to a later time. “ There is, without doubt, something peculiar in the style of this book ; but, whether it is owing to the peculiar nature of the subject requiring a different phraseology, or to its meditative philosophical aspect demanding abstract terms with varieties of form or termination not elsewhere required, or to the royal position of the writer, giving him a more familiar acquaintance with words really foreign, or seemingly such, or to all of these causes combined, all may be reconciled with the idea of its true and Solomonic authenticity.”

On this point the student should receive a caution. Nothing is easier than to construct an argument on phraseological and verbal peculiarities of this kind. This has been done with a frightful recklessness, and in a style which would, if applied to every part of Scripture, utterly derange the canon from beginning to end. But the unlearned reader—that is, the reader who is *quoad hoc* unlearned—should either form no judgment adverse to that of the good old tradi-

tion, or he should suspend his judgment until he has heard what sound critics and expositors on the other side have to say.

Perhaps no verse of the Bible has been more beset and vexed than the words of the concluding paragraph as to the "many books." This expression has been made to do duty in the service of almost every theory. Many critics have determined to find in it an allusion to Persian, Greek, or Babylonian literature, to Ptolemaic collections or the Alexandrian Library. It might have been supposed that Solomon's own indefatigable literary labour would have furnished the readiest solution; but that has not satisfied them. Dr. Graetz interprets thus: "But what is signified 'by these words of the wise which at once drive like goads, and hold fast like nails'—from falling into false ways? Only one thing can be meant here: that class of Hagiographa which were not, like the Pentateuch, given immediately by God, and were not, like the prophetic writings, revealed immediately by God, but were written by definite authors who were collectively not called prophets, but wise men. But do these words come genuine from the wise men? Yea, runs the answer, the *members of the Council* have transmitted them. This is the meaning of these words, and no other. They are the Epilogue of the Hagiographa. . . . There are, indeed, other writings which are like these, such as those of the Son of Sirach. But if all these were to be admitted, there would be no end of the making of the books, and the reading would be far too much exaction. Then follows—not 'Hear the conclusion,' but, the end of the word: all must be orally heard and listened to. The *hearing* is an antithesis to the *reading*. The young man is warned not to lay himself out for too much reading, but for the hearing and rivetting the word handed down. So R. Elieser: 'Keep your sons back from reading, and rather place them between the knees of the teachers, that they may receive the living tradition.' This interpretation is overstrained; but scarcely less so is that which Dr. Zöckler's American edition suggests: 'The whole aspect of the passage shows that the writer had in his mind only this single discourse, or meditation, or collection of thoughts, which he is just bringing to a close: there is only one thing remaining to be said, of making many chapters, sections, cantos, or books, there is no end. There is no need to make a great book of it. There is no end to such a train of reflections. Enough has been said. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter.'"

Zöckler's book contains the whole literature of the question. It is well worth studying, for its own value, and for its bearing on the question of inspiration and the canon generally. But nothing can surpass the terse vigour and thoroughness of Dr. Graetz' commentary as such, and so far as it bears on the verbal interpretation. We have read the twelfth chapter—which, perhaps, is as familiar to the Christian heart as any part of the Bible—by his light, and with great admiration. As to his broader principles of criticism, we can only say that man was never permitted to dictate to the Holy Ghost

what form His inspiration should assume, and man is not permitted to criticise too freely the results. What may seem, further, to be anomalous in a fragment of Revelation, derives a clear, rich, satisfying light from its relation to the later Scriptures.

Godet's St. Luke.

Commentaire sur L'Evangile de Saint Luc. Par F. Godet, Docteur et Professeur en Théologie. 2 Tomes. Neuchâtel: Sandoz. 1811.

DR. GODET'S work on St. John was introduced to our readers a short time ago. Very gracefully does the author introduce his second volume thus:—"A commentary on the Gospel of John remains a work unfinished so long as it is not accompanied by a similar work on one at least of the synoptical Gospels. Of the three synoptists the Gospel of Luke is the one the study of which seemed to me the most proper to serve as complement to the exegetical work I published before; because, as M. Sabatier has shown, in his short but substantial *Essai sur les Sources de la Vie de Jésus*, the document of Luke forms, in many important respects, a transition from the intuition of John to that which is the basis of the synoptical literature.

"The exegetical method is pretty much the same as that of its predecessor. I have not kept in view only professed theologians; nor have I, on the other hand, aimed merely at edification. This work is addressed generally to cultivated readers, such as abound in our day, who have a heartfelt interest in the religious and critical questions which are continually arising. It is for their sake that the Greek expressions quoted formally have been translated into French, and that I have, as much as possible, abstained from using the language of the schools. The most advanced ideas of modern unbelief are now circulating in all centres of population. We hear, in the streets of our towns, workmen speaking of the conflict, detected now-a-days, between St. Paul and the other Apostles of Jesus Christ. It is necessary, therefore, to seek to place the results of an impartial and really Biblical science within the reach of all. I repeat concerning this commentary what was said of its predecessor: it has not been composed to be consulted, but to be read. . . .

"If I am asked what postulates, scientific or religious, I have brought to the study of the third Gospel, I reply, no other than these two: the authors of our Gospels were men of *good sense* and of *good faith*. This double supposition admits of no discussion. We admit or reject it by instinct. It is given to him who receives it by an immediate appreciation, of a nature at once intellectual and moral. I may then invite anyone who is disposed to follow me in a reading even superficial of our Gospel, to regard his author as a man convinced and reasonable; and now, may this new commentary go and join its elder brother in

the lists ; there, uniting their efforts, and accompanied by the help of the Spirit who alone sovereignly testifies concerning Jesus, *may they do something for the truth* (2 Cor. xiii. 8) ! The truth is the glory of Christ the Lord, in which appeared the face of God (2 Cor. iv. 4)."

These words will powerfully recommend an author to those who love French evangelical theology. We confess that we are among the number. The grace of the French style is peculiar ; the sentences are clear and rhythmical ; it is a very rare thing to have to read one of them a second time to get the meaning ; and when, as in the present instance, the investigation has the German profundity and thoroughness, and our own English orthodoxy and practical aim, what more could be desired ?

When, however, we mention orthodoxy, we are reminded of some points that need to be indicated. A brief extract from the account of the temptation, or rather from an excursus that is added to that part of the commentary, will give us opportunity to make something like a qualification.

"But could Jesus be *really tempted*, if He was the Holy One ? *si*, if He was the Son of God ? *waver* in His mission, if He was the Redeemer appointed of God ? The Holy One could be tempted, because a conflict might arise between a legitimate need of the body, a normal aspiration of the soul, and the Divine Will which refused to it, for a season, its gratification. The Son could sin, because He had renounced the mode of the Divine Being, *the form of God* (Phil. ii. 6), in order to enter into a human estate entirely like our own. The Redeemer could succumb, if we put the question under the aspect of His personal liberty, even at the time that by His Divine prescience God was assured that He would remain firm ; this prevision being one of the factors of His plan, precisely as the prevision of the faith of believers is one of the elements of His eternal *prothesis* (Rom. viii. 28)."

Here we have the influence of what is sometimes called the Depotentiation theory of the Incarnation carried to its legitimate issue, and the consequence is a mode of expression which reverence shrinks from and which reason can hardly tolerate. The doctrine is not that, through the *communicatio idiomatum*, the possibility of sinning which essentially belongs to human nature, or which is supposed essentially to belong to human nature, is ascribed to Him who is God-Man ; but that the Son Himself, existing in conditions less than Divine, might sin. This style of speaking is decidedly objectionable. Better, however, is what follows :—

"2. The design of the temptation : The temptation is the complement of the baptism. It is the *negative* preparation for our Lord's ministry, even as the baptism was the positive preparation for it. In the baptism, Jesus received the impulse, the vocation, the strength. By the temptation He was brought to the distinct consciousness of the deviations to be avoided, of the perils on the right hand and on the left that were to be feared. The temptation was the last act of His moral education, His initiation into all the possible alternations of the

Messianic work. If, from the first step in this career so full of difficulties, Jesus walked in the way of God's appointment without deviation, without variation, without *tâtonnement*, His firm countenance and assured purpose were due to the experience of temptation. All the ways of evil possible were henceforth known to Him; all the rocks, *écueils*, and shoals had been studied: it was the enemy himself who rendered him this service. And this was the reason why, in appearance and for a moment, God had delivered Him up to him. That was what Matthew so energetically expressed on His account: 'He was led up by the Spirit—to be tempted.'

There is here a mystery not to be fathomed. Not a word is spoken about the temptations that assailed the soul of Christ during the forty days: whether they were the preludes of the three into which they were condensed at the end, or of an entirely distinct order, pressing on the Divine-Human person in a manner no more admitting of being related than the agonies that were shrouded by the thick darkness at the end of His course. And there can be no doubt that a very important truth underlies the doctrine of Godet. But surely this is not a justifiable expression of that truth. It is perfectly consistent with the *kenosis* theory, and it seems to solve the facts of Our Lord's life; but it involves a doctrine that cannot be admitted: the lowering of the Son of God into a mode of life less than Divine.

We will now give a more satisfying specimen of Dr. Godet's work. It is taken from the conclusion of the second volume, and is part of a summing-up of the various theories of the origin of the third Gospel:—

"If, in the systems which have been passed under review, the difficulty is to reconcile the *differences* between our evangelists with the employment of common written sources, or with the dependence upon each other which is assumed, with us the difficulty will be to explain without this dependence and this common employment, the *resemblances* which in so many respects united these three documents, as it were one solid work: resemblance in the plan (omission of journeys to Jerusalem); resemblance in the course of events (identical cycles); resemblance in the bulk of the narratives; resemblance sometimes down to the details of style. To solve this problem, let us begin by going up to the source of this river with three arms.

"After the foundation of the Church, on the Day of Pentecost, it was needful that these thousands of souls should be nourished unto the new life. Amongst the means to this end the first place was given to the *Apostles' doctrine* (Acts ii. 42). What does this term mean? It could not be the continual repetition of the two great facts of the Death and the Resurrection, which Peter had proclaimed on the day preceding. They would soon have to go up to the narrative of the particular *facts* of the ministry of Jesus. But the expression, '*doctrine of the Apostles*,' gives us to suppose that the reproduction of the *teachings* of Christ was concerned. Before Paul and John had presented the Lord Himself as the object of all doctrine, the doctrine of the Apostles could hardly be any other than the repetition and

application of His words. On one day then it was the Sermon on the Mount, on another the discourse on the mutual relations of believers (Matt. xviii.), on a third the eschatological discourse, by which they edified the community of the faithful. They gave the narrative, and then they made their comment. With the exception of John it is probable that the Twelve never went beyond this elementary sphere of Christian teaching. It is the sphere in which Peter still moves in his instructions at Rome, at the time of which Papins speaks, and when Mark gathered his *didascalai*. Was it not with special reference to this special function, 'to testify that which they had seen and heard,' that Jesus chose and formed them? Thus, as soon as the time was come, they forsook every other function with which they were at first entrusted, such as the *serving of tables*, to devote themselves specially to this (Acts vi.) The substance of this instruction would soon become condensed and concentrated. In each class of miracles they recited by preference one or two special and salient examples. The reproduction of the discourses of Jesus being made, not in the historical interest so much as in regard to the foundation and establishment of the new kingdom, the Apostolic exhibition insensibly grouped round some principal points to which were attached without scruple all the homogeneous elements which the teaching of the Master afforded. It was matter of salvation, not of chronology.

"Similarly, they were accustomed to link together certain accounts which had an analogical connection (the Sabbath scenes, candidates for the kingdom of God, groups of parables), or a connection of real history (tempest, demoniac of Gadara, Jairus, &c.). Out of some of these combined cycles might even be formed more considerable groups, of what Lachmann has called *corpuscula evangelicæ historiæ*: for example, the beginning (John the Baptist, the Baptism, the Temptation), the first days at Capernaum, the journeys of evangelisation, the more distant expeditions, the last days of the ministry in Galilee, the journey through Perea, the sojourn at Jerusalem. The order of the particular narratives, or even of whole cycles of a group, might easily be deranged within that group; one of the elements would not so easily, however, have passed from one group into another.

"In this natural elaboration, originating in the service of the Church, and as the supply of its needs, the preaching of the Gospel might come to contract, even in its details, a stereotyped form of expression. In the narrative parts the very sanctity of the subject-matter excluded all that was *recherché* and all ornamentation in the form. The expression was simple, like that of a garment which fitted exactly the form of the body. Under such circumstances the narrative of facts passed unaffected through many lips: it retained the same fundamental imprint which it had received at the outset. There would be, however, a little more liberty in the reproduction of the historical framework of facts than in that of the words of Jesus, which formed the centre of them. The jewel remained unchanged: the setting varied a little. In the reproduction of the discourses, more exposed as it might seem

to different kinds of alteration, the memory of the Apostles had very effectual assistance. Above all, there was the striking, original, plastic character of the words of Jesus. There are discourses which one might hear ten times without retaining a single phrase. There are others which leave on the mind a certain number of sentences ineffaceably engraven, which ten hearers would repeat, many days afterwards, in a manner almost identical. . . .

"How, then, was the transition made from the oral preaching to the written reduction?"

The answer we cannot now translate, or enter upon. That would lead to the discussion of one of the most interesting questions of the literary history of the Bible. With regard to what we have translated, it will be obvious that grave objections may be started. The fact, as seen in the Acts, and hinted in the Epistles, is not precisely in accordance with this theory. The preaching was not so almost exclusively based upon the history of Our Lord and the substance of the Gospels. Moreover, the doctrine of a specific inspiration *quoad hoc* seems to be lost sight of. But however much may be objected, the theory deserves careful study; it solves some difficulties, and throws up subjects of deep interest at every turn in the current.

We take leave of Dr. Godet in the good hope that he will treat the Book of the Acts of the Apostles soon. That subject would suit his style admirably.

II. ENGLISH THEOLOGY.

Dr. Lightfoot on Revision.

On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament. By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D. Macmillan.

DR. LIGHTFOOT'S apology in the preface was needless. This little book, though springing from small beginnings, is a complete view of the question, and its salient points are presented in a manner both profitable and interesting. Apart from the important question of Revision, it is a volume which every student of the Greek Testament, be his attainments what they may, will read to his advantage. It is an additional obligation conferred by one who unites more of the requisites which command our respect than any other divine of the English Church. This is saying a great deal: but our previous reviews of Dr. Lightfoot's works will show at least that we are consistent.

The following extracts are pleasant and reassuring as to the general question. "Great misunderstanding seems to prevail as to the ultimate reception of the work. The alarm which has been expressed in some quarters can only be explained by a vague confusion of thought, as though the Houses of Convocation, while solemnly pledged to the furtherance of the work on definite conditions, were also pledged to its ultimate reception whether good or bad. If the distinction had been kept in view, it is difficult to believe that there would have been even a momentary desire to repudiate the obligations of a definite contract. The Houses of Convocation are as free as the different bodies of Non-conformists represented in the companies to reject the Revised Version, when it appears, if it is not satisfactory. I do not suppose that any member of either company would think of claiming any other consideration for the work, when completed, than that it shall be judged by its intrinsic merits; but, on the other hand, they have a right to demand that it shall be laid before the Church and the people of England in its integrity, and that a verdict shall be pronounced upon it as a whole. I cannot close these remarks without expressing my deep thankfulness that I have been allowed to take part in this work of Revision. I have spent many happy and profitable hours over it, and made many friends who otherwise would probably have remained unknown to me. Even though the work should be terminated abruptly to-morrow, I, for one, should not consider it lost labour."

Compare this with Dr. Pusey's recent remarks in his letter to Dr. Liddon, on the Purchas Judgment. "If things go on in the same wild way in which men are now impelling them, those of us whom God shall continue on here may have to take the side which you anticipated. Things look that way both within and without the Church.

A convocation—meddling with grave questions, and settling grave precedents; changing our public service, as far, at least, as the Scriptures which we are to read, and the burial of our dead, compelling us, it seems, to omit or admit, of its good pleasure; committing the revision of our Scriptures to a body consisting in part of those whose excuse, in the sight of God, is an invincible prejudice against doctrines which those Scriptures teach; and yet not representing nor consulting the clergy, whom it proposes to compel by penal enactment to accept its decisions, does not inspire the wish that such a body should continue State-imposed. A State-appointed commission, which threatened us (but that God withheld it) with the privation of that wondrous guide of faith and of thought, the Athanasian Creed, inspires us with no wish for the continuance of an establishment in which such State-meddling is possible."

The tone is, to say the least, very different. Both writers are honest men; but it is not difficult to determine which style is the more likely to serve the interests of Christian truth in these lands. As to the Revision, we are sure it will be a great benefit to the cause of exegesis, come what may. The present generation may not see the result adopted by the English-speaking world—it may never be so adopted—but it may be the basis of an edition that will be adopted. Prejudices are strong; and to all appearance they are rather strengthening as to some doctrinal points than otherwise. And there are some crucial points at which any variation from the present rendering would arouse a tremendous exhibition of the feeling to which Jerome was exposed when he undertook to be a Revising Councillor in his own person. "Writing to Marcella, he mentions certain 'poor creatures (*homunculi*) who studiously calumniate him for attempting to correct some passages in the Gospels against the authority of the ancients and the opinion of the whole world.' 'I could afford to despise them,' he says, 'if I stood upon my rights, for a lyre is played in vain to an ass.' 'If they do not like the water from the purest fountain-head, let them drink of the muddy streams.' And, after more to the same effect, he returns again at the close of the letter to those 'two-legged donkeys (*bipedes aselli*),' exclaiming, 'Let *them* read, rejoicing in hope, serving *the time*; let *us* read, rejoicing in hope, serving *the Lord*. Let them consider that an accusation ought under no circumstances to be received against an elder; let us read, but before two or three witnesses.' Let them be satisfied with it is a *human saying and worthy of all acceptance*; let us err with the Greeks, that is, with the Apostle who spoke in Greek—it is a *faithful saying*." We are told that a certain bishop "had nearly lost his flock by venturing to substitute Jerome's rendering *hadera* for *cucurbita*, and could only win them back by reinstating the old version which he had abandoned. They would not tolerate a change in an expression which had been fixed by time in the feelings and memory of all, and had been repeated through so many ages in succession." Jerome's Revision encountered much prejudice, to which even Augustin was not superior; but Dr. Lightfoot gives this account

of the issue: "When completed it received no authoritative sanction. His patron, Pope Damasus, was dead, at whose instigation he had undertaken the task. The successors of Damasus showed no favour to Jerome or to his work. The old Latin still continued to be read in the churches; it was still quoted in the writings of divines. Even Augustin, who, after the completion of the task, seems to have overcome his misgivings, and speaks in praise of Jerome's work, remains constant to the older version. But first one writer and then another begins to adopt the revised translation of Jerome. Still its recognition depends on the caprice or the judgment of individual men. Even the Bishops of Rome had not yet discovered that it was 'authentic.' One Pope will use the Hieronymian Revision, a second will retain the Old Latin, while a third will use either indifferently, and a fourth will quote from the one in the Old Testament and from the other in the New. As late as two centuries after Jerome's time, Gregory the Great can still write that he intends to avail himself of either indifferently, as his purpose may require, since 'the Apostolic See, over which by the grace of God he presides, uses both.' Thus, slowly but surely, Jerome's revision won its way, till at length, some centuries after its author's death, it drove its elder rival out of the field, and became the one recognised version of the Bible throughout the Latin churches.'

Our present version never received any final authorisation from the ecclesiastical or from the civil powers; it was not sanctioned either by the Houses of Parliament, or by the Houses of Convocation, or by the King in Council. "The Bishops' Bible still continued to be read in churches; the Geneva Bible was still the familiar volume of the fireside and the closet. Several years after the appearance of the Revised Version Archbishop Andrewes, though himself one of the revisers, still continues to quote from an older bible." But the glowing account here given, and confirmed by ample testimonies, of the honour in which the new version came to be held, the wonderful praises it received, and the suffrages of learned men, and enthusiastio generations of the unlearned, make it a marvel that so much remains to be done now. *Much* we may say advisedly; for, after making every deduction, the amending hand must needs be seen, *as it appears from the testimonies of the revisers themselves*, many times on every page, sometimes in almost every verse.

The new readings of the Greek Testament speak for themselves. If they can be established, it is the peremptory duty of the Church of Christ to adjust to them its version of the Word of God. It will not do to adopt the expedient of the margin; at least to any great extent. Nor will it be necessary. There are few contested readings concerning which the committee (we speak now of the New Testament) will not be able to come to a decision. Dr. Lightfoot seems to reconcile himself to "who was manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii. 16), but has evidently a strong mind towards "only-begotten God" in John i. 18. There are very few other readings of a supreme doctrinal interest. But there are very many of a secondary importance in this respect. How-

ever, it is not probable that among the revisers themselves, or among the people who receive their labours, there will be much indecision caused by the various readings.

The theory of the old translators, as to uniform translation of the same words, is a curious one; it is one, however, that we have more tolerance for than our author has. "We have not tied ourselves," said the translators of the Authorised Version, "to an uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words:" pleading that such a course would savour more of curiosity than of wisdom, and that they might be charged by scoffers "with some unequal dealing towards a great number of English words," if they did not divide their favours. There are some instances in which they must be corrected; but we should not be disposed to go so far as Dr. Lightfoot goes. In fact, we would not lay a finger on any of the passages quoted by him which do not disturb the meaning of the Holy Ghost. One of the first principles should be the leaving unchanged all that doctrine and the people's understanding do not require to alter. For instance, we would leave the *compassion* and the *pity* in Matt. xviii. 33; the mother of Zebedee's children and her sons; *separats* and *divide* in Matt. xxv. 32. The three versions of the same word in John xvi. 1, 4, 6, we regard as a positive advantage. "*Put* my finger," and "*thrust* my hand," we should leave; and, most assuredly, "the feet of them that *preach the Gospel* of grace, and *bring glad tidings* of good things," although the same Greek word recurs. We should not disturb "*fail*" and "*vanish away*."

All the rest we should give up, and heartily desire to see the reform, especially in 1 Cor. xv. 24—26, "put down" and "destroy," and "put under," "be subdued," and "be subject"; 27, 28, with ch. iii. 17, "defile" and "destroy." No one word more needs looking after in this interest than that which is variously, but capriciously, translated "comfort" and "consolation," especially as both words have lost their original meaning in the English language. In "we must all *appear* before the judgment-seat of Christ," the context is forgotten which lays the stress on the *manifestation* of men's characters, and the connection is severed with what follows immediately, "We are *made manifest* to God and *made manifest* in your consciences." "Boasting" and "glorifying" need rearrangement; as also the interpretations of the Greek term for "I knew," "confidence" and "trust," "voice" and "sound," and many others. In fact, this is the richest chapter in the volume of New Testament revision. Sometimes it would hurt the music of the sentence to make version uniform, and without improving the sense. But there are other instances where the change is so clamorously demanded that we feel as if we should like at once to see the New Version in our pulpits. Thus "at sundry times and in divers manners" will hold its ground, no doubt; indeed, it gives one a pang to think of changing it. But the "sundry times" is surely a very inadequate rendering of a word which expresses a most important principle in the Divine administration linking the New Testament and the Old.

The question of quotations is a very difficult one. Certainly, the great gnomic watchword quotations ought to be reproduced always in the same phrase; yet which would we give up, "repay" or "recompense," after "vengeance is mine?" It is remarkable that the same all-important words in Gen. xv. 6, are, "It was imputed unto him," "It was accounted unto him," "It was imputed to," and "reckoned to." This is certainly a grievance; it has introduced a great confusion, or rather indeterminateness, into the use of a leading and very momentous theological phrase. Perhaps the most illustrious instance, however, is the various translations "Comforter" and "Paraclete," and that too in the different writings of the name St. John. Dr. Lightfoot, as his manner is, treats the question exhaustively. His *accursus* is always thorough (witness the appendix to the present volume on *opiosius* and *periosius*). This is the sense:—

"Advocate" cannot be given up in St. John; it has too close an affinity (in its context) with the forensic language of St. Paul. Now, "Comforter" in the Gospel, first, is not the true meaning, and, secondly, is not so appropriate to any context as "Advocate." (1) *Paracletos* is passive, not active; "one who is summoned to plead a cause." The word "Comforter" does not now signify that old idea which the Latin *Comfortator* gave, "strengtheners," even supposing that our translators had that idea in their mind. (2) The idea of "pleading, arguing, conversing, instructing, convicting," is prominent in every instance of the contexts in John xiv., xv., xvi. "In short, the conception (though somewhat more comprehensive) is substituted," the same as in St. Paul's language when describing the function of the Holy Ghost: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God," and, still more, "the Spirit helpeth our infirmities," &c. Instead of giving our own reasons for adhering to Dr. Lightfoot's view, notwithstanding the extreme gravity of the change, we shall quote his own words:—

"Thus, whether we regard the origin of the word, or whether we consider the requirements of the context, it would seem that 'Comforter' should give way to 'Advocate,' as the interpretation of *παράκλητος*. The word 'Comforter' does indeed express a true office of the Holy Spirit, as our most heartfelt experiences will tell us. Nor has the rendering, though inadequate, been without its use in fixing this fact in our minds; but the function of the Paraclete, as our Advocate, is even more important, because wider and deeper than this. Nor will the idea of the 'Comforter' be lost to us by the change, for the English *Te Deum* will still remain to recall this office of the Paraclete to our remembrance; while the restoration of the correct rendering in the passages of St. John's Gospel will be in itself an unmixed gain. Moreover (and this is no unimportant fact), the language of the Gospel will thus be linked in the English Version, as it is in the original, with the language of the Epistle. In this there will be a twofold advantage. We shall see fresh force in the words thus rendered, 'He will give you another Advocate,' when we remember that

Our Lord is styled by St. John our 'Advocate;' the advocacy of Christ illustrating and being illustrated by the advocacy of the Spirit. At the same time we shall bring out another of the many coincidences, tending to establish an identity of authorship in the Gospel and Epistle, and thus to make valid for the former all the evidences, external and internal, which may be adduced to prove the genuineness of the latter."

Another important subject, the difference of rendering between "tabernacle" and "dwell," we are not so much concerned about. Dr. Lightfoot desires to preserve the reference to the *Schekinah* restored to man by Messiah's advent, and thinks our translators would have "earned our gratitude, if, following the precedent of the Latin *tabernaculavit*, they had anticipated later scholars, and introduced the verb (to tabernacle) into the English language; or, failing this, if by some slight periphrasis they had endeavoured to preserve the unity of idea." In this case the glorious mystery of the Incarnation is not, so to speak, so much honoured by the word *tabernacle* as by the verb *dwell*: certainly neither answers to the great reality, and the former has a transitoriness in the idea which the latter has not. Moreover, the translators should not be too anxious to preserve the reference to the *Schekinah*, our "glory" being an important enlargement of the early symbol.

The Paronomasias are not so difficult as might appear. More important is the frequent obliteration of distinctions, such as, for example, in the Eucharistical chapter. It will be evident to every careful reader that there is a great confusion among the words "judge," "discern," "damnation," "condemnation," which ought to be removed. A very remarkable instance is that, "He came to His own (neuter), and his own (masculine) received Him not." This is like the parable of Matt. xxi., where the same neuter (*ta idia*) is the vineyard and the same plural (*oi idioi*) is the husbandmen. "Doubtless there is a terseness and a strength in the English rendering, which no one would willingly sacrifice; but the sense ought to be the first consideration." Passing by the familiar "fold" and "flock" in John xv., and many others equally well-known, we are called to notice the difference between, "Before Abraham was, I am," and the exact and better translation, "Before Abraham was born, I am." So, "Become ye merciful as your Father also is merciful." The word "devil" is far too often employed, concerning the important differences in the original. *Hades* ought to be naturalised in the English Bible.

Dr. Lightfoot gives a very complete view of the grammatical faults of the English Version: that is, of those features in the translation which are not faithful to the original in consequence of faulty grammar. Here the first thought is of the dishonoured *Aorists*. Two doctrinal instances will at once occur: "If He died for all, then all died," and, "Received ye the Holy Ghost when ye believed!" "The Lord added to the Church daily such as *should be saved*" is not faithful to the original. The Apostle speaks of salvation past, present, and future:

here it is the process going on that is referred to. "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ," becomes "I could have wished," when close attention is paid to the grammar. We have a fair collection of examples referring to the article, the propositions, perhaps the most copious source of confusion and mistakes. Here we must pause for a moment on the bearing of this question on the Person of Christ, as well stated by Dr. Lightfoot. The preposition, it is well known, which is especially applied to the office of the Divine Word, is *dia*. Let the reader turn to John i. 3, 10, 1 Cor. viii. 6, Col. i. 16, Heb. i. 2, ii. 10, and he will see that the ambiguous "by" is a hindrance to the right understanding of the meaning. In the Nicene Creed, the phrase "By whom all things were made," has the same preposition; but even there, in a formula which was intended to preclude indefiniteness, the translation is ambiguous; it suggests no distinction between the Son and the Father as "Maker of heaven and earth." Dr. Lightfoot alludes to the expression "God of God, light of light," as increasing the "perplexity and confusion." This language seems to be exaggerated. "By whom all things were made" is a sentence which does not convey an erroneous meaning, though not precisely the shade which the Scripture is careful to exhibit. It can hardly be called "perplexity and confusion;" and how otherwise to render the proposition *ek*, in "God of God," presents an insuperable difficulty; as the experiment will soon show to one who makes it. Another preposition plays a conspicuous part in the New Testament, and demands that its character be vindicated. The Hebraic or instrumental sense, which causes "in" to become "by" is indefensible. The readers of Dr. Lightfoot's commentaries need not be told how carefully he has adjusted the rights of this most important preposition.

But we have been led on, by the sheer fascination of the subject, into details quite beyond the scope of the present notice. Enough has been done to indicate the value of this little volume. It has given us a more vivid impression of the need of a revision, and made the accomplishment of it appear more feasible, than any book or essay on the subject that has fallen under our notice. The young theological student who shall master it will add very much, we are persuaded, to his knowledge both of his English and of his Greek Testament.

Birks on Isaiah.

Commentary on the Book of Isaiah: Critical, Historical, and Prophetical; including a Revised English Translation. With Introduction and Appendices. By Rev. T. R. Birks. Rivingtons.

We owe this valuable work, at least in its present form and at the present time, to an accident not altogether explained, which shut it out of its allotted place in the *Speaker's Commentary*. Thus, the rather unpleasant question of its exclusion, it is not necessary here to enter upon; suffice that there is every reason to believe that the prophet will be

well treated in that Commentary, and the present excellent volume is so much gained. Mr. Birks is a labourer in theology, whether dogmatic or expository, for whom we have a deep respect, though unable always to follow him in his decisions. His spirit is right, his devotion to Scriptural truth, both its interpretation and its extension, most sincere; his evangelical principles are true to the Gospel, and his learning fairly embraces modern and ancient materials.

The introduction deserves careful study. When it is remembered that Isaiah's unity is one of the most perplexing questions of modern criticism, and how much depends upon it in relation to the evidences of Holy Writ, a thorough discussion of this matter must needs be very important. It has been left too much of late to sceptical or indifferent hands. The dissertations of this volume are so conducted as to give Mr. Birks a fair claim to be heard; and, in our judgment, he will be justified even in the bold words that close the examination: "From all these remarks it appears how little weight is due to the assertion some critics have made, that 'the parts of the books are not arranged in chronological succession;' that 'they proceed from prophets of different times, and do not show the hand of one editor;' that 'no principle has guided the arrangement, and no definite well-ordered plan can possibly be discovered.' Those whose first principle is unbelief in all genuine prophecy, or in anything higher than clever human guesswork, cannot be expected to discover for themselves, and, perhaps, hardly even to see when pointed out by others, the real harmony and beautiful order in the messages of God. But, in reality, the Books of Euclid have scarcely clearer marks of unity and successive dependence than will be found, on patient search, in the prophecies revealed to this Divine messenger, when his lips had just been touched with fire from heaven." As our object is only to give an account of the book, without any such minute appreciation as would require a much longer time than our acquaintance with it, we shall not descend into any details. It may be enough to say, generally, that the leading evidences in relation to these matters are the internal one of the Spirit of prophecy and the external one of the Saviour's testimony. Mr. Birks is faithful to these, though he does not, so far as we can judge, omit any others. With reference to the former, the essential character of prophecy as an element in revelation, the following very striking remarks deserve study. They put the case with a very peculiar clearness. "We have thus a plain and simple answer to the question, What is the vital distinction of Scripture prophecy? A high spiritual purpose it shares with all the messages of God; but its own especial feature, in contrast with other parts of Scripture, is the revelation of things to come. It does not consist of dim guesses at the future, made by good and holy, but fallible and dim-sighted men, in the exercise of their own spiritual faculties alone. It consists of predictions which claim for their true Author the Living God, 'declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things which are not yet done.' This view of sacred prophecy results necessarily from the nature of God the Re-

vealer, and also of man himself to whom the Revelation is made. It is also confirmed by many plain statements of the Word of God. It is distinctly affirmed, at least a dozen times, in this one book of Isaiah alone. The later prophets resume the message of the earlier ones with this same truth. Daniel 'understood by books' the fulfilment of Jeremiah's prediction, that the captivity would last seventy years. Zechariah appeals to the double fact, that the fathers and the prophets were dead, but the predictions to the fathers by those prophets had been fulfilled (Zech. i. 5, 6). An appeal to the prophecies of the Old Testament, as fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth, and forming a clear proof that he was the Messiah, is one conspicuous feature of the Gospels. It begins with their first sentences, and reaches, in Acts xxviii., to the very close of the Sacred History. It begins and closes the two main Epistles of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, to the Roman Christians and to his own believing countrymen (Rom. i. 2; xii. 26; Heb. i. 1; xii. 2, 6). And St. Peter repeats and condenses the same truth in his Divine aphorism, that 'prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' It stands out in clear relief at the opening and close of the great prophetic book of the New Testament, the crown and completion of all the rest (Rev. i. 1; xxii. 6, 10). All this magnificent array of seers and prophets, of heavenly dreams, ecstatic visions, and angelic messages, was never devised to give currency to imperfect and mistaken guesses of mere fallible men. The true aim was far higher and nobler, and worthy of the sublime agency employed, when 'the Lord God of the holy prophets sent His angel to show unto His servants things which must shortly be done.'

Nowhere have we seen so complete a demonstration of the unity of Isaiah, or, in other words, of the Isaian authorship of the later prophecies. We shall give an abstract of Mr. Birks' masterly line of argument in refuting the hypothesis which assigns the latter half to one or more unknown writers near the close of the captivity. This modern theory originated in Germany, and has found defenders where they ought not to have been found among ourselves. Dr. Davidson represents it most ably in England; Dean Stanley, most effectively. We have in an appendix a summary of the defensive arguments under four heads.

First, the external evidence. This begins with the decree of Cyrus, Ezra i. 3, which alludes to the prophecy, as Josephus confirms in *Antiq.* xi. 1. 1, 2: "Now Cyrus learned this by reading the book Isaiah had left of his own prophecies 210 years before. . . . These things Isaiah foretold 140 years before the temple was destroyed. When Cyrus, therefore, had read them, and had admired their Divine character, an impulse and emulation seized him to do what was written. Calling together the chief of the Jews in Babylon, he said they were at liberty to go to their own country, and restore the city of Jerusalem and the temple of God." It is hard to overcome this testimony: for, as Mr. Birks says, "the genuineness of these prophecies, so that Cyrus himself was satisfied of their earlier existence and Divine character, is

inwrought into the very texture of the whole Jewish history, and is the secret mainspring of that great event, the return from Babylon." Then comes the testimony of the writer of *Ecclesiasticus*, about B.C. 270, who distinctly refers to Isaiah's later visions as his. We then enter the New Testament, where John the Baptist sets his whole mission to the strain of Isaiah xl. 3, and "He bare witness to the truth." And a greater than John the Baptist quotes oftener the later predictions of Isaiah than any other. He began his ministry in Nazareth with a text taken from them. St. Matthew and St. John both quote them, with a very emphatic reference to Isaiah as the author. In the Acts of the Apostles he is quoted expressly in the narrative of the Ethiopian; and St. Paul adds his confirmation in the Epistle to the Romans. Of course it will be said that these predictions were quoted as Isaiah's by a conventional use of language, the author's name being of no moment whatever; in fact, only the title of the book, on very much the same principle as made the first word of a book its name. It is needless to say how irreverent is all this, and how inconsistent with the dignity accorded to the prophets personally in the New Testament account of the doctrine of inspiration. The modern school of critics have inured themselves to the notion that Our Saviour's human nature was limited like ours, and that He received unquestionably the current notions. But the healthy instincts of the Christian community will repel this notion sooner or later with abhorrence, apart from any doctrinal theories of the union of the two natures in Christ. And it surely is utterly inconsistent with reverence for the Holy Spirit of inspiration to represent Him as putting into the lips of Apostles an affirmation of the authorship of ancient Scriptures which was incorrect. He surely knew whether Isaiah saw the visions, and wrote the words which are ascribed to him. Here is evidence enough for the believer in the inspiration of the New Testament. But there is both negative and positive internal evidence for others.

First, as to negative evidence. The prophet is wanting, and cannot be found at the close of the captivity, who might be pitched upon as the organ of such supremely momentous predictions. Bunsen's view that it might be Baruch is, to speak the plain truth, ridiculous. The title and name, the date and place, the prophetic call and commission, are all absent, if another and unknown author is to be found for the sublimest predictions of the Old Testament. Moreover, there is no allusion whatever to what would then be contemporaneous persons and events. The prophetic structure also is wholly absent; but here Mr. Birks' statement may be given as a useful formula: "The early prophecies of Isaiah, and every other book from Jeremiah to Malachi, have one common feature. They begin with history or prophetic warning, and then pass on to the utterance of bright hopes and gracious promises. There is one slight exception, because Haggai and Zechariah prophesied together, and Haggai's early voice, mainly of rebuke and warning, was continued at once, by his brother prophet, in words of comfort and promise. In every other case this

order is observed, and thus forms a kind of law in every complete prophetic message. The warnings of the Law constantly prepare the way for the hopes of the Gospel. This rule is fully observed in the usual view of these chapters, that they are later portions of Isaiah's own work. But the moment they are referred to a different and unknown author, it is contradicted and reversed. This message, unlike the voice of every known prophet, would then hurry at once, without a word of caution or rebuke, into utterances of fullest and brightest promise."

If the reader will examine the strong, clear, consistent assertions of God concerning Himself, that in these chapters He was predicting future events, and exhibiting His own foreknowledge,—assertions which abound from the forty-first to the forty-sixth chapters,—he will find, perhaps, the strongest of all the internal evidences that the latter part of Isaiah cannot be detached from the earlier without a violence that would be nothing less than fatal to the very foundations of revealed theology.

The positive internal evidences we pass over, partly because our space is limited, but chiefly because the kind of evidence is such as defies condensation, while we are bound to say, at the same time, that it does not altogether commend itself save to those whose senses are exercised to a very refined perception of the internal laws and harmonies of Scriptural structure. But the induction of philological results, which refute the arguments drawn from the style and diction of the later prophecies, is clear, and full, and convincing; always, however, on the supposition that the following well-expressed postulate is granted: "The difference of style in these chapters, on which great stress has been laid by some modern critics to prove their later authorship, is not explained in the least by referring them to an unknown writer near the close of the Exile. They are unlike all the known writings of that period. On the other hand, the difference is just what we might expect, if they were written by Isaiah during those later days of 'truth and peace' (xxxix. 8). For here, in agreement with that temporary and merciful change, the details of the earlier prophecies, the stern rebukes with which they begin, their woes and burdens, blossom out into rich and beautiful promise, like the opening rose. Just as the rosebud, then, differs from its parent stem, so do these chapters of promise and hope differ from that stem of earlier Isaian prophecies on which they grow. New subjects demand some new words and phrases. A denial of the genuineness on this ground must be simply puerile, unless the contrast were extreme. It would require us to infer that hardly one book of considerable size is throughout from the same author. But many of the alleged contrasts, when examined, prove erroneous and illusive; while the resemblances, which attest the common origin of both parts, are various and important, and cannot be referred to chance alone."

The objections urged against the unity are of no moment, or of very

little moment, to those who admit the force of the preceding. It seems hardly worth while to argue with a Christian Divine who will say that "Isaiah could not have taken such a bound as to predict a far-distant personal Messiah, consistently with the analogy of prophecy. Such leaps into the future are unknown." Yet Our Lord says, "He wrote of me." But when the argument reaches this point, the question of any Bible at all is involved.

We should have been glad to give some extracts from Mr. Birks' method of treating the discoveries of the last thirty years, the slab and cylinders lately disintombed, the progress of cuneiform interpretation, and the methods of solving the few difficulties which these present. But it must suffice to say that none of them are forgotten. We must spend our remaining lines in recommending the expository element in this volume. Scarcely any commentator, ancient or modern, has been forgotten; the expositions and theories of some who may not have been personally consulted are examined with care and fidelity. More could be expected of no man, at any rate in the labour of fifteen months. It appears that the volume was declined by the editor of the *Speaker's Commentary* for this reason, among others, that the notes were too homiletic. We can easily understand that this would be an objection. The fact is, that Mr. Birks has relegated to appendices much of what usually enters into the notes and so gives a learned and bewildering conglomerate character to the book, and to the reading of the page. He has sifted the notes of all that is not directly expository; and there can be no doubt that the spirit of the Christian expositor and preacher has been allowed to reign everywhere. We like the volume on this account. It will be all the more valuable to the student who, being a preacher, consults it for the work of his ministry. We say nothing now of the interpretation, which gives a realistic sense to the prophecies concerning the Jews: suffice that they are temperate and devoid of the exaggerations which are sometimes so incongruous in our Evangelical exposition, which should therefore be a spiritual one, of the Old Testament predictions. The new renderings are, on the whole, exceedingly good. If the volume is consulted on chapter xxxviii., the reader will obtain a fair idea of the value of the book, both as a new or revised translation, and as a commentary. Take the following note on the sun-dial of Ahaz: "The fact here announced is an optical or sensible miracle, the reversed motion of the sun's shadow in the sun-dial of Ahaz. The words themselves leave it open, whether there was a change in the sun's apparent and the earth's real motion, a general change by unusual refraction, or one local only. But the last seems more likely for several reasons. First, the special mention that it was 'in the sun-dial of Ahaz.' Next, the envoys from Babylon had heard of it as a local sign (2 Chron. xxxii. 81). It could not, then, have extended to Babylon. It results, further, from the true emphasis in this mention of the sun-dial of Ahaz. That wicked king had set up this sun-dial, after refusing a sign in the

height above, and now it was made to supply a parable to the house of David. The noonday of the kingdom was far past, and the shadows of evening had begun to be stretched out. But the reformation of Hezekiah, his faith and prayer, and the general turning of the nation outwardly to God, would be allowed to arrest and reverse this downward course of the kingdom, and to give it a reprieve for a little season, after which the shadows would lengthen and deepen once more."

But we must conclude. Whatever Dr. Kaye's volume may be in the *Speaker's Commentary*, we feel pretty sure that it will not surpass this one in any element of true scholarship or general criticism of the great Prophet. And we are quite confident that it will not approach it in Evangelical fervour and adaptation to the use of the Christian preacher.

The Ten Commandments. By R. W. Dale, M.A., Author of *Week-Day Sermons*, &c. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1871.

THE Discourses published in this volume were preached in Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, on successive Sunday evenings, at the close of 1870. Mr. Dale, with the same thoughtful consideration for all classes of his congregation which marked the ministry of his eminent predecessor, was led to preach this series of sermons to meet the case of "a large number of retail tradesmen, a large number of young men and women employed in retail shops, and a still larger number of working people" who attend his ministry. While sermons so able, displaying so much careful thought, and withal so plain, so easy to be "understanded by the common people," are preached there, "Carr's Lane" will not fail to maintain a first place amongst the Nonconformist pulpits of our land. We have no commonplace generalities, nothing feeble, no escaping difficulties; but a vigorous discussion of the words and spirit of the several commands, of the basis of their obligation, of their relation to the brighter Christian revelations, their harmony, their utility, their necessity. There is an easy freedom in the method of treatment; but, though the preacher does "not believe that wit and humour are to be excluded from God's service, or that there is no place for them in the illustration of Divine truth," there is a chastened propriety observable throughout the whole.

In an appropriate introductory chapter, the respective importance of the earlier and later revelations is briefly discussed. The Divine authority over the life of man, as the basis on which the Ten Commandments rest, is well urged. Sharp words are said against a teaching which would separate inward perfection from outward practice—the deterioration of outward actions into "mere morality." Christ "did not repeal any outward law when he required purity of heart and inward righteousness."

In the discourse on the Third Commandment, under the head of Profanity, a common vice is thus condemned: "Nothing is more easy than to create a laugh by a grotesque association of some frivolity with the grave and solemn words of Holy Scripture. But surely this is profanity of the worst kind. By this book the religious life of men is quickened and sustained. It contains the highest revelations of Himself which God has made to man. It directly addresses the conscience and the heart, and all the noblest faculties of our nature, exalting our idea of duty, consoling us in sorrow, redeeming us from sin and despair, and inspiring us with the hope of immortal blessedness and glory. Listening to its words, millions have heard the very voice of God. It is associated with the sanctity of many generations of saints. Such a book cannot be a fit material for the manufacture of jests. For my own part, though I do not accept Dr. Johnson's well-known saying, that 'a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket,' I should be disposed to say that a man who deliberately and consciously uses the words of Christ, of Apostles, and of Prophets, for mere purposes of merriment, might have chalked a caricature on the wall of the Holy of Holies, or scrawled a witticism on the sepulchre in Joseph's garden."

Of necessity the relation of the Jewish Sabbath to our Lord's Day is discussed. The following will present the author's view:

"The Christian Sunday and the Jewish Sabbath are absolutely different institutions, different in almost every particular that constitutes a characteristic of either. The Sabbath was founded on a specific Divine command. We can plead no such command for the obligation to observe Sunday. The Sabbath was to be observed on a particular day, the seventh of the week. Among us the seventh is a common day, and it is the first day of the week that we celebrate as a religious festival. The purpose of the Sabbath was to commemorate the manifestation of God's power in the creation of all things, and of His goodness in redeeming the Jews from their misery in Egypt. The Christian Sunday commemorates the Resurrection of Christ from the dead. Obedience to the law of the Sabbath required physical rest and nothing more; neither public nor private worship constituted any part of the obligation which was imposed upon the Jews by the Fourth Commandment. The great object for which the Christian Sunday is set apart from other days, is to secure opportunity for religious thought, for thanksgiving, and for prayer. The penalty for breaking the Sabbath was death. There is not a single sentence in the New Testament to suggest that we incur any penalty by violating the supposed sanctity of Sunday.

"The Sabbath was originally nothing more than a day of physical rest. After the captivity, it was the day on which devout Jews met in their synagogues for worship; but this was because the day was already free from ordinary business. But the Sunday originated in the meetings of the Church for worship; the rest was secured afterwards in order that the worship might be possible. In the history

of the Jewish Sabbath, the rest came first and the worship followed ; in the history of the Christian Sunday, the worship came first and the rest followed. To the idea of the Jewish Sabbath, rest was essential, worship was an accident ; to the idea of the Christian Sunday, worship is essential and rest is an accident. The rest of the Sabbath was prescribed by a law which made rest a duty. The law was beneficent and gracious, but still it was a law, and the consciences of men were 'exercised' in determining what the law permitted and what it forbade. The rest of the Sunday is protected by no law ; it has been gradually won as a privilege, and is now to be protected as a right. The Jewish Sabbath was a divinely ordained discipline, intended to enforce the remembrance of God's creative acts, and to check by an authoritative institution man's complete absorption in secular business. The Christian Sunday is the expression of the exulting joy of Christian hearts in the Resurrection and glory of Christ, and of their desire to vindicate their place in the kingdom of heaven . . .

"It is a direct inversion of the whole idea and theory of the day to ask, What common things may I do on it and yet be blameless ? The true question for every Christian man is, How far is it possible for me to escape from the common cares and common joys of my ordinary life, and how completely can I dwell, for one day in the week, at least, in a fairer world than this, breathe a purer air, and rejoice in the light of a diviner heaven ? The observance of the Sunday as a religious institution is a question of privilege, not of duty."

Mr. Dale holds to the opinion that the Sabbath was instituted at the time of the giving of the Law, and enters into a discussion of the various arguments usually urged in favour of an earlier observance. Here and elsewhere some will find ground of objection ; but no one will object to the sound and earnest teachings of the whole. The close is as follows:—"The last of the Ten Commandments, 'Thou shalt not covet,' touches the characteristic precept of the New Law, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This perfect love, the spring of all individual virtue, is the only sure and effective remedy for all social and political disorders. It is in the victory of the Christian faith, and in that alone, that I see any hope for the rescue of mankind from the sorrows, and confusions, and conflicts, which make human life so desolate. It is man himself that requires to be changed. No change in the mere external organisation of society will redeem him from the evil passions which are the root of all his miseries. The redemption is to be wrought by the supernatural power of Christ. 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbour : therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law.' These ancient commandments written on stone shall some day be written on the heart of man. God is Love, and when all men are made 'partakers of the Divine nature,' the Moral Law, as an authoritative restraint on human passion and an external rule of life will, in a sense, have become obso-

lets. It will no longer be revealed to us in definite precepts, sanctioned by awful penalties and glorious rewards; it will be revealed in all the instincts, affections, and impulses of the heart. As the law is the expression of the infinite perfections of God, it is the prophecy of the perfection which we ourselves shall attain when our union with God through Christ is consummated."

The Life and Travels of George Whitefield, M.A. By James Paterson Gledstone. London: Longmans and Co. 1871.

THE Life of George Whitefield deserves more than a passing notice in this Journal, and we purpose shortly to deal more at length with it. Meanwhile we must draw the attention of our readers to this carefully and ably-written memoir. Mr. Gledstone chose a fine subject for study when he took up the life of "the self-sacrificing and catholic evangelist who, a hundred years ago, finished in a strange land his travels for the Gospel's sake, and preached the last of those sermons which, together with the true words of many of his brethren, reanimated the dying religion of the whole British people." He has completed his task with great credit to himself, and has laid the Church at large under obligations to him, for presenting this worthy memorial of a man whose love for all explained his willing labour for all; and the benefit of whose unparalleled ministrations are shared by the Churches alike of this land and of America. Mr. Gledstone has caught the sentiment of his own beautiful words: "The wealth of a good heart is for the enriching of the world." We must express our admiration of the spirit in which the book is written. No one can read it without feeling that the author has a thorough sympathy with his subject; and although there were many opportunities for revealing his own bias of thought, he has, with singular care and almost entire success, guarded himself from being betrayed. Sometimes this seems to have been done only by violence. Mr. Gledstone has communed in a good sense with the spirit of the departed. That his best feelings have been stirred by the study of his subject does not surprise us, for the simple reading of his own pages must do this for anyone. Whitefield's spirit was pure and contagious: Mr. Gledstone is the better for his new friendship. The book bears testimony to the assertion of the preface: "I have striven to put the man, rather than his creed, upon the pages of this book." And yet Whitefield's creed underlies the whole man. His life was the embodiment of a creed—a creed of simple elements, sometimes conflicting ones. There was one mighty impulse of a true creed—a most real belief. He *saw* the imminent peril of men; he *saw* the infinite love of God. Mr. Gledstone truly says: "Whitefield's love to God and love to man—one love—constitute the explanation of his personal character and of his life's labours." We commend the faithful endeavour "to find out and lay bare the real fountain of his never-failing and exultant joy; of his fiery but gentle zeal; of his universal charity." We

also give our author credit for trying, when Whitefield was in conflict with others, "to do justice to both sides."

Making an almost inappreciable abatement for a little confusion in historic order in a few places, perhaps not always avoidable, we must more strongly express our disappointment that the last twenty years of the Life should have received "but slight notice" in comparison with that given to earlier years. We cannot accept the justification that "they simply witnessed the steady growth of enterprises previously begun, and of personal qualities previously displayed." That steady growth of personal qualities we particularly desired to see. The face, the character, is the product of the entire history. The latest lines are the most delicate. Alas! some of these are wanting.

We are sorry to have to say this of a "Life" which has so greatly charmed us; to it we hope soon to return, and may, perhaps, find occasion to modify our judgment. To Mr. Gledstone we record our thanks for this timely production. Young ministers will do well to form an acquaintance with a man whose spirit they may seek, whose zeal they may emulate, but whose methods may be beyond their reach. And older men will be glad to revive their best sympathies by approaching one of the most saintly servants the Church has ever known; one whose labours had their success most widely in the multitudes he was the instrument of blessing; but which had their success most beautifully in the completeness with which their principles were embodied in himself. To them and to others we feel we can only be doing good service by calling their attention to this most admirable biography.

Wesley his own Biographer. Being Illustrations of his Character, Labours, and Achievements. From his own Journals and Letters. With an Introduction by George Stringer Rowe. London: Elliot Stock. 1871.

CHARLES LAMB once, in reading a book, met with the following marginal note: "The beauty of this passage is too apparent to need a comment." Lamb added, "Then why give it one?" This occurs to us as we read the title of this book. "Wesley his own Biographer!" Then why write a book about him? And the question is pertinent just now, when lives of Wesley threaten to multiply fast and thick as falling leaves in autumn. We do not intend the slightest reflection, nay, we do not fall short of the fullest appreciation of the labours of those who have lately given to the public, each one according to the bent of his purpose, lives of Wesley, while we make the remark suggested by the title of this book. Wesley is his own biographer as no one else can be. True, as Mr. Rowe remarks, he cannot be this completely, and we do not speak thus to dry the pen of anyone who aspires to join the goodly cluster of Wesley's biographers already known. Still, we hold that he has spoken for himself as no one else is ever likely to speak for

him. His works are known among us, and they bear witness of him. Wesley, in the broad outlines of his character and in its finer features, in his spirit of zeal for God and of devotion to the highest interests of men, in his high philanthropy of soul and his self-denyng labours,—in fine, in his own unique individuality, is vividly portrayed to us through the results, direct and indirect, of his life's writing and toil. His monument is everywhere. His "autograph is as simple" as the Methodist Churches in England and America, as simple as modern Missionary enterprises throughout the world! His influence is felt where his hand is not recognised.

And as time scatters the clouds of prejudice, which have concealed Wesley from view, his name will become more and more precious, his many-sided life and labours more and more valued; and this, not because of the books which are, or shall be, written, but because of what *he did*, and of what is being, and shall be done, by virtue of the spirit which he breathed, and of the impulse which he gave to spiritual thought and activity. In saying this we do not deny or underrate the value of book-biographies; we only suggest that these are not the only, nor even the best, biographies which such men as Wesley command. And we hail the volume before us, not only because of its chaste style and appearance, but also for its intrinsic value. These selections are carefully and wisely made, and will give many an insight into his life, travels, and ministry, who would never be likely to read his journals. The headings also give fresh interest and value to the book. Of themselves they convey information, e.g. "Wesley's Notes on the New Testament the result of sickness." We are confident that this book will render good service to the memory and the reputation of Wesley.

The Sayings of the Great Forty Days between the Resurrection and Ascension, regarded as the Outlines of the Kingdom of God. In Five Discourses. With an Examination of Mr. Newman's Theory of Developments. By George Moberly, D.C.L., Bishop of Salisbury. Fourth Edition. Rivingtons: London, Oxford and Cambridge. 1871.

We do not know when the third edition of this work was published, but no change has been made or addition since the second edition was issued in the end of 1845 or the beginning of 1846. Then Mr. Newman had just gone over to the Church of Rome, and Dr. Moberly wrote a long preface to this second edition in opposition to that "Theory of Developments" which impelled Mr. Newman to make his passage from the Anglican to the Roman Church. Some things in this preface are quite refreshing, as coming from the Bishop of Salisbury, and we only wonder, that, with his rigid Anglican bigotry, he could commit himself even so far; e.g.—

"The Church is in all the world; and its authority is in the

presence of the Lord. The essential Church is there, wheresoever two or three are duly gathered in the Sacred Name. The Universal Church comprehends all these portions, though they be scattered on the earth, and even, if it so be, to their own great loss and diminution of blessing and grace, be dis-united externally, and refuse mutual communion and the interchange of Christian offices of love."

Though of course we should interpret these words in one sense and the Bishop would understand them in another, yet, as they lie, they may be said to be a fairly catholic definition of the Church of Christ.

We have not space for any analysis of the argument of the book itself, and perhaps it is unnecessary. Dr. Moberly's object is to show that "the outlines of the Constitution and Powers of the Church were laid down, not (as it would seem) without something of systematic completeness, by Our Holy Lord Himself." In pursuance of this object he makes the assumption that there is an "essential difference between the sayings of Our Lord before and after the Resurrection," that "the Institution of Holy Baptism was reserved till after the Resurrection, that it might be understood that the grace of Regeneration had been won in the Resurrection;" and he lays down the, as he puts it, fallacious principle that all the older Scriptures, including Our Lord's teachings during His public ministry, must "fall within and be consistent with the great sayings of the forty days," and that the "later Apostolic writings, usages, and institutions, will supply the genuine and inspired commentary upon these sayings themselves;" it being understood throughout, of course, that the sayings, with everything preceding and following, be interpreted and applied according to the desire of the good Bishop. And so it is proved to demonstration, if men will but close their eyes and submit, that there is but one Holy Apostolic Church—the Anglican, with an inclination of sympathy towards Rome, and that the Grace of Salvation can be conveyed only through the sacraments as administered by its ministers, who alone are the true literal and official successors of the Apostles. When will the film of bigoted ecclesiasticism cease to obscure the vision of learned and even good men?

Original Sin. An Essay on the Fall. By James Frame. Second Edition. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

"This treatise was first published in 1853." "Local circumstances" led the author to write at first, and we suppose the locality referred to is not much given to change, and that the fixity of its circumstances has led Mr. Frame to keep his face fixed, steadily looking at that on which he looked some eighteen years ago. Only thus can we understand the reproduction of this book with no more change than is involved in "a good many additions" and "a few corrections." The author should have changed his position, should have

used a more powerful lens, have looked at the subject in its various bearings, and not in its relation to one or two antiquated dogmas or fanciful assumptions merely. He might then have given us some chapters on "Original Sin" more suited to the times, in better keeping with his own views of "The Means" and "The Method of Cure," and, what is most of all important, in harmony with the teachings of Holy Scripture; which teachings he has not, in his argument, used either so fully or so fairly as he should have done. His exposition of St. Paul's teaching in the Epistle to the Romans is very short-sighted, while his comment on Ps. li. 5 would surely never have been made if he had not first set up his theory and then come to the Bible to beg for support. Mr. Frame's motive for writing this book seems to lie in the horror with which he regards two things—the one a fanciful assumption, the other a baseless dogma. He assumes that the "human species was destined to exist, even though no Saviour had been provided," and that, in this case, according to the commonly-accepted doctrine of "Original Sin," the whole race, however numerous and endless, must have been under condemnation and death. The thought of this appals him, and we are sorry for it, because he need not have harboured the thought at all. We cannot tell what *would* have happened, and we are safe only when we keep to what *has*. Then, he abhors the notion that children who die in infancy must perish everlastingly, and he thinks they must, if possessed of a depraved nature through the fall of Adam. He does not seem to see that participation on the one side is and must be equal with participation on the other: that "*as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive,*"—that if children die spiritually through Adam, they are made alive spiritually by Christ. And so he writes, finding the strength of his position in the fancied strength of that system of theology whose dogmas have shocked him rather than in any heartfelt confidence that his position is safe, or the arguments he adduces for its support impregnable.

Original sin was Adam's first transgression of the Law; that sin was imputed to his posterity, so as to subject them to mortality. This is the proposition: "When Adam sinned he became a totally depraved being;" but the sole consequence to us is, bodily death with that which precedes it as precursory suffering. There is to us no imputation of sin, because we cannot be actually guilty of Adam's sin; nor has "moral pollution been imputed to the race;" but there is "imputation of punishment:" "what was punishment, however, to Adam, is, properly speaking, only suffering to his posterity." A nice distinction! And this suffering is only in the body. Some of the arguments used to sustain this proposition would, if well sustained by the author, have carried him further, e.g. "The death of the body and the life of the soul flow respectively from Adam and Christ." True; but the life of the body also will be restored by Christ; what is there to forbid the completion of the analogy, and the assertion that the soul has suffered through Adam's sin as well as

the body. The argument from the righteousness of Christ is also very defective. We are sanctified as well as justified by Christ; and the analogy between Adam and Christ, as the federal representatives of the race, requires the doctrine of derived depravity of soul to make it complete and full. This part of the case is left in a very impotent state. Adam "became a totally depraved being, and from his day to the present depravity has been universal among his posterity;" yet it is a "monstrous absurdity" to suppose that "spiritual death is an element in the penalty."

The proposition resulting to be dealt with is, that the depravity so universal and manifest is to be traced to the "vitiated constitution" of body which we inherit, and which acts injuriously upon the soul, thus being "the chief cause of the early and universal development of moral evil and a perverse disposition." To commend this, the writer labours hard to show that the soul cannot be innately corrupt, because it is the creation of God. But his strong argument does not help him out of the difficulty, for he holds that God makes the body, and that the body produces evil in the life; and so, following his guidance, we have to take but another step and we come to the conclusion he is determined to avoid—that God is the Author of sin. This book is an illustration of the difficulties which trouble a man when, in order to escape certain dreaded consequences, he frames a theory, and then assures himself that its adoption is the only means of escape possible. If we understand them aright, we accept no one of the dogmas and shadows which the author fights so strenuously, and we no more accept his theory. The doctrine of "original sin" needs to be commended to men of thought and culture in these days, but certainly not in the way here attempted.

Man next to God in His Original Status and Final Destiny.
A Plea for Redemption. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1870.

THIS writer "expects obloquy and scorn." We suppose this is the reason he has withheld his name. Why he should look for such treatment we scarcely know, unless the expectation be prompted by the consciousness of desert. Certainly he indulges in several reflections without distinction and without mercy. "The professed teachers of the Bible have all defiled themselves with errors," and are called upon to repent. If they do not obey the call, some of them may give him measure for measure. We ourselves think that a man who spurns traditionalism so thoroughly, who complains that "the Bible has been forced to accommodate itself to theories," that "texts have been wrested from their connection," and who pleads for the "simple Bible," should have been more candid in the announcement of his subject, and have shown less anxiety to make the Scriptures support his notions. If ever a theory was preconceived and then brought to the Bible to demand support, it is in this case. And the title of the book is quite misleading. It is called,

"A Plea for Redemption." It is, in fact, a plea for annihilation! The writer assails the doctrine of everlasting punishment, and teaches "The Ultimate Extinction of Evil" and the total annihilation of all evil persons. He seeks to commend his teaching by the assertion that man was not made immortal; that; "death means extinction of being;" that the doctrine of eternal punishment is revolting, and only "upheld by class interests;" and that it has no foundation either in Scripture or reason. Though we cannot here write at large, our readers may be interested in some of the positions he takes, and in a sample of his powers of Biblical criticism.

He maintains that the creation of man was a necessity; his fall, a necessity; his redemption, a necessity. As to the creation of man, he must have been made fallible, changeable, and therefore mortal. "He could not be made innately, and in his own nature, immortal. It would be a third way of creating a God." And the author does not see that this remark lies equally against the immortality of man, as he believes it to be imparted. He tells us that man became a *living soul*—"nephesh is equivalent to animal life, whether of man or of any of the lower animals." Then observe: "*After his creation* he received superadded grace in the bestowal of the Holy Spirit. God breathed, &c. This breath of life is not the *nephesh*, . . . but it is the *heshammah* (!) of life." "*After his creation*" forsooth! And this is what our anonymous author calls coming *simply* to the Bible. His exposition of Psalm viii. is simple to absurdity. If he will allow a slight addition, one remark he makes has our cordial approval: "If we were to mangle other books as we do God's Book, what a jumble we should make of them!" We should, especially if we mangled as it is done here. Our author says, "a theological Bacon" is needed. We have only to say that we have marked no sign of his appearance while reading this essay; we have not even found that which the writer ventures to hope may be found: "the acorn from which such an oak may grow."

The Life of the Rev. Joseph Wood, with Extracts from his Diary. By the Rev. Henry W. Williams, Author of "An Exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans," &c. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1871.

ANYONE looking at the portrait prefixed to this volume would expect the memoir of a man of pure mind, of large and generous sympathies, a man rigorous in principle and earnest in labour. It is even so. Joseph Wood was a Methodist minister, and of a good type. Early the subject of religious fear, and guided by religious principles, his youth was unstained by evil habits. He grew up to be a pure-minded, saintly man. His mind was cultured by early training and by subsequent study, especially of the Sacred Scriptures, which he diligently and systematically read in the original tongues. Of the character of his preaching little is said; but from the recorded effects of it, it

is easy to see that it was in the highest degree useful. His labour was very great. Carried along by one controlling purpose, he seems to have lost no opportunity of urging, alike upon congregations and individuals, the necessity of conversion from sin, and of devotion to a godly life. As a pastor he appeared to great advantage. With persevering energy and much painstaking he endeavoured to guard the interests of every member of the several churches which came under his pastoral care. For this he sacrificed the pleasures of literary pursuits; though his thirst for knowledge is properly described as quenchless. Mr. Williams in his remarks on Mr. Wood's preaching, has pointed out, with a very just discrimination, that the sacrifice was not his alone. Between public preaching, pastoral visitation, and private devotion, this good man seems to have divided his entire time and strength.

Mr. Wood's brethren in the ministry and his numerous friends in the Methodist Connexion will be grateful to Mr. Williams for the taste and skill with which he has compiled these beautiful memorials of his "beloved friend."

A Manual for Young Christians. Being a Guide to their Path, Position, and Service. By Edward Dennett. London: Elliot Stock. 1871.

A book nicely got up, written in a genial, Christian spirit, with an evident desire and aim to render good service to young Christians. We cannot, however, commend all the teachings of this instructor, e.g. "*Every believer is a child of God.* Not a child by adoption, but a child by birth and nature. The term adoption is misleading." Such exposition of Scripture as this, especially in the light of the purpose it is meant to serve, is misleading beyond all question. No competent person unprejudiced by theories *could* say we are not the children of God *by adoption*. So, notwithstanding some excellent instructions and counsels in it, we cannot present this "Manual" as a safe guide to the young.

An Earnest Pastorate. Memorials of the Rev. Alexander Leitch, M.A., Minister of the South Church, Stirling. By the Rev. Norman L. Walker, Author of "Life in the Spirit," "Christ at Sychar," &c. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. 1871.

CAREFULLY written memorials of a good and useful minister of the Gospel: a man, we are told, who never delivered one set speech in the General Assembly; who contributed nothing to the literature of his country; with whose very name, it is possible, many of his own brethren were little familiar, but who gained the singular distinction of spending a long life in "single-minded devotion to the glory of God, and the highest good of his fellow-men." There is an especial

interest in the book as the history of a fervent Evangelist appearing at a time when, in the Church of Scotland, "Moderatism overspread the land," and when "the Evangelical party had scarcely begun to lift up its head." He lived to witness and to help forward a great revival of religion. One of the Sacerdotes from the Established Church, he took part in the trials, and afterwards the triumphs of the Free Kirk of Scotland. The separate incidents of this life are not in themselves sufficiently important to claim attention; but they are so woven together as to present a useful example of the way in which it is possible, without displaying very brilliant gifts, to win high honour in the faith and service of Jesus Christ,

Symbols of Christ. By Charles Stanford. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE re-issue of a most excellent book; the manifold preciousness of Christ as a Saviour is presented on its pages in words of remarkable simplicity, purity, and beauty.

The Work of the Christian Preacher. By the Rev. Thomas Jones. Swansea. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1871.

THIS is an address delivered from the chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales at the Annual Meeting in May last. It is a manly, vigorous, comprehensive address, couched in eloquent terms. We strongly urge its perusal by those, the nature and method of whose sacred work it very impressively discusses.

III. MISCELLANEOUS.

The English Colonisation of America during the Seventeenth Century. By Edward D. Neill, Consul of the United States of America at Dublin. London : Strahan and Co. 1871.

FROM the 14th of May, 1602, when Bartholomew Gosnold landed with a few others on the coast of what is now called Massachusetts, to the end of the century, the history of the English Colonisation of North America is traced with a scrupulous fidelity to facts and dates. Good service is thus done alike to present students and to future historians. Although there is a certain quaintness in the appearance of the whole, arising from the insertion of numerous extracts from documents written two hundred years ago, yet the interest of the story is heightened and not diminished, by the absence of imaginative scenes and the unadorned manner in which the bare facts are presented. This is so because no fancy could equal in glow of interest the simple facts themselves. The foundations of a mighty empire, like the foundations of a palace, need not to be chiselled with elaborate ornamentation. The bold, rough, plain blocks best become the great work of sustaining the rising superstructure. There will be room above for taste, for fancy and adornment. Nothing could be more germane to the first histories of that vast westward migration which the past two centuries have witnessed than the record of the simple deeds of the individual actors. Their dress, their speech, their culture, their habits of life, their motives, are all requisite to enable us to form a complete picture. But the doings of the men we must have. We must know their number, their rank in life, their faults, their means, their mode of living; must watch them in their counsels at home, must see them embark, accompany them on their voyage, certainly witness their landing. We must hear the first blow of the axe; must mark their dissensions, and read their first laws. Having begun with their beginnings, we may then watch their slow progress. Afterwards we may penetrate to those hidden forces of character, the track of which has never been hidden or broken even by the after influx of vast hordes of men of all nations. There were elements in the first period of American Colonisation traceable to-day; and we never form a just conception of the present condition of the country if we eliminate the characteristics of the first age.

We are the more pleased with Mr. Neill's book because he has so largely confined himself to documentary evidence. It has recently been shown that State Records and official papers are more trustworthy evidences than the fancy of swift-penned historians. But we must

not be misunderstood. This is not merely a collection of quaint documents. It is history; history well, concisely, and effectively written.

We have referred to Gosnold. After a month passed "in examining the shores now conspicuous with the domes and monuments of Boston, the church spires of peaceful villages, and the tall chimneys of manufacturing towns," he re-embarked on the 18th of June, and reached home on the 28rd of July, when he "astonished the mercantile world, not only by the shortness of his passage by the new route, but by his calm and reasonable statement as to the healthfulness of the region visited, and its capabilities for sustaining an English-speaking population." Other voyages followed, and the conviction deepened "that British pride and interests demanded" the separation of "the French settlements on the St. Lawrence, and the Spanish plantations near the Gulf of Mexico, by an English colony." Statesmen, merchants, military officers, and clergymen alike, though from diverse motives, favoured the scheme; and a patent was sealed on the 6th of April, 1606, "for Sir Thomas Gates (an officer in the employ of the Netherlands), Sir George Somes (well acquainted with navigation), Richard Hakluyt (who had become prebendary of Westminster), Edward Maria Wingfield, Bartholomew Gosnold and others, 'to reduce a colony of sundry people into that part of America commonly called Virginia,' between the 34th and 45th degrees of north latitude." Two plantations were contemplated; the "first colony" to settle between the 34th and 41st, and the "second colony" were permitted to plant between the 38th and 45th degrees.

Here are the beginnings of things. "Early in the winter there were gathered a hundred men, no better than those that surrounded David at the Cave of Adullam, as the nucleus of the colony."

We have orders copied from MS. records of the Virginia Colony, in the Library of the Congress of the United States, in which Captain Christopher Newport is appointed to the sole charge and command of the "good ship called the *Sarah Constant* and the ship called the *Good Speed*, with a pinnace called the *Discovery*, now ready victualled, rigged, and furnished for the said voyage." Close sealed instruments, containing the names of persons "appointed to be of his Majesty's Council in the said country of Virginia," were delivered to the voyagers; and Newport, Gosnold, and Ratcliffe, or their survivors, were directed to open and unseal them within four-and-twenty hours after their arrival upon the coasts of Virginia, and to "declare and publish unto all the company the names therein set down, and that the persons therein named are and shall be known and taken to be his Majesty's Council of his first Colony in Virginia aforesaid."

Sundry instructions were given, shrewd and quaint enough, directing to the choice of locality, the care and use of their provisions, the examination of the country, search for minerals, dealings with the "naturals," and sites for their cities and plantations. "Neither

must you plant in a low and moist place, because it will prove unhealthful. You shall judge of the good air by the people, for some part of that coast where the lands are low have their people blear-eyed and with swollen bellies and legs; but if the naturals be strong and clean made, it is a sure sign of a wholesome soil." They are further instructed that "seeing order is at the same price with confusion, it shall be advisably done to set your houses even, and by a line, that your street may have a good breadth, and be carried square about your market-place, and every street's end opening into it; that from thence with a few field-pieces you may command every street throughout; which market-place you may also fortify if you think needful." The whole closes with the sage assurance that "the way to prosper and achieve good success is to make yourselves all of one mind, for the good of your country and your own, and to serve and fear God, the Giver of all goodness; for every plantation which our Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted out." So far Virginia has given good proof of being planted not by the hand of man alone.

As the hour of sailing approached, many prayers ascended on behalf of the expedition, and Drayton wrote a spirited ode on the occasion, beginning:—

" You brave, heroic minds,
 Worthy your country's name,
 That honour still pursue,
 Whilst loit'ring hinds
 Lurk here at home, with shame,
 Go, and subdue!"

The expedition entered "the broad and beautiful Chesapeake Bay" on the 26th of April, 1607. The sealed orders were opened and the council constituted, with Wingfield as President; and "on the 29th a cross was planted at Cape Henry, and the country claimed in the name of King James." Troubles and strife ensued, which are well and briefly told. Dangers threaten the new Colony, and the Company find it needful to reorganise matters, and to place at the head of affairs some one who should be "above the temptations of avarice, actuated by a lofty patriotism, and anxious to civilise the aborigines." The choice fell upon Thomas West, Lord Delaware. A new charter, with enlarged privileges, was granted to the Company; and efforts were made to induce the people to emigrate to the new settlement. William Symonds, preacher of St. Saviour's, in Southwark, preached a sermon before the "most noble and worthy advancers of the standard of Christ among the Gentiles, the adventurers for the plantation of Virginia." He uttered hard words about the condition of the working men and women of the old country, and advised them thus:—"Many sweets are in England which I know not how better to interpret than to say, The strong old bees do beat out the younger to swarm and hive themselves elsewhere. Take the opportunity, good, honest labourers, which bring all the

honey to the hive. God may so bless you that a May swarm is worth a king's ransom." From that day to this his words have been heeded ; and the great and growing country could with its "swarm" buy out many a king. We have extracts from another sermon preached by William Temple on the occasion of Lord Delaware leaving for the new colony. It is rather a strange medley, but shows the spirit of the times and the light in which, by some at least, the new Colony was viewed. Lord Delaware did not leave England until some time after his appointment, and might not then have gone but for bad news coming of the second expedition. On his arrival, Captain James Davis, in charge of the stockade there, visited the fleet, and unfolded a strange narrative, mixed both with joy and sorrow. Lord Delaware writes : "I was heartily glad to hear the happiness of this news, but it was seasoned with a compound of so many miseries and calamities, as no story ever presented, I believe, the wrath and curse of the Eternal offended Majesty in greater measure."

Lord Delaware found matters in Jamestown in a bad plight indeed. The settlers had fled, and not a house was in repair. He recalled the wanderers. He caused his commission to be read, and delivered a brief speech, chiding the settlers for their excess and indolence, exhorting them to industry, and hoping that he might not be compelled to draw the sword of justice to cut off delinquents. His first care was to provide subsistence. "During the winter the Indians and improvident settlers had killed all the hogs, 'inasmuch as out of five or six hundred there was but one sow left alive ;' the mares and horses had all been eaten, and for a long time the crow of the morning cock and the cackling of the hen over a new-laid egg had ceased."

Delaware sent home a sorry account of things, and immediately set about to suppress vice by measures which certainly lacked no severity. Blasphemy of the Trinity, or of the King, and profane swearing thrice repeated were punishable with death. For showing want of respect to a clergyman, public whipping was inflicted, and pardon must be asked in the church for three successive Sundays. For not attending church and the Sunday catechetical lesson, the penalty for the first offence was the loss of a week's provisions ; for a second, whipping ; and for the third, death ! Every colonist, on arriving, was required to give an account of his faith to the clergyman, and in default was daily whipped till he complied. "If a washerwoman stole the linen of an employer, she was publicly whipped. A baker who sold loaves below the standard weight was liable to the loss of his ears." Matters had not mended, when in 1612 a new charter was granted, giving power to establish lotteries for the benefit of the settlement. "The first public drawing of prizes, to the amount of £5,000, took place on the 29th of June, 1612, 'in a new-built house at the west end of St. Paul's, London.'" This charter caused great jealousy, and led to a debate in the House of Commons, when a member, named Middleton, "stated that the

Company were willing to yield up their patent, that it had not been their intention to use it otherwise than for the good of all parties; and confessed that there had been some miscarriages." He also declared "that the shopkeepers of London, in exchange for their goods, received tobacco instead of coin, which was injurious to the commonwealth; that many of the divines now smelt of tobacco, and that poor men at night spent fourpence of their day's wages in smoke, and he wished that the patent might 'be damned, and an Act of Parliament passed for the government of the Colony by a Company.'"

An amusing scene is witnessed when a petition was presented in the House of Commons, by "the eminent Richard Martin," who wandered off into reproofs and counsels, for which he was, on the following day, "arraigned" at the bar of the House for contempt. On bended knee the witty jurist confessed all to be liable to error, he particularly so; that he was not in love with error, and as willing as any man to be divorced from it; that "he digressed from the subject, and was like a ship that cutteth the cable and putteth to sea, for he out his memory and trusted to his invention."

The death of Lord Delaware follows, and the appointment and subsequent displacement of Captain Samuel Argall, Deputy-governor of Virginia, "who, for his services against the friends of popular rights, was knighted in 1622 by King James." The very interesting story of Pocahontas and her companions completes the first portion of the history of the Southern Colony.

But we must not tell too much of the story. We have stayed our hand just before the account of the first years of the North Colony; the introduction of the names of William Brewster and the Leyden Nonconformists, and the sailing of the *Mayflower*, opening an era of interest peculiar to itself.

The following words, on the religious condition of the States at a later period, close a work which we most cordially recommend to students of the history of the great Western nation, and for which we thank the painstaking and able consul, the editor:—

"While at the beginning of the eighteenth century the Church of England was firmly established in Maryland and Virginia, under the auspices of the devoted Bray and Blair, yet it could not progress in the Southern Colonies. Educated men were fewer in these colonies than in the Northern, and were generally lovers of pleasure and scoffers at religion. Anderson, the accurate historian of the Colonial Church, remarks:—'Wealthy planters became notorious for their indulgence of dissolute and idle habits, and passed most of their time in drinking and card-playing, at horse-races and cock-fights. Their slaves, and servants, and other classes of the population, were not slow to copy.' The slave colonies were only saved from materialism and licentiousness by the advent of enthusiastic Methodists, who, with little education, but undoubted piety, with no possessions but a Bible, horse and saddle-bags, rode through the sparsely settled districts, and, stopping in front of country stores, or upon the green

lawn of the court-house, declared, with a terrible earnestness, that men were living on the brink of hell, and that they must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. The imaginative and emotional African shook with fear, as these glowing men grossly portrayed the horrible future of a lost soul. The roué and debauché were first enraged and scurrilous, but became silent and thoughtful, and the old planters forbade these noisy fanatics, as they deemed them, to enter their gateways. In spite of difficulties, Wesleyanism made rapid advances, and drew away the people from the pariah churches, and became the controlling religion of the late Slave States of North America. But while the Church of England was declining in the Southern, it gained ground in the Middle and Northern Colonies, from the fact, that in these was a class of educated and thoughtful persons, who found Quakerism and Presbyterianism either too cold or intellectual, and the liturgy of the Church of England a devotional form of public worship, and the Thirty-nine Articles a more satisfactory expression of the doctrines of the Sacred Scriptures than the elaborate chapters of ponderous confessions of faith."

We thus introduce to our readers a work of almost thrilling interest; a history cast in a new mould; one which, we doubt not, will take its place, as it deserves to do, amongst the standard histories of our day.

Her Own Fault. By Mrs. J. K. Spender. Three Vols. Hurst and Blackett. 1871.

HENK is a work of fiction by one whose pen has enriched several numbers of this Journal, and whose former book, *Brothers-in-Law*, of which we gave a notice when it appeared, has won high commendation from the reviewers. The special circumstances of the case must be our apology for departing from the rule which ordinarily excludes such works from the range of our notice in these brief morsels of criticism. The story of *Her Own Fault* is not so well contrived as *Brothers-in-Law*, but the power of writing, both moral and imaginative, has gained a larger development. We are sorry that Mrs. Spender seems to be too grave to illustrate in her writing the old adage about being "merry and wise;" we regret that her genius appears, as yet, not to have lent itself to the play of humour. Her colouring is rich and tender, but the most splendid of her scenes have a tinge of what is sorrowful, and the general effect of the painting is too sombre. Here are three chief female characters: one, splendidly endowed and with noble impulses, is yet blighted for life, stranded in melancholy and frigid disappointment, and barely saved from tragic heart-wreck, all because of her mere pride of will and self-assertion; a second is out-right heart-broken by a villain; the third, after a sad and weary ordeal, finds well-deserved and perfect heart's-ease and life-work, only to see her noble husband fading from her into death, after a short twelve months of married bliss. There

are three principal characters of men. One is strong, stern, yet human and capable of true love; he tries hard to be just, yet barely escapes earning for himself the character of an unprincipled and unscrupulous rival in love; he approaches at times the confines of nobleness, but never comes nearer to the real thing; altogether, he is nothing distinctly or decisively except an able, hard-working, cold, lawyer, holding to his honour and integrity, and, though an elderly man, passionately devoted to his young ward, but without faith in God or hope for eternity—a character somewhat interesting, but by no means pleasing, and touching strongly no sympathy of our nature: such is the man who finally secures as his wife the brilliant but disappointed and jaded heiress whose life, as his ward, he had watched over from her childhood. Another is the villain of the tale, a sufficiently repulsive but yet ordinary sort of villain, the last scenes of whose history are powerfully painted. A disreputable quarrel rides the story of him, and delivers the heiress from her rash engagement to marry him, which her insane pride bound her to keep in spite of all discoveries of his brutal and unprincipled character. The third is a truly noble character, although his nobleness sometimes leans to absurdity of style. He ought to have married the heiress, for they loved each other. But a combination of misunderstandings having hopelessly separated his lot from hers, after much sorrow, he marries a true and loving heart, patient, tender, refined and noble, and, after a year's happiness, is dying as the book closes. The third volume is exquisitely beautiful. Indeed, Mrs. Spender has very superior gifts and capabilities as a writer. Few can paint in words as she paints; few writers are so refined, so cultured without any parade of culture, so pathetic, or so pure and Christian in tone. Her composition affords us a bitter-sweet, which is a most wholesome variety among fictions; the sweet is as sweet as it can be, but the bitter is too strong in proportion for our perfect liking. She excels in landscape-painting, in home-scenes of true affection, and in dialogue of a thoughtful, half-speculative, and more or less pathetic strain. The conversation in which the "loud" elements of life, whether conventional or coarsely passionate, must express themselves are not for her to describe. She will need also to study plot, variety of scene and character, and to introduce more side scenes and bye-paths into her stories. With such rare powers and rarer culture as hers, with her fine sympathies and noble strain and purpose, she ought to become a very superior writer of fiction.

Intaglios. Sonnets by John Payne, Author of "*The Masque of Shadows*," &c. London: Basil Montagu Pickering. 1871.

THESE sonnets are evidently the scintillations of Mr. Payne's genius, which he threw off as he composed *The Masque of Shadows*. That was the statue; these are the chippings—of marble, of course,

and therefore not crystals. We are not "highly poetic readers," and therefore it is, perhaps, that we consider these *Intaglios* very vague in sentiment, requiring an imagination, equal to that of the author at least, in order to discover their meaning.

British Policy in China. By a Shanghai Merchant. London : Henry S. King and Co., Cornhill. · 1871.

THIS brochure is designed to show that the future British Policy should be to revise the Treaty of 1860 ; to insist more stringently upon an adherence to the terms of treaties ; and to impress on the Chinese Government that international intercourse, while conferring privileges, imposes corresponding obligations. To fail in achieving the last of these objects, is to encourage acts of aggression similar to those which followed the withdrawal of pressure after the treaties of Nankin and Tientsin. The gradual removal of artificial obstructions to the progress of trade is shown to be necessary, or we may strengthen the antagonism between "a hostile governing class and a commerce which, to be prosperous, must be progressive." It is this antagonism which is constantly threatening us with war. The vacillation of the English Government is somewhat severely commented on. The following and many other sentences deserve consideration : "If life and property are to be secured, the necessity seems apparent that the British Government should enforce the punishment of outrages upon British subjects by the exercise of direct pressure upon the provincial mandarins." In the present condition of Chinese affairs, this is a very timely paper.

[We are compelled to postpone until the next issue a sheet of Notices, for which the unusual extent of our Reviews of Continental Works has left no space. Mr. Fraser's edition of *Berkeley* will be the subject of extended review, and many other works of great value, sent for criticism, will be noticed.]

END OF VOL. XXXVI.

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