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THE  
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1877.

ART. I.—*The History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and Effects.* By E. A. FREEMAN, M.A., Hon. D.C.L. and LL.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Knight Commander of the Greek Order of the Saviour, &c., &c. Vol. V. "The Effects of the Norman Conquest." Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1876.

MR. FREEMAN's motto, from Plutarch's *Life of Themistocles*, "We should have come to grief if we had not been ruined" (*ἀπωλόμεθ' αὐ εἰ μὴ ἀπωλόμεθα*), gives us his view of the effects of the Norman Conquest. They were distinctly good. The nation needed the chastisement of suffering; it needed an infusion of new blood. The actual conquest, like all conquests, was hard to bear; but out of evil came good in many ways. The nation was not uprooted; out of the same root it grew to greater height and strength than it could have attained had not its home-development been for a moment checked. How this good was prepared, how those institutions grew up out of the old English stock to which modern English society owes its strength, is shown in this volume, which therefore is less concerned than the other volumes with mere history, but "enlarges on everything which throws light on the relations between Normans and English in England." Hence the long space devoted to the change in language consequent on the Conquest, for "no man can study political history worthily without learning a good deal about language; no man can study language worthily without learning a good deal about political history." So again with architecture; to this Mr. Freeman devotes a long and elaborate chapter, in hope of persuading the more immediate students of architecture

that their studies are vain without something more than a superficial knowledge of the history of the times when buildings were raised, and of the men who raised them. Again, on Domesday Book our author has a long chapter, in which he hopes "to set forth its boundless importance in the history of that time, and of the times both before and since," and looks forward to a critical edition of the Survey, by many men, each doing his part under one guiding mind, the mind of an historian of the highest order. Of his now-finished work, the work of more than ten years, Mr. Freeman is satisfied with the three central volumes; the first—and that now before us—he looks on as in some sort provisional. His idea was to tell the whole story of England, from the landing of Hengist to the Great Charter. We hope he may yet be able, in spite of the fears which he expresses, to complete this to his satisfaction.

The volume opens with this chapter on Domesday, to which lengthy notes in the Appendix are also devoted. The importance of this bit of statistics, "the first since the Roman empire," cannot, says our author, be over-rated; "it gives an unintentional picture of the nation at one of the great turning-points of history, a record of the great confiscation, *made according to English law forms*, which resulted in the outwardly legal settlement of the Normans in the land."\* We do not think Mr. Freeman gives sufficient prominence to the fact, though he certainly mentions it, that this initial hypocrisy gave to our law an unreal tinge, which still colours it. This total ignoring of the circumstances under which land was taken from one and given to another, the Englishman being simply described, in colourless phrase, as the Norman's *antecessor*, was the first of those "legal fictions" which are the despair of consistent legists. To the reign of Harold there is not in the whole Survey a single direct allusion. Little or nothing is said of the war; very rarely mention is made of one Harold, in terms which imply that he had been in arms against William; but that he was the English king is never hinted at. Mr. Freeman shows how

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\* The strange mixture of holdings is seen from the following, at Oladford, in Hampshire: "De isto manerio tenet abbas de Lire iii virgatas terras et decimam villam, et Adelina jocularitrix unam virgatam quam comes Rogerus dedit ei," and so, "in Sinuillescom tenet quedam concubina Nigelli ii hidas terras." Compare Isaiah.

an educated Japanese might read *Domesday* right through, and never dream that a dynasty had been upset, and a nation conquered, since "the day when Edward was alive and dead." The Survey was connected with the making of the great Danegeld, or war-tax, two years before, when Canute of Denmark was threatening the kingdom. Its fullness and minuteness vary very much in various parts. It is very full in Berkshire, Essex, and East Anglia. For the eastern counties, and also for those included in the *Domesday* of Exeter, there are two editions of this gigantic terrier; or rather, besides the general Survey, there is a much more detailed account. The little change in our local divisions is remarkable, proving that "the England of the nineteenth is as the England of the eleventh century." The only unaccountable difference is the non-existence of Rutland, which was partly contained in Nottingham, partly in Northampton. Large parts of Cumberland and Westmoreland do not appear in the Survey, because they were held by the Scottish kings, until, in 1092, Rufus occupied Lugalba, or Carlisle, and built the castle. The history of Carlisle is curious; it had never been included in the apanages of the Scottish monarchy. The city, with its "liberty," fifteen miles in circuit, was made an English sherrifdom or bailiwick, and was annexed to Bernicia, being placed under St. Cuthbert's charge. The Danes, little recking the saintly protection, utterly desolated the place, and it lay waste for some two centuries, during which great oak trees grew up amidst the ruined Roman walls. Dolphin, son of Gospatric, had seized it in 1070, when his father had marched out of Bamborough and invaded Cumbria, whilst Malcolm was busy harrying Northumberland. Thus, when, two years later, William's injustice deprived Gospatric of his earldom, on charges which he had previously forgiven, Carlisle became a Scottish outpost (see Palgrave, vol. iv. p. 353), its importance being overlooked till Rufus marched thither after his reconciliation with Malcolm, and Malcolm's recognition as first liegeman of the Anglo-Norman crown with a yearly allowance of twelve gold marks. Rufus then built the castle, and peopled the city with a colony from the South of England. Just as Cumberland and Westmoreland were not surveyed because they were not English, so was it with parts of the Welsh borders which now belong to England and not to the Principality. Lancashire, Durham, and Northumberland are

also omitted. Lancashire was half British, and the others had been utterly ruined in the devastation of the North.\* In Yorkshire, too, page after page is marked as "waste," owing to the same devastation. The amount of change in ownership varies also. In Kent not a rood of land was held by an English tenant-in-chief; that was the Kentishmen's meed for their bravery at Senlac. In Lincolnshire the English seem to have kept a large share. The inquiry was hateful to the English; they were unfairly dealt with, in that, at the first, they had been allowed to redeem their lands, and now they were all taken from them. The theory was that all the land had been forfeited; and so, henceforth, whatever a man held, he held as the king's gift; and the arrangement of William's gifts shows that he took good care so to reward his followers that they could not be dangerous to his power. England never had any of those great "crown vassals," owning half a kingdom, who made the suzerainty of the Paris king so uncertain. The terse style of Domesday contrasts with the pompous writings of the earlier English kings; there was a formal fairness about it, as about William's conduct in general ("the more man spake of right law, the more man did unlaw," says the chronicle). And the legal fictions did immense good; for though at the time the bitterest drop of all was to be wronged by forms of law, yet, thanks to these fictions, "the life of English law and freedom was unbroken;" these fictions ruled that English should not

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\* Malcolm's harrying of Northumberland in 1070 was cruel enough; the Scots are said to have imitated the Danish practice of tossing little children on their spear-points, "so that their innocent souls (says the monk, Simeon, of Durham) were already on their way to heaven when they died." But William's work, in the autumn of 1069, before he kept his Christmas at York, was far more fearful. "Not mere plunder, it was simple, unmitigated havoc. Houses burned, with all in them. Stores of corn, property of all kinds, living animals, destroyed in like sort. . . . For nine years no attempt was made at tilling the ground. A generation later (says William of Malmesbury), the passing traveller beheld the ruins of famous towns, their lofty towers rising above the forsaken dwellings, the rivers flowing idly through the wilderness. . . . Then women and children died of hunger, and there was none to bury them," while William reconciled his cruelty to his own conscience by the thought that, save in open fighting, he had shed no blood; his vengeance had fallen on the lands which were his lawful forfeit, and if their former owners had died of hunger through their loss, that was no guilt of his. This fearful deed, half of policy, half of vengeance, from which Mr. Freeman thinks parts of the North never recovered till the late expansion of manufactures, left little to 'survey' in the bishopric; and still further northward the Scottish incursions had come down to the northern limit of William's harrying.—See Freeman, Vol. IV., 268.

be changed to Norman, but *vice versâ*. "Because William and his abettors had law in their mouths, they paved the way for others who had it in their hearts." "William alone among conquerors conquered not to destroy, nor to found, but to continue; the Norman Conquest was the best preserver of the old life of England." This was due, Mr. Freeman would say, to the fact that our conquerors were what he calls our disguised kinsmen, partly to the policy of William, who, claiming to be Edward's heir, determined to act accordingly. It is important to grasp this idea of the Conquest as a corrective of that which Scott and Thierry have made popular. Those writers looked at the immediate social results, rather than at the far-off working of the "legal fictions." But though Thierry loses sight of it, and Scott ignores it for the sake of dramatic contrast, this continuity is not, as some of his admirers seem to imagine, Mr. Freeman's discovery. Sir F. Palgrave says precisely the same thing in his rhetorical way (vol. iv., 5): "The shattered and decayed elements of old English policy were preserved, and the means provided for re-uniting them in a more efficient organisation. London retained all her Anglo-Saxon integrity. All the shires preserved their franchises. Colchester townsmen met in Colchester moot-hall. Lincoln lawmen kept their statutes. . . . Above all, no penal laws, no legalised degradation, no spite against nationality, no proscription of dress or language, no useless insult, no labour of hatred to render contempt everlasting, no 'glorious memory,' no 'Boynewater,' no 'croppies lie down.'" Mr. Freeman himself could not have said more than this.

Naturally the survey was not popular among the English. The chronicle says: "He sent over all England into ilk shire his men, and let them find out how many hundred hides were in the shire. . . . So very narrowly he let speer it out, that there was not a single hide or yard of land, nor so much as—it is shame to tell, and it thought him no shame to do—an ox nor a cow nor a swine was left that was not set in his writ." "As a piece of statistics," says Mr. Freeman, "Domesday was perfect. . . . We know who held the land when the survey was made, and who had it on the day when Edward was alive and dead. We know the number of inhabitants of all classes. We know the extent of each estate, how much was arable land, how much wood, how much pasture. We know what it

was worth at the time the grant was made, and what it was worth, *commonly a smaller sum*, when the survey itself was taken."

It is much to be wished that Mr. Freeman, knowing all this, had given such a picture of the England of that day as might convey to ordinary mortals the state of England at that time, and the social change it had undergone. Pictures of this kind are mostly misleading in their details; it is possible to take exception to much in Lord Macaulay's brilliant sketches of England and English society at the end of the Stuart period; but a notion not wholly correct in details is better than no notion at all; and, except what they have got from *Itanhoe*, we fancy most people know absolutely nothing of the social working of the Conquest. One thing is certain,—land fell in value. The fall was very marked when a supplementary survey came to be made in Rufus's time; and if Mr. Freeman had noted the strange diminution in the number of houses, especially in the little towns of the west, he would have brought this fact and its explanation more clearly before us.

The want, indeed, of this last volume is picturesqueness. Unity it naturally lacks, because its purpose is, as the author says:

"To enlarge on everything that throws light on the relations between Normans and English in England. Our tale, as a tale, is told; but our work is far from being over. As we have traced the causes of the Conquest, we have now to trace its results. We have to look on the land as it is set before us in the picture of the great survey, in those details—legal, personal, and social—which enable us to call up the England of the days of William as a thing living and breathing before us. We have to trace the lasting results of the Conquest on law and government, and religion and art, and language. And we have to follow, at least in its broad outline, the general course of our history till the Conquest in some sort undid itself, till the very overthrow of England led to her revival, and her momentary bondage led to her new birth of freedom. We have to pass, however lightly, over those times of silent growth and revolution, those times, as it proved, of salutary chastisement, which part off the earlier freedom of England from the later. Our task will be done when the foreign nobles and the foreign king have in truth become our countrymen, when the *vergild* of the heroes of Senlac has been paid in full on the battle-field of Lewes, and when the Great Assembly which welcomed the return of Godwine rises again to life in the Parliaments of Earl Simon and King Edward."—Vol. IV., 724.

Here is surely scope enough for any amount of picturesqueness; yet somehow Mr. Freeman fails when compared with himself in his earlier volumes. He seems oppressed with a surplus of material, though (he says) "mere physical necessity" has forced him to pass over many points of interest. In his treatment of the reign of Rufus, too, he sacrifices effect to his general purpose. He is more anxious to show us how Rufus rose above the level of a Norman duke, and, quite at the outset of his reign, proved himself a really great man by trusting to the loyalty of the conquered English, than to depict in fitting phrase the weird circumstances of his death. Whether there was not something of madness in Rufus's foreign policy we are by no means sure. Towards the end of his reign this seems almost certain. In Sir F. Palgrave's words, referring to his projected invasion of Ireland:

"Inebriated by success—for it seemed as if no weapon raised against him could prosper, no genius that did not succumb to his own, and the world accepted him at his own valuation—the unrestrained indulgence of bodily appetites failing to satisfy the cravings of a powerful intellect and vivid imagination, he enwrapped himself in hallucinations—reality and unreality confounded. He dreamt of making war against Rome, challenging as his right the ancient conquests of Brennus and Belinus. Was he seeking to establish a universal Empire, or the dethronement of the Supreme Pontiff—the union in his own person of the civil and supreme hierarchical power?"—Palgrave, Vol. IV., 663.

Throughout this final volume we miss grand portraits like those of Harold and of William, with which the earlier volumes are enriched. Edward—"wrongly called the first, for he was the fourth of the name among English kings, the third among emperors of Britain"—is almost as much a faultless hero in Mr. Freeman's eyes as Harold himself; but even Edward, though spoken of in glowing terms as "a king indeed, to rule us with wisdom, valour and goodness, like the noblest of the native kings of the elder stock," is not dwelt on with such lingering affection as Harold. The fact is, we ought to have had two volumes instead of one, and then there would have been no need for the promise in the preface, that by-and-by the reign of Rufus shall be dealt with more at length. This absence of any striking scene—any battle of Stamford Bridge or of Senlac—makes the array of facts

with which every statement in this volume is backed up all the more formidable. In the former volumes there was the same array, but it was duly subordinated; here "you can scarcely see the wood for the trees." In this, the contrast between Palgrave and Freeman is complete. Men's dress has wonderfully changed since our grandfathers were boys; but the change in history-writing is not less marked. And both changes came from France. The change in dress began with the old Revolution, and was fully carried out during the long war. Gradually the costly and elaborate cravat—elaborate even in the studied *négligé* of the Steinkirk—gave place to the black stock and simple "white tie;" and the plum-coloured, maroon-coloured, and bright blue coats, which added so much to the cheerfulness of street and room, were exchanged for sober hues, black becoming, heaven knows why, *de rigueur* for "dress." Every change in men's costumes has been in the direction of simplicity; and so with historical style. "The dignity of history," as it appears in Hume and his school, is widely different from the elaborate simplicity of writers like Mr. Freeman, who trust for effect not to the power of their rhetoric, not to their careful dove-tailing of sentences, but to the aggregation of facts; who think to bear down all opposition by foot-notes and quotations.

Lord Macaulay perhaps unites the two schools; he holds with the moderns by virtue of his quotations, his sometimes excessive paraphernalia of "authorities;" but he also has a style as grandiose in its way as Hume's. Sir F. Palgrave (only a decade earlier in time than Mr. Freeman, but much older in manner) has not a single note from beginning to end of his *History of Normandy and England*. His style, ornate, dramatic, full of warmly if not highly-coloured descriptions, sometimes seems to us almost inflated and Bulwerish. He is full of learning, but the learning is assimilated, and in that way kept out of sight, instead of bristling on every page. Mr. Freeman is simple, decided, driving at his point without caring how he gets there—content to lose the means in the end. Both styles have their merits; and in the case of these two historians of the Conquest we are sure that neither supersedes the other. If Sir F. Palgrave writes too much "as if what he writes had come to him by special revelation," Mr. Freeman's plan is liable to repel the more *dilettante* class of readers. This class will, however, read with pleasure

the chapters on the effect of the Conquest on language and on art (i.e. architecture) which intervene between that history of Rufus, Henry, and Stephen which follows the account of Domesday, and the sketch of the Angevin kings with which the volume concludes. These chapters are most masterly and exhaustive; and yet in them the author brings out his hobbies, and appears rather as Freeman the *Saturday Reviewer* than as Freeman the historian. He hates the change which made modern English what it is as heartily as he loves the process whereby Anglo-Saxon (he must forgive us the word), Dane, and Norman, and Briton, were merged in the modern Englishman; and the bitterness with which he speaks of the "wicked influence" of the Romance tongues is as amusing as any of his newspaper tirades against Mahomedans.

In the very interesting chapter on the effects of the Conquest on language and literature, Mr. Freeman first dissipates the notion that William deliberately intended to root out the English tongue. This error, like so many others, comes from the forgery attributed to Ingulf, wherein the story is given in its completeness: "pueris etiam in scholis principia litterarum grammatica Gallice ac non Anglice traderentur." It was countenanced by Edward I.'s proclamation, more than 200 years later, rousing English patriotism by asserting that "if the French king conquers, linguam Anglicam omnino de terrâ delere proponit."

The change was great, though gradual; "the English tongue received a greater infusion of foreign words than has been received by any other European tongue; this is the lasting evil, the temporary evil was that French for a time supplanted English as the speech of courtly intercourse, of lighter literature, and of such official documents as were not written in Latin."\* This use of French in documents, not beginning at once (see below), lasted long; Acts of Parliament and the like were often written in French, never in English, in Edward I.'s time; and this fact our author ingeniously adduces as a sign that "the fusion of Normans and English was now complete. French was still the tongue which was best understood by the mass of those who had a hand in public affairs; but its use was no longer felt as marking them off as a conquering class from the mass of a conquered nation."† This is,

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\* P. 508.

† P. 530.

perhaps, not altogether convincing ; it is, however, noteworthy that not only were the Provisions of Oxford proclaimed in 1258 in the three languages, the English version, strange and artificial, as if written by one accustomed to use French, bearing the signature, "Simon of Muntfort, Earl of Leicester," but Edward I. uses English in his speech to the Turkish ambassadors, and the treaty between him and the Sultan is drawn up in English. On the other hand, though English poetry was always written, from the days when *Beowulf* was sung in what our author quaintly calls "England beyond the sea," down to the time when Layamon "degraded the English tongue to become the channel of those wretched fables which, in the minds of many Englishmen, have displaced alike the true history and the worthier legends of our fathers,"\* still, much popular poetry was composed in the other languages, witness the encomium of Earl Simon :—

"Salve Symon Montis Fortis,  
Totius flos militiæ,  
Duras pœnas passus mortis,  
Protector gentis Angliæ."

The change, then, was gradual, though (like so many other gradual changes) it has been credited to a single man : and, even had Edward the Confessor had a son, or had Harold's soldiers kept their post, instead of following the flying Normans, one change which distinguishes modern English from the English of a thousand years ago, would still have taken place, less swiftly and less fully. We should still have lost our inflections, even as they are lost in Scandinavian and in Low Dutch. Their partial survival in High Dutch is artificial, marking the tongue of polite literature. They would have died out had no Norman set foot on our shores ; but their loss was hastened by the incoming of settlers to whose learning of English they would be a bar. Another point on which Mr. Freeman insists is, that Englishmen were always Englishmen, and that their tongue was English, and not "Saxon." This word, "Saxon," our author has long done his best to root out ; "it was never used by the English of themselves, but only by the Welsh ;" though why the Welsh should have adopted it, without solid reason, is not explained. We

take it to have been a survival from the days of the *littus Saxonicum*, when the invaders were really Saxons, and not English.

Into this English tongue foreign words began to flow as soon as the "three keels" had landed their crews on the shore of Britain. Local names often survived: "Kent kept its British name through changes which gave more than one Teutonic name to Norfolk." Mr. Freeman cites the parallel of Massachusetts and New York. Natural objects keep their names more persistently than towns; rivers more so than hills; "the Mississippi and Susquehanna we have borrowed from nations whom we made it our business to sweep away far more thoroughly than our fathers swept away the Briton from Kent and Norfolk." \* Then came Latin words; a class like *street* and *chester* "for things which our forefathers had never seen in the older England;" another class of ecclesiastical words; and another of fruits and such-like, learnt either from the Britons or, subsequently, from missionaries and traders. The purely British words in English are almost all names of small domestic objects. In Edward's day the infusion of French began; indeed, in this matter, as in all others, the Conquest only hastened what was already going on. *Castle* and *chancellor*, at any rate, are pre-Norman words. *Tower*, *prison*, *justice* (in the sense of speedy vengeance on offenders) expressed new ideas; the first unnecessary word which was added to the language was *peace*, which in the *Peterborough Chronicle* takes the place of the old *frith*, when speaking of Henry II. But what caused a more rapid change in English than any introduction even of needless words, was that for three centuries there was no longer any fixed literary standard of English, and so the chief check on that process of decay which goes on in all times and places was taken away. "Men wrote as they spoke, and spoke as it gave them least trouble to speak. . . . The change comes in with a rush as soon as the generation which had been taught by men who could remember the old time had died out. . . . It needs a skilful philologist to mark the difference between the English of the days of Ælfred and the English of the days of Harold. But any one can mark the difference between the English of the

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\* P. 515. This seems a concession to Dr. Pike and Nicholas and the others who insist on the British element even in the most Angloicised parts of England.

days of Harold and that of the days of Stephen. . . . The language had begun to take one great step towards its modern form by casting aside or confusing all grammatical delicacies. It had been thrust down from the rank of a literary to that of a mere popular language." French, however, as an official language, was far more slowly introduced than most of us imagine. Of William's writs and acts, most are in Latin, many in English, not one in French. English becomes rarer and rarer; but French is not used at all till it could no longer be deemed a badge of conquest. The first certain instance is of its use in an official document, from the hand of Stephen Langton, in the year of the Great Charter. "The English proclamation of Henry III. proves that the English-speaking part of the nation was not neglected; the French documents of Edward I. in no way prove that it was." We doubt if Mr. Freeman gives sufficient importance to the cause which (as he says) gave French a new start in Edward I.'s time. French in the thirteenth century had reached the height of its influence; it was the tongue of half the courts of Europe, from Scotland to Cyprus. Under Edward, "to whom there was still a French side," the foreign influence which, as a matter of politics, was swept away, went on, and was actually strengthened, as matter of fashion.\* Thus, Higden complains that "Gentil men children beeth i-taught to speke Frensche from the tyme that they beeth i-rokked in here cradel, and uplondishe men will likne hymself to gentil men, and fondeth with greet besynesse for to speke Frensche for to be i-tolde of." What marked the successful, though only partially successful, victory of English speech over French, was the wars of Edward III., which brought before men's minds the fact that the polite speech of their own land was strictly a foreign tongue. "If we ask for a particular date for the victory of English, we may take the year when English displaced French as the language of pleadings in the higher courts of law;" and about 1485, as Trevisa says in his translation of Higden, "John Cornwaile, a maister of grammer, chaunged the lore in gramer scole

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\* For Edward's French side see p. 483. "Politically he was the truest of Englishmen; true successor of our old kings; true Bretwalda and Emperor of Britain. Yet a certain French influence marred his greatness with a touch of the follies of chivalry. The whole chivalrous idea, quite un-English, was French, rather than Norman. Try to conceive either Harold or William risking his life in a tournament, or taking an oath upon the swans."

and construccioonn of Frensche in to Engliche; so that now in alle the gramere scoles of Engeland, children leveth Frensche and construeth and lerneth an Engliche." Still, "the enemy," as Mr. Freeman styles it, did not give way all at once. Down to the earlier days of Henry VII., Acts of Parliament are written in French, though, on the other hand, Henry V. was represented in France by ambassadors who could not understand French.

We see, then, from Mr. Freeman himself, that—though, doubtless, not by any edict of the Conqueror or his successors—English did cease to be used in schools and law-courts: became, in fact, the speech of the unlettered, as Slavonian is in some parts of Hungary, and was kept in this position by the influence of the Angevin kings, was, in fact, only emancipated when the later Angevins, in their long war with France, found it necessary to coax and foster the English nationality. His remarks on the English dialects, and on the corruption of grammatical forms, are marked by Mr. Freeman's usual lucidity and richness of illustration and judgment in drawing comparisons. After noticing that the *s*, now almost our sole plural termination, was once only one among many, he points out that in High Dutch this is the only termination which has gone wholly out of use, "making two allied languages seem much further apart than they really are;" while its adoption in French has brought two alien languages closer together than they really are. One greatest evil of the Conquest, in Mr. Freeman's view, is the dropping of English words "which have lived on in the purer English of Lothian and Fife; and the loss of the power, inherent in any really living language, of making new words at pleasure out of the stock of the language itself. We could once make compound words as freely as the Greek has always made them, as freely as the High German can still make them when he chooses." In all this we think he has pushed love of English to the verge of absurdity. True, our High Dutch cousins do still invent words, of which *Kohlsauerwasser stoff*, for carbonic acid, is a sample; while "the unthoroughfaresomeness of stuff," proposed at Oxford as a substitute for "the impenetrability of matter," shows what we ourselves might have done in that way had the well of English never been defiled. "This abiding corruption of our language (says Mr. Freeman, p. 547) I believe to have been (*sic*) the one result of the Conquest which has been

purely evil. In every other respect, the evil of a few generations has been turned into good in the long run. But the tongue of England, rather, we should say, the tongue of Englishmen before any rood of Britain became England, the tongue which we brought with us from the elder England, has become for ever the spoil of the enemy." And so on through a series of declamatory paragraphs; for Mr. Freeman denies that we have gained greater variety, greater flexibility, anything, by the "foreign corruptions." The fact that we are driven to borrow foreign words, or to coin words in foreign tongues, shows (he thinks) "that the truest life of our tongue was taken out of it in the process by which it again climbed up into courts and palaces." He cites the "true vigour and simple grandeur of our Chronicles"—their portraits of William and Stephen—to prove that "the blow came when the Herodotus of England had arisen beside her Homer to show forth among men the living strength of English prose." In all this we cannot but feel there is some exaggeration. The prose of Milton and of Jeremy Taylor is at least as good as that of any High or Low Dutch writer; and, to us, the fact that our speech so readily received, and so thoroughly assimilated, such a vast infusion of Romance language, is one proof amongst many that we are not so thoroughly Teutonic as our author believes; there was a Celtic basis ready to welcome and adopt the foreign corruptions. The Germans have (or had until 1871) plenty of French words in common use, but they continued foreign words, never sinking, as so many of the French words introduced into England in the eleventh and twelfth centuries did, into use among the most unlettered. Linguistically, the effects, says Mr. Freeman, of the Frankish conquest of Gaul, and of the Norman conquest of England, were much the same; Gallo-Latin adopted a number of Teutonic words, as English adopted a number of French words. True; but the number was far smaller, and the general influence on the language was much less; moreover (as he himself remarks), the Franks brought no literature, whereas the Norman-French literature was richer than the English.

The Conquest affected, too, both personal and local names. The older English names were all Teutonic; as were most of the Norman names. Yet there was a marked distinction; "in the generation represented by Domesday, a man's name is an absolutely certain guide

to his nation;" and when Henry I. married Eadgyth, daughter of Malcolm and Margaret, though, to please Norman ears, he changed her name to Margaret, he and his wife were insultingly called Godric and Godgift by the Normans, to show that Henry and Margaret were names to which the English had no title. As the fusion went on, Norman names became fashionable; thus, Robert, son of Godwin, who followed the Ætheling to the Crusade, and, after saving King Baldwin's life at Rama, was taken and martyred at Babylon, is proved to have been an Englishman, to Mr. Freeman's great delight, "by the lucky preservation of his father's name." It is astonishing how rapidly the distinctively English names went out of use; in Henry I.'s reign, even villeins were called William, Robert, and so on. With women's names the case is somewhat different; Norman and English alike are almost wholly gone—replaced by names drawn from the hagiology of all nations. Mr. Freeman's remarks on the introduction of hereditary surnames, local and patronymic, are full of interest; though we wonder he does not set forth as evidence of English individuality the fact that in England every man had a name of his own; while in Ireland, Scotland and Wales he was content with that of the clan or *gens* to which he belonged. On local nomenclature he has also some valuable remarks. Richmond, Montgomery, Newcastle, Higham Ferrers, Shepton Mallet, are instances of how much history underlies the names of places and their changes, as "when Lutgaresbury, the scene of the invention of the Holy Cross of Waltham, became the *Mons Acutus* of Robert of Mortain."

On literature the effect of the Conquest was very marked. The English were certainly not a literary race; even Mr. Freeman confesses that in the age immediately before William's invasion the literature of England was not rich. He might have added, that long before, the English had been in the habit of seeking literary culture among the Scoti of Ireland; and to Scotie missionaries, far more than to Augustine and his followers, the Christianity of the greater part of the island was due. Under William, learned men thronged into England, "the two mighty ones from Bec," Lanfranc and Anselm, at their head. Florence of Worcester, William of Poitiers, Orderic of Vital, Henry of Huntingdon, all wrote in Latin; and "the Latin historical literature of England in the twelfth

century is one of which any country may be proud." These annalists kept alive the light of English history till it died out in the darkness of the fourteenth century. Nor did this intellectual awakening show itself only in Latin writing. The Romance language of Northern France bore some of its fairest fruit in England. For all the romances Mr. Freeman can make allowance, if not find praise, except for those of Arthur—"stories whose charm it is hard to understand, seeing they prove nothing and teach nothing," though Dr. Guest (*Archæolog. Journal*, 1859, p. 119) finds in them traces of the local history of West Wales. The native speech, too, never ceased to be written; the chronicle lived on till the latter half of the twelfth century, and devotional books went on till, in the thirteenth, was published the famous *Ayenbite of Inwyt*, nearly every word of which is pure Teutonic. But the English heroic poetry ceased to be made; and, but for Henry of Huntingdon, who preserved many fragments of the songs, we should know no more about them than the Romans did about the poems out of which their legendary history was constructed. Rhyme came to us from the French, displacing the older alliterative rhythm. The whole story, too, of Layamon's "*Brut*" is a version into English of Wace's French "*Brut*." Not even the fact of his having written the first long English poem after the Conquest can make Mr. Freeman forgive him "for having turned from the English book of Bæda and the Latin book of Austin to the book that a French clerk made that was hight Wace." "When the heroic poetry ceased, its place was taken by the metrical chronicles of Robert of Gloucester and his followers. But even when Chaucer comes, the first later English poet for all ranks, he is not English as the earlier poets were. In literature we could not fall back, as we did in politics, on the older day. The Romance stain can never be wholly wiped out; nor can we get rid of the habit of looking to alien models, of dreaming of Arviragus and Arthur as national heroes, instead of Arminius and Hengist." Nor is it desirable that we should do so until we cease to be ourselves and become the mere Germans that Mr. Freeman would make us. And this *Teutomania* it is necessary to protest against at every turn, because, brought in by Coleridge and the first adapters of German philosophy, it has been so fostered by circumstances political and social that it threatens to become chronic. The Romances of the Round

Table and of Brut were not likely to find favour with one who has a thorough Bismarckian dislike to chivalry, who is always thanking heaven that Englishman and pure Norman, Harold and William, were alike incapable of that Gallic *fanfaronnade* which is the one weakness of Edward the First. But whatever we may say of Brut (and the legend certainly did us good service in our stand against Romish aggressions), the Arthurian cycle is ours, though it came to us in a strangely round-about way. It is the old Celtic epic which among the Gaels gathers round Fion and Diarmuid and Graine, but among the Celts of Britain was connected with the perhaps wholly legendary Arthur, Lancelot, and Guinivere.

In this resolute slighting of everything Celtic, Mr. Freeman is in sharp contrast with his predecessor. Among Sir F. Palgrave's most interesting chapters is that in which he traces the sudden change in Malcolm Ceanmore's time, and the substitution, through Margaret's influence, of English for old Scotie culture. "It was a good day, indeed, for Malcolm and for Scotland (says Mr. Freeman, vol. iv., p. 510) when Margaret was persuaded or constrained to become the King of Scots' wife. . . . In the land of her adoption, the mission of Margaret was to put the finishing stroke to the process which was fast making Scotland English." Palgrave, on the contrary, in an eloquent and suggestive passage (vol. iv., p. 321), truly says: "It is impossible to confute the arguments in favour of introducing new modes of thought, new customs, and new usages—improvement, progress, civilisation—but there is a moral sense, testifying against such innovations, which annihilates argument. If nationality be valued as a treasure above all earthly treasures, be certain, fully certain, you must accept the hard dogma that there are no means of protecting the national stamina, except by interposing the usages of our forefathers as an irremovable obstacle to all mutation. But development is not mutation; the expansion resulting from an internal plastic energy does not introduce anything new; it is the most powerful defence against innovation." This development the Gael had no chance of working out. "It seems to have been a fatality inseparably attached to Margaret's influence that she could do no good otherwise than in connection with mischief to the Gael. . . . Her children were excellently trained; yet there was one irremediable blight imparted to them

by their mother. She brought them up to be an English family. She taught them from their earliest youth to despise and fear and shun the people to whom they belonged, and over whom they were called to rule. The manners and customs of the Gael were rejected as wild and savage, and the children encouraged to consider themselves as pre-eminently distinguished by their English descent. . . . When the Gaelic chieftain crossed the ravine encircling Dunfermline, he found himself in a foreign land—strange customs, strange priests, strange courtiers, a strange queen, an estranged king; worst of all, that queen and king seeking to perpetuate their estrangement through their posterity." Whether or not the tale about uxurious Malcolm redistributing all the lands of Scotland from the Moot-hill of Scone is mythical, it is significant, as is also the story that Edgar, at his crowning, silenced the harp and turned a deaf ear to the bard. "And now (says Palgrave, vol. iv., p. 379) begins the sorrowful history of Scotland, exhibiting the devouring malady of civilisation," and he thereupon draws a parallel between Irish and Scottish history—the same Teutonic implacability, that inveterate antipathy, that contemptuous aversion, nourished by the Anglo-Saxon against the Celt, which even Catholicity, so influential elsewhere in beating down the wall of separation between people and people, failed to overcome."

We wish readers of Mr. Freeman would study the passages in Palgrave from which we have been quoting. Mr. Freeman himself it is hopeless to move; he is a far more consistent Celt-hater than Froude or Kingsley; but those who come to him as their instructor should at least hear the other side, set forth not by one of the sufferers, but by a most impartial Englishman. There is too much truth in his picture of the Gaels, hated and despised by the ruling party, the objects of their sovereign's enmity and dread, with neither the privileges of fellow-subjects nor the rights of declared enemies; as there is also in "the sad consummation, the clearing of the glen, the burning of the cottage, the shieling pulled down on the woman in childbirth, the farm let by auction, the 'accursed grey' (*an riocht mallaichte*, the sheep, i.e., poisoning the fresh heather with their rank, oily wool), the 'Highland gathering' got up in his Grace's park, the prize bagpiper at the champagne party, the Relief Committee, the guinea polka ticket, and the emigrant steamer with the putrid mass of the fevered living kneaded

into the festering dying." It is all too true; though there is another side to it all, which is the only side that Mr. Freeman will consent to see. Through his failing to see the other side—the good points of the Celtic character and its gradual and, since the great development of manufactures, very rapid admixture with the English stock—his history loses something which not the most elaborate notes can supply.

But we must return to our work. The chapter on architecture is fully as interesting as that on language. Architecture was "art" in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; what painting and sculpture existed were distinctly subordinated to the master-art, which pressed them all into its service. And in the history of architecture the eleventh century is one of the turning-points—what is called a great creative age. For Mr. Freeman holds the Romanesque, the style of that time, to be neither debased Roman nor imperfect Gothic, but a genuine and independent style of which Italy and Norman England produced two varieties of coequal merit. Rough, though rich in detail, the Northern buildings of the eleventh and twelfth centuries may hold their own in general design and construction against those of any period. "The architecture of the round arch is in every sense the peer of the architecture of the entablature and of that of the pointed arch. The architectural expression of rest and immobility is an artistic conception in no way inferior to the architectural expression of either of the two forms of horizontal and vertical extension. If not for actual beauty, yet for awful grandeur and sublimity, for the feeling of eternity wrought in stone, no work of man can surpass the minsters and castles which were reared in the new style which King Eadward brought into England." We usually call this style "Norman;" Mr. Freeman shows that in art as in everything else the Conquest gave a fresh impulse to causes which were already at work—hastened tendencies to change which had already begun. The whole chapter is an amplification of a paper on the Romanesque which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for October, 1872, and which characterised this style not as a corruption of classical Roman architecture, but as a return to the true Roman forms of the days when no Greek element had been introduced. "As true Roman poetry, which had fallen with Nævius, rose again with Prudentius, so when we look

on the Emporium by the Tiber, a building earlier than the days of emperors or of perpetual dictators, we see in its simple round-arched construction a perfect foreshadowing of any unadorned Romanesque building of the eleventh or twelfth century. Of this style the classical Roman is, in fact, a corruption." This style existed all along in buildings like aqueducts and military towers; but the first beginning of consistent round-arched architecture in buildings of a more ornamental kind is found, says Mr. Freeman, in Diocletian's palace at Spálato. This structure, minutely described by our old architect, Adam, was so nearly forgotten that Mr. Freeman may well be looked on as its rediscoverer. From this beginning the round-arched columnar architecture (a development of the simple round-arched work of early Rome) went on through the fifth and sixth centuries, showing in the works at Ravenna, Lucca, and Pisa, whether of degenerate Roman or triumphant Goth, the same type—a type which spread rapidly, so that what Mr. Freeman calls primitive (as opposed to Norman) Romanesque was used throughout all Europe, naturally with local modifications. Of these we may note the sloping door- and window-jambs and the interlacing ornament in the Sooto-Irish churches, and the use of the dome at Byzantium, leading to the adoption in Western Europe of a massive central lantern tower instead of the slender detached Italian campanile. Thus, leaving out the Scotie form, which, like the Scotie keeping of Easter, was a survival of earlier days, we have the Basilica, with its apse and its long rows of columns, glorious within with painting and mosaic, but outside plain to the verge of ugliness, of which at Treves we see one of the oldest examples now restored and used for service; and the Byzantine type, "of whose influence we see a trace not only where there is direct imitation, as at Aachen, but wherever a central lantern, be it octagonal cupola or simply square tower, forms the dominant crown of the building." In many English cathedrals the two styles are fused together, and this adaptation of the long basilican nave partly accounts for the great length of our churches as compared with those of the same date in Germany and even in France. Of the most distinct local types of primitive Romanesque was the Norman, modified as it was from Byzantium, and also by Saracenic influence, probably from Sicily. When from Eadward's time onward this style began

to displace primitive Romanesque as it existed in Saxon England, the change was the opposite to that which befell us in most other matters. Instead of being taken out of its insular position, and brought into closer connection with Christendom in general, England was architecturally rather cut off from the rest and joined on to Normandy. She received a local style instead of the style which she had previously received from the common centre at Rome. Of the earlier style there is much more remaining than most of us think, seldom in the larger churches owing to the building mania of the first Norman prelates. Thus Wilfrith's work remains in the crypts of Ripon and Hexham; Benedict Biscop's at Jarrow and Monkwearmouth; while the very ornate little church at Bradford-on-Avon was built while Wessex was struggling against Mercians on the one hand, and Britons on the other. Even at York it is probable that some of the work of Eadwine and Paulinus is traceable in the crypt. Then there is Earl Odda's church at Deerhurst; and there are many portions, especially towers, which still show the "long and short" work of primitive Romanesque. Towers of the same kind are found in Burgundy, Aquitaine, and all across Germany, showing in their hard square outline and lack of buttresses the same Italian origin. But in Germany this primitive style lived on till the Gothic came in in the thirteenth century; in France and England it was superseded by the Norman, a far severer and less fanciful style than the primitive, differing in having a flat wooden ceiling instead of vaulting, a western façade, and rectangular or (as they usually are in England) round piers instead of columns. Of this Norman style the origin is very obscure; Mr. Freeman thinks the germ was brought from Lombardy, and developed by Norman builders; if so, the low dark cavernous church of St. Ambrose at Milan is the mother of all our glorious minsters. This style was brought into England by Eadward and used in his great West Minster; and hence, in architecture as in other things, the Conquest merely carried on more rapidly a work already begun. In secular architecture it was somewhat different; the pre-Norman houses were nearly all of wood, and castles were something quite new, though one was built at Shrewsbury before the Conquest by one of Eadward's favourites.

In his 27th chapter Mr. Freeman sketches the Angevin reigns, concluding with a review of the constitutional pro-

gress during Henry III.'s reign. "Step by step (p. 729), through this long and dreary reign the powers of Parliament were constantly strengthened, and the constitution of Parliament was drawing nearer and nearer to its perfect form. That perfect form was held up by Simon before our eyes for a moment; but what Simon showed us only for a moment Edward gave us for ever. The man who seemed to be the destroyer was but the executor of the martyr's legacy." He closes with Henry III., because he was the last of our foreign kings. In Edward, whom the men of his own time called third or fourth, England had again an English king ruling by laws which, changed as they were in form, had given back to us the substance of all that was precious in the laws of our earlier kings. The whole chapter is most interesting. We see Thomas à Becket, as if forestalling the part of Hampden, successfully resisting the levying of a Danegeld. We are taught the immense importance of the Constitutions of Clarendon in stopping ecclesiastical innovations. We are reminded of the wholly un-English character of Richard's reign, "under the ministers, nevertheless, of which foreign-hearted absentee the law and the freedom of England grew and prospered;" of the patriotic beginning made by John when he sat as president of the Witan which deposed William of Longchamp; of the slow growth of the hereditary principle in England as compared with the Continent, shown in the unquestioning acceptance of Arthur in Anjou, while John was acknowledged by the English—such points as these are brought out clearly; nor is the later history of John and the concession of the Great Charter neglected.

But this belongs to the specially political part of the history, into which we have not space to enter. Mr. Freeman has, besides such special passages, a whole chapter on the political effects of the Conquest viewed generally. There was very little change in institutions; Norman William's conduct was such a contrast, for instance, to that of the English in James I.'s time in dealing with the Brehon laws. "William was wholly unlike domestic revolutionists or conquerors, because he came in by law, and was therefore anxious to assert English law, however he might crush the English people. He contrasts with Alexander and Charles the Great and others, in that while the influence of their work is eternal, the work itself has fallen to pieces; his work still abides also." It would be instructive to compare our

author's views of the Witan, &c., with those of Professor Stubbs. It seems unquestionable that the Witan became the Great Council, and the Great Council developed into the Parliament; the Curia regis being, so to speak, a committee of the Great Council, and none of them having been imported from Normandy. Two things come out most clearly in this volume, that William never for an instance admitted into England that so-called principle of feudalism whereby a vassal was bound to follow his immediate superior, and was to be held guiltless if, in so doing, he came in collision with that superior's over-lord. To this was mainly due the anarchy which so long weakened France and made the nation glad to seek relief in despotism, and which never suffered the German Empire to rise to its proper proportions. We have a good instance of it in the refusal of John of Joinville, as vassal of the Count of Champagne, to take any oath to St. Louis. (*Il le me demanda; mès je ne voz faire point de serement, car je n'estoie pas son home.*) At the Mickle Gemôt on Salisbury Plain, held in August, 1086, just after the Lammastide, which saw the Great Survey completed, "all, whose men soever they were, bowed to him, and were his men, and swore to him faithful oaths that they would be faithful to him against all other men;" and by this principle, then formally set forth as law, England was made for ever after an undivided kingdom. This grand stroke of policy has been sadly overlooked, even by historians who have not failed to notice William's disregard of caste. Macaulay points out that it is this which has saved us from the curse of an exclusive nobility; but Mr. Freeman traces it to the way in which William came in, not as the head of a conquering caste, but as the legal successor of a native king. So far as what we call the feudal system was established in this island, our author agrees with Professor Stubbs in charging the logical mind and crafty unscrupulousness of Ranulf Flambard—the *Corpulentus Flamen*—of whose escape from the White Tower, in 1101, Orderic gives such a ludicrous account. Whether Mr. Freeman completely proves what he repeatedly asserts, that there was no antagonism of race at any rate after Henry I.'s time—nay, that after the battle at Tenchebrai Normandy was a mere appendage to England—we are by no means certain. Lord Macaulay does not seem to have noticed that Giraldus brings, as a grievous charge against William of Longchamps,

his favourite oath : " If it is not so, may I become an Englishman ;" but there are other passages in Giraldus which are not to be explained away. Doubtless after William's death the feeling grew stronger for a time ; but, in spite of Henry of Huntingdon's rhetoric, there seems no doubt that, " whatever distinction was drawn soon became a distinction of rank, and not of race." This is seen in the constitution of the Witan : " By the end of William's reign, without any formal enactment, without any sudden change, they had become a body of strangers, among whom a few English kept their place here and there. But by-and-by, without any formal enactment, without any change of established custom, the assembly of foreigners changed again into an assembly of Englishmen, the descendants of the invaders becoming gradually as truly English as the men of old English birth themselves." This adaptability Mr. Freeman would explain from the fact that the Normans were our disguised countrymen ; but then we are met by the equally notorious facts that in Neustria they soon became thorough Frenchmen, while in Ireland they were called *Hibernis ipsis hiberniores*. We rather think it is something in the race. Of course even Mr. Freeman must confess that the immediate result of the Conquest was the temporary degradation of the English ; every class sunk, except the bondsman, who was actually raised in comparison with the ceorl, now shorn of his freeholder's rights.

The political results of the Conquest we may summarise in our author's words : " There was no deliberate substitution of Norman for English laws, any more than of Norman for English speech. Few or no new institutions were substituted for old ones, but several new institutions were brought in alongside of old ones. Our institutions, in short, are in no sense of Norman origin, but they bear about them the trace of deep and abiding Norman influence. The laws of England were never abolished to make room for any laws of Normandy ; but the laws of England were largely modified, both in form and spirit, by their administration at the hands of men all of whose ideas were naturally Norman. The law was still the law of Eadward, with the amendments of William." In law, as in other things, Mr. Freeman maintains that the Conquest did not so much bring in new tendencies as strengthen tendencies which were already at work ; feudalism, for instance, had in one sense long been a part of the English system, the knight

or thane had almost supplanted the ealdorman; and ever since the marriage of Ethelred and Emma the Norman influence had been direct and increasing.

We wish we had time to follow our author through William's ecclesiastical changes; undoubtedly these were in the direction of closer connection with Rome (see vol. iv., 430). Church and State were more widely separated; and the only safeguard against the Papal encroachments which began in succeeding reigns lay in the personal character of William. "Not a jot of the supremacy which had been handed down to him from his predecessors would the Conqueror wittingly give up; while he wore the crown which he had won there was no fear lest the most devout among the royal sons of the Roman Church should ever degenerate into her abject slave." Gregory always treated William with marked favour; but when the Pope sent legate Hubert to ask the king of the English to profess himself the man of the Bishop of Rome, the answer was, "No;" the Peter-pence he would pay, with all arrears; his predecessors had paid it; but "*fidelitatem facere nolui, nec volo; quia nec ego promisi nec antecessores meos antecessoribus tuis id fecisse comperio.*" Gregory never breathes a word about the investitures which caused such trouble in Germany; yet, between him and William Romish influence in England was much strengthened. No doubt the wild lawlessness of Rufus, his open contempt for religion, and his cynical appropriation of ecclesiastical revenues, caused a reaction, of which the clergy were not slow to avail themselves.\* It was a good thing for England that Lanfranc, full, on his first coming, of overweening contempt for the English and their saints, had the corrective of Anselm's more saintly wisdom. The way, for instance, in which Anselm argues that Ælfheah (Alphage) was as truly a saint as John the Baptist, having, like him, died, not for a dogma, but for righteousness (Freeman iv., 443), is very touching.

It would be pleasant to follow Lanfranc on into the next reign, when he was Rufus's good angel, proving that the primate of Canterbury was still the representative of the

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\* Most suggestive is the remark that but for William's having linked us to the ecclesiastical system of Western Europe, England would have become, like holy Russia, the centre of a Church of which its sovereign was head. Compare the hint that "had Canute's empire lasted, there would have been a Western Empire to balance that of the East."

English people (Palgrave, iv., 16). We might then go on to speak at length of that strangely inconsistent character of whom William of Malmesbury says: "Were we Etherics, and were it lawful to believe in the transmigration of souls, we might say that the soul of Cæsar passed into the body of Rufus." His infidelity was not at all like that of Frederic II. of Hohenstaufen; it had a roistering, comic vein. He used to set Jewish rabbis to argue down Christian doctors, and delighted to reconvert to his old faith a baptised Jew. It was also practical; on the feast of St. Peter, *ad vincula* 1100, he had in his hands all the domains and goods of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, of the Bishoprics of Winchester and Salisbury, together with at least twelve of the richest abbeys in England. In reference to his plans of conquest, our author truly remarks that had he conquered France it would have been a greater blow to English independence than the Norman Conquest. In fact, it was the loss of Normandy which finished the welding together of the old and new English. After that, foreign conquests might be safely made; Aquitaine, for instance, had never conquered England, their after possessions in France our sovereigns held not as French dukes but as English kings. It is characteristic that, in speaking of Rufus's end, Mr. Freeman insists on his own well-known view of hunting: "He died, cut off without shrift, while glutting his own cruelty to the last by savage sports which seek for pleasure in inflicting wanton suffering." Rufus had warnings enough; the Jetten-wald (giants'-wood), too, had already been fatal to two of his race. Unluckily for him, those who warned were clerics, and that was enough to make him scoff at their warning.

But we must conclude; this volume is a worthy finish to a work which has placed Mr. Freeman among the very first of contemporary historians. It shows even more grasp of thought than the former volumes—more power of drawing real parallels. If it contains fewer finished pictures, the reason is that, inasmuch as it is the drawing together of the whole work, it deals rather with results. It is rich to overflowing in learning of all kinds—much that will be new even to the scholar. How many are there, for instance, who know anything, beyond the bare fact, of William's dealings with Ireland? "If he might yet two years have lived (says the chronicle) he had Ireland with his wariness won, and that without any weapons." The

movement towards union with England was an ecclesiastical one, beginning among the Danes. Thus the Danes of Waterford went to Canterbury for their bishop as soon as they became Christians; the presence of the Danes in Dublin accounts for the two cathedrals, one for each nation. Lanfranc corresponded with Irish kings, and consecrated Irish bishops; and William's idea seems to have been "to keep awhile out of notice, till the habit of submission to the Pope of the island-world might lead men's minds to submit to its Cæsar also."

Often Mr. Freeman's bits of out-of-the-way reading are so brought in as to discomfit an opponent; thus, we remember the controversy, in which Dean Stanley took part, about the age of University College, Oxford. "The beginning of Oxford (says our author) was in the time of Henry I. and Stephen. The Breton, Robert Pulan, then taught logic, and Vacarius Roman law; in Oxenfordia legem docuit, says Gervase." That is a home-thrust such as the *Saturday Reviewer* loves to deliver; and it is none the less effectual because, unlike some of Mr. Freeman's blows, it is delivered with such perfect *sang froid*.

It is needless for us to attempt any detailed estimate of this history as a whole, for those who have followed our remarks will be quite able to make such an estimate for themselves. If Mr. Freeman fails at all, it is in style. He is too restless, too much given to strike out at an imaginary adversary, too fond of fancying that somebody is sure to take the opposite side. Yet he is thoroughly fair. He sets down all William's misdeeds as he did all Harold's—his extortions, which increased until (says the chronicle) "he was into covetousness fallen, and greediness he loved withal. . . . The king and his head men loved much and over much covetousness on gold and on silver, and they reckoned not how sinfully it was gotten if only it came to them. . . . And as man spake more of right law so did man more unlaw." Yet, when William died, "all men were struck with fear and amazement, and the news was borne on the selfsame day to banished men in Rome and Calabria, the fiend rejoicing now that the death of him who had kept the land in peace gave his servants full scope to work their wicked wills." Legends like that set William before us as the guardian of law and order, and are the noblest tribute to his memory. Cruel he was; his savage cruelty during the campaign

which ended in his death differed only from his cruelties in Northumbria in being useless as well as brutal. But in days when the first duty of a king was to keep peace in his borders, he deserved at least the limited commendation which our chronicler gives him, and we feel aggrieved that the knight Ascelin, son of Arthur, should have stood forth and delayed his burial. It is noticeable that, in the verses engraved on the splendid tomb which Otto the goldsmith raised, and which the Huguenots destroyed, there is not a word about his having reigned in England: "*Qui rexit rigidos Normannos, atque Britannos audacter vicit fortiter obtinuit*"—that is all. If our estimate of William's loveableness is not increased by reading Mr. Freeman, we cannot help gaining from these volumes a greatly enhanced opinion of his ability. England is conspicuous, as compared with France, for the personal wisdom and ability of her kings of the eleventh and two following centuries; and of all these almost uniformly able sovereigns William stands far the first.

These volumes will destroy many illusions—one, shared by not a few, is that England fell after a single battle. Now, it is true (and the Conquest proves it) that the English, more than any other people, do know when they are beaten; but they were not wholly beaten at Senlac. Hereward's rising was real, though nearly everything that Canon Kingsley tells us of him is mythical. Risings there were in plenty; the fact that they were so ill-concerted shows that the nation did not deserve the independence which it had lost, and which it was to recover along with an infusion of new blood, the Conquest being a necessary phase in the process of regeneration.

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ART. II.—*The Makers of Florence: Dante, Giotto, Savonarola; and their City.* By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "St. Francis of Assisi," "The Life of Edward Irving," etc. With Portrait of Savonarola, engraved by C. H. Jeens, and Illustrations from Drawings by Professor Delamotte. London: Macmillan and Co. 1876.

THERE is much that is inexplicable in the extraordinary outbursts of genius which make certain periods famous. We read with wonder that the "great masters" of modern painting, sculpture and architecture, were contemporaries or nearly so. The great artists of Italy are comprised within the limits of two centuries. We see similar Augustan eras of art and literature at certain points in the history of Greece, Rome, and England. According to modern views of the universal and inexorable reign of law, such periods are simply the perfect flower and crown of a long process of evolution, the final issue of ages of development, although even on that theory it is hard to see why the process should be suddenly arrested. It is well known that no such historical preparation can be traced. Our information is full enough, and it gives no such explanation as this view demands. The culmination of Italian art did not follow, but synchronised with the revival of learning known as the *Renaissance*. Instead of ripening slowly through stalk, and blade, and ear, it burst at once into full maturity. However strange and whatever the explanation, such is the fact; and the phenomenon serves to illustrate the folly of applying the laws of physical necessity to the history of mind.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that this enormous advance in art is an index of corresponding progress in morality and religion, in general intelligence and happiness. History shows that there is no necessary connection between the two elements. Italy was not the first instance the world had seen of the existence side by side of the highest artistic genius and the deepest moral corruption. One was as conspicuous as the other. Here we are at issue with two opposite heresies, the heresy of modern free-

thinkers, who, in imitation of French models, refuse morality a hearing in questions of art, and the heresy of those who see nothing but perfection in the "ages of faith." Against the first, we can never allow art to be a supreme end in itself, and to override all canons of purity and truth. We can never see in it anything but a means to something higher, and by the measure of its conformity to that higher law its worth must be measured. As against the second, we have only to quote the facts of history. If much of Italian art was Christian, much also was thoroughly Pagan, and this was accompanied by Pagan morality, creeds, and principles. It is enough to say that it was the Borgian age of the papacy; and if all popes were not Borgias, few remembered their spiritual character. It was the age of such tragedies as those of Count Ugolino and Francesca of Rimini, the age which immediately preceded the Reformation, as the darkest time of night immediately precedes the dawn. The Reformation saved not only Europe, but Christianity, and prevented the failure of the promise, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The enormous, astounding iniquities of the age drove earnest souls like Savonarola in despair into monasteries. To endeavour, as even writers like Roscoe sometimes do, to veil the crimes and vices of Roman popes and Florentine Medici beneath their munificent patronage of learning and art, is to subordinate the Divine laws of righteousness and justice to lower considerations.

No one who has glanced at the history of mediæval Italy can wonder at the long period of foreign servitude from which she has redeemed herself only in recent days. Not only was each city an independent republic, but each republic was a house always divided against itself, torn and lacerated, and exhausted by the strife of factions. The strength which alone could have repelled foreign tyrants was wasted in civil broils. The history of the downfall of freedom in ancient Greece and Rome through internal dissensions was repeated in mediæval Italy. What took place in Florence was repeated in every petty municipality in the peninsula; and there Guelf and Ghibelline never knew what it was to sheathe the sword. Originally and in the abstract these names represented great principles: the Guelf was the popular patriot who held by the Pope as the master of Italy, the Ghibelline advocated the cause of the German Emperor as the successor of the old Cæsars. The Ghibel-

line idol was a "universal monarch, who was—by divine right of the Roman people, the race elected to have rule in the world by the ordinance of God—to be always the Roman Emperor, and ideal and poetical despot, reigning only to make evil into good, to be the unfailing referee in all questions of national right and wrong, to redress all grievances and punish all offenders, and do infallible justice over all the world; but without interfering with individual laws or government, without encroaching upon any privileges or lessening the force of any municipal rule. . . . Just such another disinterested and splendid arbitrator, defender of the weak, redeemer of all wrongs, champion of every one who was injured, was the Papa Angelico, the possible Pope, emblem and impersonation of all the virtues, of whom on their side the Guelf partly dreamed." But this distinction was soon forgotten, and the names became simply the centres round which feuds, and hates, and animosities of all kinds seethed and raged. Under the names of Neri and Bianchi, Albizzi and Medici, Arrabiati and Piagnoni, the everlasting strife went on. The triumph of one party meant exile, confiscation, or death for the other. The exiles of to-day were the victors of to-morrow, and the result was to leave Italy bleeding and helpless at the despot's mercy.

Florence and Italy could have been saved only by accepting the moral reformation of which Savonarola was the apostle, and Savonarola met the fate of all reformers who come either too late or too soon. His name is the highest, his figure the noblest Florence has to show, and we are convinced that his fame will grow with time. His figure is that of a Hebrew prophet: the same keen insight into the evils of his day, the same fierce hatred of sin, the same stern dealing with wickedness in high places, the same absolute unselfishness. Mrs. Oliphant's sympathetic sketch, the fullest in her beautiful book, will serve still further to clear away the misrepresentations which have gathered round the name of Italy's greatest martyr. One of the charms of her book consists in the glimpses we get into the social life of Italy in the middle ages. Turbulent populace, proud nobles, peaceful artists, Italian landscapes, "sunny slopes where nothing ventures to grow that does not bear fruit, where flowers are weeds, and roses form the hedges, and the lovely cloudy foliage of the olive affords both shade and wealth," are not photographed, but painted with the

finish of a consummate artist in eloquent English. The inspiration of the poets and artists she describes tips her pen, and with the aid of illustrations of a high class the result is a work brimful of attractions.

The first figure sketched is that of Florence's great poet. Dante's life falls between 1265 and 1321 A.D. The sombre cast of genius, not unmixed with lofty disdain, which his portrait and poem indicate, is fully explained by his life, the last twenty years of which were spent in miserable exile. Nothing is more striking than the passion of affection which Florence breathed into all her children. For them the fair city was invested with personality and life, and absence from her was absence from the desire of their eyes. To make her beautiful and rich was the object for which poet, and artist, and ruler alike lived. This affection explains the strange contradiction of the fact that Guelph or Ghibelline in exile would use any means, even to the enslavement of his native city to the foreigner, in order to compass his own restoration. One feature of our days, for which we may be thankful, is the absence of political banishment, so general a few centuries back. The exile is almost of necessity a schemer and conspirator: the sense of personal injustice blunts his sense of right; his associations are often low; and, however noble in himself, he is too often dragged down to the level of worse companions in suffering. Ancient states did not seem to see that in banishing great men they put the most dangerous tools into the hands of enemies. From the days of Alcibiades, the cause of all Athen's woes, down to our own, the history of every country shows the mischief which it is in the power of genius, embittered by exile, to inflict. Dante felt keenly the unworthy associations into which he was thrown. He says:—

“That which shall weigh hardest on thy mind  
 Shall be the hateful company and vile  
 With which confounded thou thyself shalt find.  
 Which all, ungrateful, empty, vain, with guile,  
 Shall turn against thee, though not thou but they  
 Ruined their ark of refuge; rude and vile  
 The actions of their baseness shall convey  
 Proof to thy mind, that of thyself to make  
 Thy only party is the better way.”

It must not be overlooked that Dante's immortal poem is largely autobiographical. The characters he delineates are

those of his own age, often personal enemies and friends. The scenes he paints are the Italian ones he saw in his wanderings. The loves and hates, the defeats and exultations of Florence and Italy are transferred to the plains of the after world. It is this wealth of local and historical allusion which makes his work difficult to the uninitiated reader, and has gathered round it even a vaster literature of comment and discussion than Shakespeare boasts.

The first lines of the seriousness which exile afterwards deepened into melancholy were drawn by disappointed love. It is probably Dante's Beatrice which has made the name a favourite one, ever since the living Beatrice was daughter of a neighbouring family, the Portinari, whom the boy Dante met at a feast. The story of this love at sight, its raptures, rises and falls, is the subject of his less-known work, the *Vita Nuova*; and never, perhaps, were the varying moods of the tender passion so delicately analysed and pictured as here. "It would seem to have been not only one of those 'loves which never knew an earthly close,' but never to have looked for or even dreamed of one—rather a passion of sublimated admiration. . . . Not a harsh thought; not an evil impulse; not a stir of jealousy, nor look of envy; nothing that is not as pure and sweet as it is visionary is in the fantastic-delicious record. Every woman in it, and women are its chief inhabitants, is a *gentil donna*, stately and spotless and pitiful; every man is chivalrous and pure. It is all of love; but the love is of angelic purity—above all alloy of fleshly passion. It is fantastic as a novel of Boccaccio, but spotless as a dream of heaven." The feast of meeting was in May, always ushered in with dance and song; and May, we are assured, "is no delusion in Italy. The Tuscan May is something like, we should suppose, what weather is in heaven; and, frankly, given that exemption from grief and evil which is the first condition of heaven, it is scarcely possible to fancy what any one could desire more for simple blessedness." It is thus the first vision rises on him. "Her dress on that day was of a most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age. At that moment, I say most truly that the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith. . . . From that time Love ruled my soul

which was so early espoused to him, and began to take such security of sway over me by the strength which was given to him by my imagination that it was necessary for me to do completely all his pleasure. He commanded me often that I should endeavour to see this so youthful angel, and I saw in her such noble and praiseworthy deportment that truly of her might be said these words of the poet Homer, 'She appeared to be born not of mortal man but of God.'" Her first words to him are described in as high-flown a strain. "When so many days had passed that nine years were exactly fulfilled, . . . this wonderful creature appeared to me in white robes, between two gentle ladies, who were older than she; and, passing by the street, she turned her eyes towards that place where I stood very timidly, and in her ineffable courtesy saluted me so graciously that I seemed then to see the heights of all blessedness, and because this was the first time that her words came to my ears, it was so sweet to me that, like one intoxicated, I left all my companions, and, retiring to the solitary refuge of my chamber, I set myself to think of that most courteous one, and thinking of her there fell upon me a sweet sleep, in which a marvellous vision appeared to me." The vision was of "Love, carrying in one arm a sleeping lady, in the other hand a burning heart, with which, when he had wakened the sleeper, he fed her, notwithstanding her terror. . . . The lady was Beatrice, the flaming heart was that of Dante." Then follows estrangement, caused by evil and perhaps not wholly untrue reports which Beatrice hears of her lover, who then devotes his life to and finds his happiness in celebrating her praises in musical verse. This at least, he thinks, cannot be taken from him; but he is mistaken, for in 1290 love and estrangement alike are buried in Beatrice's grave, and she remains for him a beautiful presence to be seen again in the visions of Paradise. "Then there appeared to me a wonderful vision, in which I saw things which made me resolve not to speak more of the blessed one, until the time should come when I could speak of her more worthily, and to arrive at this I study as much as I can, as she truly knows; so that if it pleaseth Him, by whom all things live, that my life should continue for a time, I hope to say of her that which has not yet been spoken of any one, and after, may it please Him, who is the Lord of courtesy, that my soul may see

the glory of my lady, that blessed Beatrice, who gloriously beholds His face, *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus, Laus Deo.*"

After this episode, perhaps for the sake of diversion he plunged into public life. We find him taking the principal part in embassies to Venice, Naples, Rome, and Paris. The way in which he came to do this was characteristic of the times. By an act of wild injustice on the part of the Guelf democracy the nobles were not only excluded from all public offices, but disfranchised altogether, and were only allowed to resume their rights on enrolling themselves in one of the burgher guilds, a galling condition to noble blood. Dante, who came of high family, stooped to register himself as doctor. It is to this time that Boccaccio's words refer: "The care of a family drew Dante to that of the Republic, in which he was so soon enveloped by the vain honours which are conjoined with public office, that without perceiving whence he came or whither he went, he abandoned himself almost entirely to the occupations of government, and in this fortune so favoured him that no embassy was heard or answered, no law was framed or abrogated, neither peace nor war made, and, in short, no discussion of any importance took place in which he had not a part."

The wrong soon recoiled on the perpetrators. In 1301, while Dante was on an embassy in Rome, another turn of the revolutionary wheel drove out the Guelfs and brought in the Ghibellines, and Dante never again set foot within his beloved city. From this time he ate the bitter bread of exile. We follow him to Arezzo, to Bologna, to nobles' castles and peaceful convents, to Paris, Pisa, Verona and Ravenna, wearing out heart and life in unavailing efforts to get back; now giving himself to study; sometimes living in comfortable dependence, sometimes in actual want. His attempts to return in company with his country's foes bring out the least favourable side of his life, and perhaps, along with his conversion to the Ghibelline party, of which the reasons can only be conjectured, explain why the city never relented to her greatest son. At the time of a general amnesty, he was one of four hundred and twenty-nine specially excepted. His haughty spirit is well expressed in his first reply to the proposal of the embassy to Rome: "If I go, who will stay? And if I stay, who will go?" The same spirit made him recoil from an

insulting proposition to purchase his return by doing penance, according to custom, in the ancient Baptistery, the "bel San Giovanni," in which, like every Florentine, he was baptised. His reply to the simple priest who brought the offer is characteristic and memorable: "Is this the glorious revocation of an unjust sentence, by which Dante Alighieri is to be recalled to his country, after suffering almost three lustres of exile? Is this what patriotism is worth? Is this the recompense of continued labour and study? Far from a man familiar with philosophy be such a cowardly and earthly baseness of heart, that he could allow himself to be thus offered up, almost bound, like Cioli or some other infamous fellow! Far be it from a man claiming justice to count out, after having endured injustice, his own money to those who did it! Oh, my father, this is not how an exile comes back! Another way might, surely, be found, by yourselves or by others, which should not derogate from the fame, from the honour of Dante. Such a way would I accept, and that not with slow steps. *But if by this way only I can return to Florence, Florence shall never again be entered by me. And what then? Should I not still see the sun and the stars, wherever I may be, and still ponder the sweet truth, somewhere under heaven, without first giving myself, naked of glory, almost in ignominy, to the Florentine people? Bread has not yet failed me.*"

The poet's exile is most interesting to us as the time when his *Divine Comedy* was written, and, perhaps the cause of its being written. Sorrow and disappointed ambition drove him to seek satisfaction in higher thoughts and pursuits. It is curious that he began the work in Latin; and we are in the dark respecting the motives which led him to adopt the vulgar tongue, to which he was to set the standard for all time, unless we accept the explanation which the prior of Santa Croce del Corvo, overlooking the Bay of Spezzia, says he received from the poet himself, that the change was in condescension to popular ignorance. We give the same narrator's account of the interview in which he received in trust the manuscript of the *Inferno*, which had been composed in a castle of the noble Malaspini. Dante's "intention being to travel into ultramontane regions (France), he passed through the diocese of Luni, and, either in devotion to the place, or from some other cause, came to this monastery. As he was unknown to me and my brethren, I asked when I saw

him, 'What would you?' And he, answering not a word, but gazing at the building, I asked him again what he sought. He then, looking round upon me and my brethren, answered, 'Peace.' From which there began to kindle in me a knowledge of what manner of man he was; and, leading him aside, apart from the others, and talking with him, I came to know him; for, although I had never seen him until that day, his fame had reached me a long time before. When then he perceived that I gave him my entire attention, and saw that I was well affected to hear all he said, he drew from his bosom, in a familiar manner, and freely showed to me a little book. 'Here,' said he, 'is one part of my work which perhaps you have not seen. I will leave you this memorial, that it may give you a more lasting recollection of me.' And as he gave me the little book I received it gratefully in my lap, and in his presence fixed my eyes upon it with eagerness."

The *Purgatorio* was composed, it would seem, at Pisa, under the friendly protection of Count Uguccone, one of the burly fighters of the day, whose fall was as sudden as Dante's, and more curious. "In the height of his greatness, some foolish proceedings taken by his son, who was his deputy in Lucca, against a popular citizen, raised that city against their sway. Uguccone, immediately on hearing of this, set forth to reduce the rebellious town, but had no sooner got out of sight, midway between the two, than Pisa also revolted, and shut her gates against him—a whimsical kind of overthrow. The nominal ruler of both cities was thus left in the road between them, with his band of mercenaries, rejected by both."

The sweet strains of the *Paradiso* were first sung amid the woods of Umbria, the poet straining wistful eyes towards Florence. His life went out at the early age of fifty-five, in Ravenna, the quiet imperial city on the Adriatic coast. Perhaps the strongest proof of the habitual reserve of his nature is that his two sons, who lived with him, did not know whether his great work was finished or not, and the last thirteen cantos were found in a strange manner. The younger son, Jacopo, saw his father in a dream, and asked him about the completion of the work. On this Dante seemed to lead his son to a panel in the room which he had occupied during life, and say, "That which you seek is here." Jacopo at once went to a friend of his father in Ravenna, "and so, though it was still night,"

says Boccaccio, "they went together to the house in which Dante had died, and calling him who then lived there, were admitted by him, and, going to the place, found a wooden panel fitted into the wall, such as they had always been accustomed to see; and, removing this, they found in the wall a little window, which none of them had ever seen, nor knew that it was there; and in this they found many writings, moulded by the damp of the wall, and which would have been destroyed altogether, had they been left longer there; and when they had carefully cleared them from the mould, they found, in continuous order, according to the numbers, the thirteen missing cantos."

One or two stories are told which will illustrate the temper of the poet. The following relates to the period of the *Vita Nuova*. "When Dante had dined, he went out, and, passing by the Porta San Pietro, heard a blacksmith beating iron upon the anvil, and singing some of his verses like a song, jumbling the lines together, mutilating and confusing them, so that it seemed to Dante that he was receiving a great injury. He said nothing, but going into the blacksmith's shop, where there were many articles made in iron, he took up his hammer and pincers, and scales, and many other things, and threw them out into the road. The blacksmith, turning round upon him, cried out, 'What the devil are you doing, are you mad?' 'What are you doing?' said Dante. 'I am working at my proper business,' said the blacksmith, 'and you are spoiling my work, throwing it out into the road.' Said Dante: 'If you do not like me to spoil your things, do not spoil mine.' 'What thing of yours am I spoiling?' said the man; and Dante replied, 'You are singing something of mine, but not as I made it. I have no other trade but this, and you spoil it for me!' The blacksmith, too proud to acknowledge his fault, but not knowing how to reply, gathered up his things and returned to his work; and when he sang again, sang Tristram and Lancelot, and left Dante alone."

The other belongs to later days. Boccaccio again speaks: "And thus it happened one day in Verona (the fame of his work being already known to all, and especially that part of the *Commedia* which is called the *Inferno*, and himself known to many both men and women) that as he passed before a door where several women were seated, one of them said softly, but not too low to be heard by him and those

who were with him, 'Do you see him who goes to hell and comes back again when he pleases, and brings back news of those who are down below?' To which another of the women answered simply, 'Certainly, you speak the truth. See how scorched his beard is, and how dark he is from the heat and smoke.' When Dante heard this talk behind him, and saw that the women believed entirely what they said, he was pleased, and, content that they should have this opinion of him, went on his way with a smile."

The group of artists whom Mrs. Oliphant puts into one picture—Arnolfo, Giotto, Ghiberti, Donatello, Brunelleschi—with the exception of Giotto, have left little memorial of themselves but their works; but these are enough. The buildings which are the pride of Florence, and which Dante never saw completed, are their work. It may be truly said that they found the city brick and left it marble. It is a marvellous fact that the chief structures are the creation of one brain. The cathedral, with its "large and noble lines, ample and liberal, and majestic in ornate robes and wealthy ornaments," the public palace, in its "stern strength, upright and strong, like a knight in mail;" the two grand churches of Santa Croce and Santa Maria Novella, were designed and begun by Arnolfo in the last years of the thirteenth century, though left to be finished by other hands. The decree in obedience to which the cathedral and other structures sprang into existence does honour to the city. "The Florentine Republic, soaring ever above the conception of the most competent judges, desires that an edifice should be constructed so magnificent in its height and beauty that it shall surpass everything of the kind produced in the time of their greatest power by the Greeks and Romans." Happy the city which can command the genius to carry out such decrees! The cathedrals of Pisa and Sienna belong to the same date. The bronze gates of the Baptistery, which Michel Angelo pronounced worthy to be the gates of heaven, were Ghiberti's work; the lily-like Campanile, or Belfry, Giotto's; the dome of the cathedral Brunelleschi's. Truly a galaxy of glory. Longfellow points out the moral of one feature in the work of these ancient builders with his usual felicity:

"In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part;  
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen ;  
Make the house where gods may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean."

In the erection of the public palace Arnolfo was not quite free. He was compelled by the authorities to put it at the side, instead of in the centre of the square, "for the strange reason that upon part of the square the palace of the Uberti family had once stood, and, fiercely fanatical in party feeling, the Guelf rulers would not touch, even with the foundation of their public buildings, the accursed soil upon which that race of Ghibellines had once flourished !" They thus raised a monument to their own senseless hate. The second difficulty was that Arnolfo was compelled to insert in his design a tower, in order to accommodate the old bell of Florence, the *Vacca*, or Cow, whose lowings so often called the city to arms—"a troublesome business," but successfully done.

What shall we say of Giotto's Campanile, a lily in marble, lovely, but not fragile as the flower ; "slender and strong and everlasting in its delicate grace !" "The enrichments of the surface, which is covered by beautiful groups set in a graceful framework of marble, with scarcely a flat or unadorned spot from top to bottom, have been ever since the admiration of artists and of the world. But we confess for our own part that it is the structure itself which affords us that soft ecstasy of contemplation, sense of a perfection before which the mind stops short, silenced and filled with the completeness of beauty unbroken, which art so seldom gives, though nature often attains it by the simplest means, through the exquisite perfection of a flower or a stretch of summer sky. Just as we have looked at a sunset we look at Giotto's tower, poised far above in the blue air, in all the wonderful dawns and moonlights of Italy, swift darkness shadowing its white glory at the tinkle of the Ave Mary, and a golden glow of sunbeams accompanying the mid-day Angelus. Between the solemn antiquity of the old Baptistery and the historical gloom of the great cathedral, it stands like the lily, if not, rather, like the great Angel himself, hailing her who was blessed among women, and keeping up that lovely salutation, musical and sweet as its own beauty, for century after century, day after day." What heightens the marvel of success is that Giotto was not an architect, but a painter, and that he

was nearing sixty when he put hand to this new work. The spire was added afterwards by other hands. We quote again from the poet whose purity shames the pollution of many who in our days dishonour the poet's name and craft:

“How many lives, made beautiful and sweet  
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,  
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint  
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,  
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,  
Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint  
Around the shining forehead of the saint,  
And are in their completeness incomplete !

“In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,  
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone—  
A vision, a delight, and a desire—  
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,  
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,  
But wanting still the glory of the spire.”

The competition for the Baptistery gates presents an admirable specimen of generous rivalry. Both Bruneschelli and Ghiberti sent in designs ; but when Bruneschelli and Donatello saw Ghiberti's among the rest, they said at once, “This must win,” and win it did. The gates were forty years in completion. There are casts of them, if we mistake not, at South Kensington.

But Bruneschelli's time came. It was his glory to crown Arnolfo's cathedral with its fitting dome. This was the final outcome of a life of study, travel, and research undertaken for this special object. Arnolfo seems to have found the civic authorities as difficult to manage as Wren found the magnates of London. When all seemed to be settled they insisted on making Ghiberti partner with Bruneschelli, and the artist only got his rights by feigning sickness, and allowing things to drift into a muddle. “Day by day the great dome swelled out over the shining marble walls, and rose against the beautiful Italian sky. Nothing like it had been seen before by living eyes. The solemn grandeur of the Pantheon at Rome was, indeed, known to many, and San Giovanni (the Baptistery) was in some sort an imitation of that ; but the immense structure of the cupola, so justly poised, springing with such majestic grace from the familiar walls to which it gave dignity, flattered the pride of the

Florentines as something unique, besides delighting the eyes and imagination of so beauty-loving a race. With that veiled and subtle pride which takes the shape of fear, some even pretended to tremble, lest it should be supposed to be too near an emulation of the blue vault above, and that Florence was competing with Heaven; others, with the delightful magniloquence of the time, declared that the hills around the city were scarcely higher than the beautiful Duomo." The artist sits in marble, contemplating his own glorious work.

Donatello's forte was sculpture. When he had finished his statue of Zuccone for the Campanile, he struck it, and exclaimed in an ecstasy of joy and pride, "Speak!" It was to his statue of St. George that Michel Angelo said, "March!"

Giotto's is a winning personality. The painter Cimabue found him tending sheep and sketching his charge with stone on a slate; and put him in the way of an artist's training. He never lost his homely, honest peasant ways—merry, witty, independent. Many are his characteristic sayings and doings. "Giotto's round O" is proverbial for the ability of genius shown in little things. The Pope wanted artists for some work in hand at Rome, and sent envoys to bring specimens. Giotto simply dashed a perfect circle on paper. The envoy was hardly satisfied, but could get no more, and this proved sufficient. King Robert of Naples asked Giotto to draw the kingdom of Naples in miniature. "He drew an ass, saddled and harnessed, snuffing at another saddle which lay at its feet. The King made a pretence of not understanding, and the bold painter explained undauntedly that 'such were his subjects and such the kingdom, in which day by day a new master was wished for.'" Giotto was ugly as he was clever. This will explain Boccaccio's story of him and another ugly Florentine: "Messer Forese was of short stature, and deformed; his face and nose were flat; yet he was so perfectly versed in the study of the law that he was considered by many as a well of knowledge. Giotto was a man of such genius that nothing was ever created that he did not reproduce with the stile, the pen, or the pencil, so as not merely to imitate, but to appear nature itself. . . . They joined company, and were both caught in a shower, which drove them for shelter into the house of a farmer. The rain, however, seemed disinclined to stop, and the travellers being both

anxious to return the same day to Florence, borrowed from the farmer two old cloaks and hats, and proceeded on their way. In this guise they rode, drowned in wet, and covered with splashes, until the weather began to clear, when Forese, after listening for some time to Giotto, who could always tell a good story, began to look at him from head to foot, and not heeding his own condition, burst into a fit of laughter, and said, 'Do you think that any stranger who should meet you now for the first time, would believe that you are the best painter in the world?' 'Yes,' said Giotto, promptly, 'if he could believe that you knew your A B C.' "

In those troublous days the painter's was an enviable lot. War and banishment did not exist for him. He enjoyed peace if he could not make it, and everywhere found a home and welcome. "Wherever he went with his cart, Peace went with him, her white banner all flowered over with loveliest images; no complaint, nor bitter prayer, nor indignant protestation came from his lips; to no emperor or deliverer does he ever require to appeal; to Florence and the stranger he was ever alike welcome. . . . Painters sang at their work when the factions were in fiercest conflict, and studied pigments and flesh-tints while their next-door neighbours were fighting across barricades, colouring the streets with unlovely red." By the way, we are told by our author that it was from the Florentines, during the occupation of their city by Charles of Anjou, in Savonarola's days, that the French learned the art of barricades, which they afterwards unhappily brought to such a height of perfection.

The story of Fra Angelico, the Angelical Painter, as told by Mrs. Oliphant, is a beautiful idyll. The serenity and brightness of the monk-painter's life suffuse the pages. Very little is known of his personal life apart from his works, or of any technical training he received. He entered the Dominican convent at Fiesole in 1407 A.D., being then twenty years old, as Fra Giovanni (Brother John); and when the brothers received back their own convent of St. Mark, in Florence, which they had lost in the civil broils of the time, he went with them to their old home. His principal work was the embellishment of the walls of the new convent which had been built for the fraternity by Cosmo de Medici; but his skill must have been developed and trained during the thirty years he spent previously at

Fiesole, watching Florence slumbering below. There was enough to appeal to an artist's soul. "Florence, heart and soul of that glorious Val d'Arno, lay under him, as he took his moonlight meditative stroll on the terrace, or gazed and mused out of his narrow window. . . . If he did not note those lights and shades and atmospheric changes, and lay up in his still soul a hundred variations of sweet colour, soft glooms, and heavenly shadows, then it is hard to think where he got his lore, and harder still that Heaven should be so prodigal of a training which was not put to use. Heaven is still prodigal, and Nature tints her pallet with as many hues as ever; but there is no Angelical painter at the windows of San Domenico to take advantage of them now."

It is thus Mrs. Oliphant imagines the process under which cloister, cell, and dormitory were made to burn and glow with lovely angels, saints, martyrs, Annunciations, Madonnas, and the Crucifixion: "I should like to have stepped into that long room when the bell called them all forth to chapel, and noted where Angelico put down his brush, how the scribe paused in the midst of a letter, and the illuminator in a gorgeous golden drapery, and the preacher with a sentence half ended, and nothing but the patches of sunshine and the idle tools held possession of the place. . . . And when the scaffolding was removed, and another and another picture fully disclosed in delicate sweet freshness of colour—soft, fair faces looking out of the blank wall, clothing them with good company, with solace, and protection—what a flutter of pleasure must have stolen through the brotherhood, what pleasant excitement, what critical discussions, fine taste, enlightened and superior, against simple enthusiasm! It is almost impossible not to fear that there must have been some conflict of feeling between the brother who had but a saintly Annunciation, and him who was blessed with the more striking subject of the 'Scourging,' so quaint and fine; or him who proudly felt himself the possessor of that picturesque glimpse into the invisible—the open gates of Limbo, with the father of mankind pressing to the Saviour's feet. Happy monks! busy and peaceable, half of them no doubt at heart believed that his own beautiful page, decked by many a gorgeous king and golden saint, would last as long as the picture; and so they have done, as you may see in the glass-cases in the library, where all those lovely

chorales and books of prayer are preserved—but not like Angelico. There is one glory of the sun, and another of the stars."

Angelico, it seems, excelled in idealising the human; he failed in conceiving the Divine. In his greatest work, the Crucifixion, the interest all centres in the groups at the foot; the central figure is scarcely noticed—a capital defect. But who has succeeded in this? The Divine has not entered into the heart of man. Easier far to reproduce the notes and bars of the music of Heaven than to embody the Divine in form and colour. Angelico's was only a larger degree of failure. But the religious spirit in which he worked amply atoned for any defect. At least he succeeded in transferring his own rapt devotion and intense reverence to the angelic and saintly faces of which he was so fond. His pictures were sermons, or, rather, prayers. In this way he preached. "He painted his pictures as he said his prayers, out of pure devotion. . . . He began his work on his knees, appealing to his God for the inspiration that so great an undertaking required, and—carrying with him the *défauts de ses qualités*, as all men of primitive virtue do—declined with gentle obstinacy to make any change or improvement after, in the works thus conceived under the influence of Heaven. While he was engaged in painting a crucifix, Vasari tells us, the tears would run down his cheeks, in his vivid realisation of the Divine suffering therein expressed." His theology was inevitably coloured by his art. For him sin was deformity—holiness was beauty. "Absolute ugliness, grotesque and unreal, was all the notion he had of the wicked. To his cloistered soul the higher mystery of beautiful sin was unknown, and his simple nature ignored the many shades of that pathetic side of moral downfall in which an unsuccessful struggle has preceded destruction."

This is old Vasari's charming vignette of him: "He was of simple and pious manners. He shunned the worldly in all things, and during his pure and simple life was such a friend to the poor that I think his soul must now be in Heaven. He painted incessantly, but never would lay his hand to any subject not saintly. He might have had wealth, but he scorned it, and used to say that true riches are to be found in contentment. He might have ruled over many, but would not, saying that obedience was easier, and less liable to error. He might have enjoyed

dignities among his brethren, and beyond them all; but he disdained these honours, affirming that he sought for none other than might be consistent with a successful avoidance of Hell and attainment of Paradise. Humane and sober, he lived chastely, avoiding the errors of the world, and he was wont to say that the pursuit of art required rest and a life of holy thoughts; that he who illustrates the acts of Christ should live with Christ. He was never known to indulge in anger with his brethren—a great, and in my opinion all but unattainable, quality—and he never admonished but with a smile. With wonderful kindness he would tell those who sought his work, that if they got the consent of the Prior he should not fail. . . . He never retouched or altered anything he had once finished, but left it as it had turned out, the will of God being that it should be so."

The greatest glory, however, of the Convent of San Marco is not Angelico's painting, but Savonarola's heroic life, so soon to follow. This is the chief episode in Mrs. Oliphant's work, filling five chapters. We have already intimated that the story is told *con amore*, with unreserved and hearty sympathy, and with no ordinary fire and power. Of course all is not told and developed in so short a space, but the sketch is well done. But this we must pass over, recommending our readers to the book itself. The chapter on the greatest art-child of Florence, Michel Angelo, though eloquent enough, is slighter. We pass over this also, with the note that, though he was a native of Florence, his principal works were executed in Rome, and his life more properly belongs to that city.

We will give our remaining space to a quaint mediæval character and book, which Mrs. Oliphant has unearthed for us. Agnolo Pandolfini, a Florentine of the beginning of the fifteenth century, made money in trade, took his part in civic affairs, brought up a family, and in his old age (for he lived to be eighty-six) wrote a book on *The Government of the Family*, to explain to his numerous sons and grandsons the secret of his success and long life. For all that his pages say there might have been no artists building up the glory of Florence, no Albizzi and Medici fighting to the death in its streets. It is the very picture of a quiet, thriving, self-satisfied *bourgeois* life. "How one ought to save and spare, how one ought to mind one's business, how one ought to choose one's house, and, above

all, how one ought to govern and regulate one's wife, are the subjects treated in detail ; though there is scarcely a word about the public life which must have filled so large a part in the citizen's career, but which this citizen rather recommends his sons to avoid, notwithstanding that both they and he filled important places in the commonwealth. A greater contrast could scarcely be than the revelation given in this book of the background and peaceful undercurrent of Florentine existence while the turbulent tide of faction and revolution ran so high above."

His religion was a very simple thing. There is no mention of priest or church or masses, or indeed of other better things. On his remarking that our souls, bodies, and time—not lands, houses, and friends—are our own, his sons inquire, "How do you preserve the soul to God?" "I do this in two ways. One is to keep as much as I can my heart light, nor ever disturb it with anger, hate, or any covetousness ; because the pure and simple soul is always pleasing to God. The other method is to keep myself as much as I can from ever doing anything upon which I have a doubt whether it is good or evil, or which I may repent of having done." "And you think this is enough?" "I believe that it is enough ; since I have always understood that those things which are good and true are also clear and comprehensible in themselves, and therefore ought to be done, but those things which are not good are always found to be entangled in perplexity and ambiguity by some pleasure or desire, by some corrupt intention, and therefore ought not to be done, but avoided."

His comparisons of city and country life are graphic pictures. He gives to the first the palm of experience, to the latter the palm of enjoyment, and thinks, strangely enough, that the city is the best place for training children, because there vice can be seen in its hatefulness. "For no one," he says, "can judge what vices are who does not know them, as no one can judge of a sound who has not heard that sound, nor can criticise either the instrument or the player." His picture of rural life is vivid. "In spring the villa gives thee continual delight ; foliage, flowers, odours, songs of birds, and in every way makes thee gay and joyful—all smiles upon thee, and promises a good ingathering ; fills thee with every good hope, delight and pleasure. . . . In the autumn she pays thee back for all thy trouble—fruit out of all measure to thy labours, reward,

and thanks. And how willingly, and with what abundance! Twelve for one; for a little sweat many bottles of wine; and that which gets stale by keeping the country gives in its season, fresh and good. She fills the house all the winter through with grapes fresh and dry, with plums, nuts, figs, pears, apples, almonds, pomegranates, and other fruits, wholesome and fragrant and delightful, and from day to day the later fruits. Even in winter she does not forget to be liberal; she sends you wood, oil, branches of laurel and juniper, drawn from the snow to make a fragrant and cheerful flame; and if you continue to live there, the villa will comfort you with splendid sunshine, and will give you the hare, the wild goat, the boar, the partridge, the pheasant, and many other kinds of birds, and the wide country in which you can follow them at your leisure; she will give you fowls, milk, kids, junket, and other delicacies which you can preserve the whole year through, so that through all the year your house may want for nothing; and will take pains that in your heart there should be no sorrow or trouble, but that you should be full of pleasure and usefulness. . . . How blessed it is to live in the country, an unappreciated happiness!"

But it is his views on the domestic state which are the most quaintly mediæval. "Rule a wife and have a wife," the first being emphasised, must have been his motto. "The mind of the man," he says, "is more robust, more firm, more constant to support every opposition of enemies, and every accident, than that of the woman." Domestic matters are beneath his notice. "He who does not hate these little female affairs, shows that it would not annoy him to be called a woman." Poor Agnolo, it is well that he is not living in these newspaper days; but of course, if he had lived now, he would have been wiser. "Every wife should know how to cook and prepare the best dishes, and to teach them to the cooks," and this, not that she may minister to her husband's comfort, but that when guests arrive unawares, she may not be taken by surprise! "A wife should not read her husband's books and scribbles, because women who search too much into things which belong to men cannot do so without raising a suspicion that they have men too much in their mind." "You have good reason," say his sons, "to speak on this subject, for your wife was virtuous more than others." "True, she was prudent," was the ungracious answer, "but still by

my management." But worse is still to come. "Those husbands enrage me who take counsel with their wives, and cannot keep any secret in their own bosoms. Fools who esteem the female mind, or believe that prudence or good counsel is to be had from a woman! Madmen who believe their wives will be more silent in their affairs than they themselves are! Oh, foolish husbands, when you chatter with a woman, do you forget that a woman can do everything but hold her tongue? and therefore take care that no secret of yours should ever come into the knowledge of the woman. Not that I did not know my wife to be loving and discreet, but always it seemed to me safer that she should not be able to harm me if she would."

We give the account of his own plan for the benefit of those who may be able to adopt it. The scene is inimitable. "'When my wife, your mother, had been a few days settled in the house, and the love and ambition of housekeeping had begun to delight her, I took her by the hand and showed her all the house, and instructed her where everything was kept, the other provisions above, the wood and the wine below. Then I took her into the bedchamber, and, locking the door, showed her all my precious things, the silver, the tapestry, the dresses, the precious stones and all our jewels, and the places in which they were kept.' 'Then all these precious things were in your chamber? No doubt that they might be more safe and more secret.' 'Also, my children, that I might see them when I chose without any one knowing of it. Between ourselves, my sons, it is not wise that all your family should know everything that belongs to you. That which few know of is easier to keep safely, and to find again if lost. . . . But it was not my desire to keep any of my precious things hidden from my wife; all that I held most dear I opened to her, and showed and explained them all; only my books and my writings then and afterwards I kept secret and shut up, that she might neither read them or even see them. I always kept my writings, not in the sleeves of my dress, but in a case locked up and lodged in a good place in my study, almost like something religious, into which place I never gave my wife permission to enter, neither with me nor by herself, and, besides, I recommended her, if ever she found anything written by me quickly to bring it back to me. . . . When she understood how everything ought to be arranged, I said to her, My

wife, all this which is useful and dear to me ought to be dear to you also, and all that is dangerous to it disagreeable. . . . Carlo : How did she answer you ? Agnolo : She answered that she had learned to obey her father and mother, and that she had been commanded by them always to obey me, and was ready to do so. Then I said to her, She who has been obedient to her father and mother, *donna mia*, will soon learn to obey her husband. Do you know now what we ought to do ? We should be like those who keep watch by night on the walls of their city. If one of them fall asleep, he does not take it amiss if his companion awakens him to do his duty to his country. I, my wife, will take it as a favour if, seeing anything wanting in me, you will tell me of it, nor let it be displeasing to you if I, in the same way, waken you up and remind you to provide for all that is necessary. These possessions, this family, and the children born, or to be born, are ours—yours as well as mine ; and therefore it is our duty to think and do all we can to preserve that which belongs to both of us."

Any one who needs such information may also learn from shrewd Agnolo how he cured his well-tutored wife of face-painting. "I spoke to her about one of our neighbours who had few teeth, and those spoiled, her eyes sunken, her face dismal and flabby, and her skin as if sodden, pale and ugly, and her hair had lost its colour and was almost white. I asked my wife if she would like to be grey and like this neighbour. 'Oh, me,' she said, 'no!' 'Why,' said I, 'does she seem to you so old ? How old do you think she is ?' She answered me abashed, that perhaps she might be mistaken, but that our neighbour seemed to her as old as her mother's old nurse. Then I swore to her what was the truth, that this lady was born but two years before myself, and was not yet thirty-two, but by the use of paint had become thus disfigured and old before her time."

Once only the good man caught his poor wife painted at a feast in his own house. "All : Were you angry with her ? Ag. : Why should I be angry with her ? Neither of us meant any evil. Carlo : But perhaps you might be disturbed that in this she did not obey you. Ag. : Yes, that is true enough ; but, however, I did not show myself disturbed by it. Carlo : Did you not reprove her ? Ag. : Yes, but with precaution. It seems to me always, my

children, that correction should begin gently, in order that the defect may be made visible, and goodwill be awakened. Learn this of me. Women are more easily mastered and corrected with courtesy and kindness than with severity. Servants may endure threats or blows, and it is no shame to scold them, but the wife should rather obey from love of you than from fear of you. And every free soul will be more ready to please you than to serve you. Therefore the errors of wives should be reproved with delicacy. I waited till I found her alone, then smiled and said, 'I am sorry to see that you have got your face plastered; have you struck it against some saucepan in the kitchen? Wash thyself; let no one else see thee thus. A woman who is the mistress of a family should always be clean and in good order, that the family may learn to be obedient.' She understood me and wept. I left her to wash away her paint and her tears, and never had occasion to speak to her more on this subject."

He dissuaded his sons strongly from public life, and evidently spoke from experience. And with this other glimpse of a Florentine "interior" we take our leave of the worthy burgher. "I esteem nothing so little, nothing appears to me less worthy of honour in a man than public office. . . . Meeting together, advising, discussing, beseeching one, answering the other, serving one, doing despite to another, coaxing, struggling, abusing, bowing down, giving all one's time to such occupations without a single firm friendship, rather indeed with enmity. A life full of lies, fictions, ostentations, pomp and vanity, in which friendship lasts just as long as your friend is useful to you, and in which no one thinks it necessary to keep faith or promise. . . . To hear continued recriminations and complaints, and unanswerable accusations and reproaches, and blame and tumult, and to find always round you men who are avaricious, litigious, importunate, unjust, indiscreet, unquiet, insolent; to fill thy ears with suspicions, thy soul with covetousness, thy mind with doubt, fear, hatred and severity; to give up thy shop and thy proper business to follow the will and ambition of others."

- ART. III.—1. *The Genesis of the Earth and Man.* By R. S. POOLE. Second Edition. Williams and Norgate.
2. *The Origin of Civilisation and the Primitive Condition of Man.* By SIR J. LUBBOCK. Longmans. 1870.
3. *Lenormant's Manual of the Ancient History of the East.* Asher. 1869.
4. *Biblical Monuments.* By W. H. RULE, D.D., and J. C. ANDERSON.

THE Book of Genesis is the centre of some of the warmest controversies of our time. Its accounts of the "beginning" of the physical universe and this terraqueous globe, of animal life and human history, of language and worship, of society and the Church, as well as its own origin and authorship, have been, and are still, occasions of incessant warfare for the critics. The discoveries and deductions of modern research in geology, philology, and archæology have thrown into startling distinctness its cosmogony and antiquities, making further inquiry inevitable, and threatening the security of the most venerable opinions. It would be strange indeed if our interpretation of this ancient document were not modified by the access of exterior information which the last century has supplied. Progress itself would not be a reality unless it removed us from familiar scenery and conditions to "fresh woods and pastures new." It would seem to be a misfortune for mankind if such a degree of advancement in secular knowledge as recent generations have attained should leave the problems of life and Providence presented by the Book of Genesis as they were. The only matters in debate, then, are: What is the modification of old and traditional views which now becomes necessary? what is the evidence which irresistibly requires this surrender of ancient theories? and how far does the new information confirm or impair our confidence in the integrity, authority, and value of these honoured records? Moreover, it may happen that additional knowledge may not seriously reduce our reve-

rence for these singular archives, but yield fresh grounds of admiration for them. If they are not the cabalistic oracles which less critical times have imagined them to be, they may yet prove themselves to contain a solid and real instruction, so far beyond all possibilities of human wisdom, that every one will confess it to be a gift of God. And, indeed, the effect either way of the comparison which is going on between them and the conclusions of science will not be small. If there is truth in these ancient histories, that truth will be the more illustrious for the ordeal; and the demonstration of the error, if such there be, will be as speedy and complete.

It ought to be fully recognised that the tests to which the primeval history has been recently submitted are of the severest and most unexpected sort. No merely human anticipation could foresee the revelations of modern geology; no later forgeries could stand against recovered contemporary witnesses. Science has found rare and unlimited treasure in new fields, and, having suddenly become very rich, she challenges her ancient rival, Religion, with fresh daring and yet higher pretensions. She has discovered a narrow yet easy pass into regions long thought inaccessible, and now commands from her dizzy eminence an horizon so wide that she imagines she has found the limits of the universe. None can deny the grandeur of these attainments, and though on their account the pride of knowledge has grown, it scarcely merits our surprise or our scorn. "The things" which the "kings" of ancient science desired to see are now revealed in text-books and elementary treatises to the humblest inquirer. Thales and Heraclitus speculated upon the evolution of all things from primordial fire and water, but never guessed that indelible illustrations of their dreams lay under their feet. Hesiod, Virgil, and Ovid in turn sketched the features of chaos, and commemorated the progress of creation from the *rudis indigestaque moles* to the perfected frame of the habitable world, but knew not that the mountains of Hellas and Italy contained a register of every stage in that progress. We can scarcely realise the fact that the authors of the *Organon Novum* and of the *Principia* never had a glimmering of the light which shows the true history of stratification. Biblical scholars and theologians so recent as A. Clarke and R. Watson disputed the truth of geology, and fell in with the then (A.D. 1826) popular theory that fossils

were relics of the Deluge; yet Watson was a botanist, and had poetic sympathy with Nature, while Clarke revelled in antiquarian pursuits. But the new science lay under serious suspicion of alliance with unbelief. Theologians dared not conjecture what would become of their systems if it were once allowed that the splendid miracle of the creation of all things in six days should suffer depreciation. Though the idea that the "six days" were not ordinary terrestrial days, but extended periods, was not strange to Jewish interpreters, and is found in St. Augustine's writings, as also in those of Bishop Patrick, yet the old-established conception only slowly yielded to the evidence, which became overwhelming in its accumulation, of vast pre-human periods of decay and renovation. If one dared to ascribe motives to those who have gone before us, we should say that those who were disposed to sceptical opinions found their earliest attraction to geological study in its promise of aid to their theories. The destruction of the Scripture cosmogony was made easy; and, the foundation being undermined, the superstructure would certainly fall. On the other hand, theologians applied themselves to it in the hope that it would corroborate the Scripture account of a Deluge. The history of science is not without parallels to the not unfruitful disappointment which has met both parties and their antecedent theories. As astrology led to astronomy, and alchemy to chemistry, so the naturalist and the diluvianist prepared the path of the geologist.

How wide, then, is the interval between the cosmogony of the early years of this century and that which we are now compelled to own! The believers of that age thought that the Book of Genesis was the only source of information about the Creation which would ever be open to man. Now the student finds the rocks, looking out from every hill-side, or girding the sea-beaten shores of every land, and the alluvium which lines the valleys, to contain indubitable evidences of succession and change in the physical aspects and in the life-forms of the world. Telescopic observation and researches in the spectrum analysis have suggested a common constitution of all cosmical bodies, and have made plausible the theory that our earth has passed through many phases of planetary progress, from the primary, potential nebula to the multiform, complicated advancement of the human period. The earlier theo-

logians seldom dared to extend the human or terrene era beyond the limits of the Adamic epoch, and could not possibly anticipate the light which has been cast into the darknesses of the remotest past.

Now, we measure the antiquity of the globe by millions of years, and trace the descent of physical progress down a well-defined series of steps which lead us from the fair and living earth of to-day to a lifeless and lightless chaos beyond which the eye of science cannot penetrate, and where it finds no rest for the sole of its foot. The genealogy of rocks is sometimes easier to trace than the descent of a dialect, or the pedigree of a noble house. The sandstones of the North of England are permeated with fragments of mica which have been laboriously detached from Cambrian rocks by seas which have bruised and beaten them for thousands of years. But when the process began, the mica-schist had passed through an unknown history of deposition, crystallisation, and upheaval. The millstone-grit of the North is but an ancient sea-bed, into which were poured immense quantities of disintegrated granite that the waves and storms of a myriad ages brought down from its ancient strongholds. This venerable sea-bed became in its turn the arena of vast fern-forests, which spread far into what is now the Atlantic Ocean, and sank with their own weight by easy gradations to yet lower levels, from which, again, counter movements in after-ages have raised them with their massive foundations to the summits of the ridge which separates Yorkshire and Lancashire. From the summits the coal has disappeared under surface-action, but lower down, on either side, its precious strata lie in natural inclination. By the same great law of family relation and dependence the new red sandstone owes its colour to the iron of carboniferous times, and its conglomerates to disintegrations like that which made the millstone-grit; while gravel-drifts and clay-beds everywhere betray their parentage by unmistakable features of derivation. If evidence of their kinship were needed, the fossils come in, with their marvellous resemblances and varieties to attest the continuity and fellowship of Nature's works. The space of time indicated by these processes is immeasurable to us. Statists assume that a generation of human life occupies about forty years, and twenty-five generations therefore cover a thousand years. It has been conjectured that the Newcastle coal-

field required more than 200,000 years for its deposition: that is, five thousand generations of human life, or a period at least twenty times that during which man has been upon earth, is but as one day in the extended history of the earth's crust. These voluminous records of a single deposit are but one page in the cumbrous volume in which Nature's autobiography has been written, and is ever continued. But this testimony to the extended age of the earth was not known to the theologians of past centuries, nor even to those of the earlier part of our own. Then, can we still believe in the same Bible, and accept the "Genesis" which they received? If so, this is a marvel of no small significance. If an account of creation has been given to mankind which does not violate the conceptions of later times, and yet did not disclose them to earlier ages—if, now that discovery has altered men's notions upon this subject, it abides with an enhanced rather than a depreciated intelligence—what further witness of inspiration do we need? What but Divine wisdom could frame a theory of the Universe which should meet such a case as this? A test so utterly pure and unprejudiced as that which Nature thus renders to Scripture as the Word of God, if it yet can be received in that character, is the most severe and satisfactory which even a Divine communication could undergo. No art could anticipate, no sagacity could foresee, the apparition of such startling witnesses to the truth or untruth of Scripture as these are; and if its authority survives for a day after their announcements we have at once the strongest presumption that a Mind, unlimited by any bounds of creaturely knowledge, has condescended to become the Instructor of the world.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this has not been the fate of other traditions of Creation—Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian—they have all been remitted to the limbo of comparative mythology, and their only use is to attest the intellectual associations and tendencies of those among whom they flourished. But the teaching of the first chapter of Genesis has a singular correspondence to well-established geological doctrines. We are not required to frame some ingenious and elaborate scheme of this "reconciliation;" for the most general statement of the fact is sufficient for evidential purposes. There has never been a dogmatic decision upon the exact and precise sig-

nificance of the Creation-narrative ; and opinions may always differ upon the length of the six "days." But while the amplest latitude is given for variety of views upon minor questions, the substantial authority of the account remains intact. They who are content with saying that all that the record really teaches is the origin of all things from God ; or that it is a mystic scroll not yet to be deciphered, or to be interpreted according to each man's light ; or that it is the sublime conjecture of a Semitic Kepler or Newton, whose real name has gone to the oblivion which hides the memory of him who first distinguished the planets from the fixed stars, and of him who first calculated an eclipse ; they surely overlook the remarkable parallelism between the lines of geological discovery and the Mosaic story. That a chaotic fluidity was a primordial condition of matter ; that light is independent of sun, moon, and stars ; that there was an advance from the simplest vegetation, terrestrial and marine, and from the lower forms of animal life, to the more perfect flora and fauna ; and that extended periods have been specially marked, now by enormous vegetation, and then by reptilian, and again by mammalian, life ; while man was the last of the creatures to appear on the scene ; are features of both records which manifestly agree. Moreover, the first verse of Genesis speaks of a "beginning" which is separate from the subsequent Creation-process, and divides the origin of matter from following developments. How, amidst all the dreams and vanities of primitive speculation and invention upon this fascinating theme, this account should say so little, and yet say so much which scientific inquiry now attests to be approximately true, would be a perplexing question indeed, unless—and we make no attempt here to gauge the mysteries of inspiration—a Divine Revelation is somehow contained in it. Whether this Revelation came by vision to Moses, as Kurtz, Hugh Miller, and others have conjectured, or whether some angel expounded to Adam—

"What cause  
Moved the Creator, in His holy rest,  
Through all Eternity, so late to build  
In chaos,"

as Milton supposes, it is not our business at present to inquire. As a prophecy, the oracle will, like the cherubic

sword, strike every way. While it points to the past which no human eye beheld, it anticipates the indubitable evidences of Creation which, "late in time," should be disclosed to every land; and may yet also be a symbol of Divine working and ontological progress in vaster cycles of Time and Space where Creation ever new unfolds the immeasurable resources of Omnipotence.

Yet it is degrading to the Bible to assume that this or that Writer anticipated modern discoveries. Moses, if "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," was not versed in the science of the nineteenth century. All theories of inspiration must hold that many things were present to the originating and presiding Mind which its separate ministers and amanuenses might not discern. Thus, the prophets who prophesied of the grace that should come upon us did not know "what or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them should signify." Therefore, although "the Hebrew view of the Universe" was as grotesque as it is sometimes represented to have been, that would not make their "Genesis" absurd, nor show it to be incapable of containing deep meanings for future ages. They might think that the earth was the centre of the Universe; that the whole firmament belonged to it, and its lights had been hung for a convenient division of days and months and years; and that this *houdoir* system was made in six natural days by as many fiat of Élohim. But Scripture must not be held responsible for the phantasms of Rabbis, or for the opinions of schoolmen. The monopoly of tradition, as the supreme interpreter of God's Word, is over. Of old, it "made void" Divine sayings, and succeeded too well in replacing its wonderful fulness by empty and strange conceits, just as the Romish Church long buried the New Testament with the Old in its sepulchral exegesis. But "the Word of God, quick and powerful" (*ὁ λόγος καὶ ἐνεργητικὸς*), perpetually escapes these bands of death, and it is not possible that it should be holden of them. It survives though theogonies may waste, and traditions cease. The dogmas of the Church which condemned Galileo, and the prejudiced orthodoxy which long repudiated geology, are not to be confounded with that unchanging Word which "liveth and abideth for ever." And it is not unreasonable to conclude that if the disclosures of a scientific revelation like geology, so magnificent and so entirely

unpredicted, and bearing so directly upon the subjects for which Scripture authority had been unchallenged for thousands of years, do not, after due reflection, despoil our faith in the authority of the Bible, the science of the future will be powerless to supersede it.

Not less startling than the revelations which have been educed from the squalid rocks, have been the disclosures yielded to the exploration of buried cities, and the comparison of languages, living and dead. Until recently a science of language was scarcely possible, and early history was a wilderness of fable. The Scriptures were alone in their affirmation of the unity of the human race. The Mosaic Toledoth of the nations in Gen. x. found only faint and scattered corroborations ; for folklore everywhere was but degenerate myth, and each nation assumed its separate descent from the gods. Traditions of Chaos and Creation, or of the Deluge and the Dispersion, remained ; but no credible, connected, verisimilar accounts of the primitive ages. Sanskrit, which had only lived in books for two thousand years, was scarcely known to European scholars a century since, and its significance as a witness to the early associations of the Indo-Germanic race has been only demonstrated in the last half-century. The sepulchral monuments of Egypt were as defiant to the " wise men " of later times as were the dreams of Pharaoh to his hierophants of old ; and Manetho's tables (A.D. 280) were the only clue to the rabble of dynasties which had flourished in vague centuries of succession or rivalry. What lay beneath the sands of Asiatic deserts none could know until Layard pierced their mystery, and brought specimens of their treasure. Even then the slabs were covered with the characters of an unknown tongue, whose faintest echo had seemed to have died out from the murmurs of human speech. But now Sanskrit is taught in English schools and universities, and is studied more or less by all young Englishmen who aspire to office in India. Since the discovery of the Rosetta-stone, the biographies of fifty Pharaohs have been deciphered, while most of the phases and periods of ancient Egyptian life have been illustrated by sculptures and paintings. The story of the earlier and later Assyria and Babylon have required the labours of Rawlinson, Oppert, the now lamented George Smith, and others ; and not only the traditions of the learned, but the romances of the frivolous, are recovered to assist our

insight into the world over which Nitocris or Nebuchadnezzar reigned. Archæology, thus stimulated, observes and records with renewed interest the manners of the old Eastern world, which already yields to the advance of Western progress. Our museums are filling with idols, altars, statues, and coins. Except for these witnesses, many of which have so lately come upon the scene, the Scripture account would not only be without confirmation, but without contradiction ; for there were no voices except its own from the silent ages of which it speaks. Profane history (so called) only begins where sacred history ends. Herodotus, "the father" of Greek history, was commencing his travels (450 B.C.) when Ezra was completing the sacred canon. Of the ages preceding Herodotus scarcely a nation possessed any matter-of-fact narrative, though he received into his capacious and charitable chronicles whatever of tradition or legend could be collected. But it has become a canon of historical inquiry that the value of tradition is in inverse proportion to the distance in age of the matters referred to ; so that in the end tradition loses all value, and nothing is relied on more than the circumstantial evidence of monuments. Yet the Jewish people trace their family history in plain records back to the days of Abraham, who lived 1,300 years before Cyrus and Xenophon. The pictures of tent-life, with Abraham or Lot as their centre, are as vivid as a description of an Arab encampment by one of our own travellers. Circumstances of time and place are connected with the movements of tribes whose caravans crossed the desert when the Pyramids were building, and civilisation had scarcely wandered from its primeval haunts on the Euphrates and the Nile. And now, after the lapse of two or three thousand years, the explorations of philologists and archæologists put us in possession of original documents and records, which furnish such diversified evidence of those very times, as to leave no important element of information yet beyond our reach. These additions to our resources for the knowledge of Bible history and geography have received such enormous increase and development of late years that nearly all references to ancient persons, places, customs, languages, and events can be tested by external and independent evidence. If Scripture endures this test, if it yet can raise its head as an honest chronicle of the Past, and is not confounded with the

fables of the Gentiles, even the modern *savant* ought to confess, with the magicians of Egypt, who found all their feats surpassed by the miracles of Moses, that *this is the finger of God*.

It may be allowed that all which Scripture gains from its correspondence to secular monuments of undoubted value, is a confirmation of its veracity; but this is no small gain. We do not hesitate to contend that the agreement of its doctrine of Creation with discoveries brought to light forty centuries after its publication, and these by independent methods, certainly raises a presumption of a preternatural origin. But perhaps all that we can insist upon from the coincidences between Scripture history and the results of antiquarian research is an accession to our persuasion of its solid truthfulness, even in its earliest details. Yet herein we may discern the operation of an art which is more than human. That "Spirit of Truth" which operated faintly in heathendom during "the times of the ignorance"—which in its fulness was only promised to the New Testament Church, yet "moved" the hearts of Bible-writers from the first. They described things as they were. Hence, the theories of Ewald, and others, who find in the lives of the patriarchs a *prosopopœia* of the history of a tribe, are quite untenable. It is foreign to the genius of Scripture to go so far into the domain of fiction. It lends itself to the speculations neither of science nor of superstition, but states the phenomena and facts of common human experience. The earth is solid beneath the feet of the patriarch, and the sun rises and sets as he pursues his path. He gathers the animals into herds, or selects the best of them for his altar or his board; but he never metamorphoses them into the fantastic semi-divinities which are found in the Pantheon of Egypt. He sets up his pillar in memory of a holy vision, or sleeps under "the shadow of a great rock;" but he never makes a god of the stone. Elohim and His angels are veritable realities, and all he did partook of this reality. The passionate veracity which is the latest acquisition of "the philosophy of history" appears in these Hebrew records in the form of simple instinct. While all heathen literature is full of lying and polluted inventions, "all that defileth, and maketh a lie" has been carefully excluded from the guarded precincts of this peculiar memorial. Therefore, all mythological theories of Scripture must

break down of their own weight. Its writers from the beginning evidently believed before they spoke, and their unique veracity is confirmed and vindicated by ever-extending research. The Moabite stone which mentions King Mesha, whose name had only been preserved for twenty-six centuries in the second book of Kings, is but one among many testimonies to the solidity of the record. Palestine explorers find Phœnician quarry-marks on the lowest foundations on Mount Zion, and relics of a viaduct over the Tyropœan valley, and are carefully collecting traditional names of Bible sites; but these new facts only illustrate the Bible history, and seldom raise a difficulty. The stones never cry out against the Book, and no voice comes from buried temples or cities accusing Moses and the Prophets of wilful or ignorant misrepresentation. The new philology founded on the discoveries of Sanskrit, and the "law of the interchange of letters," falls in with a threefold division of the Noachic family. The translated Vêdas show that monotheism was before polytheism in the Brahminical history, and the Zend-Avesta has traditions of the Creation and Deluge. The hieratic and cuneiform inscriptions might have evolved enormous discrepancies with Old Testament history; but they have rather cast light into its dark places, by showing the true descent of the ancient Cushite and Shemitic colonists, or by supplying modified versions of the Creation, and other primeval events. Fresh exploration may fill up the lacunæ of these primitive histories, and illumine many obscurities; but it has now become in the highest degree improbable that archæology will ever displace the Biblical story of primeval humanity. No papyrus or slab can indicate the *fontes et origo* of the "wisdom of Moses," and point to deeper fountains of the truth. His "Genesis" must ever be the Principia of ethnology, and the fundamental title-deed of the nobility and inheritance of Man.

We do not forget that astronomy three centuries ago extended backwards to an immeasurable distance the antecedents of the Universe, and that geology has similarly removed those of our planet, far beyond the point at which the Biblical account seemed to fix it. Recent observations have likewise raised the conception of the antiquity of the human race. But this modification of the old opinion has very clear limits. Geology has abundantly confirmed the Scripture account of the place which man holds as the last

and crowning work of the Creator on this planet. His remains are never found beneath the highest line of soil or alluvium, unless a grave has been dug for him in subjacent gravel or clay by his fellows. He never walked among the marshes or forests of the coal-age, nor fled before the dreadful Saurians of the seas. It is doubtful whether he was a contemporary of the Megatheria of the later Tertiary, or whether he really saw the last of the glaciers which covered Britain with Arctic desolation. He is certainly the latest of the earth's colonists. But how long the known developments of language and civilisation required for their unfolding, it would be temerity itself to conjecture. Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and Celtic must each have branched out from the primitive Aryan of the Japhetic tribes in the days of Moses. Before the days of Joseph there had been time in Egypt to raise the larger Pyramids; and in the halls and temples of Chaldea an advanced science flourished in the times of Abraham. Remains in Europe, Asia, and America that are called *prehistoric*, though their relative significance and full classification are not yet demonstrated, reveal ages of untold human existence. It is easy to exaggerate this testimony; and the distribution of the primeval period into palæolithic and neolithic sections, for the present, only serves the purposes of hypothesis. Yet the circumstances under which many of these remains have been discovered imply a duration for the human race which the old chronology cannot embrace. But the Bible no more gives the date of the creation of man than it gives the date of the earliest appearance of the heavens and the earth. Moreover, the great discrepancy of 1200 years between the chronology of the Hebrew and that of the Septuagint, shows that dogmatism has here no very certain grounds. Only the patient study of the future can hope to find a path over the quagmires of what is now called prehistoric antiquity. And until this is found, it is quite premature to make any assertions about the discoveries which may then be made, or their bearing upon the authority of Scripture.

Perhaps we ought not to pass over the Mosaic account of the Deluge as if it were a matter either without intrinsic difficulties or unaffected by modern inquiries. On the one hand, the traditions of the catastrophe are so widespread and diversified as to satisfy the most stringent conditions required to test the antiquity of a common legend.

The most recently found, as it is the most remarkable, is that which Mr. George Smith has deciphered from the tablets of Koyunyik. Berosus and Abydenus had long since shown that the Chaldeans had traditions of the Deluge which bore great resemblance to those chronicled by Moses. Josephus had, indeed, suggested that Abraham and Moses were but retailers of a splendid philosophy and history in which the scholars of Chaldea and Egypt boasted. But the chronicle which Mr. Smith has brought to light shows that the Babylonian account was a much less simple form of the primitive story than that which was accepted in the family of Abraham. In this case, as in many others, the Jewish Scriptures have preserved the most ancient and most trustworthy record of an event which affected the whole human race. The probable date of this inscription, which, with many thousands of clay tablets, belonged to the library of Sardanapalus, is 700 B.C. It is, however, a copy of a much older work, belonging to Uruk, or Erech (Gen. x. 10), and which may have been produced some centuries before the time of Abraham. It seems to be undeniable that the Flood happened early enough in the history of the race to allow it to become a common heritage of tradition. Hence, the ark or boat in which the patriarch and his wife escaped is commemorated in sacred chests in Egypt and in Mexico; and almost everywhere the raven and the dove, with the sacrifice and the covenant-bow, come in, under various associations, to attest the reality of the original facts. The name of one of the largest cities in Egypt, Thebes, has in it the root "Tba," which is the Coptic word for "boat;" and this ancient place, known to the Prophets as "populous No," seemed to have made the memory of a Divine deliverance from the Deluge the centre of its unity and development. And in every part of the world men have, in some way or other, celebrated the escape of the human race from the destruction which threatened it. Concerning the date of this calamity, and the extent of the area over which it raged, there are many opinions. The best interpretation will not insist that the terms of the narrative are inconsistent with anything but the complete universality of the Flood. It seems improbable that such a cataclysm should happen within the human period and yet leave no well-defined trace upon the earth's surface. Besides, there are appearances in the superficial state of Europe, and other parts of the world

which seem to militate against the probability of any such occurrence. These considerations have led many who have inquired into the subject to conclude that the Deluge was local in its physical operations, though universal in its effects upon the human family. But with the abundant confirmations of the main elements of the Bible narrative, it is not material what may be the termination of the controversy respecting the limits of the Flood. It is quite possible that further investigation may be able to make yet more manifest the careful and solid veracity of the author of the Book of Genesis.

Time would fail to speak of the similarities in legends and worship of the nations surrounding the Hebrew people, which, the more they are studied, serve to illustrate the primeval faith and practice. The tree of life, the forbidden fruit, the garden and its cherub-guarded gate, are the common possession of the Semitic and Aryan races at least. The outstretched wings of the cherubim surmount the doors of temples in Egypt and palaces in Assyria; and in both lands the animal figure with human face—either a sphynx or winged bull—defends their sacred places. Leaving such coincidences, which must have their weight in deciding the question of historical origin, we can but glance at a vein of illustration and testimony which may yet be found in primitive words. Etymology is only now acquiring the means and capacity to profit by such evidence, which may be richer than many are disposed to imagine. Man's fabrication from the earth is not merely a Semitic legend, but is found in the Latin *homo* (*humus*). In many languages the life and soul of man is represented by a word meaning "breath," or "spirit," as *πνεῦμα*, *anima*, *ghost*, &c. The frequent occurrence of Egyptian words in the story of Joseph, and in that of the Exodus, has vindicated the claims of those narratives to extemporaneous authority. And there can be little doubt that these first-fruits of the study of monumental language, and of philology at large, will be followed by a rich harvest of illustration for primeval history.

Our conclusion, then, is, that Biblical science and faith have nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from archaeological and antiquarian research. The seemingly enigmatical parts of Scripture are better understood to-day than ever they were before. Temples full of storied slabs, and palaces written within and without with the exploits of

their builders, have been buried and preserved under desert sands during twenty-five centuries, for our instruction. There are yet many questions which we cannot answer; and when these are answered, other questions will arise, which we can as little appreciate as the physicists of the last century could anticipate the knowledge and inquiries of to-day. There are difficulties connected with the literary history and the composition of the Book of Genesis into which we do not now enter, because they require separate treatment, and must be judged on their own merits. To them the rationalistic speculation from which they have sprung usually supplies a sufficient reply. The various theories despoil each other; while the curious but minute examination of the text to which they have led, has been of the utmost service not only to Biblical but historical science. But it is sufficient at present to show that this "Beginning" of Revelation maintains its substantial efficiency in the face of the advanced science of our times, and that no antecedent objection from science or history ought to prejudice its claim upon the reverent study of our own and subsequent generations.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Hungary and Transylvania*. By JOHN PAGET. 1839.
2. *Transylvania: its Products and People*. By CHARLES BONER. 1865.
3. *The Magyars: their Country and Institutions*. By PATTERSON. 1869.
4. *Jahrbuch des Ungarischen Karpathen-Vereines*. 1874-5.
5. *Magyarország Statistikája*. Keleti és Beöthy. 1876.

It may be said of Hungary that thirty years ago she was still stranded in the Middle Ages. Practically the spirit of those times survived far into the present century—in the exactions of the privileged classes, in the inequality of the laws, and conspicuously in all that pertained to the holding of land. It was then the law of Hungary that no one of the peasant class could be a landowner—the nobles only were proprietors of the soil. Even more, the lord of the land was judge over his subject-tenants, and he or his bailiff, on his own judgment, could administer twenty-five lashes to an insubordinate peasant. From those evil times comes the people's saying, "A lord is a lord even in hell." Whether or not a people may be judged by its proverbs, it may be judged by its laws, indeed, must be so judged in all times. And this was formerly the condition of the law in Hungary, namely, that all lands held by the noble himself were free from taxation, absolutely free; only the "session land" granted to the peasant was taxed. Moreover, the noble was personally exempt from direct taxation, and passed unquestioned over the toll-bridge, when the poor wearer of the sheepskin Bunda would be mulcted of his few kreutzers. If a nobleman got into debt (no unusual thing) his lands, though liable to seizure, could only be held by another nobleman, a practical immunity against low-born creditors!

In the old days all a peasant could hope for was to receive a "session" from a noble, consisting, according to custom, of eight to ten joch of land, a joch representing the space of ground ploughed in one day by a single team. For this "session" he had to pay tithes, and, besides, to

work for his lord one hundred and four days in the year ; in some parts of the country the "robot," or forced labour, was exacted four days in the week throughout the year. The story goes that down in some of the wilder districts of Transylvania, where a great many of the peasants belonged to the Greek Church, the nobles have been known to get the village pope (priest) up to the castle, and keep him there for a fortnight, in a state of intoxication, with the view to prevent his giving out the Saints' Days at the altar on Sunday. The people were themselves too ignorant to consult the calendar, and by these means the noble got in his harvest without the inconvenience of suspending work at a critical time for fête days.

It was peculiarly hard that the times and seasons for demanding the "forced labour" were entirely at the option of the lord ; it had become a grievous burden, hard to be borne by the peasant, who had often to leave his own over-ripe harvest uncut, to attend the pleasure or caprice of lord or bailiff. These tenants may be compared to our feudal copyholders in the days of the Plantagenets, for they held their "sessions" or grants of land in hereditary use. There was, however, this difference : the relation of the peasant to his lord in Hungary was not personal, except in respect to the occupancy of the land ; apart from the under-tenancy of the land, he was free ; if he gave up his "session" he could go wheresoever he pleased, and was not forced to serve any master. This personal liberty strikes one as almost anomalous alongside of the otherwise oppressive nature of the institutions ; but, deep-rooted in the growth of the nation, it accounts for certain remarkable characteristics of the people at the present day.

As it was only the "session" land that was required to pay taxes to Government, it became the interest of the State to *preserve* the area of the tax-paying peasant-land against the encroachments of the tax-free landlord. Mainly with this object in view, and partly to accommodate the burdens of the peasantry, which had become almost intolerable from class tyranny, Maria Theresa, in 1767, caused a general manorial survey to be made, in which the rights and services of the peasants were clearly set forth and defined. This settlement is known as the *Urbarial Conscription* ; it became, in fact, a fresh starting-point in Hungarian history ; and was taken as the basis of the territorial arrangement in 1848, of which we shall

speaking hereafter. The nobles were henceforth obliged to find new tenants of the peasant class, in the event of "session" lands becoming vacant, and they were forbidden to absorb any such lands into their own freehold. Likewise, their unjust impositions over the tenants were restricted, and the rights of the latter, for wood-cutting and pasturage on the lord's land, were established by law. As time wore on, the people awakened to their own interests, and it is stated that in Transylvania the peasants of every village sent deputies to purchase copies of the published *Urbarium* for themselves, and paid their priests to translate and explain it. The nobles declared that this was a conspiracy, and actually wanted to have the peasants punished for thus informing themselves about their own affairs!

The Royal free cities formed the only exception to the exclusive rule of noble landowners; but by a legal fiction each city was regarded in its corporate capacity as "one noble person." The growth of Hungarian towns was not at all commensurate with the growth of free cities in Western Europe, where the municipal institutions of mediæval times have developed everywhere into the conditions, more or less complete, of modern liberalism. Commerce is foreign to the instincts of the Magyar; the tradition of his policy has ever been to vest political power on the side of the agricultural interest. The well-being and progress of the towns were not fostered and encouraged, either by statesmen or by any circumstances of natural expansion. They were not, as in Germany, great industrial centres, the *entrepôt* of nations, and they were without that special intellectual vitality which has for ever associated certain men of genius with the cities of their birthplace, as in Italy. The towns of Hungary were, in fact, for generations what many of them look now—mere large villages! A country without towns is a body without bones; the very fermentation of a great city produces a healthy action.

Besides this want of community and centralisation, there was another obstacle to progress in Hungary, namely, the disuse amongst the upper classes of the vernacular tongue. Latin, till the end of the fourth decade of this century, was the language of the Chamber of Magnates; it was employed officially, and was the medium of communication amongst the learned; it was, indeed, as in Italy

before Dante spoke in the language of the people. Fashionable Hungarians, as a rule, could not speak their own tongue; and, with the exception of a few national poets, neither was it employed in science or in literature.

The old state of things had remained very much unchanged in Hungary, since they were quit of the Turks in 1686; for, looking back to the last century, the liberalism of Joseph II. had practically effected very little for Hungary. His reforms found the country unprepared for their reception; they never even received the sanction of the National Diet, and were jealously regarded as innovations which threatened the independence of Hungary. The Prussian Frederick's sarcasm on Joseph, that "he always took the second step first," was never better exemplified than in his dealings with his Hungarian subjects. Now it is certainly true that the laws had remained unaltered down to 1848; it is true that the aristocracy preserved till then privileges far exceeding those possessed by the nobles in France, under the old *régime*. But there were signs of coming change; there was a desire growing up to reconcile the condition of the *misera plebs contribuens* with the claims of justice and equity. From 1823 to 1848 the Diet had been constantly occupied with the problem of constitutional reform; very little was effectively done, but, what was important, during these years of inquiry into existing evils, an enlightened public opinion was growing up, and the creation of this public opinion was mainly due to men of aristocratic position. Transylvania took the lead in liberal politics; in that "odd corner of Europe" voices were heard whose influence extended far beyond their own province. Count Janos Bethlen, Baron Kemény, Count Teleki, and, specially, Baron Wesselényi, were foremost in advising radical reforms in the law, and, above all, in urging the enfranchisement of the peasants.

Mr. Paget, writing in 1838, describes the uneasy state of society, observing that "politics completely divided the most intimate friends." The extreme measures proposed by Wesselényi had raised a host of fierce opponents in his own class; but the queries he had thrust into the face of society were not to be answered by angry invective. The real answer came slowly but surely; the reply to his passionate appeal was, in fact, a change in public opinion; he had created a public conscience. The wrongs of the peasantry, specially in reference to the intolerable system

of forced labour, the origin of so much class bitterness, is admirably set forth in a work of fiction, written by one of the most earnest and thoughtful men of the time, Baron Eötvös. *The Village Notary*, as this clever novel is called, appeared a few years ago in an English translation; it deserves even now to be read, as a chapter of bygone history.

It was to men of culture like Count Széchenyi, Baron Puthon, and Eötvös that the Hungary of that day owed so much in the way of material improvement and intellectual impulse. In the long list of patriotic men of every nationality who in this century have been the faithful trustees of human progress, there is no name more worthy of the first rank than that of the noble Hungarian, Széchenyi.

It is the boast of England that we inoculate foreigners with the epidemic of liberty. Montalembert said, "Quand j'étouffe sous le poids d'une atmosphère chargée de miasmes serviles, je cours respirer un air plus pur et prendre un bain de vie dans la libre Angleterre." And so it was with Széchenyi. He travelled in England, and made our institutions and our commerce the objects of his special study. Inspired by new ideas, he returned to Hungary, keeping before him a very definite and practical resolve, which was to aid the material development of his country. He mixed but little in the political questions of the day, but kept to his purpose of practical improvements in locomotion, agriculture, and education. His first great work, which he brought to a successful issue, by the aid of two English shipbuilders, Andrews and Pritchard, was the steam navigation of the Danube. Prince Demidoff, in his published *Travels*, somewhere about the year 1830, said of this undertaking, "In making the Danube one of the great commercial highways of the world, steam has united the East with the West." The union, it is true, has not been so complete as the lovers of progress had hoped; for to this day the East of Europe is "Eastern," viz., Asiatic, unfortunately, in many ways.

The navigation of the great river is still in the hands of the original Danube Steam Company, whose monopoly extends to 1880. They possess at present about 140 steamers and tugs, and 500 vessels for merchandise. These figures will give some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking, and of the commerce which this mode of traffic created. If there was only a water-way between the Danube and the

Rhine, between Ratisbon and Mannheim, for instance, the English merchant and the Hungarian landowner would be better able to exchange their commodities.

Count Széchenyi showed himself not a little impatient at the wrangling of political theorists ; what he wanted was, to create national wealth, and, above all, to establish *credit*, which may be said to be "wealth's better-half." An observation of his, which savours somewhat of Franklin's common-sense way of putting things, was "Make money and enrich the country ; an empty sack will topple over, but if you fill it, it will stand by its own weight." The Hungarian Count published in 1830 a work entitled *Credit*. In this he lashed the prejudices, follies, and ignorance of the Hungarians with unsparing severity. He held up to them the example of "England, with her free institutions, material improvements, and laws for protecting the holiest rights of humanity." The reception of this work was at first anything but encouraging ; "its author," says Mr. Paget, "was abused, written against, and in one instance the work itself was burnt by the common hangman, by order of a county meeting."

It is deeply interesting at this period to note the rapid growth in public opinion, heretofore so dangerously conservative, but stirred at length by the leaven of liberalism, which works out its own inevitable law. In this case the change was soon effected. Only five years after the stormy reception of his book, Count Széchenyi became the object of universal laudation ; he received addresses of thanks from almost every part of the country, and his name was the watchword amongst the well-wishers of Hungary throughout Europe.

The improvement in the breed of horses was one of his many plans for enriching the country, and to this he engaged the attention of his fellow-nobles. The studs have been so well kept up, both by private persons, and through Government aid, that the export of horses from Hungary is annually increasing ; and Professor Wrightson \* recently observed, with some shade of regret, "that the Hungarians have bought most of our best horses for breeding purposes."

The project that Széchenyi had, perhaps, most at heart was the restoration of the Hungarian language ; he was

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\* "Report on the Agriculture of the Austro-Hungarian Empire," *Journal Agricultural Soc.*, Vol. X., Part 11, No. 20.

the first in the Chamber of Magnates who spoke in the tongue understood by the people. With the exception of a group of patriotic poets—Vörösmarty, Petöfey Kolcsay, and the brothers Kisfaludy—there were few, if any, writers who employed their native language in literature or science. Széchenyi set the fashion, wrote his political works in the language, and assisted in raising a national theatre, opened at Pesth amidst unbounded enthusiasm. It was later proposed in the Diet that a society should be established for the development of the Hungarian language by educational and other means ; but there arose a difficulty about funds. Széchenyi instantly came forward and contributed "one year's income" (£6,000) ; "And I second it with £4,000," said Count Karolyi : £30,000 was quickly raised.

The erection of the magnificent suspension bridge between Pesth and Buda is another great work likewise due to the exertions of the patriotic Széchenyi. Every winter many lives were lost, and great inconvenience experienced for the want of permanent means of communication between the two portions of the capital separated by the mighty river, which had never been spanned since the days of Trajan. This undertaking was commenced in 1840, and finished within eight years ; it was built from the design and under the direction of our countryman, Tierney Clark. Curiously enough, it was at this bridge that the first occasion arose for enforcing the recently-established law for the equal taxation of all classes. At this toll-bar the Hungarian noble, for the first time since the days of Arpad, was required to pay his quota of the direct taxes, like the poorest shepherd of the Puszta. We in England, with the traditions of our constitutional history, cannot realise what this equality of taxation meant to the privileged classes ; we cannot understand the indignation of the haughty magnate who found himself for the first time on a level with the peasant, before the law. The bridge was something more than a structure of stone and iron ; it was a symbol of the bridging over of the old and the new order of things.

But we must not anticipate. We were speaking not of the realisation of reform, but of the troubled time when the workers were clearing away the rubbish for the new foundations. It is remarkable that the Diet which met in 1832 was reinforced by two men destined above all others to influence the future policy of their country : we refer to

Déak and Kossuth. The latter was, in the early days of his political career, the representative in the Diet of a Magnate's widow, and in that capacity had only the right of voting, but not of speaking. The scene at the debates at this time was exciting in the highest degree, especially when Wesselényi called for justice in the name of eight millions of oppressed countrymen, demanding that the law should extend equal rights to all. So liberal and outspoken were the words of the speakers that the watchful despotism of Vienna was aroused, and any publication of the proceedings was strictly forbidden. For circulating lithographic copies of these debates Wesselényi and Kossuth were both sent to the dungeons of a fortress.

Now the end was nigh at hand, the end of servile bondage, the end of class oppression—those hateful relics of the middle ages; but freedom burst on the darkness of the times like the glare of a conflagration. The exciting intelligence of the Paris Revolution of February reached Vienna on the first of March. It was the spark to a powder magazine. The joy, the satisfaction, the unbounded enthusiasm of one portion of society was only equalled by the consternation and despair of the other. A deputation from the Liberal party in the Diet then sitting at Presburg came to the Emperor of Austria, praying him, as King of Hungary, to take measures suited to the gravity of the circumstances. Vienna received the Hungarians with delight, their colours floated in the air, and in the streets the cries of "Vivat Kossuth! Vivat Batthyanyi" resounded to the echo.

Turning from the passionate strife of parties already in battle array, let us calmly consider the permanent result upon the institutions of the country. We must walk by the light of history. It will be remembered that on the eve of that deadly struggle which ended so sadly at Vilagos, there was, for the moment, a show of agreement between Austria and Hungary. The Archduke Stephen was appointed Viceroy, assisted by a council composed entirely of Hungarians, presided over by Count Batthyanyi. After this arrangement the first act of the Diet was to abolish at one sweep the whole privileges of the nobility. Eight millions of serfs received their entire manumission by the unanimous consent of the nobles. It came about in this way: by a free gift the "unbarial" tenures of land were transmuted into unrestricted tenures of freehold!

What England had been doing gradually since the time of Edward the First, and had pretty well finished with before the reign of the first Stuart, Hungary, without preparation of any kind, effected at one blow in the middle of this century.

"By this great and voluntary concession," says Alison, "the property of 500,000 families, consisting of little estates varying from thirty to sixty acres each, and comprehending nearly half of the kingdom, was at once converted from a feudal tenure, burdened with numerous duties, into absolute property—an immense and most salutary change, far exceeding in lasting importance any of the political alterations contended for at this period in Germany."

Strictly speaking, they were not "feudal tenures;" for Hallam has observed that Hungary was one of those countries uninfluenced by the feudal system.

Hard as the lot of the peasant was in respect to forced labour, yet he was not obliged to render military service, and, as I have before stated, the "robot" pertained to the land, and not to the individual; this personal freedom made the conscription of 1838, imposed by the Austrians, so peculiarly obnoxious to the people.

As regards the "unanimous" consent of the nobles to a voluntary sacrifice of their privileges, there were undoubtedly many who would gladly have withheld their votes; but their consent was quickened by the recollection of the recent massacre in Gallicia. In 1846 there had been a formidable rising of the serfs in that province, fomented, if not instigated, it is said, by the Central Government at Vienna. The peasants, assembling in numbers, had overpowered the inmates of many a lonely château, the owners were brutally killed, and in every instance decapitated, the spoils being carried off like the tribute of wolves' heads in the olden time. It was said that each noble's head was worth fifty florins to his captor—not a high price; but the nobles were numerous, and the terms, low as they were, ensured an ample tribute!

These pages were not written to defend the policy of Austria, or to whitewash Prince Metternich; so we mention this terrible accusation merely in reference to the fact that it received credence at the time, and had its effect on the votes of the reactionary nobles.

In Hungary the Slovacks and Wallacks were known to be subject to bursts of fury, which carried them on to

commit dreadful excesses. In 1831, when the cholera broke out first, the Slovaks of the northern counties believed themselves to be poisoned by the nobles, and in consequence there were tumultuous risings, and many innocent persons of rank suffered death and torture at the hands of the peasants. These recollections helped the decision undoubtedly, as well they might. When this all-important vote of the Diet received the assent of their king, Ferdinand V., Emperor of Austria, then the new order of things became the established law of the land ; and the Hungarians passed at once from the trammels and obstructions of what, for the nonce, we must call feudalism, to the full liberty and responsibility of modern political life ! Their Reform Bill went further than ours ; for the abuses against which it was directed were more serious than with us. The franchise is so extended that the property qualification of a voter is, in some circumstances, as low as 100 florins yearly income. Religious liberty was granted to all denominations (Jews excepted, but their disabilities were entirely removed in 1867), trial by jury, freedom of the press, and equality of taxation were established. The social and political reform was as complete as it was sudden ; there was no thrifty patching and mending of old things, as with us, no dovetailing of past and present ; all was new, and before the Hungarians could get the new machinery into working order, before they could set their house to rights, they found themselves committed to all the miseries of an internecine war.

It does not often happen to the lawyer to have such a *tabula rasa* to work upon as that presented to him in Hungary ; it is true that for some time the disturbed condition of the country prevented the effective realisation of the reform ; but in 1853 several Imperial decrees were promulgated, by means of which the changed system was worked out in detail. The "urbarial courts" were first occupied in considering the amount of compensation due to the lords of the manors, who had lost the tithes and the "forced labour" of their former serfs. To meet this, "State Urbarial Bonds" were created and apportioned ; they bear five per cent., and are redeemable within eighty years, with two drawings annually. The fund for this compensation is raised by a special tax on every Hungarian subject. The peasants had also to receive their compensation for the loss of pasturage, and the right of

cutting wood on the lord's demesne. In lieu of these privileges they received allotments of forest and pasturage as absolute property. The settlement of all these intricate affairs has actually been completed throughout Hungary Proper. A few disputes amongst the somewhat litigious peasants of Transylvania are, we understand, not yet decided; with this exception the arrangement is complete.

We now arrive at a very interesting fact, which is, that in Hungary they have already carried out with perfect success the law for "*the registration of the titles of land.*" In the general shifting about the courts were called upon to decide who was the rightful owner. They had a "short way" with claimants; and their starting-point was as follows: It seems that in 1854 the "Avitische Patent" prescribed that every landed proprietor should in future enjoy unlimited rights of ownership; this law further enacted that every one should be regarded as the rightful owner who actually held the property in 1848, i.e., the *status quo* of 1848 to be accepted as the standpoint. This arrangement calls to mind what some one remarked of Calvinism, "that there is a tremendous simplicity in it." The Court only allowed one year (ending May 1st, 1854) to any wandering heir or dispossessed owner to prefer his claim; failing to put in an appearance within the prescribed time, the tenant in possession became rightful owner beyond all future dispute. There were, no doubt, many cases of extreme injustice caused by this hasty legislation. The way was cleared, however, for the Land Titles Registration Act; the law reformer can never hope for such a chance here.

In Hungary, at the present time, the transfer of land is as simple as buying the registered shares of a railway company. A purchaser desiring to acquire certain property, will go to the Registry, and there satisfy himself that the seller's name is duly inscribed as owner. He will then see whether there are any mortgages set down against the estate; if there are, such claims must be satisfied before the transaction can have effect. The purchaser subsequently gets his name substituted for that of the seller, and a few florins is all the legal expense attached to the transfer of an acre of vineyard, or half a comitat, with 20,000 acres of fields and forests. Government, however, intervenes with a heavy tax on these transactions.

In this happy land, where every man is his own

"conveyancer," one might expect lawyers to be like fossil Saurians, an extinct species, or at least as rare as the Dodo. This, however, is not the case; they abound as elsewhere, owing, perhaps, as the American said, to the "general cussedness of things," or to the fact that human nature is universally quarrelsome, and that Hungarian nature is particularly prone to lawsuits. The peasant regards a lawsuit as a patent of respectability. "Why do you go to law about such a trifle?" observed a friend of ours to a peasant, who was making himself angry over some very insignificant affair. "Well, you see, I have never had a lawsuit, and all my neighbours have; so I think I should like to be in one now I have the chance."

There is another point in which the Hungarian law is different from our own: the entail of land is, practically speaking, done away with; it can only be effected in very special cases, with the concurrence of the Sovereign and the Government. Even among the richest aristocracy there are now very few entailed estates. Another peculiarity is, that contracts of leases are entered on the Registry; in one word, the Registry forms the basis of every transaction connected with landed property, and, as the lawyers say, what ever is *not* entered there "*non est in mundo*." Leases are generally granted for not less than ten or twelve years. The laws are very stringent in obliging the tenant to farm according to his lease; if he fails to carry out the conditions, the lease can be terminated in a summary manner by verbal process, simply with the aid of the district magistrate, thus avoiding a lengthy lawsuit. The tenant is, moreover, kept in check by fear of forfeiting his caution-money, which generally amounts to a quarter's rent. It may be noted that women fare unusually well in all legal matters in Hungary; even before the reforms of 1848, as already shown in reference to Kossuth's first appearance, they were represented by deputy in Parliament. The law is also specially careful in preserving a woman's legal existence after marriage.

This short summary of the state of Hungarian law in past and present times may help to an understanding of the relative position of the strangely different races who are subject to the Crown of St. Stephen. It is a very singular fact that the varied tribes dwelling together for centuries in Hungary should remain to this day utterly unassimi-

lated. In France it is otherwise; there, Franks, Goths, Burgundians, and Northmen, intruding on primitive Kelts and Basques, have resulted in making a homogeneous nation of Frenchmen. Again, in our country the mixture of races has been most thorough; producing the "English people," an amalgam of varied types, it is true, yet a people with an idiocracy distinctive of the mass collectively; we have lost all characteristics of race—all classification of Kelt, Saxon, or Norman. It is very different in Hungary; the troubled history of the past reappears in the political difficulty of the present; the differences of race, of religion, and of language remain unchanged, unameliorated, though the intolerable class privileges have been swept away. The slumbering antagonism of Slav, Magyar, and German still serve to perplex the councils of the nation.

According to the latest statistics brought down by M. Keleti to 1874, and published in a "handbook," on the occasion of the meeting of the International Society, last autumn, at Buda-Pesth, we find the total population of Hungary set down as 15,417,927. Now about six millions and a half are Magyars, viz., Hungarians by race; in round numbers, two millions are Germans (immigrants of the twelfth century); the rest are Roumanians (Wallacks), Slovacks, Servians, Croatians, and Rusniacks, together with an admixture of two utterly distinct people, namely, Jews and gipsies. The former number 553,000, and, according to Hunfalvy's statistics, the gipsies may be reckoned at somewhere about 146,000. Referring to these facts, an old German writer has quaintly described the general hodge-podge by saying: "To the great national kitchen the Magyar contributes bread, meat, and wine; the Rusniack and Wallack salt, from the salt-pits of Marmaros; the Slavonian bacon, for Slavonia furnishes the greatest number of fattened pigs; the German gives potatoes and vegetables; the Italian rice; the Slovack milk, cheese, and butter, besides table linen, kitchen utensils, and crockery-ware; the Jew supplies the Hungarian with money; and the gipsy furnishes the national entertainment with music."

Let us, for a moment, take a retrospective glance to see how and when these people came to be members of the same national household. The original possessors of the land have a very uncertain tenure in history, are spoken of as fierce tribes known as Carpaterns, and were finally sub-

jugated, if not exterminated, by the Romans, leaving the only relic of their existence in the name of the Carpathian Mountains. The great Slavonic wave, as we know, brought from their Asiatic home tribes of Veneti, Antes, Sclavi, and Wends, who spread themselves over Europe, even to the Baltic, where, on the Island of Rügen, they established their heathen Vatican. Our interest in the hydra-headed family must just now be concentrated on the Sclavi of the Danube; and it is worthy of remark that they did not unfold themselves into independent States, as many of the same race in other parts, but from the first were generally in subjection to adjacent nations. The first intrusion of the Turanians was somewhere between the fourth and sixth centuries; they seem to have retired, as far as Pannonia was concerned, leaving only a single tribe, who are known to this day as Szeklers. In the statistical return they are classed under the head of "Magyars," and they are undoubtedly of the same Turanian family, but in reality an older branch, as far as length of residence goes; for the Magyars who took possession of Pannonia and Dacia, early in the tenth century, found the Szeklers where they are now, that is, in the Transylvanian frontier of Moldavia. The pleasant little town of Maros-Vásárhely is the capital of the Szekler land, and the centre of their political life. They have preserved in a very singular degree their separate identity, curious customs, and ancient rights and privileges. Under the old *régime* they were all "nobles," viz., freemen, and had their own jurisdiction. These mountaineers, who are principally peasants, live, generally speaking, better than their neighbours, and have neat and well-ordered households.

Returning to review the Magyar's advent under the headship of Arpad, it is matter of history that they became the scourge of central Europe. "The Hungarians," says Gibbon, "forced the stoutest barons to discipline the vassals, and fortify their castles in self-defence. The origin of walled towns is ascribed to this calamitous period, nor could any distance be secure against an enemy, who almost at the same instant laid in ashes the Helvetian monastery of St. Gall, and the city of Bremen, on the shores of the Northern Ocean. In the churches of Rome and Capua there resounded the dismal litany, "O save and deliver us from the arrows of the Hungarians."

When the Magyar chief Geysa married the Christian

maiden Sarolta, she converted him to her faith; and he carried with him into the fold of the Church his fierce and warlike followers. Gibbon allows, in his candour as an historian, that "the admission of the barbarians into the pale of ecclesiastical society conferred many temporal benefits, delivered Europe from the depredations of the Hungarians and others, who learnt to spare their brethren, and to cultivate their possessions." Hungary proved herself a zealous convert to Christianity; the son of the pious Sarolta became King Stephan—*Saint* Stephan, whose crown, conferred by Pope Sylvester II., remains to this day *sacra regni Hungarie corona*.

He had two or three respectable successors—St. Ladislaus, and Kaloman, surnamed the "Book Friend," from his love of learning—who helped materially to consolidate the young kingdom by making wise laws and regulations. The greatest benefit, probably, was conferred by Geysa II., in the twelfth century, introducing German colonists from Flanders and Alsace. In taking Hungary as their high-road, certain of the Crusaders had made the country not wholly unknown to the dwellers in Western Europe, and tempted by promises of special privileges, the Germans willingly accepted the invitation of the Hungarian kings. There are few things more interesting in the way of travel than a visit either to the Zips towns under the shadow of the Tatra mountains, or to Saxon Transylvania, in which two localities the descendants of these immigrants have still their place of abode.

In the order, and under the circumstances above named, the different races who now inhabit Hungary came into the land. It is the fashion to say that the dominant race, the Magyars, are decreasing; but if the computation of earlier writers may be credited, the last census gives an increase of from half a million to a million of souls. There is a saying in Eastern Europe that "the Magyar shall never perish out of the world." It is, however, more than probable that many who call themselves Hungarians are not really so by race. Mr. Patterson says: "Many a man whose name is Müller or Schmidt will call himself a Magyar, and declare that not even the soul of his grandfather was German; indeed, these sort of people end in believing that they came into the country with Arpad." An instance of a similar kind came to our own knowledge in Transylvania. In the church of a certain village there

the service had always been conducted in Hungarian; but in time the place became exclusively inhabited by Wallacks. It was proposed by the authorities that the Hungarian should be discontinued, and the Roumanian tongue substituted; whereupon the Wallacks were highly indignant, said they were Hungarians, and required that the service should be continued in a tongue of which they really understood not a word. It is not from any love of the Magyars that the others affect to be of their race, but rather a leaning towards an unacknowledged but acutely-felt superiority. "When a Magyar peasant is asked his nationality, he replies, with a mixture of pride and politeness, 'I humbly beg permission to say that I am an Hungarian.'" There is a singular misconception in the minds of some people that the Magyars are all noblemen, as if it was the name of a class instead of a nation; of course nothing is more obviously absurd. The work which best suits the peasantry is viniculture, and the free life of the shepherd of the plain; they are also bold miners. We are told that they are very hard-working while they do work, but relapse into fits of idleness. Hungary has never had any great industrial centres, which might have given a stimulus to the masses, and helped to create what they still want—a substantial middle class, into whose ranks, as in other countries, the labouring poor may always hope to rise. The peasant here accepts his lot, for himself, his children, and his grandchildren; this contentment is a misfortune; the world is helped on by *unsatisfied* people. It was a bitter sarcasm of Petöfi's "that in his country *mental want* was unknown." We must not, however, charge the lack of enterprise entirely to the Hungarian character; we must take into some account their political misfortunes. The old policy of Austria had been to make Hungary "Roman Catholic, and German, and to keep her poor." In their selfishness they had believed the prosperity of Hungary to be Austria's insecurity. Certainly industrial enterprise had not been fostered in former days by the Central Government, partly owing to the jealousy of Bohemia; in fact, it had been discouraged in many ways, including heavy customs' duty, which still presses very unfairly upon one-half of the dual Empire."

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\* "The Austrians are Protectionists, we Hungarians are Free Traders. . . . Later we may hope to mitigate the views to which she is pledged."—PULASKY, Feb. 19 1877.

By nature, by tradition, and by circumstance the Magyar is averse to the pursuit of trade and commerce. "What do we want with money?" said an old gentleman of the "one house noble" class; "money is only for paying taxes, and if we have not got it for that purpose—never mind!" A new generation is growing up to supplant these comfortable prejudices of the "Betyars," whose boast was that "they were rich without money, poor without want."

The wise and patriotic Széchenyi never ceased urging upon his countrymen the necessity of extending their commercial relations, which is but another term for the material improvement of the country. He silenced those sentimentalists who were for ever mourning over the glories of the past, with folded hands, and a do-nothing air. "Away with fruitless reminiscences," said he; "it troubles me little to know what we once were: it is time to bestir ourselves, and open a glorious future for our fatherland." But instead of following this excellent advice, it unfortunately happens that the Magyar leaves all industrial and commercial enterprise to the Jews, Armenians, and Greeks. Of course it follows that there are lamentations and gnashing of teeth, and they call out that these aliens are selfish, unpatriotic, and grasping; that they are ruining the trade of the country. The truth is, the Hungarian must learn to be the chief factor in his own affairs. We have a homely saying, "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself."

The Hungarians are wont to call themselves "The English of the East." Certain it is that an Englishman will feel himself more at home in Hungary than perhaps in any other country in Europe. It happened to a member of the writer's family, that he travelled on horseback during the autumn of 1875, from Orsova to the farthest part of Transylvania, and was hospitably entertained throughout his route; except at the towns of Hermannstadt and Kronstadt, he never entered an inn; yet he was a stranger, with merely a letter or two of introduction for his credentials. Everywhere in Hungary our nationality is a passport: it is countersigned by our political sympathies.

"It is curious," said a Transylvanian lady one day, "that, with all our admiration for your British institutions, and everything English, we fail somehow to copy

your straightforward good sense in practical matters." The Magyar knows his shortcomings, and acknowledges them with charming candour ; but, alas ! he excuses himself that his faults are patriotic—what hope, then, of change ? Whether it be in the financial concerns of the State, or in some trivial matter of business, the Magyar cannot be made to see the necessity for cutting the coat according to the cloth.

There is rather a good story told of the Anglo-mania in Hungary. "The servant of Count \* \* \* was asked, after he had been travelling in England with his master, if he had seen many Englishmen, and answered, 'I have seen many English, but not one so English as my master.'"

Without being capricious or uncertain, public opinion in Hungary is not only quickly moved, but is generously receptive of new impulses. This tractability may be the best hope for the future, as it has been the best help in the past. Only a few years ago the patriotic Déak had to struggle against a strong majority, who were violently opposed to the slightest whisper of "compromise" with Austria. He had initiated the movement in his famous open letter, on Easter Day, 1865, and from that time, working steadily and persistently for the great object of his later political life, he had the satisfaction of seeing his scheme of reconciliation carried out in 1867, with scarcely a dissentient voice from his own countrymen.

There is a patriotic movement, made much of by the Hungarians, which, judged from an outsider's point of view, threatens rather to retard than to help progress : we speak of the compulsory adoption of the Magyar language. The tongue which has no affinity with any other in Europe (the alliance with the Finnic is practically unimportant) is not likely to extend by assimilation or necessity ; indeed, the necessity is on the side of the Magyars, who must speak German for nearly all purposes of business, to say nothing of the wider literature of that language. For their men of letters it is an undeniable misfortune to have so restricted a public : how few, for instance, amongst us have heard of the novels of the Hungarian writer Jokai ; yet far inferior writers of German fiction have been read extensively, both in the original and in translations. To the philologist, the Magyar tongue is extremely interesting in many ways—for its connection with the Turanian family of languages, and for its conciseness and power of expres-

sion. The Hungarian translation of Shakespeare is pronounced by competent judges to be unequalled, even by the German rendering of the great master. Before being superseded by the Latin, it was the language in which their laws were written; the first printed book, we believe, is a translation of St. Paul's Epistles, published at Cracow, in 1533.

The difficulties of language meet the statesman on every side; for example, in the Hungarian Lower House of Parliament, among the 441 members, there are thirty-nine Croats, who are, by special concession, allowed to speak *their* language. Then, again, there are two millions and a half of Roumanians, otherwise "Wallacks," "who," says Mr. Freeman,\* "speak neither Greek nor Turkish, neither Slave nor Skipetar, but a dialect of Latin, a tongue akin not to the tongue of any of their neighbours, but to the tongues of Gaul, Italy, and Spain." Buda-Pesth is the most polyglot city in Europe. We have frequently counted shop advertisements in no less than eight languages; strangers are guided into the dining-room of the Grand Hotel in five languages; the names of the railway-stations generally appear in three languages, and in consulting the local "Bradshaw," it must not be forgotten that if you want to change trains at Grosswardein junction, you will find it under the title of Nagy-Várád; the Austrian paper florin has superscriptions in nine languages; and so on through every detail of the day's business. These things may rather amuse the tourist in his autumn holiday, but let any one picture to himself the position of the Minister of Education, who has also to deal with the variety of creeds professed by Roman Catholics, Orthodox Greeks, United Greeks, Lutherans, Calvinists, Unitarians, and Armenians, to say nothing of Jews.

"The world is only saved by the breath of the school-children," says the Talmud; and the local government of Buda-Pesth show their profound conviction of this truth. We believe we are justified in stating that the capital of Hungary spends more on education than any other town of its size in Europe. It must not be forgotten how recently they have emerged from the utter stagnation of feudal institutions. We cannot compare the statistics, because the returns were not made, we imagine, thirty years ago. Mr.

\* "Geographical Aspect of the Eastern Question," *The Fortnightly Review*, Jan. 1st, 1877.

Keleti's latest publication supplies us with some very interesting matter on the subject of education. Excluding from the calculation children under six years of age, we arrive at the fact that fifty-three per cent. of the male population are still ignorant of reading and writing; the number of the women comes out worse, for they show sixty-two per cent. of ignorance in the elementary conditions of knowledge.\* Though these figures testify that much remains to be done, yet a great deal has been effected within the life of the present generation. In the primary schools the Hungarians have borrowed largely from the Swedish system. Baron Eötvös, whose name we have mentioned before as one of the most enlightened men of his time, though far from rich, raised funds for permanently endowing a secondary school, destined for the free education of village schoolmasters' children, who are carefully prepared for the duties of teaching. He had felt how great was the want of intelligent teachers of that class; the institution proves most useful. Last summer, at Szegedin, at the General Exhibition of Agricultural Produce and Manufactures, there was an interesting collection of school-furniture and apparatus, with the best improved system for teaching boys the practical use of machinery, &c. The Government has established four agricultural colleges and model establishments in different parts of the country, and there are some schools for viniculture; the latter do not show much vitality, we are informed. The Government send a certain number of students to foreign universities every year; six men are sent to Edinburgh to study medicine. For many years past the Lutherans have had a fund for educating a considerable number of their scholars at the University of Jena; but we believe that fewer go there now that the home colleges are improved. The statistical returns fully bear this out; for the number of students at the University of Buda-Pesth, which was only established in 1867, give an increase in 1874, the numbers being respectively 1,726 and 2,321. There is also another significant fact: the preparatory schools for teachers of both

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\* Dr. Rigg, in his work on National Education, says the amount of illiterates in the United States is far greater than is generally known in this country. Thirty per cent. of French conscripts are unable to read. According to our "returns" of marriages in England, there was a mean proportion in 1845 of forty-one per cent. signing the register with marks; in 1874 the number is reduced to twenty-one per cent.

sexes were only two in number in 1867 ; in 1874 they had increased to twenty-two. The pupils attending institutions of *superior* instruction in the last census are 6,888, against 4,064 in 1867. Then, besides the *secondary* schools, which are well attended (the returns are somewhat involved), we get a table of percentage of the attendance of children in the *primary* schools—by sex, nationality, and religion. The analysis is too intricate to be reproduced here ; but about fifty-five per cent. of children attend the primary schools. As might be expected, the Roumains are the most slack in availing themselves of education.

These people, formerly, indeed still, known as Wallacks, have elected to call themselves Roumains, and teach their children to say that their progenitors were "demigods," and their great forefathers "Virgil, Cicero, and Livy," &c. History has always called them Dacians by origin ; but Mr. Freeman, tracing them further back, says : "The Vlacks, or *Roumans*, I am strongly inclined to think, are the surviving representatives of the great Thracian race." Without troubling ourselves further about their origin they may, practically speaking, be described as the overflow during many centuries of the dwellers in Wallachia, now Roumania. They have become naturalised in the southern parts of Transylvania ; number in Hungary altogether 2,470,069 ; and, according to Mr. Boner, are 596 out of every 1,000 souls in Transylvania itself, where they threaten to overwhelm the Saxon immigrants, who are seriously decreasing.

They are shepherds and herdsmen by instinct, and do not attempt to repress their hatred for forests. Mr. Boner attributes this to the political creed, which, he says, "is communistic," adding, "that it is a striking feature in all democratic minds that they have no respect for forests." There can be no doubt that the "forest laws" require amendment, but even those which exist are not properly enforced. There are twenty-three million acres of forest in Hungary, including almost the only oak woods left in Europe. Valuable as this property is, yet ruthless waste and destruction are suffered to go on, because the strong hand of the law does not make itself felt amongst the Wallacks and others dwelling in the wilds of the Carpathians.

In travelling through the beautifully-wooded slopes of

these mountains one has plenty of opportunity for judging of the lawlessness of the people,—in the dreadful havoc they make. They not unfrequently burn down great tracts of standing timber, to get pasturage for their cattle ; they are generally foiled, for a thick undercover of shrubs grows up in place of the trees. However inadequate the advantage to himself in proportion to the damage, the Wallack takes a pleasure in destruction. Improving civilisation he regards as an invading foe. For example, an English coal company, near Osowa, have been obliged to lay their railway from the mines to the Danube no less than three times, in consequence of the Wallacks persistently stealing the rails and destroying the permanent way ; if the destruction was in any case not thorough, it was due not to want of ill-will but to their inveterate laziness.

The district down by the Banat, which ceased in 1867 to be kept up as a "military frontier," has relapsed into a condition of lawlessness that should warn the Government not to be too supine. The depredations of the Wallacks and gipsies are perfectly well known, and, indeed, are looked upon as chronic. It happened to a friend of ours, that in passing a wooden house, on the outskirts of an oak forest, he turned and asked his Hungarian travelling-companion what was the probable cost of this house ? The other replied, laughing, "The cost depends on one of three things—whether the man who is building it stole the wood himself, or only bought it of some one else who stole it, or, what is highly improbable, purchased the wood from the real owner."

The Wallacks find it too much trouble to fall the trees. "They destroy systematically ; one year the bark is stripped off, the wood dries, and the year after it is fired." Mr. Boner says, further : "When at Enyed I saw two considerable forests on fire. In one the flames burst out in eleven different places at the same time ; and twenty-five joch of young oak were destroyed. A year or two ago there were repeated fires in the neighbourhood of Gyergyó By Miklos ; and there was no doubt but that one of the popes, not far from Toplitya, was the incendiary. He was, however, not convicted, but died while still in prison. In 1862, near Toplitya, 23,000 joch of forest were burned by the peasantry. . . . If this goes on, a time will come when the dearth of wood will make itself felt." Now, than this nothing can be more suicidal ; for, as every one knows,

the rainfall of a country is greatly influenced by the forests that attract the moisture, and retain it beneficially, according to the ever-wise economy of Nature. Where there is an absence of trees, and where the rain does fall, there the soil is washed from the steep hill-sides, and nothing but an infertile surface is left. This is strikingly the case on the north-east side of the Matra Mountains; the district is only a short railway-drive from the capital! The hills are absolutely bare of vegetation; not a blade of grass even grows on the dreary slopes, now seamed by water-courses. Yet formerly they were covered with thick forests: man, the destroyer, has not only effaced the beauties of Nature, but has turned her blessings into a curse. The water which should have been stored by the forests, now rushes down the deeply-indented fissures, and collects in the valleys, where, during the hot months, it breeds malaria and other fevers. The deleterious effects resulting from the change have been taken careful note of by experienced local observers who are my informants. In 1873, at Salgo Tarjan, in the Matra district, fifteen per cent. of the population died of cholera and small-pox. "There was no vegetation to purify the air." This recalls to mind the observations of the learned Italian Mantegazza, who speaks of the production of ozone by plants as so beneficial in correcting injurious emanations in marshy districts subject to miasma.

To return to the Wallacks. As an alien race in their midst there is no doubt that they are a thorn in the side of Hungary. It was towards the end of the fourteenth century that the irruption of these people first troubled the Saxon settlers in Transylvania; in some respects they were more difficult to encounter than their Turk or Tartar foes: "they were little better than a tribe of Red Indians, and, when once excited, as cruel, too, as they." The horrors committed by them in 1849, during the Hungarian War of Independence, were truly dreadful, almost exceeding belief. Enyed, and other Hungarian towns in Transylvania, even now bear witness of their fury. In one instance a noble family, consisting of thirteen persons, from the feeble grandmother down to a new-born infant, were all murdered within the walls of their own castle, and under circumstances of horrible barbarity, by the Wallacks. It is to be feared that these people are but little changed since 1849. They are consistent Communists. The Wallack peasant

will take the fruit from his neighbour's garden, being too lazy to cultivate it for himself, but denies that it is a theft, saying, "What God makes grow belongs to one and all alike." This is the Wallack's creed, and he lives up to it better than most men.

To a people so low in the scale of civilisation as the Wallacks, the emancipation of 1848 came far too suddenly to have good results. It has been said that out of 900,000 Wallacks in Transylvania, only about 120 were men of education. As a matter of course there was no moral sense of the responsibilities which liberty conferred. "They became inflamed with the notion that serfdom being at an end, that they, too, would have castles and land." It had ever been the policy of Austria to conciliate these people, on the principle that they were "their enemies' enemies," viz., antagonistic to the Hungarians; and they granted them request after request, concession after concession, till they have now their own nationality-mania, and never cease aiming after property and power. The ignorance of their clergy is deplorable; only to be equalled by the cunning and chicanery of the peasants. No substantial improvement can be hoped for amongst these Eastern Christians till their popes are a more educated class of men. The Wallack clergy are by far the worst of all, I imagine.

In the present unsettled condition of Eastern Europe every movement of these people on the border lands is matter of anxious inquiry. It is very certain that there are many more local jealousies and hatreds than we in the West are aware of amongst those whom we lump together as "Slaves." For example, the Wallacks do not love the Croatians or Slavonians; they are a people altogether apart from the Slovacks, and, in fact, do not belong to the Slavish family at all, though they are members of the Greek Church. Writing in 1865, Mr. Boner says:—"Austria is wrong to rely on the fidelity of the Wallacks, for there is no bond that unites them to her. Though under her rule, they all to a man look towards Russia, whose sovereign is the head of their Church. They have nothing to do with the West; it is in the East their hopes lie, and in their minds is always a latent expectation that one day, by union, a numerous and mighty Roumain nation will be formed."\*

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\* Boner's *Transylvania*, page 594.

If this was true in reference to Austria we may be sure that the bonds of union have not been drawn tighter by the substitution of an Hungarian Government. The possible disaffection of these various races in Southern Hungary is the Nemesis of Austria. The eastern part of Slavonia, the borders of Croatia, and that part of the lower Danube—the Banat—are districts occupied by self-named "Servians," subjects of the Hungarian Crown. These people were formerly called "Ratzen," a wild horde, without trace of civilisation; but since the nationality fever has set in they desire to be known as "Servians," and consider the use of their former appellation as a direct insult. They are undoubtedly a branch of the great Slav family, number 800,000, and belong to the Greek Independent Church. In 1848 they were very pro-Austrian, a feeling which became intensified by the very unfortunate position taken by the Hungarian Parliament towards them. In the month of May, in that critical year, they sent a deputation to Pesth, with demands partly of a territorial, partly of a national and religious nature; the Magyars haughtily refused to listen to them: "a grievous fault," says Klapka, in his *Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary*. Disgusted with their reception, the deputation returned home, and immediately prepared for war, even before the Government of Vienna had thrown off the mask. As we all know, the insurrection of Croatia broke out at this time, headed by Jellachich, elevated to the rank of *Bau*, or Governor, through intrigues at the Court of Vienna. The Croatians were far from being satisfied with the great "reform" granted by the Hungarian Diet early in 1848, because they only saw in the change a predominance of Magyar influence. The terrible struggle and the bloodshed which ensued, the outcome of this antipathy of races, are events which have passed into history, and it would serve no good purpose to recall them in detail now. Race hatreds, bred in the bone, survive the alleged wrongs that have been abolished and conceded; and a renewal of this selfsame struggle between Slav and Magyar is just now an ugly twist in the knot of the Eastern question.

Fortunately for Hungary, the Slavs of the Northern provinces are of a very different temper; they are much better friends with the Magyars. The Slovacks reach nearly two millions in number, and in the North they do

not belong to the Greek Church ; the larger proportion are Roman Catholics, the rest are Lutherans and Calvinists. The ancestors of the Catholics were, many of them, refugees from the tyranny of the Greek Church in Polish Russia. There is another tribe of people dwelling in Hungary who are decidedly antagonistic to Russia—the so-called Rusniacks, or “ Little Russians.” The last census returned them as 469,420 ; their *habitat* is the North-East—and it is significant that they are dissenters from the orthodox Greek Church, assimilating more with Roman Catholicism.

It is no secret to Russia that the love of democracy inherent in Slavonic races has of late years developed into Communistic principles. In the South of Hungary this is the case ; but not so in the North, where we get a geographical rather than an ethnological character in the people ; as Piedmont is to Italy, so is the North of Hungary to the Southern provinces. Many of the Protestants of the Northern districts are descendants from those Bohemians who were so cruelly forced to emigrate after the disastrous battle of the “ White Mountain,” when brute force extinguished the liberty, the hope, and even the literature of a brave people.

Under the shadow of the Tatra Mountains, amidst an area of Slaves, we come upon a compact island of Germans, colonists invited hither in the twelfth century. These people founded twenty-four towns, since known as the Zips towns of the “ Free District.” Within the space of 210 square miles there are some 40,000 German inhabitants, half of whom are Lutherans. Notwithstanding the severity of the climate, and the inferior productiveness of the soil, there are nowhere in Hungary more prosperous people than these thrifty colonists. In the towns the traveller is gladdened by the sight of neatness and order ; it is an interesting district to visit, for the Germans have preserved many of their old-world ways and customs. The picturesque town of Keamark, the chief of the group, has for its background the grand range of the Tatra, with their peaked and serrated summits, rising to a height of 9,000 feet. The little Bath of Schmecks, in the midst of dense pine woods, is a delicious place for a summer sojourn. The Tatra Mountains, forming a distinct range in the system of the Northern Carpathians, are remarkable for the great simplicity of their geological formation, consist-

ing of granite and mountain limestone, without any transition rocks. This chain of mountains is a wall of separation, as it were, between the vast steppes of Russia and the great Hungarian plain, forming a climatic boundary; the water-shed in the north sends its tribute to the Baltic, and that in the south to the Black Sea. There is, however, one exception to this—an exception unique in Europe—to the rule that rivers seek the sea on the same side of a range as that of their source. Humboldt draws attention to the fact that the river Popper rises on the north of the Tatra Mountains, and meanders round to the southern side, pouring its tributary stream into the Danube instead of the Vistula.

The fauna and flora of this district are very interesting; the eagle is no uncommon sight, and bears are occasionally heard of, from their ravages amongst the cattle: there is a record of one killed here a few years since that weighed over six hundredweight. One day, when we were up in the mountains, we asked a cowherd—a hardy little fellow—what would be done if the bears were to take *him*? “Oh! well, you see, they would get another boy,” he replied, with the most complete forgetfulness of self. It is said, however, that the bears never touch human beings unless they are attacked and wounded. Our little friend, in his turn, asked us many questions about England, and the way of getting there, alluding to the fact that the sea would have to be crossed, as he knew we lived on an island.

As an example of the growing interest in natural science, we may mention that in 1897 an Hungarian Carpathian Natural History Society was formed, which promises to be the repository of many highly valuable observations. The annual publication of the “Reports, &c.” in the form of a volume, are printed at Kesmark, so that it is of genuine local origin, and not an emanation from the capital. There is undoubtedly a very marked interest in English literature and in science amongst the provincials at Kaschau in the north, a town of 18,000 inhabitants; and at Klausenburg in Transylvania, we noticed the works of Lyell, Darwin, Huxley, and others. But Transylvania has always shown an appreciation of intellectual progress. M. de Gérando says in his *Transylvanie et ses Habitants*: “C’est la noblesse Transylvanie qui a fondé les écoles, et les collèges: c’est elle qui a créé les seules bibliothèques publiques du pays, à Carlsbourg, à Hermannstadt, à Maros Vársárhely.”

It was in this part of the kingdom where the Reformation first took root. It is a curious fact that Latin Christianity alone supplied the converts ; no members of the Greek Church were ever attracted towards Protestantism. Before going into the religious movements, we must refresh our minds with two or three historical facts. The first battle of Mohács, it will be remembered, left Hungary at the mercy of the Turks, who for a century and a half occupied Buda as their capital, and reduced a great part of the country to the miserable condition of a Turkish province. Transylvania, which had always been an unruly part of the kingdom of Hungary, took the opportunity at this critical time of achieving her independence ; but their newly-elected Prince Zápolya was obliged to submit to the degradation of paying tribute to the Porte, on condition of *receiving assistance against the tyranny of Austria*. In earlier days, Hermannstadt and Kronstadt, the chief towns of the Saxon immigrants, had been called "the bulwarks of Christianity;" for again and again they had broken the force of the Turkish invasion which so often threatened Central Europe. Now, by the freak of circumstance, the Turk came to be a helper of the Reformation, the defender of Protestant Transylvania against the persecutions of Roman Catholic Austria, who strove to extirpate the followers of Luther by the stake and the sword. It was not to defend an outraged people against religious oppression, but to support the existence of a tribute-paying principality that the Turk wrought this good work. The result however was the same, and the independence of Transylvania was preserved till the expulsion of the Turks from Hungary, when the tables were turned upon the Moslems in the *second* battle of Mohács in 1686. Protestantism was by this time strong enough to secure from the House of Hapsburg the celebrated Diploma Leopoldinum (their Magna Charta), which secured to them religious liberty. It is very remarkable that from one reason or another, Transylvania has throughout preserved an almost democratic character in her institutions. It was only when the Hungarian Diet had promulgated the reforms of '48, that she made common cause with Hungary, and effectively concluded the legislative union.

In the history of the Reformation there are few chapters more interesting, and none so little studied, as those which refer to the spread of the reformed doctrines throughout Hungary. To the traders of Hermannstadt is due the

credit of bringing the "glad tidings" into the land. About 1520 some of their merchants, when returning from their annual visit to the Leipsic fair, brought back Luther's writings; and with so much enthusiasm were his doctrines received, that it is no exaggeration to say that the German colonists went over, *en masse*, to Lutheranism. The Magyar Protestants belong mostly to the Helvetic Confession: "In the first fervour of Protestant zeal," observes Mr. Patterson, "almost all the great houses went over, but many later returned to the religion of Cæsar and his court; all the lesser nobles remained firm to Protestantism."

There is a link between England and the Protestants of Transylvania which is held in very kindly remembrance by them. It seems that the College at Nagy-Enyed, a very important institution for the education of Protestant youth, was in danger of perishing for want of funds now many years ago, when a deputation was sent over from the Protestants of Transylvania to request pecuniary aid from their brethren in England. A fund was formed which is still deposited in the Bank of England from which the College of Enyed receives an annual revenue of £1,000.

While on the subject of the "land beyond the forest," the "Siebenbrugen" of the Germans, mention must be made of those curious "fortress churches," so unique in their architectural character. Mr. Fergusson makes no reference to them in his *Handbook of Architecture*, but they deserve a monograph from some able pen. In all that part of Transylvania which borders on Roumania, and partially on Moldavia, the German settlers built these strongly fortified churches, against the incursions of the Tartars and Turks, who were perpetually ravaging the land. In almost every village in these lonely valleys and mountain alopes, the traveller will come upon these strange erections. Each church is surrounded by a wall with watch-towers, strong gates, a portcullis, moat, or inner wall, as the case may be. "It was a place of refuge to which the community retired when the foe appeared, and thither, too, they brought their property and corn. If the siege lasted long the village teacher continued his duties, and," says Mr. Boner, "I have in several of the old 'Burgen' seen one tower which still retained the name of the 'School Tower.'" Another peculiarity of this district is, that in the midst of the grand scenery of the Rothen Thurm or Tarzburg Passes, you will come upon some

picturesque castle, which was never a noble's stronghold, the symbol of fendal lordship, but owed its existence to the traders of Kronstadt or Hermannstadt, who built and maintained these outposts, defending them with stout hearts and true, as, for example, in 1498, when George Hecht, leading the citizens of Hermannstadt, gained a signal victory over the Turks. In the half-ruined towers of some of these "burgher castles" may still be seen some of the rusty, antiquated weapons, and the battered speaking-trumpet of those old troubled days.

It is greatly to be regretted that the thrifty Saxons in Transylvania, who have held their own against Turk and Tartar, and, more difficult still, against Austrian Jesuits, are now in these latter times losing their political ascendancy, and are diminishing in numbers. The population does not increase, the reverse is the case. All spirit of enterprise is dead; the principal desire of the well-to-do Saxon is to transmit his small estate intact to his *only* son, who in his turn is satisfied to keep unimpaired the same position as his grandfather held before him. The inevitable law of change works the deterioration of a race which does not progress; and so with the Saxon immigrants, the *ever increasing Wallack is displacing him* in the land. The number of Germans altogether in Hungary is estimated at 1,820,922, according to the last census.

Another item in the strange medley of races is the ubiquitous gipsy. The "Czigány," as they are called, made their appearance early in the fifteenth century, having fled, it is believed, from the Mongol rulers: they were allowed by King Sigmund to "settle" in Hungary, and were entitled "new peasants" by law. Their numbers are not inconsiderable, about 146,000, according to the statistics of Mr. Hunfalvy. Their position before 1848, that is, the position of the *settled* gipsies, was that of absolute serfdom, as they could not legally take service away from the place where they were born. In the neighbouring province of Wallachia Mr. Paget speaks of having seen them sold as slaves in the open markets! Though now, of course, free, yet many of them remain as hangers-on about the estates of the Magyars, to whom, on account of their profound respect for everything aristocratic, they specially attach themselves. They even adopt the name of the Seigneur (something like the Scotch clans), and are known as "the Bethlens," "the Banffys," &c. They profess the same reli-

gion as the lord of the castle, and also speak Hungarian ; but in all probability they have their esoteric faith, as they have a common language, known to all their tribes throughout the world.

The Gipsies are everywhere the musicians in Hungary ; the Czigány Band is one of the most striking features, whether in town or country, to the foreign traveller. Its thrilling tones enchant the ear, and captivate the imagination ; once heard, for ever after the strange symphonies of that music are associated with the picturesque life and the wild and beautiful scenery of the plains and mountains of Hungary. Music is an instinct with the gipsy ; they play from ear, and never from written notes. It is difficult to trace from whence comes the last new melody, heard, perhaps, for the first time in a lonely village of the Puszta ; it is taken up, spreads with contagious sympathy, and soon becomes the favourite air to which the national Czardas is danced by prince and peasant.

At Klausenburg, in Transylvania, there is a gipsy's quarter on the side of a hill just outside the town ; here these camp-followers of civilisation are seen in all their unmitigated poverty and degradation. The dwellings are little better than burrows in the earth ; children of both sexes may be seen rolling about, in the midst of their tinkering, pilfering elders, who are hardly more decently attired than themselves. The father of a round number of these nude figures excused himself on one occasion for not being better off (which he well might have been as a skilful blacksmith) on account, he said, of the expense he was put to in *clothing* his large family ! It is a marvel how they survive the cold of the Hungarian winter ; they are in such strange contrast, too, with the warmly-dressed Slovak, who goes about with his bed on his back, even in summer. But the gipsy has a saying that "there is no cold but wipd." Notwithstanding the incurable pilfering of the gipsies, wherever they find unlocked doors, yet they can be trusted as messengers and carriers, and are, in many cross-country districts, excellent substitutes for "parcels delivery" carts and telegraphs.

Since the recent cruelties committed on the Jews of Vaslui by the Roumanian authorities—cruelties which, though strenuously denied, have been abundantly proved—there has been much discussion as to the position of the

Jews amongst their fellow-subjects in Eastern Europe generally. In Hungary they are reckoned at 558,000. This is too large a number, perhaps; but the Jew is everywhere, and everywhere he is the chief factor in business. He is saving and practical—two qualities in which Magyar and Slav are eminently deficient. Except in the North-Eastern Carpathians, in the Marmaros district, which is chiefly inhabited by a very low class of Polish Jews, there is no part where they belong specially. Mr. Paget, writing in 1836, says:—

“The Jew is no less active in profiting by the vices and necessities of the peasant than by those of the noble. As sure as he gains a settlement in a village the peasantry become poor. Whenever the peasant is in want of money . . . the Jew is ready to find it for him—of course at exorbitant interest. All the peasant has to repay him with is the next year’s crop, and this he willingly pledges. . . . In this way the crop is often sold as soon as it is sown, and for the rest of the year the peasant finds himself bound hand and foot to his hard creditor.”

All this is as true in 1877 as it was forty years ago. In many respects the mischief wrought is more serious—the ruin of the hapless debtor more complete—now that the peasant is a freeholder. It often happens that small properties are sold for a mere song—the result of combination, it is said, amongst the foreclosing creditor and his co-religionists. A great deal of ill-feeling exists in consequence; and the public press is not silent on the subject.

If this is true, something more is true also. There are, or were, grievances on the other side. Before 1848 the Jews in Hungary had to pay a yearly tax of £16,000 for the privilege of free worship; but free justice was not accorded to them at any price. If the Magyar noble was a defaulter in the contract wherein he had sold by anticipation next season’s crop of corn or wine—the same having risen in price—the Jew could hope for very little, if any, redress from the law. If he complained loudly he might even get a thrashing from the noble. Now, however, all is changed; no longer fearing for his personal safety—no longer deprived of his rights of citizenship, and the power of owning land—the Jew, since 1867, has full and unreserved political rights, and enjoys perfect equality before the law.

The result is a very natural one—the Jews have risen in honour and consideration. Even Hungarians will allow

that some amongst them are true and sincere patriots. It was only the other day, in October, 1875, that Buda-Pesth was mourning for the early death of Horn, a well-known writer on political economy, who, though a Jew, had recently been appointed Secretary to the Minister for Agriculture, Trade, and Commerce. Several Jews are at this time sitting in the Lower House of Parliament. There is a peculiarity in the constitution of this House perhaps not generally known, which is, the right possessed by hereditary members of the Upper House to vacate for the time their hereditary seats, and to be candidates for election in the Commons. Members of the Lower House are paid five florins a day, when sitting, besides four hundred florins a year for lodgings.

The best friends of Hungary must allow with regret that since the compromise with Austria in 1867 the finances of the country have not been managed with success. From 1870 to 1874 there has been an annual deficit: not from any falling off in income, but from a too ambitious expenditure. A country which has so lately taken her place in the European system is in need of every kind of material improvement; roads, railways, telegraphs, bridges, and public buildings have been constructed at a pace which rivals, if not exceeds, many of the older States. The capital has been almost rebuilt; and it is not too much to say that the magnificent river front, with the picturesque features of the lofty Blocksberg, the Castle Hill, and the lovely Marguerite Island, altogether make Buda-Pesth one of the finest cities in Europe.

An excellent letter on Hungarian finances, from Mr. Leone Levi, which appeared in one of our journals,\* contains the following remark:—"Hungary has the best elements of strength within herself. What she wants is a series of good harvests, to set the peasantry in a better position. But apart from, and above all, she most needs to have a more skilful management of her national resources, and great circumspection in her governors, in not attempting more than they can accomplish."

Direct taxation gives only a proportion of about £1 a head upon the total of population, which is small comparatively with other countries; but in the present undeveloped state of production the burden could hardly be in-

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\* *Daily Telegraph*, September 30, 1876.

creased. There are complaints that the taxation presses unequally.

The annual exports of Hungary do not exceed £25,000,000; but, considering the vast resources of the country, these figures might be enormously increased. To the pessimist we may remark upon the gratifying fact—a proof of vitality and growth—that during the last six years nearly every branch of revenue has increased; for example, the income-tax (we speak now of *florins*) has increased from 5,684,000 florins in 1869 to 27,655,000 florins in 1874. “And the total ordinary income is steadily improving,” says Mr. Levi.

It may with truth be said that no country in Europe produces such a variety of things as Hungary. A mediæval rhyme says:

“Felix ergo Hungaria  
Cui dona data sunt varia.”

Besides her 72,000,000 acres of fertile land—so fertile, indeed, that it is sometimes made to bear five crops at once—there are treasures in the earth and in the waters under the earth, metallic wealth and mineral springs.

Our English makers of agricultural machinery have found Hungary, for many years past, amongst their best customers. We do not speak of the immediate present: the Vienna crisis of 1873 gave a local trade depression, which, as we all know too well, has since become universal. Though the use of steam, and the adoption of other improvements, have received a temporary check, yet the power of production has visibly increased. “Never have the great steam flour-mills of Pesth been so active as at the present moment,” writes a friend; and though we cannot give the figures, it is a fact that Hungarian flour has an increasing demand in England: housekeepers find it worth while to give a higher price for it, in consequence of its greater whiteness and superior quality.

After France, Hungary is the largest wine-producing country in Europe, and again in this matter England is slowly learning to appreciate her productions.

On all hands it is agreed that the mines of Hungary are badly managed. The mines of Schemnitz produce an ore containing, besides gold and silver, an admixture of lead, copper, zinc, and antimony; but they have been worked for centuries, and show signs of exhaustion.

Referring to Dr. Percy's great work on *Metallurgy*, we see in the French translation, which we have at hand, that it is stated: "La Waldbürgeschafft en Hongrie fabrique à elle seule 600 tonnes de cuivre, outre de l'argent et du fer;" and further:—"Les terrains aurifères de la Hongrie et de la Transylvanie ne manquent pas d'importance. Les Roumains et les Bohémiens lavent les sables aurifères de la Maros, de la Szamos et des autres cours d'eau qui charrient l'or."

The traveller in Transylvania will often meet a knot of these primitive gold-washers, going or returning from the scene of their labours, in the picturesque lateral valleys of that plesant land. It is probable that better organised work, together with the command of some capital, would make gold-mining profitable in many parts of Hungary Proper, as well as in Transylvania; this has proved the case in the neighbourhood of Oravicza, in the Banat, where a gold-mine at the present time is being successfully worked by an English gentleman.

"Oravicza is becoming a very important place," says Professor Ansted, while enlarging upon the extensive coal and iron fields, besides copper and gold mines, in its vicinity. This district is inhabited by German colonists, and was formerly included in the "military frontier" established in the Banat by Marshal Mercy in 1724, and only done away with in 1869. There are over 40,000 Germans in this part of Hungary. The town of Oravicza is a flourishing place, with iron furnaces, paraffine and cement works, and many other signs of industrial progress. The coal mines here supply the Danube steamers. The MS. of a recent traveller (Mr. Andrew Crosse) supplies us with the following account of a district rarely visited by English people:

"On Friday last H—— and I left Oravicza, mounted on our stout little Servian horses, provided with well-furnished saddlebags, including cooking apparatus, tea, etc. We rode towards Dognaska, where copper, iron, and lead are worked. Here we put up at an inn, so called, but there was no one to do anything for us (I fancy the people were out harvesting), so we fed and watered our horses, and cooked for ourselves. After turning out everything in the kitchen, to the astonishment of the people who were drinking wine there, we succeeded in making a very good dinner of soup for ourselves. On Saturday we rode over the hills, a rather dangerous ride, to Morovicza; once, in leading my horse

across a small foot-bridge, he slipped off, and rolled right over, but luckily he was not hurt—the small Servian horses stand a lot of knocking about. The scenery is very wild and romantic. One of the inspectors of mines from Dognescka, was sent with us to show us the way, because we went right through the forest. All the mines and forests here belong to a Franco-Austrian Company, called the 'Staat-bahn gesellschaft.' Their railway reaches from here nearly to Dresden. At Morovicza, we inspected mines, and then rode on to Reschitza, through Bogaam, a very pretty ride. We remained two days at Reschitza, visiting the principal objects of interest : this is the chief town for mining in the Banat ; there are coal and iron mines, and Bessemer steel works. . . . Yesterday, a village of nearly four hundred houses was burnt down, a very rich farming district."

Petrosény in the beautiful Hatszeg Valley, interesting for its Roman remains and grand scenery, is also a new mining town, sprung up since 1868. It has now railway communication with the main line at the Arad junction. The railway before reaching the terminus at Petrosény rises one in forty feet. Here has been discovered one of the largest coal fields in Europe ; one of the seams is stated to be 100 feet in thickness, but up to the present time it has been found impossible to make coke of this coal. "The forests between this part of the country and Hermannstadt are the finest in Transylvania." Of course there is a great deal more to be said about recent mining operations in Hungary, but the subject would require an article to itself. In this department, as in many others, one sees how much remains to be done. Professor Wrightson says, "No backwoods of America could be more desolate than the drive from Essegg, on the banks of the Danube ; the land was in a natural state, but evidently capable of great improvement."

One of the most striking things, in driving across the vast plain, is to encounter one of those great herds of Podolian cattle, common in the district : they are considered by naturalists as the best living representatives of the original progenitors of our domestic cattle. "The Hungarians are justly proud of their oxen ; they are used as working cattle, a pair of oxen being pretty well as strong as four horses." The buffalo is to be found in the low-lying lands by the rivers, they number about 72,000. "Water is the life-element of the buffalo ; where they cannot bathe they cannot thrive," says Wrightson ; adding, "they may be managed with kindness, but the rod of cor-

rection they cannot bear." They are indeed most formidable-looking animals.

The amount of agricultural live-stock in Hungary, namely, 5,279,000 head of cattle, and 15,276,000 sheep is not as large as it ought to be, apportioned to the population, but a recent article in the *Economist*\* rather unfairly, it seems to us, contrasts these figures with the far higher returns of our own country, losing sight of the fact, that Hungary is specially a grain-producing country, whereas England is rapidly becoming one vast dairy-farm. It reminds one of the old story of Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, and Prince Esterhazy. The former was showing his flocks of sheep, and asked the Prince if he had as many on his estates in Hungary. "No," replied Esterhazy, "I have not so many sheep, but I have more shepherds."

Amongst the hopeful signs of progress, a mention of the Exhibition at Szegedin last summer must not be omitted. Szegedin is a town of 70,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom are Magyars. With the exception of one less important Exhibition, at some other place, the name of which we forget, this was the first attempt in Hungary of a general Exposition of Products, Arts, and Manufactures. We understand from one of our own countrymen who was there, that it was a highly interesting and very creditable epitome of those larger gatherings which, from time to time, test the advance, national and international, of our material civilisation. At Szegedin, there were samples of hemp which specially attracted notice by their excellence. The Government, we hear, is devoting particular attention to an improvement in the cultivation of hemp, and has established a model farm at Apatin, on the Danube.

Material progress in Hungary cannot, unfortunately, be disassociated from politics; in all that is doing, in all that can be done, there intrudes ever and again the troubled question of ultra-patriotism. The Magyars very naturally look with dislike upon the surging up of the Slavs in their Southern provinces; they regard Austria with jealousy and with not unfounded distrust; but without making common cause with Austria, where can be *their* safety in the future? The patriotic Eötvös himself said, with that saddened conviction which experience brings, "Better lose ourselves in the grand ocean of German nationality than fall back on the swamps of the Slavonic races."

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\* October 7th, 1876.

- ART. V.—1. *Tasso and the Sisters: Tasso's Spirit: The Nuptials of Juno: The Skeletons: The Spirits of the Ocean.* Poems. By THOMAS WADE. London: John Letts, Jun., Cornhill. 1825.
2. *Woman's Love; or, The Triumph of Patience.* A Drama, in Five Acts. First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Wednesday, December 17th, 1828. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1829.
3. *The Jew of Arragon; or, The Hebrew Queen.* A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By THOMAS WADE, Author of "*Duke Andrea; or, Woman's Love.*" A Drama. Performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Wednesday, October 20th, 1830. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1830.
4. *Mundi et Cordis: de Rebus Sempiternis et Temporiis: Carmina.* Poems and Sonnets. By THOMAS WADE. London: John Miller, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden. 1835.
5. *The Contention of Death and Love.* A Poem. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1837.
6. *Helena.* A Poem. By THOMAS WADE. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1837.
7. *The Shadow-Seeker.* A Poem. By THOMAS WADE. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1837.
8. *Prothanasia; and Other Poems.* By THOMAS WADE. London: John Miller, Henrietta Street, Covent-Garden. 1839.
9. "*What does 'Hamlet' Mean?*" A Lecture. Delivered before the President and Members of the Jersey Mechanics' Institute. By THOMAS WADE, Author of "*Songs of the Universe and of the Heart,*" "*Prothanasia,*" &c., &c. Printed at the Office of *The British Press*, Jersey; and to be had of Mr. John Miller, Bookseller, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

THE death of Keats in 1821, of Shelley in 1822, and of Byron in 1824, extinguished, practically, for the time being,

that light of English song that had burned with such astonishing brilliancy since it burst forth in its fulness scarcely ten years earlier. It is true that, as early as 1770, a contemned and solitary boy of Bristol had cast forth certain sparks of a keenness and intensity which served to show that the old lyric spirit was not dead in England, but only slumbering, and having done this had hurled himself madly into the abyss of death,—true that in 1782 the veritable commencement of modern English poetry had issued from the hand of Blake in a thin pamphlet called *Poetical Sketches* by *W. B.*,—true that, still on the other side of 1800, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, had lighted up the flame of renovated verse in the very Bristol which had cast out the “parent spark;” but it was not until the three younger sons of song had reached such maturity as they might, that the full glory of the flame burst forth; and after the last of these three had sung his latest note, there was a calm. Coleridge still lived; but he did no more such work as he had put forth before the death of Keats: Wordsworth still lived; but he was organising another order of things in the domain of song,—“trying his hardest not to be a poet,” though unsuccessfully. It is also true that Wells,\* the comrade of Keats, who had issued his astonishing dramatic poem in the very year of the extinction, still lived; but he uttered no audible note till 1875, when his remodelled poem was again offered to the public; and we have no lyric work from him, though we have reason to think he produced and destroyed a good deal. And yet the very next year after the death of Byron there issued from the press the ‘prentice work of a youth who, with a “fit audience,” might have kept alive, almost single-handed the fire that slept and smouldered through the eighteenth century, and went out at the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth. But men had refused to listen to Keats and Shelley,—had only listened so attentively to Byron because of the leaven of badness and vulgarity in his works, had ignored Wells, and were ignoring even Wordsworth and Coleridge; and no lesser spirit than the spirits of Keats and Shelley might rise in the highest flights of song without something like an appreciable human sympathy. The youthful *débutant* of 1825 was a strong and hardy spirit enough; and he sang on manfully for a

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\* See the Article on this Poet in the *London Quarterly Review* for April, 1876.

time; but audience failed, and he withdrew from public appeal,—working on in a quiet way, known only to a few friends and admirers.

Those who have glanced at the list of books at the head of this article, will have understood already that the *debutant* of 1825 was Thomas Wade. In *The Examiner* for the 16th of January in that year, appeared an extract of thirty-six lines of verse, with half-a-dozen preliminary lines of notice, to the effect that "a slight volume of *Poems by Thomas Wade*" had just been published, the work of an author who, according to law, had "not yet reached the years of discretion." The critic adds, "His powers, however, are anything but puerile; and his poems teem with passages which prove him to be a true son of Apollo." Nor was this reception of Wade's first book isolated; for in the *Literary Gazette* for the 15th of January in the same year the little volume was noticed in terms of some civility. "There is taste, talent, and feeling in these poems," said the reviewer; "a garden, often unweeded, here and there injudiciously laid out, but still well situated, and with both flowers and fruit. . . . We would advise Mr. Wade against classical subjects; their poetry is a model by itself, and their interest is exhausted; and we think he has enough of imagination to discover a mine, and live upon its resources." It is strange that the implacable enmity of the *Literary Gazette* towards all the higher forms of poetic art should have slept on this occasion without even one eye open; for Editor Jerdan need have been at no great pains to discover that the young poet he was welcoming so condescendingly was decidedly of the abhorred school of advanced thought; and, seeing that, only six months before, he had performed one more indecent editorial waltz on the grave of a great poet, then lately deceased, and openly insulted his widow by casting doubts on the sincerity of her grief, we cannot assume that Wade escaped through any cause but editorial ignorance of the plumage of the new song-bird. That Wade *had* "enough of imagination to discover a mine and live upon its resources," the event showed,—the mine, by no means such an one as the carrion-creatures of the *Gazette* would have stamped with their worthless approval,—the life drawn from its resources that of intellectual and imaginative exaltation and contemplation, and not of bread-winning drudgery. And yet it was not altogether to be wondered at that people like Jerdan,

blind leaders of the blind, perpetually wallowing in the ditch of envy, hatred, malice, inanity, and vulgarity, should have found something to praise in this little book; for to tell plain truth, with all its unmistakable qualities of the higher order, it had, as an inalienable annex to its immaturity, enough of the commonplace rhymester to make it pass muster with commonplace reviewers. There is exuberance, brusqueness of transition both metrical and thematic, laxity of form, and meretriciousness of action, enough and to spare for the purpose of deceiving a Jerdan into the belief that this fledgling was to be a bird of gaudy plumage with the mediocre vocal qualities characteristic of such birds; and when the *Gazette* was so polite, it no doubt ran its empty head against the notion that, if this young man persevered, he might arrive at some standard of excellence midway between the fluent enthusiasm of Mrs. Hemans and the exuberant levity and shallow melody of Tom Moore,—whose “toad-faced cupids” pleased even the *élite* of the British public in the days when George IV. was king, but are now the detestation of the critical, and very liberally neglected by the uncritical.

But although we may excuse a Jerdan for welcoming a juvenile Wade on mistaken grounds, we cannot but wonder that the book in question should have been allowed to disappear so wholly; for in it, as in later books, though in a far lesser degree, the true ring of poetry is to be found. We cannot do better than show, by sample, within the narrow limits of a couple of octave stanzas, how the good and the bad in this volume were intermingled. *The Nuptials of Juno* is a rambling poem, written with great ease in a difficult metre (*ottava rima*), and with much strong feeling for the beautiful; but its beauties, though regulated by a pretty close adherence to metric form, are still the barbaric beauties of a wilderness. At page 22 we get such a stanza as the following:

“Within the willow’s ever-moving shade  
 Was plac’d the cradle of old Saturn’s child,  
 Rock’d by the Seasons:—there the green Spring staid  
 To bless the Infant with its tendance mild;  
 Summer, all languid, at her feet too laid,  
 And Autumn, crown’d with fruits, in homage smil’d;  
 Stern Winter carried from his Northern clime,  
 And deck’d her brow with majesty sublime!”

But this excellent simplicity of imagery and tenderness of colour are followed sharply by a stanza with these lines at its head :

" 'Twas in that joyous period of the year  
When Cupid sits on every verdant spray,  
And points his arrows at young maidens near,  
Nor leaves them unmolested on their way ;"

Then again we have a return to freshness and beauty in the finish of the stanza :

" When earth is green, and skies are passing clear,  
That Juno by her native willow lay,  
Blessing with her sweet weight the hallowed ground,  
And giving loveliness to all around."

Now there is nothing very original in the excellence of this, nothing very heinous in the obsolete eighteenth century brocade ; but the close juxtaposition of the two elements shows at once the true lover of beauty and the undisciplined youth. It is the same with each of the five poems in the book. In the longest of them, *The Spirits of the Ocean*, a chaotic imagination enough is adorned with truly beautiful narrations of sights and sounds and scents ; and here again, at pages 104 and 105, we get a sustained panoramic description of lovely objects, done with an ease and perspicacity, and felt with a rectitude, that would not discredit the greatest master of romance since Chaucer, the accomplished author of *The Earthly Paradise* ; but here also again the note of unperfected taste is struck in the middle of a most charming passage :

" And odorous shrubs their incense shed  
Upon the earth, and thro' the air  
Such sweet perfumes unceasing spread,  
One might have grown inebriate there  
From scenting fragraney so rare.  
Thro' each green valley's bright abode  
Streamlets, for ever murmuring, flow'd,  
Transparent as the light that lies  
In wicked Beauty's dangerous eyes."

The last line is puerile ; the first five are perfect.

The next trace we have of Wade is three years later : in 1828 he made his first contribution towards the attempt to rehabilitate the legitimate drama in England—an attempt

with which, later on, the names of Horne and Darley, Stephens and Tomlins, are prominently associated, and in which the genius of Browning and of Taylor also took part. The subject chosen by Wade in 1828 was the beautiful old story of patient Griselda, the names and scene being of course altered to suit dramatic purposes. This work was represented, and well received, at Covent Garden, and, as a reading play, must have gained some attention; for it went to a second edition, and there was at all events sufficient encouragement to induce the poet to contribute to the repertoire of Covent Garden, and also to the ranks of available chamber drama, a tragedy, *The Jew of Arragon*, now very difficult to obtain, and which was most unjustly howled off the stage by an undiscerning English mob. These two early works (for they were produced in Wade's twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth years) are full of admirable qualities; and though they serve to indicate that drama was not the *forte* of the poet, they yet show a notable dramatic capacity, dominated as it is by those idealistic qualities which mark Wade out as serving under Marlowe and Shelley rather than under Shakespeare and the crowd of lesser but still great realists. The necessities of such a plot as that of *Woman's Love* are wholly ideal. The noble patience of Bianca (the Griselda of the drama) under such protracted and intense torture as was inflicted upon her beautiful and sensitive spiritual nature is a very wide flight into the purely imaginative region; and we have some satisfaction in reflecting that Duke Andrea, the suspicious and exacting husband, who wantonly deprives his wife of her child for sixteen years, is a monster hatched of the poet's brooding over possible causes and effects, and not, even remotely, from absolute experience. A less protracted trial than the unremitting torture of sixteen years might have been inflicted and borne within the limits of the realistic school of drama; but when we consider that Duke Andrea's only cause for this monstrous infliction is the suspicion that the peerless woman he has raised from a humble station to that of Duchess loves his state and not his person—when we consider that the hapless Duchess endures for sixteen years not only this strange barrier between herself and her lord, but also the far more dreadful one of suspecting that he has had their child murdered on the imputation that it was not his—we need hardly go further to find the conviction that Wade's bent was radi-

cally idealistic. Keen observation of human nature, and brilliant draughtsmanship in the minor details of character and speech, we get ; but all is dominated by this ideal puerility of exaction on the Duke's part, this ideal patience and imperturbable wifeliness of the Duchess.

*The Jew of Arragon*, equally with *Woman's Love*, is on the idealistic model, the motive being the absorbing desire of a Jew, descended from Israel's kings, to exalt his race at the expense of the tyrannical Christians of Spain among whom he is living. His daughter being of like desires, and also conveniently enamoured of the Christian monarch, the plan of action is that she should petition the King in person to recall an edict just passed against the Jews. Of course their success in this scheme involves their ruin and death ; for the Spaniards, goaded by the subserviency of the King to the Jew and his daughter, and by the arrogance of these, revolt, and massacre every Hebrew in Arragon except these two, who kill themselves. The Jew, Xavier, whose end is thus tragic, is clearly intended to be thought something of a hero ; but neither he nor his daughter Rachel ("The Hebrew Queen") is so drawn as to enlist the reader's sympathies very warmly ; and, though the tragedy is far superior to such a fate as it met at the hands of its Covent Garden audience, it was not to be expected that it would be so well received as *Woman's Love*. Indeed, we have been informed that Mrs. Kemble, then an intimate friend of the young author, predicted the failure of the tragedy as an inevitable consequence of the attempt to exalt the Jews dramatically at the expense of the Christians : the English public, she said, would "never stand that ;" and they did not. We do not know which of the two works was written first, but, except for the evidence of prior publication, we should have thought *Woman's Love* likely to have been a later work than *The Jew of Arragon*. The tragedy is far less perspicuous and organic in construction than the drama, and it is also less replete with fine thoughts and good style. But even *Woman's Love* is somewhat wanting in ease of development towards the close ; and Wade would probably never have risen so high, relatively, in drama as he afterwards did in lyric poetry. We have been informed that he produced a farce in addition to the two dramas already mentioned ; but we have not succeeded in discovering that it was ever published. The

loss of it is the less deplorable in that we find no note of comedy, no true perception of the ludicrous, throughout the works we are acquainted with. After the first flush of mere beauty-worship, which found no place in any publication later than the volume of 1825, Wade's work was thoroughly serious from beginning to end. The beauty-worship was still there, to the end, as it must ever be in art; but the allegiance was divided, as also must ever be the case with the highest art, for the good and the true demand the most earnest service; and Wade rendered it from his heart. Indeed, in *Woman's Love* and *The Jew of Arragon* he is almost in revolt against his first idol, through a reaction, not the least abnormal in poetic development, supervening when the age of thought gradually supplants the age of mere feeling, to be supplanted in turn by the age of blended thought and feeling in due balance.

But this twofold (or perhaps threefold?) essay in legitimate drama would, we imagine, have been in any case but an episode in the career of Wade, whose bent, besides being too idealistic for modern play-goers, was pre-eminently lyric and contemplative; and it was in 1835 that he collected the lyric poems he had been scattering freely through the numbers of *The Monthly Repository*, and, adding others to them, issued them in a volume of rare beauty and full of precious qualities, such as, under the development of a fostering medium, should have grown to something greater still. There is much in the choice of a title; and Wade did himself a grave injustice by selecting one that would be for ever a stumbling-block to booksellers, and would fail to commend the book to any but a very narrow circle, even had there been in 1835 any approach to an audience for poetry such as his: *Mundi et Cordis: de Rebus Sempiternis et Temporariis: Carmina*;—so leads off his title-page; and, though these words are followed by the explanatory *Poems and Sonnets*, nothing could redeem from neglect a book with such a name. *Songs of the Universe and of the Heart* might have had a doubtful chance; and it will be observed that Wade adopted that name on the title-page of a later work, when referring to his authorship of this work; but to the loving few the book has been known by its short Latin title of *Mundi et Cordis Carmina*; and that will be its designation in the future; for Wade will not be forgotten in the records of nineteenth century

song, though at the present moment he has been allowed to drop almost below the horizon of that firmament so full of stars of greater and lesser magnitude that now and again one dips and is lost to our ken, not so much because of inherent weakness as from defect of vision in the observer. The unfortunate scarcity of Wade's poems prevented the critical revival of his name some years ago, when he was still alive, and when Mr. Buxton Forman issued his *Essay in Criticism, Our Living Poets*, a book susceptible of much extension and revision. On this point we speak without reserve and not under correction,—a good part of the book having appeared in our own pages. In another later volume on nineteenth century poetry, produced on the other side of the Atlantic by Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, under the title of *Victorian Poets*, a good opportunity of telling the truth about this nearly lost poet was thrown away; for we find at page 256 some nine lines devoted to him, in which we learn that the critic has a copy of *Mundi et Cordis Carmina* before him, and that he considers it "is marked with the extravagance and turpidity which soon after broke out among the Rhapsodists, yet shows plainly the sensitiveness and passion of the poet." The contents are also characterised as "in sympathy with, and like, the early work of Shelley." This is practically all about Wade which a man with *Mundi et Cordis Carmina* before him can find to say; and of that small all a portion is not true: Wade has nothing in common with the "Rhapsodists," by which expression Mr. Stedman means the group of poets generally known as the "Spasmodic School," or the "Spasmodists;" and the expression "in sympathy with, and like, the early work of Shelley," is misleadingly inadequate. Wade's sympathy with Shelley, and likeness to him, run right through the Shelley chronology; and this is the most obvious and noteworthy feature observable in the series of Wade's works at a first glance.

Even in the dedication of *The Jew of Arragon* there is a passage on liberty of conscience and against the civil disabilities of the Jews, written in the very spirit of Shelley, and ending with a quotation from Shelley's *Liberty*: and that Wade was in advance of his time in that particular is sufficiently shown by the fact that he lived to see a Jewish

Prime Minister. It is doubtful whether any poet of like powers was ever so open in his devotion to another poet as Wade to Shelley: not only does he betray throughout the the series of his works a close study of the great lyricist, but he writes on texts from him, and even addresses him explicitly in such lines as the following:

"Holy and mighty Poet of the Spirit  
That broods and breathes along the Universe!  
In the least portion of whose starry verse  
Is the great breath the sphered heavens inherit—  
No human song is eloquent as thine;  
For, by a reasoning instinct all divine,  
Thou feel'st the soul of things; and thereof singing,  
With all the madness of a skylark, springing  
From earth to heaven, the intensesness of thy strain,  
Like the lark's music all around us ringing,  
Laps us in God's own heart, and we regain  
Our primal life ethereal! Men profane  
Blaspheme thee: I have heard thee *Dreamer* styled—  
I've mused upon their wakefulness—and smiled."

*Mundi et Cordis Carmina*, p. 120.

This language is extravagant enough; but never was man of purer intent and higher aspiration than Shelley, whatever his great mistakes, and never was poet received with greater contumely by critical and uncritical. We have heard it urged against Wade that he follows too closely the forms and expressions of his great model and master; but for our own part we regard this portion of his practice with unqualified approval. To us it means that he did not care to disguise his discipleship,—that he saw nothing shame-worthy in the debt which he, in common with all English poets of note since Shelley's career began in earnest, owed to the contemned and self-exiled singer: if he found a thought or a phrase in Shelley's works that struck out a line of poetic thought in his own mind, he saw no fictitious need to hide the source of his inspiration; and this openness of procedure is wholly to his credit, while, artistically, we have no fault to find with it. The irregular sonnet just quoted is one of a group of three which are more or less connected: the second, entitled *Shelley and Keats and their Reviewer*, is as follows:

"Two heavenly doves I saw, which were indeed  
Sweet birds and gentle—like the immortal pair  
That waft the Cyprian chariot through the air;

And with their songs made music, to exceed  
 All thought of what rich poesy might be :  
 At which, a crow, perch'd on a sullen tree,  
 Dingy and hoarse, made baser by their brightness,  
 Would fain be judge of melody and whiteness,  
 And caw'd dire sentence on those sweet-throat turtles ;  
 To which his fellow flock of carrion things  
 Croak'd clamorous assent : but still the wings  
 Of those pure birds are white amid the myrtles  
 Of every grove, where cull they nectared seed,  
 Whilst still on cold, dead flesh, those carrion creatures feed."

*Ibid.*, p. 121.

Unfortunately such a crow still exists, and is allowed to perch on the same "sullen tree" and exercise the same function of judging "melody and whiteness," with much the same result as its predecessor ; and though it would scarcely now dare or care to misjudge the melody of Shelley and Keats to any serious extent, there are singers who are not dead yet, and who can be wounded by such croaking : not singers so great as those, it is true ; but still singers for whom the crow's doom will be reversed in the after-time just as it has been reversed for these and many another. It would be well indeed if the crow genus could be brought to feel the reality of a word of Wade's about poets generally :

"Bitter and strong and manifold the strife  
 Which shakes them on that yoyage ; every wave  
 Of feeling dashes o'er their weltering heart ;  
 And all the thunder and the flash of thought  
 Volleys and lightens round their fitful brain ;  
 And their high power, by which the world is wrought  
 To mightiest sympathies, is grasp'd in pain."

*Ibid.*, p. 119.

This is a true and nobly uttered word, and comes fitly as a prelude to the remaining sonnet of the three, one headed *Julian and Maddalo* :

"I read of 'Julian' and 'Count Maddalo,'  
 Till in their spirits' presence stood my soul ;  
 And blending with their sympathy of woe,  
 A tempest woke my thoughts, and they 'gan roll,  
 Billow on billow, toward Eternity—  
 And Passion's cloud hung over the vast sea.  
 Where is the Essence now, that thought and spoke ?  
 Absorbed like water, the frail vessel broke

That held it trembling from the sand awhile ?  
 Or doth it quiver still ; and, quivering, smile  
 At the now clear'd-up Mystery of Creation ?  
 Which shook it once even to its mortal seat,  
 Which seems the brain and heart, that burn and beat,  
 Till Life pants darkly for Annihilation."—*Ibid.*, p. 122.

We can see nothing unpardonable in so unaffected and straightforward a parody as the first line here is of the first line of the real *Julian and Maddalo* :

"I rode one evening with Count Maddalo,"

And the symbolic use made of the material circumstances of Shelley's death is extremely good. The only thing here to reprehend gravely is the desperate triple relative, "*Which* shook it . . . to its mortal seat, *which* seems the brain and heart that burn and beat"—a phrase so ill-constructed as to be greatly wanting in perspicacity as well as in elegance. Mr. Stedman's charge of turgidity, however, and of the "extravagance of the Rhapsodists," would not hold even here, or in the many instances of technical defect which we could enumerate, if that were our aim. That, however, is not our aim, as we wish to show what has been lost, not what has been gained, in the neglect of Wade ; and in facing the knowledge of his technical imperfections, we, with his few other admirers, may find ample comfort in the consideration that even the greatest poets are open to censure on the score of all kinds of imperfections. Men of repute have, indeed, been found to whose work might be applied the description in *Maud*—

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null ;"

but these have never been the great among the sons of song—and nowhere more than in the works of Wade's own master is the critical reader more frequently called upon to condone minute flaws and irregularities, almost inherent in the very ardour and rhapsody of the highest forms of lyric utterance. It is, however, worthy of remark that the instinct of the greater poet is almost unerring—that his inaccuracies and irregularities seldom, if ever, offend the sense of essential perfection—and that though he, in common with most rapid and impetuous writers, is specially beset with that bugbear of English composition, the relative, he hardly ever uses the relative with absolute gracelessness. In truth, however, this is one of the

points in which Wade is a faithful disciple, perhaps without knowing it. We should say he had never observed the defectiveness of English arising from the constrained and constant use of relatives into which it runs, unless the greatest watchfulness be exercised; and, much as Shelley must, for all his reputation for carelessness, have considered various minor details of composition, we feel pretty sure that he also was never forcibly struck by the relative bugbear. His composition, however, both in prose and in verse, is so gracious that, even when crammed full of relatives, as it often is, this defect is not obtrusive. In the case of Wade's, from which these remarks have sprung, the same defect is obtrusive.

Beside the three sonnets we have extracted as peculiarly illustrative of Wade's ardent discipleship of Shelley, we find, without quitting the pages of *Mundi et Cordis Carmina*, others of a no less directly illustrative kind, such as the two written on titles taken from the lovely passage :

"Daisies those pearled Arcturi of the Earth,  
The constellated flower that never sets."

The following is headed, *To the Constellated Flower that Never Sets* :

"Thou lowly flower ! be thou exalted ever ;  
Sphered in the eternal arch of poesy !  
For thou art a memorial, failing never,  
Of the heart's holiest throb in dreams gone by.  
Here, where the accursed tread of men-machines,  
Drilled to the art of slaughter, beats thee down—  
(And fit it is not that in martial scenes  
Thou shouldst lift up thy love-presiding crown)  
Here, where no eye but mine adores thy star ;  
No foot but mine to crush thy heart refuseth ;  
Thou to my spirit speak'st of meads afar,  
Till with a weight of love my bosom museth ;  
And with my Lady dear I bless the scene  
Where thy white constellations star the green."

*Ibid.*, p. 231.

This is a really poetic enlargement on the suggestion of Shelley's few words; and the fact that its existence would be unaccountable without Shelley, does not detract one whit from its beauty or its merit. Then the sentiment of respect for flower-life is thoroughly in the spirit of Shelley, and is to be set down not to imitation, not even to con-

scious assimilation of idea or sentiment, but to an innate relationship of natures, a special personal proclivity and predilection, that led Wade not merely to take a text from his master, and love what his master thought and said, but to feel on any given subject much as we should imagine Shelley feeling. The profoundly humane address to the animal creation in *Alastor* finds its echo in this sweet and tender love for flowers; and in another poem, *The Life of Flowers*, which is too long to come in here, Wade works out more elaborately this same sentiment, going so far as to appeal to his listener to believe in the sentient being of flowers, "For Love's, if not Truth's, sake"—that is, of course, for the sake of respecting their existence, a wholesome reason enough. We would gladly make an extract from this poem had we not still to quote the sonnet, *To the Pearled Arcturi of the Earth*:

"O grace of meadows green and mossy banks!  
 Eternal Flower! still constant to the year;  
 When April with bright hair his forehead pranks,  
 Or when his locks turn grey in winter drear.  
 Blest be the hour I taught my Lady's heart  
 To hold thy beauty in its inmost feeling;  
 To love thee better than thou humble art,  
 And op'at thine eye with such a sweet revealing  
 Of quiet joy! for now she cannot stray  
 Through field, or grove; or lane, by hedge-rows green;  
 But she must greet thy pink lips, by the way—  
 Thy white-ray'd cirques of gold, for ever seen!  
 And thus her thoughts to me must still be turn'd,  
 From whom the love she bears thy gem she learn'd."

*Ibid.*, p. 233.

In one other Shelley-study Wade, perhaps, challenged comparison a little indiscreetly, by attempting a very difficult and exacting metre, in which the master had written one of his most popular poems, and one of the most triumphant perfection. The stanzas *To a Glow-worm*, first printed in *The Monthly Repository*, and afterwards in the *Carmine*, are in the metre of Shelley's wonderful outburst of lyric fervour, *To a Skylark*; and though this of Wade's is a charming and melodious poem, the metre is such a remarkable one that it is impossible to get away from the idea of those stupendous heights and depths, those marvellous raptures of aspiration, which are the despair alike of imitation and of criticism. Wade deserved to fail for

this piece of daring; and that he did fail, the artificial concluding stanza will be evidence enough:

"Ne'er on leaf and blossom  
Do thou shine again,  
Till this weary bosom  
Sleeps, beneath them lain;  
Then nightly on my grave for epitaph remain."  
*Ibid.*, p. 160.

But this small failure was almost nothing to set against the general excellence of the whole volume,—especially when the poem was itself only a relative failure,—being crushed simply by the constraint of an over-exacting comparison. Such a model was enough to make any one write artificially.

The neglect of *Mundi et Cordis Carmina* is much less intelligible than that of the poems issued subsequently. That was a substantial and elegant volume, and had no business to be lost sight of: they were thin pamphlets, intended, it is true, to be bound together eventually by those who cared to preserve them together; but whether more than six people were wise enough to do this, we doubt. We have never seen a complete set of these poems so preserved; and it has been with difficulty that we have obtained a sight of some of them. The pamphlets in question are Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8 in the list of books at the head of this article: in the last of them, *Prothanasia, and other Poems*, there is no note of finality; but there our poetic annals of Wade end, though we should be sorry to answer for his having printed no more of the series.

*The Contention of Death and Love* is, perhaps, as a single poem, the most considerable of all Wade's works when judged both for extent and for beauty. It, again, is written on a text from Shelley,

"I am worn away,—  
And Death and Love are yet contending for their prey,"

and in a metre comparable only to that of the *Lines Written Among the Enganean Hills*. The subject is, as in most of Wade's mature poems, the thinnest possible thread of connection; but the clear personality of the imagery is thoroughly Italian; and the poem abounds with beautiful thoughts. Its title indicates perfectly what it is: the Contention of Death and Love over the sick-bed of a poet;

and we should say it was written in much personal sadness. The happiness of touch, however, in the following passage from a speech of Death, is most noteworthy :

"And, say, if Song were aught to me,  
Think'st thou that I, whose strong decrees  
Swept Homer from Ionian air  
When his allotted years were run,  
And Dante from Italia's sun  
When all his griefs accomplish'd were ;  
Down-looking Chaucer from his theme,  
And Spenser from his Faery dream,  
And Shakspeare from his own great world,  
And Milton from his starr'd-throne, hurl'd,  
Ere their fumes were half-unfur'd :  
I, who in later days have driven  
Sweet bards in earliest youth to heaven—  
Shelley and Keats ; and crash'd the bridge  
That bore the life of Coleridge  
Over my gulfs : that I, who still,  
Upon his Thought's sublimest hill,  
Tarry for Wordsworth—he who won  
Renown from out Detraction's jaws :  
Who wait for sweet-lipp'd Tennyson ;  
And prepare my shapeless cells  
For the coming dust of Wells,  
Whose genius sleeps for its applause :  
Think'st thou that I, whose mission strong  
Hath reach'd these mighty spirits of Song—  
Or soon will reach—can pause for him !  
Amid these suns a taper dim ;  
A mortal babe 'mid Seraphim !" —Pp. 10, 11.

Wade just lived long enough to see the genius of Wells wake up to receive its applause ; but whether he did see this awakening,—the republication and reception of *Joseph and his Brethren*,—we know not. To disarm criticism beforehand in regard to the seemingly imperfect rhythm of one line in this beautiful passage, we may suggest the possibility that Wade pronounced the name Coleridge in three syllables (Co—ler—idge) as it is recorded that one of the renowned companions of that renowned poet invariably did.

Of the other pamphlet-poems on our list, the most beautiful is *Helena*,—this time, in form and subject, a clear study after Keats, not Shelley. It is the story of a young

mother whose baby was taken from her immediately after its birth, only to be discovered dead, at the roots of a rose-tree sent by the father, and tended with great care. The tender madness of the bereaved mother of course recalls *Isabella*, or *the Pot of Basil*; but the intense flow of her maternal impulses in the guardianship of flowers again brings us back upon the dominant influence of Wade's poetic life,—for here we trace the wondrous lady in *The Sensitive Plant*.

*The Shadow-Seeker* is the thinnest and least practicable of a series of poems always deficient in substantiality of subject, because almost wholly ideal: it has isolated beauties of a high order, but not enough *raison d'être*. The last of the series, again, *Prothanasia*, is in every way remarkable. It is written in blank verse carefully modelled after *Alastor*; and in several passages it shows the influence of that wondrous poem,—as well as in the general treatment of the subject,—that of a beautiful young woman who, influenced by the eloquently expounded doctrines of a man of striking powers, puts an end to her life rather than preserve it and submit to the decay of youth and beauty. We need hardly say that the poet does *not* inculcate this doctrine in his poem.

After Wade had ceased to issue his unregarded poems, he seems to have devoted himself to reforming the periodical press in Jersey, where such reform was badly enough needed; and, during one of the subsequent years of his life he made a translation of the *Inferno* of Dante, which has never yet been published, but whereof we are enabled to give the following specimen,—the opening of the third canto:—

" 'By me, ye pass into the realm of wail;  
 By me, ye pass where woes eternal prove;  
 By me, ye pass to the spirits in endless bale:  
 Justice did my exalted Maker move;  
 Created was I by the Power Divine,  
 Consummate Wisdom, and the Primal Love:  
 Before me nothing else had origin,  
 Save things eternal, and eternal, I:  
 All hope abandon, ye who enter in!  
 Upon the summit of a portal high  
 These words I written saw, in tints obscure:  
 'Master, their meaning doth my sense defy,'  
 I said; and he, as one of conduct sure,

Replied—"Tis fit all doubt be here eschew'd ;  
 That here, be dead each dastard fear impure :  
 There are we come where that sad multitude  
 Of sorrowing spirits I told thee thou shouldst see,  
 Who have foregone their intellectual good."  
 And when with looks of mild benignity,  
 He laid his hand on mine, thus comforted  
 He placed me 'mid the things of secrecy.  
 There sighs, and wailings, and exclaiming dread,  
 Resounded ever thro' the starless air ;  
 For which at first some silent tears I shed :  
 Of tongues a Babel, talkings of despair,  
 Accents of frenzied ire, words steep'd in pain  
 Hoarse voices loud, and sound of hands that were  
 Agony-clasp'd, a tumult raised amain  
 Which in that doom-dark air unceasing whirl'd  
 As do the sands i' the eddying hurricane !  
 And I whose wits were all in error fur'd,  
 Then said ' What hear I, Master ! and what they  
 Who seem so utterly to anguish hurl'd ?'  
 ' This,' said he, ' is the miserable way  
 Of those sad spirits who lived nor praised nor shamed :  
 Mingled they are with that debased array  
 Of catiff angels, who nor war proclaim'd  
 Against high God, nor show'd Him fealty ;  
 But trimm'd an interim career, self-aim'd ;  
 Heaven drove them forth, to guard its purity ;  
 And lowest Erebus received them not,  
 Bringing to Hell no glory from on high."

It will be seen that this version of *The Inferno* is 'done in the English equivalent of the original metre, *terza rima*, the dissyllabic rhyme, however, wisely eschewed as being scarcely more fit for such a purpose in English than the monosyllabic rhyme would be in Italian. Wade was led to this task by the consideration of Wright's failure ; and it must be borne in mind that when this unpublished translation was made, Mr. Cayley had not issued either of his four volumes. The manuscript of Wade's version is inscribed on the first page, "commenced on or about 16 July, 1845 ;" and the last page is dated "July 8, 1846." Mr. Cayley's *Inferno*, in the same metre—the *terza rima* without the dissyllabic rhymes (or with only such a proportion of them as comes naturally)—was not published till 1851 ; and it is possible that its appearance may have prevented Wade from completing and

issuing his version. But in our opinion, undeniable as are the beauties and the value of Mr. Cayley's work, this translation of Wade's has poetic qualities at least as high, and is freer from antiquated eccentricities. Doubtless, however, Mr. Cayley's version would hold a higher position from the point of view of scholarship. The following is Wade's version of the end of *The Inferno*:

" Remote from Beelzebub, there is a place,  
As far as downward doth the Tomb extend,  
Which not by vision, but by sound hath trace  
Of a small brook, that thither doth descend  
Along a hollowed rock which it hath worn  
In its winding course, that gently doth impend.  
My Guide and I upon that way forlorn  
Entered to greet again the world sublime;  
And, holding all repose but as in scorn,  
He first, I following, did we upward climb,  
Until I saw the gracious heaven unfold  
Its beautiful things, thro' a round opening dim:  
And thence we pass'd, the stars to re-behold."

On this we have to remark that there is a misfortune which would doubtless have been removed had the translator proceeded with his work, and rendered the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*. The last word in each of the divisions of the *Commedia* is *stelle*: it is a pity, even in rendering the *Inferno* only, that this significant arrangement should not be followed; and, in rendering the three divisions, it must have become obvious that *stars* should be the last word of each. A very simple change would have compassed this in the foregoing version. If we read the last line but two thus:

" Until I saw where gracious heaven unbars,"

we could read the last line thus:

" And thence we passed to re-behold the stars."

Some such change would doubtless have been made; and it would have left Wade's version at least as admissible as that of Mr. Cayley, who imports into the three final lines two separate and original images, thus:

" Until some splendours, borne by heaven's cars,  
Across a rounded crevice kist our sight;  
We issued thence to re-behold the stars."

Mr. W. M. Rossetti's literal version of the same lines is :

"So far that I, through a round opening, saw  
Some of the beauteous things which heaven contains :  
And hence we came to re-behold the stars."

Indeed, though Wade allowed himself that measure of paraphrase without which it is impossible to translate, or rather transmute, poetry of one language into poetry of another, he is far less lavish than Mr. Cayley in the importation of new imagery; and we do not find him much less simple in rendering than Mr. Rossetti, whose blank-verse translation of the *Hell* has no appreciable poetic qualities : it is almost as much a prose version as that of Dr. Carlyle, and, as a prose version, has great value; but this of Wade's is as distinctly poetical as we should expect to find a translation coming from the hand that wrote *Mundi et Cordis Carmina*, *The Contention of Death and Love*, and *Helena*.

In the Lecture, *What does 'Hamlet' mean?* our poet shows himself also an able and subtle critic and exponent of Shakespeare; and we have no doubt that a file of the Jersey paper, *The British Press*, for the period of his editing would yield much good prose criticism, both social and literary, scattered up and down its columns, and coming from his own pen. But of this and other more strictly biographic details the present is not the opportunity to speak. Suffice it to say that Thomas Wade was born in 1805, lived, widely and warmly beloved, till 1875, and died in the autumn of that year, deeply lamented by those who knew him, and by some few who knew his poetry only, and not the man.

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ART. VI.—1. *Spinoza et le Naturalisme Contemporain*. Par NOURRISSON. Paris : Libraire Academique. Didier et C<sup>e</sup>, Libraires-Editeurs, 35, Quai des Augustins.

2. *The History of Philosophy, from Thales to Comte*. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. London : Longmans, Green and Co.

3. *An Essay on Pantheism*. By the Rev. JOHN HUNT, Curate of St. Ives, Hunts. London : Longmans and Co.

4. *The Times*, Wednesday, February 28th, 1877.

Two hundred years ago the 21st of February, in obscure lodgings at the Hague, expired in the forty-fifth year of his age, Benedict Spinoza, a man who has been loaded with more infamy and extolled with more enthusiasm than perhaps any other personage of modern times. That on its first appearance his philosophy created a profound sensation throughout the length and breadth of Europe cannot be denied, and its influence, so far from being transient, has rather strengthened with the lapse of time. The astonishment awakened by his publications was common to all the thinking world, but its sources lay in two very different emotions: which ought we to share, the admiration or the horror of his contemporaries? The estimate formed of the man and of his place as a philosopher by many *savants* of the present day has been recently illustrated by the festival held in his honour: are we to join in the general chorus, to applaud the courage with which he combated the dogmatism of his day, and laboured for the emancipation of thought from its bondage to superstition; to dwell with rapture on the benefits accruing to humanity from the advent of a mind so original, so profound, so wide-reaching in its conceptions, capable of traversing with equal ease the domains of theology and science, of handling with the same expertness the abstract questions of metaphysics, and the more practical ones of the body politic; to exhaust language in attempts to describe the moral elevation which accompanied this majestic march of intellect; and finally to stir the passions

of our auditory to sympathy with the adverse fortunes of the man, bewailing the darkness of the times in which he lived, the abuse, and worse than abuse, which were heaped upon his head while he was living, and the execration to which he was held up when he was dead,—the very lineaments of his countenance being reviled as incarnations of fiendish subtlety and malice?

M. Ernest Renan may do all this, has done it very effectively in the oration pronounced by him in his character as president of the festival just alluded to, so that in sitting for his latest picture Spinoza has had all the advantage that a language so rich in sparkling expressions as the French, and a pen so skilled in word-painting as Renan's, could afford. We will not be so profane as to suggest a doubt whether he would have recognised himself: the greatest men do not know their own greatness, but must say of their eulogists what Turner said of Ruskin—that he saw more in him than he was himself aware of—and though humility was not among Spinoza's most conspicuous gifts, he formed no exception to the rule. His outward man he could and did with his own hand portray, as if by way of precaution against posthumous caricature: his inner personality, though it stands revealed to others in his public writings and private correspondence, was hidden from his own eyes and required a Renan to unfold it. Alas that his own system did not permit Spinoza to anticipate some such apotheosis as a possible object of conscious apprehension and living interest to himself in a future state! The old Roman emperors might have hoped hereafter to see their effigies enshrined in the Pantheon, if they believed the philosophers of their day: this philosopher taught a Pantheism without a Pantheon. Whatever his vaticinations of future renown, he could not hope to see them realised; and we can imagine the stern self-denial with which they must have been repressed, seeing that according to his philosophy they could only be fulfilled when his own individual existence had been merged in the great One and All. And the loss is not his only, but ours, and M. Renan's, and that of all M. Renan's audience, and of all his own and his hero's followers down to the end of time. For there would have been something of reality about the celebration, if the ministrants could have been assured that the master-mind whose praises they were rehearsing had at least survived in its individuality—whether

still interested in the success of philosophy or not—instead of being resorbed into the ocean of unconscious intelligence. As it is, it must be harder to find a name shadowy enough for the subject of their encomiums than predicates strong enough to bear the burden of them. They cannot invoke his “manes,” for the old Pagan shades retained some features of resemblance to their former fleshly selves. A striking argument against Spinoza, is that advanced long before his time by One who belonged to the same race, and read the same Scriptures as he did. Speaking of Jehovah’s announcement of Himself as “the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob,” Jesus says—it is the Jesus of the evangelists we mean, and not of M. Renan—“God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.” As if He had said, “What virtue is there in the names of the patriarchs, or with what dignity could the Ever-living One ally His own with theirs, if, while He is eternal, they were but creatures of a day?” The same argument, *mutatis mutandis*, may be applied here. Why take such pains to glorify a bubble on the wave? What is the purpose of this celebration? Is it to honour a philosophic martyr? But many martyrs could be found even in the walks of philosophy and science, whose principles were more worth contending for than these. Or is it to show how little a man may believe and yet lead a blameless life? The phenomenon is one of sufficient rarity to merit investigation, but unless we can be certified of some very extraordinary developments of virtue that have not come down to posterity we should hardly care to put Spinoza in competition with men that might be named for the honours of the most commonplace philanthropy. In fine, if Spinoza is not, why make so much ado about him? In this connection at least the adage is true, that a living dog is better than a dead lion. And if he still is, then—and the alternative is by much the preferable one—instead of Spinoza it is Spinozism that has come to an end. But we are anticipating a little. After we have taken our survey of the man and his work, we shall be in a position to show why, if we do not echo the fanatical outcry of his sworn enemies, we cannot make common cause with those who laud him to the skies.

Benedict Spinoza was born at the Burgwal of Amsterdam, on the 24th of November, 1632. Baruch was the name given him by his parents, but he subsequently exchanged it for its Latin equivalent, as many learned men used to

do, even with their surnames. As for his surname, it was sufficiently Latinised and sufficiently significant in its original form: indeed, coupled as it is with such a cognomen, it seems prophetic of the contrariety of opinions to be held concerning him. His parents were descendants of certain Portuguese Jews, whom the tender mercies of the Inquisition had compelled to take refuge in Holland. That they had remained faithful to the traditions of their fathers is evidenced by the fact both of their proximity to the synagogue, and of their early destination of their only son to the study of rabbinical literature. His own precocity no doubt influenced this determination. Sent to the school connected with the synagogue, he soon displayed a proficiency which not only amazed but embarrassed his instructors. Commencing with the Hebrew Scriptures, his studies extended to the Talmud and the writings of Maimonides. "At fourteen he was a match for a rabbi in extent and accuracy of Biblical learning. At fifteen he puzzled the Synagogue with questions to which satisfactory answers were not forthcoming." His was a mind that it was more easy to set thinking than to keep within due limits when once encouraged to think. The puerilities of Talmudical interpretation might well disgust a logical intellect like Spinoza's. The great Talmudist, Morteira, whose disciple he had been, soon found his expectations concerning his pupil likely to issue in disappointment, his admiration for his talents beginning to give place to bewilderment and alarm. It was useless to quote authorities to this youthful controversialist: his demand was, not for opinions, but for proofs. As time went on, Spinoza began to separate himself from the synagogue, and all the resources of academical argument and parental influence were employed in vain to bring him back. Bribes and threats were alike unavailing; a pension of a thousand florins annually, "on condition of his appearing from time to time in the synagogue and keeping within his bosom certain troublesome doubts," was rejected with disdain. We must exculpate the members of the synagogue from complicity in the attempt at assassination that took place one dark night in the street: from their public action in the excommunication of the heretic which took place in 1656 they would themselves desire no exculpation, they regarded it as a part of their official duty. Nor, considering the times in which they lived and the views respecting

priestly functions then in vogue, can we wonder that they should feel obliged to put him away. No other course was open to them, if they would prevent the dreadful taint of heresy from spreading throughout the flock: at the same time we instinctively recoil from the profanation of sacred names and things which the ceremony itself involved. Would that there were no parallel cases in churches professedly Christian! But when we compare the formula of excommunication pronounced by the Rabbis upon Spinoza with that, for instance, launched against Luther by Leo, we must admit that in malignant acerbity of temper, in arrogant assumption of prerogative, and in varied resources of blasphemy, the Jewish must yield the palm to the Christian anathema. The Rabbis refer to "the will of God and the congregation, the book of the law and the six hundred and thirteen precepts contained therein:" the Pope finds rule and interpretation, principle and precedent, all within his own breast. They "beseech the great God to confound such a man and to hasten the day of his destruction:" he by his own pontifical power casts down the rebel into the bottomless pit. And there is more to be said than this of the difference in the two excommunications. The spiritual supremacy of the Pope was regarded as a living reality in the sixteenth century, as much so as his temporal authority. The papal bull was also followed up by the imperial edict, and there was hardly a country in Europe, outside the dominions of the Elector Frederic, in which Luther would have been safe for an hour. But the fulminations of the rabbinical conclave at Amsterdam exploded like detonating powder, and passed harmlessly away. Their effects were confined to the spiritual world, i.e., for Spinoza they were purely imaginary. Odium and obloquy were the extreme limits of his persecution, from which however he judged it the part of prudence to make good his retreat. It is true that the indignation of the Jews was not satisfied with the mere act of excommunication. His presence in the city seemed a perpetual defiance and reproach. They denounced him to the magistrates as a man whose principles endangered the public peace, and by dint of importunity succeeded in obtaining an order for his temporary banishment. Spinoza, however, had already anticipated their action by withdrawing himself into the country; he found an asylum in the house of a friend, Albert de Burgh, where he appears to have remained—

at no great distance from the capital—without further molestation.

What point he had now reached in the development of his character and opinions, it is difficult to say. The alleged ground of his excommunication was not atheism but heresy. Whether his study of Descartes had commenced before this date is not known. Remembering that in 1631 Amsterdam had been chosen by that philosopher as his place of abode when he "retired from the world"—he speaks of preferring it to all the convents of the Capuchins and to the fairest retreats of France and Italy—we see some probability in the hypothesis of an early acquaintance with his works and in the conjecture of Kuno Fischer, that "it was to the influence of Descartes Spinoza owed his emancipation from rabbinical ideas." It was not, however, till 1663 that he published his exposition of the Cartesian doctrines, the first work of his that saw the light, if we except his *Apology* for his secession from the Synagogue, which was written in Spanish. There was quite enough in the writings of Maimonides to awaken any germs of scepticism that might lie hidden in his breast; and the storms of opposition that broke over him, acting upon a proud, defiant nature, were likely to strengthen rather than to uproot his doubts. At the time of his quitting Amsterdam, he was the centre of a small band who eagerly espoused his sentiments and sympathised in his misfortunes. The esteem in which he was held by them is attested by the following letter from one of their number, whose name was Simon de Vries.

"For a long time," he says, "my much respected friend, I have desired to pay you a visit, but I have not had sufficient leisure, and a severe winter has made it impossible. I often deplore my lot, on account of the distance between us. Happy, thrice happy is the young man who shares your home, who, living under the same roof, can converse with you morning, noon, and night on things of the highest importance. It is true that, though our bodies are sundered, you are often present to my mind, especially while I read and re-read your writings. In the meantime, as their contents do not seem to be clear in all points to the members of our society—for we have recommenced our meetings—and as I fear you will think I am forgetful of you, I have determined to write you this letter. As to our society, or what remains of it, it is conducted as follows: Each of us reads in turn, expounds his views, and demonstrates everything according to the order of your propositions; then, if we are not satisfied, we intend to take

note of our difficulties and consult you, in order that they may be cleared up, and that under your guidance we may be in a position to defend the truth against Christians and other superstitiously religious people, or, if necessary, to withstand the assaults of the whole world: *duce te contra superstitione religioſos Christianoſque veritatem defendere, tum totius mundi impetum stare.*"

Spinoza's reply well illustrates his own feelings towards those whom he had left:

"Very dear friend, I have received your long-expected letter, for which I return you a thousand thanks, as I also do for your affection to me. Absence and distance are not less insupportable to myself than to you; yet I rejoice that my compositions are of some use to you and to our friends. For in this way, absent myself, I speak to the absent. You need not envy the sharer of my lodgings: no one is a greater source of anxiety to me, and I have to guard myself from him more than from any other person. Hence I would advise both you and all our friends not to communicate my opinions to him until he has reached maturity. At present he is too childish and volatile, fonder of novelty than of truth. But I hope in future he will gradually amend these faults of his early years. As far as I can judge, I feel certain that he will, and on this account I love him. As to the questions proposed in your meeting, which appears to me very well organised, I see that your difficulties arise from your not distinguishing between the different sorts of definition."

His hopes concerning the young man in question, Albert de Burgh, were not realised. The ultimate conversion of the latter to the Roman Catholic Church was a bitter disappointment to his preceptor.

Toward the close of 1660 Spinoza removed to Rhineburgh, near Leyden, his young pupil accompanying him. It was for his benefit, in the first instance, that the treatise on Descartes was originally written. On its publication, his friend Louis Meyer, who edited it, represented the author as a Cartesian, at that time no small recommendation in Holland. Spinoza, however, took care to add an appendix in which he indicated his chief point of divergence from Descartes. But Spinoza did not need to be decked in borrowed plumes. His fame was daily increasing, and with it the number of those who, in the absence of any published work, sought personal interviews with him. It was principally in deference to their wishes that in 1669 he settled at the Hague, a place which he never afterwards left except at distant intervals and for short excursions.

Here he found himself among friends, and chief among

them was one who evinced the genuineness of his attachment by offering him a yearly annuity. It may be stated that, on the death of his father, his two sisters, Rebecca and Miriam, tried to keep him from his inheritance, "probably thinking that an excommunicated heretic had no claim on the money of the faithful. He appealed against them in a court of law, gained his cause, and, having thus satisfied his sense of justice, gave up the contested property as a free gift, thus saving his sisters from fraud and himself from an indignity." Nor was this by any means an exceptional instance of the self-reliance which in him was undoubtedly a high social virtue, whatever may have been its philosophic aspect and tendency. One common-sense doctrine he had derived from the traditions of his fathers, to the effect that it behoved even a scholar or a doctor to acquaint himself with some profession, trade, or handicraft, so as to be capable, if other means should fail, of earning an honest livelihood. Accordingly, he was no sooner deprived of his patrimony than he cast about for some means of obtaining at least a bare subsistence. This he found in an employment sufficiently allied to science to redeem it from the reproach of meanness, viz., the polishing of lenses. He became, in fact, a skilful practical optician, and by this means eked out the scanty resources that may have been made available by teaching. He was still in comparatively straitened circumstances when De Witt made his offer of a pension of some thirty-five pounds a year; not enough to enrich him, certainly, but, for a man of his simple habits, what would almost amount to a competency. The offer and the acceptance of it were alike honourable to both parties in this transaction. It was not the first offer of the kind that had been made. Simon de Vries, we are told, once "brought him a thousand florins, entreating him to accept it as a slight payment of the heavy debt the pupil owed the teacher. Spinoza laughingly assured him that he was in no need of money, and that such a sum would turn his head. Simon then made a will, bequeathing the whole of his property to Spinoza, who, on hearing it, at once set off for Amsterdam, to remonstrate against an act so unjust to Simon's brother. His arguments prevailed. The will was destroyed, and the brother finally inherited. Now came a struggle of generosity. The heir protested that he could not accept the property unless he were allowed to settle five hundred

florins a year on the disinterested friend ; and, after some debate, Spinoza agreed to accept three hundred." Spinoza's conduct throughout these transactions was truly noble, and we entirely concur with Mr. Lewee, from whom we have here been quoting, in the opinion that "there is often as much generosity in accepting as in conferring an obligation, and as much vanity as independence in its rejection. All depends upon the nature of the existing relations, and the character of the friends."

Spinoza, however, was now approaching a period of his life in which he was to be beset by much greater temptations than any that could spring from the ardent devotion of a friend. A blaze of publicity was about to burst upon him, and that not wholly of an enviable kind. Long before his settlement at the Hague, he had been importuned to give the world the results of his profound investigations. So early as 1662 he was exhorted to this course by Henry Oldenburg of Bremen—the same Oldenburg who was afterwards the representative of the Low Countries in England, where he assisted in laying the foundations of the Royal Society, and where he died in 1678. "Take courage," says he to Spinoza, "do not fear the irritation of the small minds of the present day ; we have too long offered sacrifices on the altars of ignorance and stupidity ; let us unfurl the sails of true science, and penetrate further than has ever yet been done into the innermost secrets of nature. You will be able, I think, in your own neighbourhood, to publish your speculations without let or hindrance, and on the part of the learned you will meet with no opposition. Now, if you have the learned for your patrons and your coadjutors, as I can most absolutely promise you, why should you fear an ignorant mob ?"

Again, the following year, he writes : "Permit me, illustrious and very dear friend, to ask whether you have finished the important work in which you treat of the origin of things, and of their dependence on the First Cause, and also on the regulation of the understanding. Surely nothing could be published more acceptable to learned and intelligent men. This is what a thinker of your character and spirit ought to consider, rather than what will please the theologians of our day, who, after the manner of the age, seek their own interest rather than truth. I conjure you, therefore, in the name of our inviolable friendship, and by all the claims of truth—which

ever seeks its own diffusion and increase—do not withhold from us your writings on these subjects." Again, a little later: "I will never believe that you meditate anything prejudicial to the existence and providence of God. Now, provided we respect these fundamental truths, religion remains secure; and philosophical speculations, of whatsoever kind, are quite lawful. Make haste, then, and do not waste your time in rending your garments."

Spinoza knew better than Oldenburg the nature of his speculations, and the probable consequences of their being made public. For eight years he withstood the importunities of his friends, but, shortly after coming to the Hague, yielded, taking the precaution of issuing his work anonymously, and with the name of Hamburg on the title-page. In order to veil his sentiments from the eyes of the vulgar, the work was written in Latin. It was the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus*, "one of the boldest books," says Mr. Lewes, "ever written, and written at a time when boldness was far more perilous than it has been since, when philosophers had to use elaborate precautions in advancing even small heresies, and their skill was shown in insinuating what they could not openly avow."

Public opinion was not at fault on the question of its authorship. Friends and foes alike recognised his hand. There was a new outburst of anger and a new outburst of enthusiastic admiration. The chief men of the Republic sought his acquaintance. His house became an hotel, the resort of the leading spirits of the day. Hénault, a man of great intelligence and erudition, but a refined sensualist and avowed atheist, who had composed three treatises to prove the mortality of the soul, took a journey to Holland in order to see Spinoza. On the other hand, such a philosopher as Leibnitz did not disdain correspondence with "the famous Jew," and afterwards, when passing through Holland, stopped at the Hague, and had several interviews with him. Every stranger of note desired the honour of an introduction. Even the ladies coveted the same favour, much in the same way as those *associées* of the British Association at Belfast who stroked with their fans "the naughty man who didn't believe in anything."

In 1673 he was invited to Utrecht by Condé, who was not less desirous of distinction in the regions of philosophy than on the field of battle. He failed, however, to see him, and, in the absence of the General, was entertained

by the Marshal of Luxemburg, who encouraged him to solicit a pension from Louis XIV. This Spinoza declined to do, declaring that he had nothing to dedicate to the King, and was himself a staunch Republican. About the same time the Prince-Palatine Charles Louis offered him a chair of philosophy at Heidelberg, promising that, so long as he gave due honour to the established religion, he should enjoy the most absolute "liberty of philosophising." These advances also he politely declined. He dreaded the effect of professorial jealousy, and was moreover of opinion that in an official position some restraint should be placed on speculation. At the same time, his own mind was made up not to stop short of any conclusions to which reason might conduct him. Nor did he wish to be interrupted in working out the views which were hereafter to appear in his famous *Ethics*. In 1675 he thought of publishing this last production of his pen, on which he had been engaged since 1663. Again, however, he hesitated, and this time, strange to say, his friends shared his scruples. Oldenburg, resuming a correspondence that had been broken off for ten years, "conjures" him again, not now however to hasten the publication of his work, but to beware of introducing anything which might cast a slur upon religion and virtue. He "will not object to receive a few copies of the new treatise," but adds that "it will be better not to make it known that books of such a nature have been sent" to him. It was not without reason that Oldenburg was chary of any connection with the publication of such a work. The sensation excited by its predecessor had not yet subsided. The book itself was proscribed. The country had just achieved its own independence, and by heroic sacrifices and at the cost of much blood had obtained emancipation from the tyranny of priestcraft. And now internal enemies arose to threaten its newly-established unity, and undermine the foundations of all belief. The Protestant theologians were the loudest in their censures. The creed of the nation was calumniated: there was danger lest Protestantism should be confounded with infidelity, and they hastened to disavow Spinozism with the same zeal they had shown in renouncing Popery. That Holland should have been the birthplace of such a man was bad enough, but that she should suffer him to dwell at ease within her borders was almost more than they could bear.

It is no wonder then that the appearance of Spinoza's second great work was delayed. As a matter of fact, it did not see the light till after his death in 1677. The interval was uneventful. We will borrow from Mr. Lewes his description of Spinoza's private life and of his last days.

"Let us glance at his private life. Though very poor, from his scanty pittance he had something to spare for the necessities of others. On looking over his papers after his death, it was found that one day his expenses amounted to three halfpence for a *soup au lait* and a little butter, with three farthings extra for beer; another day, gruel, with butter and raisins, which cost him two-pence halfpenny, sufficed for his epicurism; and as his biographer, Colerus, says, 'Although often invited to dinner, he preferred the scanty meal that he found at home to dining sumptuously at the expense of another.' In company with a few neighbours, he sat at the chimney corner, smoking his pipe and talking to them of what they could understand, not disturbing their creeds by any obtrusion of his own. No vanity of proselytism made him trouble the convictions of those unfitted to receive new doctrines. When his landlady, feeling perhaps that the assurance of so good and great a man was almost equal to the priest's, asked him whether he believed she could be saved by her religion, which she knew was not his, he replied, 'Your religion is a good one: you ought not to seek another, nor doubt that yours will procure salvation, provided you add to your piety the tranquil virtues of domestic life.' Nor was this, as some might suppose, the mere evasion of one who chose not to commit himself by exposure of his heretical opinions: it was a part of the solemn earnestness with which he looked at life and accepted faith. . . . He knew his hostess was not wise, but he saw that she was virtuous.

"The children all loved him, and for them he would bring one of his lenses to show them the spiders magnified. It was his amusement to watch insects. The sight of spiders fighting would make the tears roll down his cheeks with laughter; a trait which Dugald Stewart thinks very decidedly indicates a tendency to insanity, and satisfactorily accounts for the horrible doctrines of Spinozism. Hamann sees in it only the sympathy of one web-spinner for another: 'His taste betrays itself in a mode of thought which only insects can thus entangle. Spiders and their admirer Spinoza naturally take to the geometric style of building.' This is only surpassed by Hegel's interpretation of his predisposition to consumption being in harmony with his philosophy, in which 'all individuality and particularity are reduced into the one substance.'

"He had been a delicate child, and although at no time a positive invalid, he had always been weakly. The seeds of con-

sumption slowly but inevitably undermined his strength, and on Sunday, 22nd of February, 1677, he was so feeble that his kind host and hostess left him reluctantly to attend Divine service. He feared that he was sinking. But he entreated them to go to church as usual. On their return he talked with them about the sermon, and ate some broth with a good appetite. After dinner they again went to church, but left the physician by his bedside. On their return all was over. At three o'clock he had expired in the presence of the physician—who paid himself by taking a silver-handled knife, and what lay on the table, and departed.

"He died in his forty-fifth year, in the maturity of his intellect, but not before he had thoroughly worked out the whole scheme of his philosophy."

Upon a review of his life we are bound to admit not only that no blot disfigures his moral character, but that it presents some remarkable and attractive features. Of avarice, the hereditary vice of the Jew, not a trace appears. His free-thinking did not lead to libertinism. His independence does not appear to have degenerated into cynicism. Though he led the life of a recluse, he did not give way to misanthropy, but evidently inspired and reciprocated the impulses of genuine affection. Obloquy did not sour, nor popularity spoil him. But all these are in the main negative virtues. The standard he attained was a very ordinary one. We cannot found upon it any claims to the hero-worship of which he has been made the object. He is a man of marvellously cool head: he can look down quite unmoved into the chasm created by some earth-shaking blast, and this when it is he himself that has laid the train and applied the match and is responsible for all the destruction it may cause. And as such and so far, he is worthy of admiration.

We will not quote the opinions entertained of him by those on whom his posthumous work, the *Ethics*, fell like a thunderbolt. Those opinions were largely owing to prejudice: the holders of them could not understand how one who taught such horrible doctrines could be other than an incarnate fiend himself. But let us hear M. Nourrisson, an author to whom we have been constantly indebted in the course of this paper, and as impartial a judge as any philosopher, dead or living, could wish to have. After comparing him with the mystical Jacob Boehme and the inimitable Pascal, in the latter case signalling however more differences than resemblances, he adds:

"There are two features in Spinoza's character which are commonly overlooked, his prudence and his pride. The Epicureans did not wish their sage to multiply his being, to throw out its lines in all directions so as to render himself vulnerable at every point. They counselled him to be self-sufficient and self-contained, they would have him reduce himself to an atom, that floats with safety through the immensity of space. By necessity as well as by inclination, Spinoza realised this ideal. Caution is his motto. On the other hand, to the prudence of the Epicurean he united the pride of the Stoic. True, he led a retired life: that is an incontestable fact. He was moreover of an accommodating temper: this I believe on the word of all who had access to him. He even refused, partly by way of precaution, but partly also through hatred of sectarianism, to put his name to his works: this also is certain. But what imperturbable self-confidence! What outrageous contempt for tradition! What lofty disdain of common sense! Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, all are nothing in his eyes. The doctrines of Descartes and Bacon seem to him to be crowded with errors. In fact, although he declares that he never forgets that he is human and liable to self-deception, he pretends to rely on none but himself. His spirit seems to claim the confidence of infallibility."

As we fail to discover anything in Spinoza's character entitling him to very profound homage, let us inquire into his system, and see whether we shall fare any better. In the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus* we have, what the name suggests, the theological and political creed of Spinoza, the practical outcome of a philosophy whose fundamental principles were not unfolded until the publication of his *Ethics*. It is to this last we must turn for an exposition of the matured and final views of this philosopher. His method is that of a rigorous geometrical demonstration, in which from a few elementary assumptions the scheme of the universe may be drawn out. This, at the outset, does not look very promising. The array of definitions and axioms, of propositions, scholia and corollaries, reminds us at once of the science which investigates magnitudes and their relations; and we begin to doubt whether such a method is applicable to a system which undertakes to explain all things in all their relations. Certainly if our philosopher assumes a sufficient number of postulates, and these only such as are self-evident—and if, like a geometrician, he keep strictly within the range of the assumptions thus made; and can legitimately bring all he treats of under their dominion—his plan may be successful. But does he,

can he, comply with these conditions? We think not. He tells us that the attributes of substance are infinite in number, but that only two of them are knowable, viz., thought and extension. And from these two attributes alone he intends to explain all the mysteries of God and Nature, of matter and of mind. We are constrained to ask whether it is not just possible that, of the infinity of unknown attributes wherewith substance is endowed, some may not modify the action of the two that are known? Or how can we tell that these two are fundamental to the rest? But, leaving the question of the method, let us look a little more closely at the system itself.

"In his first book Spinoza lays down his definition of substance 'as that which exists in itself and is conceived by itself, in other words, the conception of which does not require the conception of anything else antecedent to it.' Substance as thus defined is necessary and infinite: necessary, because it contains its *raison d'être* within itself: infinite, because it contains the plenitude of being. Not only is it necessary and infinite: substance is also one. For two infinities are a contradiction. Being one, it is indivisible. This substance is God. But without attributes a substance would be to us a nonentity. By attribute is meant that which the mind perceives as constituting the essence of substance. Further, an infinite substance must have infinite attributes. So with God: He possesses infinite attributes. By God we are to understand a Being absolutely infinite, that is to say, a substance constituted by infinite attributes, each of which expresses an infinite and eternal essence. Of this infinity of attributes, however, we can only discern two, viz., infinite extension and infinite thought. It by no means follows from His possession of infinite extension that God is corporeal or divisible. Spinoza affirms that it is only finite extension which is divisible. By its very infinitude, Divine extension is exempt from the possibility of division. And as infinite extension in God does not involve divisibility, so infinite thought does not imply reason. God has no other thought than His own essence. Or if we sometimes speak metaphorically of the Divine reason, it must no more be confounded with reason in man than the dog-star in the heavens with the dog that barks. It is difficult for us to avoid attributing to God faculties similar to our own, nor is it any marvel we should do so. If a triangle or a circle could speak, would not the triangle say that God is eminently triangular, and the circle that He is eminently circular?

"God being infinite extension without divisibility, and infinite thought without reason, it follows that He ought also to be considered as possessing freedom, provided the term be rightly under-

stood. To suppose that God has to make choice of this or that line of operation and to attribute to Him a liberty of indifference, or to suppose that He arbitrarily adapts various means to various ends, is to err egregiously. Liberty in God is that in virtue of which everything proceeds from God as He from everything. The manifestations of God are inherent in Him as are in the triangle its properties. Consequently, everything is good as it is, or rather is the best it can be. In fine, everything comes from God, everything subsists in God, everything is God. God is the efficient and immanent cause of all that is. 'Thus,' Spinoza says, 'I have explained the nature of God and His attributes; I have shown that He exists necessarily, that He is one; that He acts, as He exists, solely by the necessity of His nature; that He is the unconditioned Cause of all things, and in what way He is so; that everything is in Him and depends on Him in such a manner that without Him nothing can either be or be conceived; and finally, that all things have been predetermined by God, not in virtue of free will or absolute good pleasure, but of His absolute nature or infinite power.'

The definition of substance is faulty, to begin with. The parallel between conception and existence is pushed too far: the powers of thought are made the measure of the possibilities of being, and the old question is at once started of the Unknowable and Inconceivable. Besides this, there is a juggle with the preposition "in:" does the existence of a thing "in" itself refer to its hiddenness apart from its manifested attributes, or its real independence of another thing? Is it *id quod substat accidentibus* or *ens per se subsistens* that he means? From the explanatory clause which follows we presume the latter. But if so, we entirely object to this arbitrary limitation of the term. It is more than a question of words: it is a question of things, and one of the deepest moment. There may be substances which are not self-subsistent: things may exist in themselves which do not exist of themselves. In fact, in confining the term substance to the self-subsistent, Spinoza at once destroys, as he intended, the reality both of matter and mind. His purpose in doing so may have been a good one. He may have meant simply to get over the difficulty of creation. But in clearing away one mental difficulty he has raised up a host of others, mental and moral too. The demand that nothing shall be considered as substance which is not subsistence, is a begging of the whole question. The radical distinction of the ego from the non-ego as given in consciousness is set

at nought. No system of *a priori* deduction can be admitted which clashes with the first convictions of the human mind: every such system must seek its verification in experience, although its foundation may be laid in principles which transcend experience. The ego knows itself at least to be a substance: that is among its primary affirmations: it does not know itself as self-subsistent.

What follows concerning the infinite attributes we admit, that is, if it means that each of God's attributes must be infinite in extent. If it means that they must also be infinite in number, we are not aware of the grounds of such necessity. We should think the unity of the Divine Being might just as easily be called in to prove that He has but one attribute, as His infinitude of nature to prove an infinity of attributes.

However, the number of the attributes is no concern of ours, seeing we only know two of them, thought and extension. This gratuitous simplicity, or rather duality, is far from relieving us of all difficulties. For thought is not here human thought, nor bears any analogy to it, since it has no basis in intelligence. God does not reason: there is no such thing as a finite object before this infinite Subject: there is no such thing as a collocation of such objects and a judgment between them. Intelligence with God is not action, for that would be limitation, and all limitation is negation, which to Him is impossible. Therefore His thought is—His essence, or in one word Himself. If this be all we know about the chief of the only two attributes we do know, it must be confessed that we know very little about it. We cannot distinguish it from the substance in which it inheres: we are referred from the substance to the attribute, and then from the attribute back to the substance again.

Let us come to the second and last known attribute, viz., extension. This is an attribute borrowed from matter and bestowed on the Divine Being, just as thought is borrowed from mind for the same purpose. Only there must first be a depleting process performed on it also, by which it is in like manner voided of all meaning. Extension is ascribed to God, but not divisibility: for this would imply finitude and therefore imperfection, as in the case of thought. Only that which is already finite can be divided. The reason is very hard to understand. Why should the mere having or not having external boundaries make such a difference to

internal structure? Divisibility appears to us inseparable from extension.

As we have before hinted, this junction of thought with extension, two attributes usually considered as antagonistic and irreconcilable, the one pertaining to matter exclusively and the other to mind, is expressly devised to solve the mystery of creation, or rather to explode it as an unnecessary hypothesis. There are not two infinite substances, says Spinoza, therefore matter and mind are not both distinctly and separately eternal. Nor was either evolved out of the other. They both subsist in God, of whom they are both equal and parallel manifestations. But is the explanation a whit more intelligible than the mystery to be explained? The mystery of creation is the difficulty of conceiving how a Being to whom we do not attribute extension should bring into existence that to which we do. In Spinoza's scheme the necessity for creation is obviated, but it is only by changing the connotation of the terms extension and thought. The mystery remains unsolved, and by all wise men will be allowed to remain as one among many proofs that we only know in part.

Liberty shares a similar fate to that of extension and thought. We are here struck, however, with the inconsistency of predicating of God either liberty or its opposite. For have we not already been assured that the knowable attributes are only two? However, liberty is a notion not easily got rid of: either itself or its contradictory, necessity, one would think, must then be ascribed to God. But no! there is another alternative by which both horns of the dilemma may be avoided. It is to ascribe them both.

When we have God thus completely "explained" to us, by winnowing away all inconvenient attributes and uniting those that remain, contradictory and repugnant though they be, we are prepared to expect that short work will be made of creatures so insignificant as those which compose the human race. Pursuing the two original attributes to their legitimate ramifications, we come upon the following account of nature and mankind: "The modes of the attribute of infinite extension are bodies. The modes of the attribute of infinite thought are ideas, spirits, souls." Everything has its soul: the animal, the vegetable, the mineral, all participate in the infinite thought, as well as in the infinite extension. We are struck here with the exceeding convenience and pliability

of "modes" as distinguished from "attributes." The latter share in the essence of the substance, only yielding to it a priority in dignity and conception. The former are inferior to the attributes, as not sharing in the essence. We are obliged to ask, Whence then do they spring? How did Spinoza come to think of them? Are they not generalisations from experience—raw levies brought out from the regions of sense and consciousness to assist the overtaxed forces of pure thought? Does not the *a posteriori* method here, in fact, come half-way to meet the *a priori*? Or if these modes are the offspring of the one substance whose attributes are indivisible extension and unreasoning thought, then how is it that as bodies they are divisible and as souls they can reason? Surely there is here more in the effect than we have provided in the cause. Yet so it is. "Considered apart, in the universe of things, man is a complex mode of the Divine extension and thought. In fact, the essence of the substance does not belong to the essence of man. What constitutes his essence is certain modifications of the attributes of God. His soul is an idea, a succession of Divine ideas. And as every idea has an ideal, i.e., an object, the body is simply the object of this idea, that is, of the soul. The soul is only the body thinking, and the body is only the soul extended. The human body is only a part of the Divine substance as extended: the human soul is only the infinite thought in so far as it perceives the human body." The body a "part" of the indivisibly extended, and the soul "the infinite thought," which cannot reason, "perceiving the body"!

With a being thus strangely constituted, it is easy to see what must follow. Liberty is an illusion: man is a "spiritual automaton." And he cannot complain, any more than the circle because it lacks the properties of the sphere. Knowledge he has, as we have already seen, and that is all he wants. The defect of it is the source of all his woes; the supply of it their adequate cure. "The will is only the judgment; and between doing and suffering there is no other difference than between an obscure idea and a clear one." "Let it not be objected that man ought not to be blamed or punished if he sins, since he does so only by a necessity or frailty of his own nature. A person bitten by a mad dog is not to be blamed, certainly, but it is quite right that he should be gagged." Yet the punish-

ment that overtakes man is not inflicted by God as a judge. This would imply means adapted to ends, and both ends and means are inadmissible. God acts simply from His own nature when He punishes, just as man does when he sins, and both are equally natural procedures. So the infinite thought chastises the finite thought which yet is no other than itself. What, then, are right and wrong? Words without meaning, names that have no notions corresponding to them. They should be called good and evil, in the sense of useful and useless. "The good is nothing but the useful. Good and evil answer to nothing positive in the nature of things, and are only modes of thought, or notions, which we form as the result of certain comparisons which we draw. One and the same thing may be at one and the same time evil and good, or indifferent. By good we must understand that which we know to be useful: by evil, that which we know to hinder our enjoyment of any good. The one is contributory, the other prejudicial, to the conservation of our being: the one augments, the other diminishes, our power of action. The knowledge of good and evil is, then, nothing but our consciousness of our own passions."

Such doctrine as this is, of course, too patently immoral to be proclaimed without some palliatives. Just as he is about to plunge society into the abyss, on the very edge of the precipice Spinoza reins in, with the remark that "man is the greatest utility to man." All bodies and souls, since they were in the one substance, are to be as one body and soul: if they are not, it is because men do not live conformably to their nature, that is, to reason. The remedy is knowledge, and, above all, the knowledge of God. The more a man knows and loves God, the more he will strive to bring others to the same knowledge and love. "Consequently, to turn our spirits toward the contemplation of God—not merely to convert our obscure ideas into clear ones, but to get rid of the idea of the perishable, and to pursue the idea of the eternal; to follow a good which is common to all, and which all possess in greater fulness in proportion as all more fully share in its enjoyment; to secure in this way the end of each individual's being as well as that of society—this is the supreme precept for all human conduct, and the secret of all true freedom."

The sentiments are fine, but seem to clash with principles already laid down, as that there is no such thing

as liberty, and no such thing as final ends. And suppose that man objects to the roughness of the road and the distance of the goal, well, let him remember that "things cannot be other than they are." So to the Epicurean pursuit of happiness there is to be joined, when that fails, a Stoical contempt for it. Get the grapes if you can: if not, say that they are green. A man may, nay, must, follow out the propensities of his nature; and if he cannot find satisfaction in their objects, let him find it in the propensities themselves. But this is not all. By some means or other, not from Epicureans, certainly, nor from Stoics, but from a source he would have disdained to own, Spinoza had heard of such a thing as loving God for His own sake. There was something in this noble and unearthly, free alike from the Epicurean grossness and the Stoical severity: let it be grafted in. It is done, and the doctrine of pure love, the favourite tenet of the mystics, is seen flourishing, like some young shoot in the spring-time, on the bald, unsightly stock of Spinoza's "thought and extension." When man has once attained this true freedom—i.e., when the creature without will has made choice of God, and the being that only acts from nature has by contemplation found his nature transformed—then he attains true blessedness. How much more there is in this of sound than sense, will appear by a comparison with the following passage from the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus*, the sense of which is unmistakable, though hard to reconcile with what has gone before:

"The natural right of each man is not determined by sound reason, but by desire and power. Men are not determined to act according to the rules and laws of reason; on the contrary, all men are born ignorant of all things—and before they can know the true way of living, and acquire the habit of virtue, a large portion of their existence, even though they may have been well educated, has passed away. In the meantime, they are bound to live, and to preserve their own existence, under the sole influence of appetite. Nature has given them nothing but appetite, and has denied them the power of living according to sound reason, and so they are no more bound to live according to the laws of sound reason than the cat to live after the laws of lion nature. Hence, all things which every man, considering him as under the dominion of Nature alone, judges to be useful, whether from the dictates of sound reason, or from the suggestions of

excited passion—all these things he is at liberty to follow in the name of the sovereign right of Nature, and to procure for himself by all sorts of means, whether by violence, fraud, entreaty, or by any method which to him may seem best. Consequently, he ought to treat as an enemy whoever would hinder the satisfaction of his desire."

So the arrest on the brink of the precipice was only a momentary one : now we all rush headlong into the abyss. We do not know which to marvel at the most, the intellectual contradictions or the moral enormities of such philosophy. A creature consisting in thought and extension follows his own nature to such results as these, and then by contemplation of God, that is, by thought of Thought, re-establishes himself in perfect love, perfect purity, and perfect peace !

Thus much for man : one might suppose there would be less difficulty with Nature, for here do we not get rid of the mysteries of mind, together with the great mystery of its union with matter ? So many suppose, but not Spinoza. He, as we have seen, puts a soul into everything that is. And each kind of natural production has its several soul, more or less noble according to the number and nature of its attributes. The ascription of spiritual characteristics is less easy when we come to inorganic matter, than while we remain within the confines of animal or even vegetable existence. In one animal or one tree we suppose one soul, and only one, resides : there is a series of organs that minister to it, and are ministered to in return. But when we speak of the soul of a mineral, we have to ask, Where is its local habitation, and what its bounds ? Is there a soul for each mound of earth and ledge of limestone and seam of coal ? Or is a new soul created with every blow of the hammer and blast of the mine, so that each flinty fragment gets a soul of its own ? If cohesion be thus the limit of soul existence in solids, how is it with fluids and gases ? Has each particle of oxygen and hydrogen its soul ? If so, the souls of gases must make up by their number and variety for any lack of dignity in each several member of the spiritual corporation—the plebs by sheer mass and multitude outweighing the more refined patrician order. But even now we have not done. For the particles of oxygen, hydrogen, &c., are assimilated in crowds to animal and vegetable structures, in fact, compose their bulk : do they

carry with them their own souls, and add to the spiritual dignity of plant and beast and man, as they increase their size and weight? If so, how much advantage has Brobdignag over Lilliputia, and Daniel Lambert over General Tom Thumb.

Passing from the difficulties occasioned by the divisibility and spirituality of matter, we find certain obvious features which seem to be left unaccounted for by the theory of thought and extension. One of these is motion. Whence does it proceed? Not from God. Since the motions of bodies are not infinite, they cannot originate in any attribute which, as infinite, must always act with infinite energy. Such action must be finite, and finitude is imperfection. Besides, the appropriate attribute is wanting, for neither thought nor extension supplies it. Equally inadmissible is its origination in bodies themselves, or in the souls that fill them.

Other unaccountable phenomena—unaccountable on the present hypothesis—are the variety of things, their order, and suggestion of contrivance. Why water sometimes freezes, and fire always burns—why grass should grow or wither, and stones should not—why stars and glow-worms shine—why the winds blow and the seasons return in their courses—these are questions which did not need the science of modern times to prompt them: they are awakened by the curiosity of a child. But Spinoza, shut up for months within his lodgings at the Hague, seems to have forgotten quite the varied form—we do not say of hill and dale, for Holland has not these—but of every substance that gleams athwart our vision, say the different coloured lenses he was polishing. But truly in a twofold sense is he a polisher of lenses—to aid the intellectual eyesight of mankind at large, as well as the physical organs of his customers. For the enthusiasts in philosophy, or for the simple-minded generally, he prepares green spectacles—a whole gross of them, like the man in the *Vicar of Wakefield*—and finds buyers enough. For the discontented, who look with envy on all prosperity and happiness they do not share, there are the yellow-coloured spectacles, gradually deepening into red. But to the true truth-seeker, the man who will examine facts instead of swallowing hypotheses, and who prefers reality to speculation, in the place of pure transparent crystal he presents specialities in ground glass.

That he felt the force of such objections is evident from the following correspondence between himself and one of his most intimate friends, Louis Meyer, already mentioned as the publisher of the *Ethica*. Says the latter, writing to Spinoza from Paris, in 1676 :

"Most learned friend, be good enough to point out how it is possible, on your principles, to explain *a priori*, from the notion of extension, the variety of things, since you quote (and condemn) the opinion of Descartes, who proves that this variety cannot be deduced from extension except by supposing that it is in the extended an effect of motion produced by God. It does not seem to me, then, that Descartes deduces the existence of material bodies in a state of rest, unless you count for nothing the supposition of God as the source of motion. And yet you have not shown how such an existence necessarily follows *a priori* from the essence of God, a difficulty which Descartes believed to surpass the powers of the human mind."

Spinoza replies the same year :

"As to what you ask, whether the variety of things can be demonstrated by the notion of extension alone, I think I have shown clearly enough that that cannot be ; and hence Descartes errs in defining matter as extension. It is by an attribute which expresses an eternal and infinite essence, that matter ought to be explained. But at some future day, perhaps, I shall be able to go into the heart of the subject with you. Up to the present time I have not had leisure enough to put my thoughts together on this subject."

The desired opportunity never came : Spinoza died a few months later.

And what, it will be asked, about a future state ? Spinoza does not by any means deny it. Yet if the present world be thus shadowy and unreal, what hopes can we entertain concerning one to come ? "Ephemeral manifestations," says M. Nourrisson, "complex representations of the one substance, fluctuating phenomena—if these constitute our present being, what can we become in the future but whatever chance or fate may make us ? Our existence is truly but a mode, which appears only to vanish. . . . It is a wave upon the boundless ocean, which for a moment shows itself and in a moment dies away. It would not be correct, however, to say that Spinoza denies all immortality. That which is Divine in our bodies, in so far as it is a mode of infinite extension—that which is Divine in our souls, as it is a mode of infinite thought—

this impersonal fund of being cannot fail, according to Spinoza, to escape destruction. It may be added that Spinoza has here revived a theory as old as Aristotle, and professed also by the Peripatetics of the Renaissance, who did not regard morality as needing the sanctions of another life. According to Spinoza, immortality holds a certain proportion to aptitude for it, and that to such an extent that it would become necessary to speak of mortality as the fate of dunces and immortality as the guerdon of the sage. This doctrine is widely removed from that of Christianity, which places 'the demigods of war, those invincible and glorious heroes who have filled the earth with their renown, on a level with the labourer and the husbandman.'\* Who but must admit that an immortality like this, without consciousness, without memory, without personal penalties or rewards, is incapable of inspiring either hope or fear?"

It is very hard to understand this language. If all things are either modes or attributes of the one substance, how can any of them really perish? How can some possess an aptitude for immortality which others do not share? Or how can some possess it in a greater degree than others? And supposing that some possess it in a degree that merits immortality, how can a proportion be established between these and those that are doomed to extinction? For these aptitudes, being mere intellectual idiosyncrasies, shade off insensibly into each other, and so admit of degrees, whereas mortality and immortality do not. If the aptitudes had been of a moral kind, we could have understood the doctrine, since between good and evil in purpose and character there is a great gulf fixed, as there is between finite and infinite duration. But in Spinoza's system good and evil, in the sense of right and wrong, are, as we have seen, abolished; and the immortality promised in that scheme is utterly valueless, being the mere reflex of an existence itself made up of modes and accidents—the shadow of a shade.

Wherein, then, does Spinoza's system differ from atheism? It differs from it as equivocation differs from downright falsehood, or secret conspiracy from high-handed revolt. The name of Deity is retained: His perfections, with His personality, are annihilated. His

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\* Massillon's Sermon on the Universal Judgment.

existence is by all means to be credited : His sovereignty is to be regarded as a myth. Worship is sanctioned in the form of contemplation, and even in that of a half-unconscious communion : as a determinate act of consecration, and as a source and channel of soul-elevating aspirations, it no longer has any meaning, much less can it claim to be the condition and medium of Divine benediction. Of what use it is to encourage even contemplation we cannot tell ; for we do not see how a creature devoid of volition can either seek or shun it. The teachings as to immortality are in much more perfect keeping with the necessitarian part of the scheme ; for it would be useless to promise immortality to obedience when there is no Being capable of enjoining and no beings capable of rendering it. And the connection of immortality with intellectual aptitudes is equally discouraging to hope, since such aptitudes are independent of our choice. Unprogressiveness must therefore be stamped upon our whole being, whether that being be viewed as confined to this world or continued in another. At least, there can be no conscious and strong-motived striving after an ideal : all progress is blind and spontaneous evolution, in respect of which we are passive spectators, and not responsible agents. All the sentiments and affections which were wont to cluster round the Divine Fatherhood and Providence must die. What love can there be toward a God whose most conspicuous character is a characterless impersonality ? What trust in a Substance whose manifestations are more changeful than those of Proteus ? Or what submission to a Principle—we cannot call it a Force, much less a Will—whose destructive energy is cruel and remorseless as that of Saturn devouring his own sons ?

Yet the system is not atheism in the proper sense of the word. Its tendencies are, it is true, all downwards, and its effects on public morals, if uncounteracted, would be just as pernicious as those of atheism in its coarsest and most revolting form. But it cannot be confounded with atheism as a philosophical scheme. There is something in its recognition of an all-pervasive and all-uniting Principle which, in various ways, allures the meditative mind. It seems to minister to that sympathy with Nature in which the imaginative mind delights, and almost exalts it to the place that should be occupied by devotion. It

glorifies the intellectual nature, and consigns unpleasant ideas of duty and responsibility to oblivion, thus at once flattering intellectual pride and condoning moral inertia. If it destroys our hope, it also lulls our fear, and confers all the freedom of the atheistic system without its accompaniments of inward remorse and outward odium. It has also an air of liberality which thoroughgoing atheism has not. Its professors need neither become martyrs themselves nor make martyrs of others. The atheist, to be consistent, must do the one or the other ; for he denounces all religion as impossible and absurd. The pantheist sees something good in all religions—viz., the realisation of union with God ; and whatever superstitious additions overlie this truth he can tolerate in others though he do not accept them himself, being assured that in some era of greater enlightenment all such delusions will be dispelled. So long, therefore, as existing religions proscribe no liberties and proclaim no ban, they are not only to be tolerated but even praised, and their ceremonial observances allowed to wear themselves out.

Such are the features and such the tendencies of Spinozism. If any doubt it, let him trace the effects of this philosophy upon the mind of Europe, particularly in Germany and France. It is true no school has adopted Spinoza's opinions, or is known by his name. But his influence has been felt everywhere in religion, in politics, in philosophy, in literature, in science, and in art. Not that it would be easy to say how far the influence is that of the man, and how far it is that of a tendency of which he was more the product than the producer. For original as was the character of his mind, and startling as were the novelty and boldness of his conceptions, there was a scepticism floating in the air which Spinoza only condensed and embodied. The reaction against authority in matters of reason had set in long before, and if incidentally it was assisted by the simultaneous reaction against authority in matters of faith, it is to the abuse of authority that the strange alliance was due. For a time the Reformation did seem to be advancing along the lines pursued by free-thought, and when it called a halt it was blamed for its inconsistency by those who had no thought of any resting-place short of the triumph of universal anarchy. And as the Reformers seemed responsible for the follies of the Anabaptists, so Spinoza's genealogy might be said to

begin and end with Descartes, though in this case, as in the other, the paternal relation would have been disclaimed.

Nevertheless, it is not difficult to trace Spinoza's hand in various philosophies. In England, its first effect was rather to excite reaction against it. John Howe's masterly refutation of him in the *Living Temple* was the first English reply, and was seconded by the Cambridge men, who were many of them only conforming Puritans. In France we cannot but suspect a strong influence on Voltaire and the Encyclopædists generally, notwithstanding that the connection has been disavowed. In Germany we have, among others, the identity theory in Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, although it is the ego, and not the non-ego, as in Spinoza, that is made the starting-point. Here, likewise, the influence of the theological Spinoza has prevailed in the sceptical criticism of Ewald, Schleiermacher, and Strauss. But it is rather as a subtle but deadly malaria that the influence of Spinoza and Spinozism has been felt, than in any definite teaching. Nor can we expect it to be otherwise. Negation forms no bond between man and man, and takes no permanent and recognisable shape: scepticism is a mere solvent, whose disintegrating power may be very great, but is so silent and stealthy in its advances that we know not, as we look on the mass it leavens, how far the corruption has spread; and it is only when some sudden blow is dealt that the extent of the mischief is discovered. Such are the characteristics of modern unbelief, of that unbelief which received so great an impulse from Spinoza. It is not too much to say that, with all its boast of advancement and progress—see how positivism taints the modern novel even, as well as the highest forms of philosophy and science—there is no one of the forces working in the bosom of modern society more to be dreaded than this.

But it will be asked, If the influence of Spinozism be so dangerous, how is it that in two centuries it has not wrought more palpable effects? And the answer is, For the same reason that it did not work more palpable effects upon Spinoza himself, viz., because of the presence of powerful reagents. The sober self-restraint, the stern inflexible resistance, manifested by Spinoza, were due not to his adopted but to his hereditary creed; or, if they were due to external causes at all, it was to the example

of the sturdy Protestant convictions which had sustained the nation in its arduous struggle, and which he could not but insensibly imitate as well as respect, while busied in disturbing their foundations. So with Europe generally. It is the beliefs which he and his sympathisers labour to destroy that form the bond of human society and the best guarantee for its advancement; and there are thousands now living who would gladly become martyrs for these principles in a sense in which Spinoza never was for his. But if any man wishes to see "Spinozism before Spinoza" in its full-blown dimensions wrought out upon a vast scale and through many successive generations, let him study it in its original haunts, viz., in the pantheistic religions of India and China. And when he has acquired an adequate impression of the utter immobility and inertness of those vast agglomerations of men, and when, after making due allowance for climate, race, and other such influence, he has estimated the paralysing effect on them of their religious and philosophical beliefs, or rather negations, let him return to the healthful stimulus of the society around him, thanking God that its most cherished principles are those of Christianity and not Spinozism—the truly Divine ideas of Him who knew what was in man, and not the spurious ones of a man for whom our only apology can be, "*Iipse, quis sit, utrum sit, an non sit, id quoque nescit.*"

We had designed to make some further observations on the Spinoza festival alluded to above; but our space is exhausted. There is an odd conjuncture of the melodramatic element with a quasi-religious sentimentality in M. Renan's concluding sentence—the only one that we will quote—"When the statue of the solitary man shall have been erected on the Paviljoensgracht, woe to him who shall injure the image, for it is from here, perhaps, that God has been nearest seen." We need not express our opinion concerning the latter sentiment: blindness is surely here confounded with perfect vision. Nor do we think M. Renan need entertain any solicitude for the integrity of the forthcoming monument: we believe it will be perfectly safe, seeing the Hague is not Paris, the statue not a Vendôme column, and the Hollanders have not as yet proclaimed the Commune.

ART. VII.—1. *Les Prophètes*. Par EDOUARD REUSS, Professeur à l'Université de Strasbourg. Deux Tomes. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher. 1876.

2. *The Servant of Jehovah*. A Commentary, Grammatical and Critical, upon Isaiah lii. 13—liii. 12; with Dissertations upon the Authorship of Isaiah xl.—lxvi., and upon the Signification of the Ebed Jehovah. Also a Note upon the Distinction between Sin and Trespass Offerings. By WILLIAM URWICK, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin; Tutor in Hebrew, New College, London. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1877.

EACH of the works named above contains abundant discussions on Isaiah's Prophecy of the Servant of Jehovah. That is found in one well-known section, ch. lii. 13—liii. 12, the evangelical Holiest of All in the Old Testament, which is rounded by the expression, "My Servant," and includes the fullest and at the same time the most connected exhibition of the entire mediatorial ministry of the Messiah found in the ancient Scriptures. A few references to the word lead up to this, and it flows out again into a few varied applications of it; but this pericope contains the sum and substance of all. And it need not be said that a more important study could not engage our thoughts at any time, especially at the present season.

The subject may be approached—indeed, in these days of controversy, must be approached—in two ways. The inclination of the simple Christian would lead him to consider, first, the relation of this peculiar prophecy to the general strain of Messianic predictions in the Old Testament, and, secondly, the interesting way in which its fulfilment irradiates the New Testament. This is the method we shall adopt in this brief essay. But the works lying before us show that there must be some preliminary work to be done; that there are contested questions clamouring for solution; in fact, that we must, as it were, fight our way towards the tranquil programme we had set before us.

The questions referred to are simply these. Is the great prophecy of the Servant a prophecy at all? or is it, as a portion of the book that bears Isaiah's name, the production of an anonymous author who wrote during the Captivity? Supposing it the veritable utterance of the prophet Isaiah, does he refer to one person, the Messiah, in this wonderful series of predictions? or does he speak of some human prophet, or of the collective people of Israel? To us, reading the Old Testament in the light of the New, there can be only one answer to only one question here. We know of only one Isaiah, and only One Being of whom he speaks. Mr. Urwick has given the clearest account of the controversy, luminous in its brevity, and we recommend our readers to his pages. But, before his valuable work fell into our hands, we had been considering the subject in the light thrown upon it by our old friend, Professor Reuss, and shall let him state the difficulties that have made him on this subject one of the most destructive of critics. We have again and again shown our readers how this accomplished student of Scripture is proceeding with his new translation and exposition of the Bible. The volumes on the Prophets have all the charms of clearness, originality, and candour that have marked their predecessors. But they prove only too plainly that his attempt to mediate between what he thinks two extremes is becoming more and more a signal failure. He cannot make the old and the new agree. As the space we are willing to assign to this preliminary contention is brief, we shall content ourselves with one or two extracts that present the entire case in all its gravity; and shall make Mr. Urwick our champion on the other and orthodox side.

Professor Reuss admits that, until a recent period, it had never occurred to any one that the latter part of Isaiah, from chap. xl. to the end, was written by another author, and belonged to a different age and range of circumstances. "The Isaiah of the eighth century before Christ had the benefit of all the praises and all the admiration which were lavished on his anonymous successor, and especially of the predilection felt for him by all the doctors of the Church on account of the use made of some of his texts by the Apostles. It has been only by slow degrees that doubts as to the authorship of this latter part grew into form; but they have been always increasing in force; and

we may now assert that the positive results to which they have led are adopted by a great majority of learned men, for whom tradition is not the decisive criterion in historical questions." But he is too intelligent and honest a critic not to give the force of the universal tradition that he sets aside; and, before he states the positive arguments against it, he finds it necessary to account for the wonderful fact that Isaiah has come down to us as one book, recognised as such in all the Jewish schools, and accepted as such by what we think the infallible authority of our Lord and His Apostles. This is his line of procedure. It is undeniable that the historical chapters ending the first part were added by a reviser as a commentary on the Prophet. Then the long portion which follows must have been written after that supplement in chaps. xxxvi.—xxxix: he does not see that the historical chapters might have been intercalated into the volume. Then the name of the author does not appear in the latter part; and he was always regarded as anonymous. But it may be replied that the name inscribed at the beginning belongs to the whole book, and that there was no necessity to insert it again; not to say that the transcendent elevation of the second half of his work made the personality of the prophet retire into the background. Forgetting that the holy men who finally arranged the Bible were quite as competent as modern critics to decide on the unity of style marking the two portions, and that they could not have been mistaken when they transmitted the whole as the composition of one author, the Professor gives us this singularly weak solution of the difficulty:

"The mistake was the pure effect of chance, or rather of the total absence of criticism in the Jewish schools, whose more or less arbitrary arrangements became afterwards articles of faith to the Christian doctors. The Talmud affirms that, at a certain epoch, ancient no doubt, the book of Isaiah (we understand by that the true Isaiah) was found placed after those of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, which originally formed the nucleus of the prophetic collection, as interesting especially the Israelites in captivity. Now, as Isaiah was the least extensive of the three, they joined to it our anonymous author, as having an equal recommendation to the attention of succeeding generations on account of its affording them matter of consolation in their present humiliations and misfortunes. In this way they formed three volumes of about equal size, to which was afterwards attached as a fourth the collection

of what we called the Twelve Minor Prophets, reckoned always as one book, both by the Rabbins and the Fathers of the Church. This combination of the two Isaiahs once made, its *raison d'être* would be soon forgotten, and the absence of any special title at the head of the second part, together with the factitious necessity of giving a name to every Biblical document, would bring it about that the inscription of the first part would be made to do duty for the whole volume."

There is at the outset a monstrous improbability in all this. It is mere fancy that the recorders of the ancient Scriptures were so utterly uncritical: a thousand evidences of minute editorial skill in the interpolations, and in the arrangement of the Psalms, protest against this. It is a baseless assumption that they desired to make four prophetic books, co-ordinate in size and importance, and that Isaiah must be pieced out to make him equal to the other three. It is altogether a delusion that there was a conventional habit of assigning one name to certain portions of Scripture, independently of their authorship. We do not dwell upon these considerations. The general distribution of the portions of the Old Testament, the specific names of nearly all the individual books, and especially the writing of Isaiah, are assured to us by the unanimous voice of the writers of the New Testament, and are confirmed by our Lord Himself. And, against such evidence, the conjectures of the destructive school, were they a thousand times more plausible than they are, vanish into more than insignificance, into less than nothing. The Professor seems to be conscious of this; for he adds: "Whatever may be the value of this conjecture, it is a fact added for certain to the history of Hebrew literature that we possess in this anonymous work the last and the finest composition of the period of the Exile. Nothing is more easy than to furnish the proof of this assertion."

It may be observed, before we proceed to these proofs, that there is much difference of opinion on one point noted above: that, namely, of the ancient aggregation of sundry related writings under one name. As to the absence of the name of the author of the second part of Isaiah, Mr. Urwick observes: "No explicit statement, therefore, of authorship in the portion itself forbids our examining the matter impartially, apart from doctrinal consideration, and without the constraint of any unalterable foregone conclusion. The Psalms are usually entitled *The Psalms of*

*David*, though many of them are expressly the works of other writers, *e.g.*, Asaph, Solomon, Moses. The Proverbs are called Solomon's, though many of them are avowedly the productions of Agar and King Samuel. And so the name *Isaiah* in chap. i. 1, as covering the entire book, does not in itself oblige us to conclude that *Isaiah* is the author throughout, though it indicates that the compilers of the *Nebiim* (Prophets) thought so. They certainly would not have put chapters xl.—lxvi. among the writings bearing *Isaiah's* name if they knew that they were the work of another man. Jews and Christians alike, down to the close of the eighteenth century, regarded these chapters as *Isaiah's*."

Were not the Jewish tradition so uniform, and were it not confirmed by the most express declarations of the New Testament, there is nothing in the notion that the book of *Isaiah* contains several documents related in character by different authors contrary to any sound theory of inspiration. We are not required to believe that the name of every inspired author of Scripture is preserved; nor that every word in every book was written by the author whose name is attached to it. We might adopt the hypothesis of Professor Reuss, for instance, who divides up every great book into the authenticated body of it and its anonymous contributions—for *Jeremiah*, *Ezekiel*, *Zechariah* have their unnamed fragments just as *Isaiah* has—without any violent shock to our faith in the integrity of Scripture. Indeed, there is a certain interest and impressiveness in the supposition that the great names of Biblical books stand for collections of writings dignified by the one name of the leading contributor. But the positive quotations of the New Testament—which go for nothing to Professor Reuss and his school—are not to be silenced. They allow, or at least they do not forbid, the assumption that additions have been made here and there, and that an editorial hand has been over the whole. But, and this is to us of supreme importance, they require us to believe that the editorial Hand was itself guided by the same Spirit who is solely and supremely responsible for the Word of God as we now possess it. Mr. Urwick has done justice to this strong point in a section the concluding words of which are these: "St. Paul thus, in the same Epistle (to the Romans), within the space of a few chapters, five times quotes from the earlier and later

portions, attributing the words to the prophet Isaiah. Now, Paul had been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. He had been fully instructed in the Scriptures, and he must have known if the learned Jews of his day recognised two Isaiahs, or the absorption of the prophecies of a very great, but unnamed, exile into those of the first Isaiah. With all these opportunities of knowing, he evidently regarded the book as Isaiah's throughout; and, as Cicero said of Plato (*Tusc. Disp.* i. 17), a Christian may naturally feel disposed to say, *Non invitus cum PAULO APOSTOLO erraverim.*"

The positive arguments against Isaiah's authorship, that is, in favour of an unnamed exile, are summed up by Professor Reuss in a very vigorous style. The situation of Palestine and the Israelites in the eyes of the author is the chief of these. Jerusalem and the temple are in ruins, and have been for a long time; the land of Canaan has become a desert and the cities and villages are to be rebuilt; the people are in captivity. But the epoch of Isaiah and the Assyrians belongs to a past. Public worship has ceased: the fast and the Sabbath are the only religious manifestations that the Prophet can regard and recommend. These events, now accomplished, are placed in the light of the ancient prophecies which the author takes pleasure in recalling, to prove the veracity of God and His organs, and to give assurance to the new predictions of consolation which he publishes in his turn. For now Israel has suffered enough: it has expiated its sins twice over. There is no more question of the Assyrians, whose warlike preponderance gave Isaiah trouble: they have disappeared from the scene. It is the empire of the Chaldeans which occupies the writer. But this is already on its decline: its fall is near. Already appears the hero whom Jehovah has chosen to accomplish on proud Babylon a retributive vengeance. He has commenced his victorious course, and Israel may already in him salute its deliverer. He is announced at first in a manner less precise, but soon he is named by the name under which he is known in history. It is Cyrus, the Lord's anointed, the executor of His designs. Moreover, the style of the latter part is in many respects different from that of the former. Finally, and we give this in the critic's own words: "We remark here, as a new element of conviction, that in none of the

successors of the older Isaiah is there found the least trace of any knowledge of the prophecies we now consider. This is specially true in regard to the prophet Jeremiah, who, nevertheless, studied his predecessors carefully, and whose discourses often reflect these pages. How could these remarkable predictions, which contained even proper names unknown in the days of Isaiah, have passed unperceived? How came it that the sinister apprehensions of the prophet of Anathoth were so little sympathised with by his contemporaries? That he should have been so much persecuted for having seen what another had already before described as a positive reality? That his friends, who appealed in his defence to an ancient oracle, could cite only an obscure phrase of Micah, the cotemporary of Isaiah; whilst in these prophecies they might have found abundant affirmations made otherwise most distinct?"

Reuss lays great stress, here and elsewhere, on this last point. Now, let us see how Mr. Urwick helps us to refute this argument. First, we may turn the tables on the adversary; and, secondly, show the hollowness of his objection:

"It is a significant fact that Jeremiah is not named once in our chapters, nor is any allusion made to his prophecies. If these chapters were written after his time, during the exile, or near its close, references to so great a prophet, and so important a book bearing on the expectations of the exiles, would be most natural. Indeed we can hardly understand how any exile prophet could avoid the reference. In Jer. xxv. 11, 12, we have this prophecy: 'These nations shall serve the king of Babylon seventy years. And it shall come to pass, when seventy years are accomplished, that I will punish the king of Babylon, and that nation, saith the Lord, for their iniquity, and the land of Canaan, and will make it a perpetual desolation.' And again, xxix. 10: 'Thus saith the Lord, After seventy years be accomplished at Babylon, I will visit you, and perform My good word toward you, in causing you to return to this place.' These words certainly read like a reference to the promises of our chapters as already existing: *I will visit you, and perform My good word toward you.* But the point to be specially noted is the fact that in our chapters no mention whatever is made of a prophecy already existing, and repeatedly made by Jeremiah at the beginning of the exile, fixing the duration of it at seventy years. If these chapters were the work of a writer living after Jeremiah, surely it is unlikely that he could, in dealing with the subject, refrain from all allusion to the exist-

ence of such a prophet, and to the very definite prediction of a seventy years' limit to the exile." Again: "There are no fewer than ten distinct references in Jeremiah to King Nebuchadnezzar, which need not be cited here. But the argument is obvious: if our chapters were written during the exile, how are we to explain the absence of his name, and of all reference to him?"

It is not true that the Book of Jeremiah does not contain references, though indirect, to our second part of Isaiah. "So strong," says Delitzsch, "is the indication of dependence upon Isaiah, that Mövers, Hitsig, and De Wette regard the anonymous author of Isaiah as the interpolator of the prophecy in Jeremiah l. and li. But Jeremiah also contains echoes of Isaiah xiii., xiv., xxi., xxxiv., and is throughout a mosaic of earlier prophecies." A careful comparison of the two Prophets will show how worthless are such sweeping assertions as that which we have heard Professor Reuss so confidently making. As to the more serious objection based upon the actual state of things described by the Prophet, it can be met only by an exposition of the nature of prophecy. It strikes at the very root of the prophetic character of inspiration; and is really like begging the question. Mr. Urwick's treatment of this whole question is exhaustive. He is, perhaps, a little too much disposed to shrink from the high hypothesis of prophecy which has been held by most Christian writers, thus propounded by Hengstenberg: "The prophets did not prophesy in the state of rational reflection, but of *ecstasis*. They did not behold the future from a distance; they were rapt into the future. They take their stand in the more immediate future; and this becomes to them the ideal present, from which they direct the eye to the distant future." His own method is to examine the passages in question, and show that they do not oblige us to resort to the exile authorship. He shows that the language used by the accepted Isaiah is quite as strong in many particulars as that used by the rejected Isaiah; that already in Isaiah's time the final catastrophe of conquest and captivity had taken place in the case of ten out of the twelve tribes; that Judah herself had suffered serious devastation in Hezekiah's reign, and after the captivity of the Ten Tribes; and, above all, that the Hebrew use of the tenses takes what is still to be as past. He quotes Mr. Driver's work on *The Use of the Tenses in Hebrew*: "The most special and remarkable use of the perfect tense is as the

*prophetic perfect.* Its abrupt appearance confers upon descriptions of the future a most forcible and expressive touch of reality, and imparts in the most vivid manner a sense of the certainty with which the occurrence of a yet future event is contemplated by the speaker. The tense is called *the perfect of certainty*. Any remaining statements that cannot be accounted for as historical descriptions of the state of things in Isaiah's lifetime are capable of fair explanation in this way. We have an example in the very outset of the prophecy: 'She hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.'"

As to the stumbling-block of Cyrus, the following extract contains the pith of all that can be said :

"The mention of Cyrus as the deliverer of the exiles can be explained only by the supposition of a miraculous revelation, and this would still be necessary in the case of a writer living during the exile, and before the conquests of Cyrus, and his decree for the return of the exiles. It is to be remembered that Cyrus is mentioned by name twice only, and this in a single paragraph. There is also a reference to him without name, ch. xli. 2: 'Who hath raised up the righteous man from the East!' The Prophet knows the name *Koresh*, and no more; all is indistinct and general; no such references to the conquests of Cyrus as might be looked for from a contemporary. The name *Koresh* itself is originally not a proper name, but an honorary title, explained by Greek writers as signifying 'the sun,' a title given to Persian kings. Cyrus, moreover, had primarily another name, *Agradates*; and he is supposed to have assumed this title *Cyrus* when the prophecies were already known to him. Considering these things, there is really no insurmountable difficulty in the statements made about him, and no necessity for supposing a prophetic revelation more wonderful and minute than that which is implied in the supposition that the first portion came from Isaiah."

Josephus says (*Antiq.* xi. 1): "This was known to Cyrus by his reading the book which Isaiah left behind him of his prophecies; for this Prophet said that God had spoken thus to him in a secret vision: 'My will is that Cyrus, whom I have appointed to be king over many and great nations, send My people back to their own land, and build My temple.' This was foretold by Isaiah one hundred and forty years before the temple was demolished. Accordingly, when Cyrus read this, and admired the Divine power, an earnest desire seized upon him to fulfil what was so written." This is a testimony

which is very remarkable: not only as giving a tradition concerning Cyrus which is intrinsically worthy of respect, but also as showing what the opinions of the learned Jews of the Gospel-time were as to the authorship of Isaiah.

Mr. Urwick's examination of the evidence deduced from difference of style and phraseology leaves nothing to be desired. He not only affirms, but proves, the correctness of his own declaration that "Were we to take any other book, *e.g.*, Job or Ruth, and divide it, we should find the very same phenomenon—words occurring in the earlier which are not in the later, and *vice versa*: this, therefore, is no proof of difference in authorships." We cannot abstain from quoting at length the striking remarks which close his able description of the subject;—especially just now, when the name of Spinoza is so prominently before the public:

"The history of the adverse criticism is significant. It began with the later portion. It spread afterwards to those portions of the earlier where Babylon is named. The question of genuineness was turned upon the question, Is anything stated beyond Isaiah's natural historical ken? It seems to be taken for granted that miraculous prediction has no place in prophetic inspiration, and that, if certain events are described and certain names mentioned, *e.g.* Cyrus, this is clear proof that the author lived contemporaneously with those persons and events. Spinoza laid the foundation of this naturalistic criticism. Suggesting the hypothesis that the Old Testament as we have it was practically the work of Ezra (*Tractat. Theol. x.*), he represented the genuine books of the Prophets as mere fragments, assigning all which implied miraculous prediction to later hands. Koppe and Eichhorn followed in his train. As long as Spinoza's philosophy is adopted, predictive mention in any book of persons and events such as no human sagacity unassisted by miracle could foretell, must be assigned to a contemporary of the events described. Nothing short of the denial of miraculous revelation as a possibility and a fact can fully explain or warrant the denial of the genuineness of a portion of Scripture reckoned as Isaiah's by Jews and Christians, and testified to as Isaiah's by that Messiah the glories of whose kingdom it describes,—testimonies echoed by the Evangelists and St. Paul, and received by Christendom down to our own day,—testimony which abundantly affirms that this writer is none other than the great and famous Prophet whose very name, *Salvation of God*, was a presage of his theme, the *Gospel Prophet* of the Old Testament."—P. 50.

These last words lead us to a far more important controversy. It is comparatively of little importance whether Isaiah's name was given to a collection of documents quoted conventionally as his; whether even part of his book was written during the Captivity. To us the immense preponderance of arguments is in favour of the traditional view; and we assume that the Saviour and His Apostles literally meant to quote the Prophet himself, and not a book merely bearing his name. Were it not so, however, the foundations of the prophetic inspiration would not be touched, much less shaken. But it is far otherwise with the question of whom the Prophet speaks. If it is not the humiliation and glory of the One Messiah which his fifty-third chapter depicts, there is no assured link between prophecy and fulfilment, and the keystone of the arch of Scripture is gone. Mr. Urwick has briefly indicated what the reader may find more amply and exhaustively shown in Hengstenberg's *Christology*, in Delitzsch on *Isaiah*, and in many other works, that for many ages a strong and steadfast concert of Jewish and Christian expositors was in favour of the Messianic interpretation. Of late, however, many critics of all shades, including some who accept the Christian Revelation as of God, have conspired to throw doubt upon this. Reuss is a fair representative of their views, inasmuch as he combines several of their theories. His objection to the ordinary Christian view may be thus summed up.

We must understand the second Isaiah as intending to say that the Israel of the future, restored and reconciled, will be reckoned among powerful and victorious nations; for its kingdom will be *of this world*: it is by a mortal humiliation, a destructive chastisement, of which the really guilty have not been the only victims, that this order of things will have been procured. Hence, the *servant of God*, spoken of in this paragraph, is not a unique personage—an individual; he is not the *Messiah*, promised and expected elsewhere in the prophets. For—

1. The sufferings endured by the Servant belong positively to the past;
2. The sickness (the chastisement) that he endured without deserving it is the national catastrophe and its consequences;
3. Our author nowhere speaks of the Messiah in the prophetic and theological sense: the name is by him given only to Cyrus, the anointed of the Lord, chosen to deliver Israel in Babylon (ch. xlv. 1);
- 4.

The Prophets, in general, speak never of a Messiah destined to suffer: always and invariably of a restoring Messiah, victorious and glorious; 5. It is impossible to detach one chapter from the rest of the book so as to assert for it a particular signification foreign to that of the rest; 6. Now, everywhere else the Servant of the Lord is Israel; 7. The sufferings are expressly signalised as those of the people and of the past; 8. The Servant has not been without faults (ch. xlii. 19, xliv. 22); 9. The antithesis between the humiliation and the glorification is explicitly referred to the nation (ch. xlix. 7); 10. The author declares formally that in the number of those who perish, there are some *just ones* described by the same phrase, in the singular and in the plural (ch. lvii. 1); 11. He affirms that among his compatriots deported to Babylon there were faithful men, suffering the contempt of others (ch. li. 7). Before considering these objections, we will translate a paragraph which shows how the Professor labours with his own theory, and how much he is content to sacrifice in order to its support.

"From all this it results that to the Servant there might be given qualifications in appearance contradictory: he might be spoken of sometimes in the singular, sometimes in the plural; on the one hand, as absolutely innocent, and on the other as having not been without blame; here as dead, there as living; in short, that he might by turns be introduced as speaking in the first person and as the object of the reflections of a third person. The difficulty would be very embarrassing, if all the pictures and sayings of this book were like the paragraphs of a scientific treatise; it disappears in great part as soon as we remember that, while subordinated as a whole to one generating idea, they are nevertheless up to a certain point independent of each other, and conceived essentially in a rhetorical and poetical spirit. Thus the Servant of God is sometimes to be taken in a more general sense, for the mass, or at least for the majority of the people; sometimes more exclusively for the nucleus remaining pure and faithful. This nucleus is sometimes considered under the aspect of history, as having been involved in a catastrophe which it did not draw upon itself; sometimes under the aspect of the future, as the germ of a new people, as a source of light to the world (ch. xlii. 1, 44, 3, &c.). What has led exegesis astray is (besides the special use which the Apostles and Fathers have made of our text, after the well-known principles of their Hermeneutica, which permitted them to isolate every passage), the circumstance that in the present Pericope the author separates more sharply than else-

where the different categories of the nation, and that, placing himself naturally among the survivors, he speaks of the Servant as of a past generation. And, notwithstanding, it is precisely this last circumstance (that it is the *past* which is concerned) which Christian orthodox interpretation has utterly neglected."

Some of these arguments may at once be dismissed, as mutually contradictory, and therefore self-condemned. For instance, if so much stress is laid upon the fact that the prophecy of the Servant concerns the past, how is it that the Prophet views the people "sometimes under the aspect of the future, as the germ of a new people, as a source of light to the world." Christian expositors do not deny that there is much which refers to the past as well as to the future: in fact, they adopt canons which, as used by them, the critic condemns, though obliged to use them himself. The same remark applies to the reiterated argument that the term "Servant" is used in different senses. As a protest against the Christian exposition this has no force; for it is of the essence of our interpretation that the name is given to individuals, and to the collective Israel, before it finds its Supreme application to the One Servant of God. Moreover, nothing can be more baseless, and, indeed, meaningless, than the remark that "the Apostles and Fathers interpreted the passage after their well-known principles of Hermeneutics, which permitted them to isolate every passage." The spirit of New-Testament and patristic exposition is exactly the opposite of this. It does not isolate passages, but weaves the whole into a seamless garment, with which its Messiah was invested: the unity and consistency of its interpretation is its glory. Moreover, the charge brought against the Apostles and Fathers is, so to speak, egregiously unfair, as singling them out. Their canon was inherited by them from the Jewish Church; and it would not be difficult to show that almost every application they make of isolated prophecies had been made before them. The blow aimed at them falls also upon their Master. He taught them where to find the things concerning Himself; and He is responsible, not they, for the Hermeneutical canon which regulated their reading of Isaiah. But, apart from that, it cannot be truly said that they indiscriminately applied all kinds of texts to the One Object which absorbed their thought. It is obvious to every unprejudiced mind that many prophetic allusions which enthusiasm might press into the

service of the great Fulfilment, they pass by, directed by that unerring Spirit of the Christ who had inspired the prophets, but whose influence, alas ! this kind of criticism will not allow us to introduce into the discussion.

The series of objections so elaborately drawn out reduce themselves, when examined, to three, each of which vanishes when the Scriptural record is applied to them. The first is that the term *Servant of God* is used sometimes in a sense not applicable to the Messiah ; the second, that the Old-Testament notion of the Messiah is never associated with such a description as is given of the suffering *Servant* ; the third, that the entire *Servant-prophecy*, so called, has a reference to the past only.

As to the first, the true canon by which the Scriptural titles of the Redeemer must be interpreted, not only allows, but requires that every denomination given to Him as the Incarnate, is given to Him as the head of a class. Some names He bears as the Divine pretemporal Second Person in the Holy Trinity ; and these He bears alone. But they are few ; enough to reserve and protect His absolute eternal rights, but no more. None share with Him the prerogative of being the Word, the brightness of the Father's Glory, the Only Begotten. Setting these aside, and descending to the names which belong to Him in His humiliation as the Mediator, we find that every other is given to Him in common with others, but to Him with certain marks of absolute pre-eminence. There are other sons in the vast house of the Father, but He is the Son in such a sense as to be the Only Son. Angels there are innumerable, and endless angel ministries ; but He is the supreme angel of Jehovah, and angel of the covenant. There are other mediators, at least there is one beside Him, but he is the one Mediator between God and men. Prophets, priests, and kings there are, but He receives each name as the unapproachable Head in each class. The Lord's anointed is a designation given to some others besides Him ; to a few within the old covenant, and to one outside of it, Cyrus ; but he is the Christ of God in an absolute sense. The Old-Testament term, "*the seed*," ranges over a wide variety of applications before it finds its highest and final meaning in Him : the seed of the woman, the seed of Abraham, the seed of David, all point to a specific portion of mankind, narrowing through concentric circles to the "*one seed*," which is Christ. The same is

true of our term "Servant." It is applied to Moses, to the Prophets, collectively and individually, to the people of Israel, to the elect and faithful of that people. But out of the midst of these applications there arises the august "Form of a Servant," even in the Old Testament, which embodies every kind of ministry in its perfect exhibition. We do not envy those purblind critics and expositors who do not see the universal illustration of this central law. Having descended into our nature, as the representative of God in man and among men, our Lord assumes to Himself the Headship in every department of human ministry. And of this truth the prophecies concerning Him are full. But it seems to us, to speak reverently, that both in the Old Testament and in the New, the servant name is pre-eminent; not, indeed, expressing a degraded relation, as that of one who submits to an imposed duty, and discharges an obligatory function in which he is a passive and irresponsible instrument, but that of one whose service is the law of his life and being. This Servant performs the will not of a Lord whose slave He is, but of the Father who commits all to His Son. Still, it is the service of profound humiliation, and the name Servant is as dear to Him as it is appropriate. He is the Elect Servant, and Servant is His elect name. It has the pre-eminence in the Old Testament. With others are connected individual and isolated predictions; with others the dignity of the Christ is associated; but it is only of the Servant that all those glorious things are spoken which embrace the entire aggregate of the work of the Redeemer among men.

A few observations are all that is necessary in respect to the second objection. The way in which it is put by Reuss is a striking example of the illogical methods to which his school sometimes condescend. It may be admitted that the Servant of the Lord is not expressly called the Messiah; but it does not follow that He is not the Messiah. The methods adopted by "the Spirit of the Christ" in interweaving predictions concerning both the "what" and "what manner of time" of His future coming were regulated by infinite wisdom. They were not such as man would have presented. Human art would have suggested that the name of Messiah, or Christ, by which the Redeemer would be known among men, should have been everywhere prominent, marking out in such a way as to obviate all doubt what pertained to Him and His future

work. But the name occurs only a few times ; and everything said concerning Him is, generally speaking, so veiled and obscure that only the great Fulfilment should light up the whole assemblage of predictions, and show the unity of their application. To those who uttered them these prophecies were a mystery : to the Jews of our Lord's time they were a probation, clear enough to the humble inquirer, a stumbling-block to all others ; and only to believers, taught of the Spirit, do they give out all their meaning.

But here again the facts are not truly stated. It is reckless to say that the "prophets knew nothing of a suffering Christ, but spoke always and invariably of a conquering and exalted Christ." The Messiah of the second Psalm is one who evidently triumphed only after enduring much opposition : the Christian company of Acts iv. understood, as we understand, that the kings and rulers which it defies were those who persecuted the Redeemer to death. The Jews, long before Christ came, understood "they shall look on Me whom they have pierced" as referring to the Messiah ; and, therefore, as is well known, invented a suffering Messiah, the son of Joseph, in distinction from the son of David. The last Messianic testimony in Daniel declares that Messiah was to "be cut off, but not for Himself." It is true that all other indications of the expiatory death of Christ, found in Psalms and Prophets, and in the types and symbols of silent prophecy, converged to the very paragraph we are now studying ; and that they without this would be exceedingly imperfect. But it is the manner of Scripture to lead up, by isolated references, to one central text. Again, it is sweepingly said that "the Servant is everywhere else Israel, and never a person." In direct opposition to this, and in solemn condemnation of the spirit that dictates it, is the fact that David the Prince, and the Branch of David, both admitted appellations of the Messiah, are, by the great prophets Ezekiel and Jeremiah and Zechariah, connected with this very term. The future Redeemer is "David My Servant," and "My Servant the Branch." If David means the people, who is their prince ?

It has been seen that the title servant was given to the Saviour as the highest of ministers of the Divine will in His incarnate Person ; of many servants He is the Chief. It may now be observed, as worthy of careful note, that

this name is applied to the Christ, or the Anointed One, with special relation to His three Christly offices. In fact, it has the same meaning as the Anointed; only that it refers rather to the work itself than to the consecration to the work. And it is the only designation in the Old Testament that precisely covers them all: indeed, it is the only one which is formally connected with the prophetic, priestly and kingly functions. Again, these three are united only in the fifty-third chapter. The two passages which precede refer to the Christ as "bringing judgment to the Gentiles," that is, to His general character as the Redeemer. But when Isaiah reaches the curtain of the sanctuary in his book he expressly combines in one picture, on which the eyes of Christendom will rest for ever, the Teacher "whose knowledge will justify many," the Priest who "bears the iniquities of us all," and the King before "whom kings shut their mouth," being "exalted and very high." The Prophet approaches the awful Person whom He sees and depicts in the spirit of the Apostle in the New Testament: "Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." Only that here it is God who speaks: Behold My Servant!

The third objection to which reference has been made is very prominent in Reuss's catalogue of arguments; he and the school he represents roundly assert that the predictions of the Servant's sufferings are in the past, while the predictions of his, or rather their, exaltation is in the future. Now, whatever force there might be in this objection would lie against the only other interpretation which has ever really competed with the true one: that, namely, which makes the suffering Servant the people of Israel, vicariously suffering through all times for the benefit of the world. It is a strange inconsistency that the argument should be pressed as it is. But, apart from that consideration, the plea is a begging of the question; for the whole strength of the Christian cause lies in the great truth that the Prophets saw events with the spiritual eye which were in a certain sense detached altogether from times and seasons, and therefore had to search "what or what manner of time." To Isaiah the awful vista opened up a scene in which event after event appeared in quick succession, from the emerging of the insignificant Form

of David's Descendant, through all the processes of His life and passion—the central cross alone omitted—down to His entombment and ascension and inauguration into an eternal rule. Sometimes he speaks himself, sometimes the people speak, sometimes the Spirit speaks: according to laws which the Inspirer has not revealed to us. Lastly, it may be said, as in each previous case, that the fact is not as represented. The tenses used do not, strictly speaking, indicate the time, but certain aspects of the event denoting its character as finished or unfinished. And, in Isaiah liii., there is not the alleged distinction between the suffering as past and the exaltation as future. This can be verified to any competent reader by a simple inspection.

But this question introduces us to the wonderful connection between the prophecy and its fulfilment; a connection which may be said in a certain sense to give the whole Bible its unity, and to make the Servant-section the sublimest fragment in all literature. The New Testament fulfilment may be viewed under three several aspects, to each of which we shall briefly refer. First, there is the uniform realisation, in the Person and work of Jesus, of the Servant-idea without the word; what may be called the theological sense of the term as foreshadowing the humble Incarnate ministry of our Lord as the executant of His Father's will or the will of the Holy Trinity. Secondly, there is the actual application of the very name as applied to the Redeemer, which occurs oftener than our translation indicates. And, thirdly, there is the crowning fact that the spirit and letter of our Pericope are reproduced everywhere in the New Testament; the former governing all its theology of atonement, and the latter inlaid everywhere into the texture of its phraseology. But, before dwelling a little on these, we are arrested by a strange paragraph in Professor Reuss's work, the most recent on prophetic Scripture:

"The piece that follows is the most celebrated in the book, because Christian theology has in all ages seen in it a direct prediction of the passion of Christ; and, as this idea does not meet us anywhere else in the books of the prophets, this unique passage has all the more preoccupied the commentators and apologists. Already, in the New Testament itself, the citations taken from our text, and the simple allusions which are made to it, are

sufficiently numerous. But it is especially the phrase, according to which the Servant of God has borne *our* griefs and suffered for *our* sins, which has given, in the eyes of Christian theology, a superior importance to this Pericope, although the Apostles themselves have attached to it different interpretations (Matt. viii. 17; 1 Pet. ii. 22). The exegesis of the Fathers has found, moreover, in our text a series of prophecies very direct which the Apostles do not seem to have discovered: for example, a description of the physical appearance of Jesus (ver. 14), the mention of the redeeming blood with which the world was sprinkled (ver. 15), the coming of the Magi (ver. 15), the flagellation (ver. 5), the silence maintained before Herod and Pilate (ver. 7), the burial in the sepulchre of the sick Joseph (ver. 9), &c. We need not dwell upon these *jeux d'esprit*, which cannot endure scientific criticism, to recognise, between the picture sketched by the Prophet, and the position which Jesus occupies in regenerate and saved humanity, a striking analogy, especially when we leave on one side the details and seize the fundamental idea of a redemption, of a salvation of him who incurred the chastisement and the ruin, by the sacrifice of the innocent, and the generous and devoted solidarity of the faithful Servant of God. But, from this point of view, there is ground for saying that the historical realisation of the idea of the Prophet, in the person of the Founder of Christianity, is much more rich than the prophecy itself: relatively to the sufferings endured, to the complete absence of all sin, to the mission to restore Israel, and through it the whole world, it must be admitted that the perspective of our author embraces pictures only pale and vague in comparison of the evangelic facts. Nevertheless, the question, for us, does not lie there. We have only to examine the first and immediate sense of the text, after the intention of the author; therefore we shall begin by a conscientious analysis of it, reserving for the close some general reflections."

So far as we can understand the closing sentence here, the fulfilment in the passion of Jesus surpasses the prophecy itself. Of course, in one sense this is gloriously true. The prophetic "report" must needs fall immeasurably short of the facts reported; even as the evangelic narrative itself only hovers around the outskirts of the awful interior mystery of the Atonement. But, in another sense, and in that which we fear floated before the mind of the writer of this nebulous passage, it is not true. Neither the Evangelists, nor the Apostles, surpass the evangelical Prophet in the precision with which the sufferings endured by the Saviour are traced to their true cause and stamped with their true character. The face marred in the Passion

answers to the face marred in the prophetic glass; it is changed by the endurance of the penalty of universal sin, by the Father's own act of positive wounding and negative withdrawal of His countenance, and by the grief which no mortal besides Him has known. Again, the sinlessness of the Righteous Servant is not more amply attested in the New Testament than it is by Isaiah. Everywhere the Lord is well pleased with the Holy Victim whom, nevertheless, He is well pleased to smite. It is true that there is a servant of Jehovah, and there are servants of Jehovah, in Isaiah's prophecy who are not immaculate; but it is blindness, deeply pitiable if not wilful blindness, which refuses to see that between them and the "Righteous Servant" there is an infinite gulf fixed. And, lastly, we must solemnly protest against the lurking thought that Isaiah knew nothing of that mission to restored Israel, and through it the whole world, which Jesus of Nazareth accomplished. There is the same boundless universality of the effect of redemption in the Prophet and in the Apostles who followed him.

For many other reasons this quotation is remarkable. It might be made the basis of an entire dissertation. Let the reader think over it, and he will not fail to feel how utterly worthless and hopeless is the interpretation which would make any other than Jesus of Nazareth the Man of Sorrows. According to the spirit of this paragraph, the prophets do not foreannounce a suffering Redeemer: as if the whole prophetic office were not superinduced on a Levitical economy which is full of the idea of a future vicarious expiation. This "unique passage" is simply the full flower and fruit of a prophetic tree, the root and branches and leaves of which are full of an atoning Redeemer. And how can a Christian theologian, holding the New Testament to be the basis of the Christian faith, speak of the citations of this solemn passage as a series of *jeux d'esprit*, whereas its doctrine and phrases and spirit are wrought into the very texture of the New Covenant literally from beginning to end! It is unworthy of Professor Reuss to throw out the unhappy insinuation that the writers of the New Testament had no fixed interpretation to guide them. His only reason for saying this is that an Evangelist seems to differ from an Apostle. St. Matthew, recording our Saviour's sympathy with the physical sorrows and sufferings of man, sees in this an in-

direct, partial, and preparatory fulfilment of the prophecy concerning the vicarious woes of the Man of Sorrows, who was so identified with the whole estate of human wretchedness, that "in all our afflictions He was afflicted." On His way to the cross, where He poured out the life of His soul for our iniquities, He bore our lesser griefs, and poured out the sympathy of His soul with our diseases. Over these He uttered His deep sigh continually, as St. Mark tells us, before He uttered the bitter cry of His redeeming death. It is with deep regret that we have to pronounce a strong condemnation on the tone and spirit of Professor Reuss' treatment of this Holiest of All in the prophetic writings. He is a theologian to whom English readers are much indebted for some able analyses in his *History of Apostolic Doctrine*. Frankly commended and quoted by Bishop Ellicott and others, he has become an authority very much deferred to. His present undertaking on the whole Bible deserves, in many respects, much praise, and, we had hoped, would prove him, like many others, to be gradually oscillating towards the truth. But we are disappointed; and it is no more than our duty to warn students, especially young students, against the French fascination of his German destructiveness.

With a better theory of prediction and fulfilment, we ask, in conclusion, how the Servant-prophecy reappears in the New Testament. And the first fact that strikes the mind is that, without the word, the mediatorial humiliation of the Incarnate is the exact reflection of all that the Prophet wrote concerning the anointed Minister of human redemption. In the nature of things we need give no textual proof of this. It pervades the Gospels, Acts and Epistles, and Apocalypse. He who, as the Eternal Word, is the eternal expression and agent of the Triune will towards the creaturely universe, took our nature and became Incarnate, that He might accomplish that will in the restoration of fallen mankind. He was indeed more than merely the prophetic Servant, even in the Old Testament: without Him the Father wrought not in the earlier ages, and every ministration that prepared the way for the final work of the Christ was executed by Himself through His servants. Christ was His own highest Forerunner: it was His Spirit who moved upon holy men and spoke by the Prophets. Throughout the whole of His personal ministry He merged His own Divine will, in the unity of

the Father and the Holy Ghost, in the mediatorial will which humbly waited on the will of the mediatorial Father. Sometimes he refers to the pretemporal acceptance of His great commission when He was only the Son, sometimes He speaks of His habitual hearing of the gradual disclosure of that will, sometimes He shows His human will under pressure and submission. But always He is the Servant of Jehovah. And what He avows everywhere in word He finally carried to perfection in act. He sums up the whole at the close. After saying, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," He girded Himself with a napkin and gave the most impressive symbol of His lowly ministry, and then on the cross "finished the work given Him to do." But all this is without the actual word. Neither does the Lord, nor do His Apostles—save in the Acts, though there is no real exception there—use the designation. St. Paul approaches most nearly to its use. In one memorable paragraph he impresses the example of the condescending and self-sacrificing Redeemer, and all but calls Him a Servant, a δούλος. Elsewhere he had termed Him "the Minister of the Circumcision;" but on this occasion He who was in the form of God—a form the glory of which He might for a season renounce—took upon Him the form of a Servant, the ignominy of which, after He had used it for our salvation, He also might renounce. To sum up: the form of the Son of man is throughout the New Testament that of a Servant; in the Gospels in deepest humiliation, in the remainder of the New Testament glorified. The fulfilment of the later Isaiah, of the true Isaiah in his greatest prediction, is seen throughout the entire economy of the New Testament. If we ask where it is accomplished, the answer is *CIRCUMSPICE*: it is not in this or that name, not in this or that passage, it is everywhere.

The transition from these general applications to the more specific is marked by the Transfiguration, which contains the sublimest, and perhaps the most comprehensive, of all the New-Testament allusions to the ancient prophecy of the Servant of God. With the other meanings of this event we have not now to do, but fix our attention on the testimony given by the Father to the Redeemer. Our Lord received—as St. Peter tells us, no longer "not knowing what he said"—honour and glory when the Voice came to Him from the excellent glory. For our purpose

we must go back to the Holy Mount itself, and take the combined records of the Evangelists, including St. Luke's peculiar reading: "This is My beloved Son, Mine Elect, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye Him!" In the centre of this attestation—which is to the Christian believer the sum of all Christian credentials and evidence—we have an undeniable quotation of Isaiah's words, but in a new and Divine translation. In this new edition every word throws its light on the evangelical prophecy: the name *Servant* is not retained, for God already "glorified His *Servant* Jesus;" and He is "the Beloved Son"—not the *waís* of the Acts, but *víos*—He is "the Elect," chosen and exalted above all who had ever borne the *Servant*-name, being above a servant, a Son beloved, beloved as the Only-begotten among all that are called sons; and the isles which should "wait for His law," as well as the people who did not "believe His report," are bidden to "hear Him." But, enlarging our view, we may say that this Voice of Heaven is a kind of summary and condensation of all Old-Testament testimony to the Redeemer. Strictly speaking, it is made up of clauses taken from the three departments of the ancient Scriptures, the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms, though in an inverted order. The second Psalm contributes the first part, "Thou art My Son: this day have I begotten Thee"—the latter part being omitted, until the Resurrection should have perfected the Son's revelation in human nature. The prophet Isaiah supplies the middle portion. And the Law, in Deuteronomy, furnishes the last words, "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, like unto Me: unto Him ye shall hearken;" or "Hear ye Him." Thus, when the Son Himself testified that "all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning Me," we cannot but remember His other words, "As My Father hath taught Me, I speak these things."

That the phraseology of Isaiah liii., especially its sacrificial phraseology, is interwoven with the fabric of the writings of the New Covenant, ought to need no proof. For us it needs none. Directly or indirectly, by express quotation or by that subtle allusion which is sometimes the most effectual method of quoting, the words of this *Servant*-section assert everywhere their pre-eminence. They are present to the Redeemer's thoughts when He

approaches His passion ; indeed, in all His Shepherd parables and references to His coming death, their influence may be detected. Not that they are absolutely alone, or even pre-eminent, in the Lord's own mind : the Psalms, and Zechariah, and Daniel, are equally bound up with His redeeming meditation ; and we might have expected that no one portion of the ancient Scriptures would be selected by Him of whom they all alike and impartially spoke. In the case of the Evangelists, however, and the Apostles, it is not too much to say that the Servant-prophecy is pre-eminent. This is matter of simple examination : the text speaks for itself. And it suggests that, though the recorded words of our Lord are not exclusively derived from this prophecy, His unrecorded words must have dwelt upon it very much. When he opened to them the whole volume, and traced His own person and work through all former ages, showing that the Christ must have suffered to enter into His glory, there can be no doubt that the chapter in Isaiah occupied a large place in His exposition. Hence, the sacred tradition to which the Holy Spirit directed the Evangelists abounded with allusions to it ; and the result we find in the Four Gospels. But this branch of the subject—that is, the direct and indirect quotations of Isaiah liii. in the New Testament—does not come within our present scope, save so far as these quotations give evidence of the fact that the recorders and teachers of Christianity understood that Servant of Jehovah of whom the Prophet speaks in this particular section to be Jesus of Nazareth, and He alone.

It seems one of the strangest paradoxes of modern Christian free-thinking that this fact should be admitted, and yet its consequences rejected. For what does it imply ? A question this which may be answered by a series of assertions, each of which involves a solemn condemnation ; and all together a charge of implicit infidelity. They who do not believe that Isaiah wrote of the Christ, suppose that the Evangelists and the Apostles adopted a method of exegesis which was only an enthusiastic application of a Rabbinical usage ; how they came to adopt it must remain a mystery, but, once adopted, the method ran riot, and carried the entire New Testament before it. Gently or violently, boldly or timorously, every sentence and every word was made to fit the person of the Redeemer. All this silently says that Jesus Himself must have misled

His disciples—though these Christian professional free-thinkers would say that He only accommodated to His purpose passages which helped His design to reform Judaism, and introduce a more spiritual religion. Then it must be assumed that He paid the penalty of His accommodation—in fact, that He laid His account for this. Having made himself the literal Servant of God, He had to undergo the literal penalty of Isaiah liii. But, we repeat, this is to deny the foundations of the Christian Atonement as a doctrine, and to give up the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Spirit in the creation of the Christian documents. However, we turn from this to our third point, the direct citations of the term, with which alone we have now to do.

It is observable that in the rich cluster of hymns, prayers, and prophecies which herald the Incarnation, the term Servant of God is never referred to the Holy Child who came for our redemption. The term itself is again and again used; and, as might be expected, the whole Servant-section of Isaiah is present to the minds of all singers, whether angels or mortals. But a higher name is given to the Coming One—"He shall be Great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest;" and the name Servant is used in its lower Old-Testament application. The Virgin Mary sings that God "hath holpen His servant Israel," but keeps silence as to Him through whom that help came, and who was the embodiment and impersonation of the true Israel. Zacharias gives that other application of the term we have considered, which limits it to the typical representative of the Great Servant—"Hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of His servant David." He also gives to the Coming Redeemer a higher name: his son was to be "the prophet of the Highest," going before "the Face of the Lord." So Simeon, quoting the very language of the Servant-prophecy, avoids the word: he himself is "Thy servant;" but, with the words of the predicted rejection of Christ fall in his thoughts, he says of Him only—"THIS ONE is set for the fall and rising again." Generally, it may be said that, while every prophecy that went before on Christ the Incarnate Child is full of Isaiah's Servant-prediction—the evidence of which the reader will find by examination—not once is this name, directly or indirectly, given to Him. The highest dignity, and

none less than the highest, is conferred upon Him throughout.

The same abstinence from the use of the word marks the entire Gospels. But with one remarkable exception: if indeed an exception, for the passage we refer to is only a quotation, though so clearly applied to our Lord as to make it obvious that the evangelist indirectly applied to Him the name *Servant*: indirectly, however, and thus confirming our principle, that the Gospels abstain from its direct application. St. Matthew formally quotes, in his twelfth chapter, the first of Isaiah's direct references to the Messiah as the *Servant of Jehovah*; and he quotes it in such a way as to give an authoritative sanction to the application to Jesus of all the related passages. He pauses in the midst of his narrative to explain the secret of the Redeemer's gentleness, avoidance of ostentation, and habitual retirement from the demonstrations of the crowd. On many occasions the Saviour most impressively contradicted the expectations of His disciples, and caused His enemies to wonder, by suppressing the evidences of His Messiahship. The set time of His public, catholic, triumphant ministry was not come until the hour of the Gentile proclamation should have arrived, until He should "show judgment to the Gentiles." Wherever and whenever He acted otherwise, there was a special reason: His habitual law was to labour silently and calmly amongst His own people, preparing in the hidden resources of His love and of the Divine counsel for the work which should "turn the world upside down." Every evangelist yields his own contributions to this fact; but St. Matthew alone gives the prophetic solution of it, and he gives it in a very formal manner. It is the longest and most perfect of his many citations from the Old Testament: "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Behold My *Servant*, whom I have chosen;" let the whole passage be read in evidence of the fulness of meaning there is in this testimony of the first Evangelist. It at once declares most expressly that Esaias the prophet himself wrote these words; that they have their only interpretation in Jesus, the Messiah of the Jews, the Christ of the Gentiles; and that His heavenly servitude was a perpetual ministry of humble condescension, by means of which He Himself would reach the supreme dignity of centering all trust of man in Himself.

Only in the opening chapters of the Acts do we find this ancient name of the Messiah quoted. There it occurs amidst circumstances of great solemnity, as it were in a formal and unique instance, though the English reader will hardly discern it in the present unrevised translation. Its first use is in the second discourse of St. Peter to the people of Jerusalem; and a careful examination will bring out more than one point of importance in connection with it. It is remarkable that on the day of Pentecost the Old Testament name most emphatically assigned to Jesus is that of Christ. The Apostle's quotations term Him "the Holy One," and "Lord;" but three several times he expressly introduces the great and decisive word "Christ," which, solemnly inaugurated on that day, is never afterwards wanting. In the second discourse the preacher throws around the Redeemer a great and unusual variety of new designations. Though it is only a short one, there are several titles added to those which had been already used: "The Prince of Life," "the Holy One of the Just," "that Prophet," "His Servant Jesus." It was but natural, apart from the design of the Holy Ghost, that the apostles should crown their Master with many titles. But it will be observed that the expression "His Servant Jesus," being a literal citation from the Septuagint translation of the Hebrew "Servant of Jehovah," begins and ends the address, while the middle of it refers to the deaths and sufferings which the prophets had described as preceding the glorification of that Servant. It is the first post-Pentecostal tribute to the great prophetic Pericope which had been so near to the Saviour's heart while He was yet present. Like that Pericope, it begins and it ends with "the Servant of the Lord:" His glorification at the outset, His sufferings in the middle, His benediction of His people at the close. But with each of the three is connected the new name of Jesus. We are not enthusiasts when we avow our instinctive feeling that St. Peter is here formally and solemnly quoting the Servant-prophecy of Isaiah. If in his first sermon the Christ is emphatic, in the second it is the Servant of the Lord.

Equally impressive is the next instance of its use, in the first recorded tribute of the Church to the God of redemption. When Peter and John went from the high council to their "own company," and told all that had been said and threatened, the disciples made their supplica-

tion to the God and Father of Christ by an appeal to the messianic decree of the second Psalm, and to the promise of Isaiah's Servant-prophecy. Here the Christ of St. Peter's first sermon and the Servant of his second are united: "against Thy Holy SERVANT Jesus, whom thou hast ANOINTED." In the Psalm they remembered that "the kings of the earth stood up and the rulers were gathered together against the Lord and against His Christ." In the Prophet they remembered that "the pleasure of the kings shall shut their mouths before Him," and that "the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hands;" and they blend the defiance and the promise in their believing prayer. To this first Christian company the Christ and the Servant of the Lord were one; and the fact that this is the only instance in the New Testament of their combination, warrants the stress we lay upon it. Modern critics of Old Testament prophecy dwell much upon their own discovery that "the King" of the most ancient, and "the Servant" of the later, predictions cannot be the same person; that in fact the former belongs to a class of unfulfilled prophecy, and the latter was no prophecy of Christ at all, but referred only to the people of Israel. But we have already seen that more than once the Descendant of David and the Servant of the Lord are united in the Old Testament; and here, immediately after Pentecost, they are united in the New. But, having been once united in this most solemn tribute of the Pentecostal Church, they are not united again. Never afterwards is the "Servant Jesus" found in the New Testament. What theological allusion there is to His Servant-character in St. Paul's writings has been already considered. His name is no longer "the Servant." St. Peter quotes in his epistle the prophecy of Isaiah, which was present to his thoughts when he preached, but he omits the leading term: it is Christ who "suffered for us."

Thus, it may be observed in passing, three leading denominations of the Messiah in the Old Testament—Immanuel, the Angel of Jehovah, and the Servant of Jehovah—are in the New Testament remembered, and assigned to Him; but only, as it were, to show that "all things must be fulfilled;" and, without being taken up into permanent use. "Immanuel," the Incarnation-Name, glorifies the first page of the Gospels, and then is heard no more. The "Angel," or Messenger of the Covenant, is

once indirectly introduced by the Evangelist St. John. St. Peter terms Him "the Servant of the Lord," in the beginning of the Pentecostal Gospel. But neither of the three names is used, or even approached, after their respective first application.

There is one memorable instance of New-Testament allusion to the great Servant-prophecy of which we are continually reminded while reading the arguments of our sceptics and doubters. The Ethiopian, returning from the feast where the name of the Nazarene had, doubtless, fallen on his ears, and mingled with his meditations on Isaiah, is found by Philip musing over the immortal words, and wondering of whom the prophet spoke, *of himself, or of some other man*. His inquiries were in the right direction, and the name of Jesus was the key that opened every ward of the otherwise impenetrable lock. He went to the darkness of his own country with the light of the Lord around him. Alas ! our Christian critics and expositors inquire with their faces turned from the Christ, and they make the light of their Christianity into darkness ; and if Jehovah's Servant is not Jesus, or Jesus is not the Servant of the Lord, how great is that darkness !

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# LITERARY NOTICES.

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## I. THEOLOGICAL.

### DR. MOULTON'S WINER'S GRAMMAR.

*A Treatise on the Grammar of New Testament Greek, regarded as a sure basis for New Testament Exegesis.* By Dr. G. B. Winer. Translated from the German, with large Additions and full Indices. Second Edition. By Rev. W. F. Moulton, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark. 1877.

WE need say nothing in commendation of Winer's *Grammar*. Every one knows that, more than half a century after its first appearance, and thirty years after its author's death, it still holds the field unchallenged. Dr. Moulton's translation has done much to bring about this result : it is not only as perfect a translation as could be made, but it does Winer the signal service of keeping him abreast of the times, and, if we may so speak, continues his own work in a style that even he would have approved.

The second edition of the translation is to all appearance very much the same as the first : indeed, the modest Preface does not promise much that is new. But those who study this book, or who, like ourselves, make it a point to consult the *Grammar* as a kind of indirect commentary, will find evidences of the careful, conscientious, never-weary hand on almost every page. It is satisfactory to find that in this edition we have all Winer's final notes incorporated ; and many will be glad that some few portions originally abridged are now produced in their full expansion. What is more, even, than this, the readings of the Greek text have been subjected to close examination : not only have the last results of Tischendorf been made tributary, but the as yet unpublished text of Westcott and Hort (a work of long years that will make an epoch) has been under the editor's eye. To adapt the earlier edition to new critical texts must have involved a labour *sui generis* which few can appreciate, and none would undertake without such a spirit of rare and high fidelity as actuates Dr. Moulton. Thousands, literally thousands, of quiet emendations have brought this book far towards perfection :

emendations which have not simply shed the light of more recent scholarship on the pages, but also, in a very large number of cases, given us the benefit of an exegesis and theology which we trust, for our own part, more confidently than Winer's. The sure learning, good taste, and watchful orthodoxy that nestle in the quiet editorial notes of this great volume must be examined to be known.

There are some points which, in our judgment, still demand the editorial notes, or require them to be enlarged. But there will be yet another edition. And, if it were possible to pare down a multitude of references to authorities which are needless to the English reader, and thus make room for another sheet to be added to the sheets that Dr. Moulton has already added, then so much the better for both the book and the reader. Meanwhile, we advise every theological student of almost every degree of learning to have this second edition on his shelf, and, by the help of its marvellous Index, to use it as a subsidiary commentary. Those who are aiming at a thorough knowledge of the Greek Testament itself will not need this advice.

#### EADIE'S HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

*The English Bible: an External and Critical History of the Various English Translations of Scripture; with Remarks on the need of Revising the English New Testament.* By John Eadie, D.D., LL.D. Two Volumes. London: Macmillan and Co. 1876.

SPEAKING, near the close of his work, of the scholars and divines, whom the Committee of Convocation, seven years ago, invited to take part in the revision of the authorised version of Scripture, the author says:—"Some of these scholars did not act, or resigned, and others, alas! have died." Dr. Eadie cannot have long penned these words before he was himself numbered among the departed members of the New Testament Company; and the handsome volumes before us carry with them the mournful interest which attaches to literary labour having the consecration of death upon it.

The contents of the volumes answer in every particular to the advertisement of the title page. Unlike Anderson's well-known book, which occupies itself simply with the external history of the English versions of the Bible, Dr. Eadie presents his readers with a critical estimate of their several value, as determined by the character and circumstances of their authors, by the literary quality which marks them whether in point of scholarship or diction, and by all those accessories of style, language, and form, which give character to the respective translations, and distinguish them one from another. On this plan he traces, with much learning and with admirable judgment and fairness, the course of

English Scripture translation, beginning with the hazy Anglo-Saxon twilight on to the time when, "that bright Occidental Star," having set, the "Sun in his strength" arose, and the so-called Authorised Version put the crown upon the glories of its fore-runners. Cadmon, Guthlac, Aldhelm, Bede, Alfred, Aelfric, Wycliffe, Tyndale, Coverdale, Rogers, Taverner, Crumwell, Cranmer, Whittingham, the Exiles of Geneva, Archbishop Parker, the Romish Seminarists of Douai and Rheims, King James's Revisers, and other authors or promoters of Bible translation into English, together with the work which they represent, pass in succession before us, and are made the subjects of a historical and critical treatment, which covers the entire range of the author's topic, and which claims high commendation for the minuteness and accuracy of its research, for the care with which it distinguishes things great and little, for its ability to sweep a large horizon of thought, and for the healthy, masculine, Christian tone which everywhere characterises it. Dr. Eadie's work is anything but dull. Without affecting brilliancy or gorgeousness of colouring, he writes with a sympathy, an animation, a vigour, a clearness, and a wealth of knowledge, such as never fail to make him interesting even amidst clouds of names, dates, and other literary details. We are glad to note that amongst the many independent judgments, often most just and happy, which our author pronounces upon men and their doings, the personal character of Wycliffe and the labours of Coverdale receive a homage which ignorance or prejudice has not unfrequently denied them.

Considerable space is given, in Dr. Eadie's second volume, to the important subject of the revision of the authorised English New Testament, and he writes upon it with wisdom, moderation, and candour. We need not go over the ground. The intelligent Christian public of Great Britain are now pretty well aware, that the last great revise of the English Bible in the seventeenth century, the revise known to us as the Authorised Version, was as energetically protested against as the one which is now in progress, and for the very same reasons. It is also familiar to them, that soon after the publication of the Bible of 1611 the errors and blemishes which were found in it led to serious attempts, not only on the part of individual scholars, but of Parliament itself, to subject it to formal reconsideration and amendment. Moreover, so far at least as the New Testament is concerned, it is notorious, that while the manuscript authorities available for King James's revisers were few in number, usually low in date, and almost always difficult of access, we have now within easy reach a multitude of witnesses of this class, some of them probably contemporaries of Constantine and Athanasius. At the same time, the great advance which has been made of late in our knowledge of the original languages of Scripture; the intimacy of the relations into which the

Bible has been brought with modern literature, science, and philosophy; and not least the wide-spread revival and kindling of religious life among us; these diverse conditions and forces, at once serving to bring the defects of the Authorised Version into clearer light and imperiously demanding their removal, have lifted the question of revise from the basis of the dubious or desirable to that of the necessary; and the scholars who are now sitting at Westminster, engaged in this great and responsible work, may assure themselves that they do but represent the conviction and feeling of the vast majority of Englishmen throughout the world, who really understand the mind and wants of their age. Dr. Eadie deals at large with some of these points, both as an apologist and an expositor; and his readers will find abundant matter of interest in the examples which he gives of questionable readings of the original text of the New Testament, of erroneous or defective interpretations, and of changes either in substance or form, which he would introduce into the Version as we now have it. The interest will not be the less because of the scruple which, we doubt not, most of those who follow the author will make—which, we trust, in some instances all of them will make—over Dr. Eadie's statements and suggestions. For example, it can be nothing but an oversight which affirms that in the passage (Matthew v. 22), "Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment," the words "without a cause" have "no authority:" the fact being, that they are found in highly respectable crucial MSS., and are represented in the most ancient versions. If the omission of the words "as snow" from the "white as snow" of Mark ix. 5 were not "distressing" to us—to use Dr. Eadie's expression—we should at least plead, that so well supported a reading should find place in the margin; and it would more than jeopardise our tranquillity of mind, if the "unworthily" of the great communion paragraph (1 Cor. xi. 17—24), backed as it is by a strong force of diplomatic authorities, should be summarily ejected from the text. So when it is suggested that "a better translation" of the words "and when they were awake they saw his glory" (Luke xi. 32), might be, "but having kept awake throughout they saw his glory," if our Greek is not utterly shocked, our sense of the demands of the connection protests emphatically against the alteration. These are but samples of a number of views and judgments scattered over the concluding section of our author's work, which, without disparagement either to his learning or his critical ability, will naturally stir unbelief or provoke antagonism on the part of the reader. At the same time we warmly commend Dr. Eadie's statement of the case of the present Revise of the Authorised Version to all those who still doubt its expediency, or are in ignorance of the grounds on which its promoters seek to carry it into effect.

Dr. Eadie confines himself mainly, in treating of this question, to the New Testament portion of the work—the portion, that is to say, with which he was personally occupied as one of the body of Revisers. And his pages bring prominently into view what, we apprehend, is the peculiar difficulty with which the Revisers of the New Testament will be called to grapple in the execution of their task, as compared with those of the Old. The Old Testament Company, indeed, is cumbered with a weight, from which their fellow-labourers are free, in having to deal with languages in which the expression of thought is far less certain than it is in the Greek. But if we are rightly informed they enjoy this great advantage, that their text is made ready to their hand. They accept the traditional or so-called Masoretic form of the Hebrew and “Chaldee” original, and, except in very rare instances, confine themselves strictly to the functions of translators. On the other hand, the Revisers of the New Testament, while in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they will be absolutely sure of the meaning of their text when they have got it, are charged with the grave preliminary duty of determining what the text is. And here enormous exaction is made upon the learning, care, judgment, and critical and spiritual perception of the distinguished men to whom this part of the Revision is confided. A more serious undertaking is not to be imagined; and Christian people who believe in prayer and in the supernatural enlightening of human spirits by the Holy Spirit of God, should not forget to ask His special grace upon the “scholars and divines” who have this work in hand. Feeling most strongly the indispensableness of a fresh text of the New Testament, and with boundless confidence in the integrity and literary competence of the men whose business it is to form it, we yet confess to a profound jealousy with regard to the manner in which they shall accomplish this part of their work. Their great danger lies, as we conceive, in the temptation—most natural to scholars of a scientific age like our own—to attach undue importance to the witness of the earliest MSS. and versions. Of course, these, on all ordinary occasions, are precisely the authorities to which appeal must be made in determining between reading and reading; and we may very well content ourselves with their decision. But there is a class of cases in which the purely historical and objective testimony will need to be qualified by considerations of another order. There is ancient and unquestionable evidence, as every scholar knows—indeed, without this evidence the fact would be morally certain—that the sacred autographs of the New Testament were hardly out of the hands of their authors before religious sensibility, dogmatic prejudice, and a sceptical spirit began to tamper with their contents. Without any evil purpose, individuals and even churches deliberately modified, reduced, or sometimes added to the texts of the documents.

The lingering Pharisaism of the Jewish converts, for example, found itself embarrassed by Christ's tenderness towards the woman taken in adultery, and Gentile unbelief halted over the miracle of the Pool of Bethesda, and the promise that serpents and other deadly things should do believers no hurt. Thus it was, we have reason to believe, that in quite ancient MSS.—not only MSS. of the age of the Sinai and the Vatican, but earlier ones, such as those from which some of the oldest versions must have been made—these and similar passages of the Gospels and Epistles were either wholly wanting or appeared in so mutilated a form as almost to lose their identity. Now it is in cases of this description, cases in which texts of unspeakable preciousness, certified to us as authentic by the profoundest spiritual instincts and analogies, have notwithstanding a balance of external authority against them, that the demand for subjective conviction and religious insight appears, and imperatively claims to be recognised. We have no reason for doubting the presence of these great qualities in the New Testament Revisers; and we earnestly trust that a wisdom greater than their own may direct their judgment, and lead them into all truth.

One other point relating to this part of our author's work—a point which he handles with characteristic good sense and with much beauty of language—is a vital one for the success of the present Revision of the Bible. What sort of English will the Revisers give us? If public feeling is not satisfied in this respect, nothing else will satisfy it. The most perfect representation of the original will leave the Revision a failure, unless the English be idiomatic. We have confidence in the Companies that they will not allow their work to miscarry on this issue. A stiff, learned, pedantic style will be absolutely fatal, as it ought to be. Here again the onus will lie principally with the Revisers of the New Testament, for Hebrew lends itself much more readily to idiomatic English than Greek does.

Dr. Eadie is beyond the reach of our praises. His last legacy to the world is worthy of his reputation as a Christian scholar, and deserves an honourable place in the library of all students of the English Bible and of English Christianity.

#### HORNE'S REASON AND REVELATION.

*Reason and Revelation: being an Examination into the Nature and Contents of Scripture Revelation as Compared with other Forms of Truth.* By William Horne, M.A.  
London: Henry S. King and Co. 1876.

THIS is a remarkable book in many respects. It abounds in acute reasoning, fine thoughts finely put, and evidences of wide reading. The style, also, though somewhat overdone, is one of high flexibility and finish. The two patent defects are diffuseness and

obscurity. As to the first, we are inclined to say that half would have been better than the whole. The obscurity arises partly from diffuseness, and partly from two other causes—the writer's habit of digression into every topic suggested by the way, and his excessive indulgence in metaphor. It will be seen that these are faults of juvenility, which time and practice will scarcely fail to mend.

A more important question is, the position assumed on the greatest subject of the day by one who gives promise of high powers of thought and speech. This is not easily discoverable, and only becomes apparent on a careful reading of the whole book with its nineteen chapters. The writer's standpoint, put briefly, is that of a spiritual intuitionist. He rejects external nature, conscience, Scripture as we receive it, as revelations of the Divine and sources of spiritual knowledge. The only authority on which man can rely is his own spiritual nature, his faculty of spiritual intuition. The ground seems to be very much that of Francis W. Newman, though, curiously enough, amid all the wealth of reference and quotation, we have not discovered any allusion to Mr. Newman's writings as having contributed to form the author's views. The retort to which such views lie open is obvious. Far less than Mr. Horne's acuteness is amply sufficient to expose the shadowy, illusory character of the intuitionist position pure and simple. When nature and conscience and written revelation are cast overboard, even supposing the spiritual faculty in every man to be infallible in its working, where are the materials upon which it is to work? What are the media of revelation? By what criterion are we to distinguish between the true and false deliverances of this faculty? How are our intuitions one whit truer, or more trustworthy, than those of the mass of mankind in every age and land? What check is there on arbitrariness when we undertake to discriminate the Divine in Scripture and elsewhere? To such questions our author gives no answer. So much of his time is spent in attacking the positions of others, that he has none to devote to the more important task of establishing the validity of his own.

Mr. Horne's book reveals all the marks of the religious intuitionist, rejection of all material means of revelation, dogmatic horror of dogmatic theology, metaphysical crusade against metaphysical ideas. He is at one with Mill and Bain and Spencer as to the insufficiency of the design argument, and the impossibility of passing from the material to the spiritual, and also with the rationalist critics who reject the literal accuracy of Scripture. The arguments adduced in several chapters of his book—on Kosmical Revelation, Ancient and Modern Theism, The Divine in Nature, The True and False Sanctity of the Bible Record—are the arguments he has learnt in those schools. Yet, strangely

enough to untutored ears, in other chapters he writes of Christian truth, Christ's character and teaching, and the spiritual element in Scripture, very much as we do. Perhaps we are not wrong in inferring that the writer, like many more in our days, has broken away from the old moorings of faith, and has found anchorage in the theory of spiritual intuition. If so, he is entitled to sympathy. We must rejoice when any one holds fast to faith, even if it is not on our grounds; but sympathy does not absolve us from the duty of criticism. At first we confess it is somewhat startling to find a writer going the whole length of the negative schools named above, and at the same time avowing as firm a faith in the spiritual world, both within and without man, as orthodox Christians hold. Yet this is precisely the argument of the work, the whole drift of which is that the spiritual world is as real and certain as the sensible world, but that it is discoverable only by spiritual faculties.

We have spoken of Mr. Horne as a "spiritual" intuitionist, in contradistinction from "intellectual." The Divine, we are told, could never be reached on the intellectual side; we might as well try to reach it by bodily sense. It is perceptible only by a sort of spiritual sense or intuition, a vague means at best. The chapter on The Organon of Spiritual Truth repeats this with almost wearying iteration. But is it not the true view that each portion of man's nature has its place and function in the knowledge of God, the intellectual as well as the spiritual? Our author makes a capital mistake when he restricts the use of the intellect, as we understand him, to a scientific treatment of spiritual truth. Is not the intellect just as much concerned in the unscientific faith of the ordinary Christian? We believe as firmly as our author that perfect faith is a matter of the affections and experience and spiritual life, but we deny that it is only this. It seems to us that it is quite enough to deny to the intellect comprehension of the Divine, without going the length of denying it even apprehension of the same. This is what we take to be done in passages like the following: "The objections that are good against the search for the spiritual in nature through intellectual processes, are equally good against the search for the same kind of facts by a like process in the Bible, or indeed anywhere. It is the order of truth, and not its locality, if we may say so, that determines the method of its discernment. In the case under consideration, we shall try in vain to apprehend by one faculty that which is only perceptible by another. The relations of God to man are real. That we apprehend one sphere of being by a sense experience, and perceive its relations by corresponding faculties, is no reason why another sphere of being dealing with another set of relations should appeal to the same experience, and be subject to the action of the same faculties. . . The spiritual re-

lations into which God has entered with man, are the only characters of His nature that we know of, and the only ones that we need care to know. They are relations that concern our spiritual activity, not our speculative faculties. We perceive them at first by a function of spiritual life, and their further knowledge is the result of an assimilated likeness in us to that which is known." There is a great deal that is excellent on the necessity of sympathy, love, holiness. The mistake is in making these all. The following is a sample of much else as good: "Painters, it is said, have in some kind of way to become the things they draw, if they mean to draw them well; and to know another man, we all feel that something more than mere intelligent observation from without is necessary. We see daily how much ignorance of each other exists for want of a bond of love and sympathy between men; and most of us are, it is to be hoped, familiar with the revelations that come to us from one with whom we deeply sympathise—revelations that are visible only to the human heart. With all the passages to the heart opened by love and sympathy, one man will have glimpses of another in an hour which an unsympathetic onlooker, however intelligent an observer he may be, could not get in a lifetime. It is in the absence of this that our eyes are so often holden when spiritual realities are near us, and not from any inherent incapacity in us to perceive them, or necessary impossibility in them of becoming known to us. With spiritual capacities corresponding to spiritual verities, there is no more difficulty conceivable in apprehending a spiritual Being and spiritual relations, than in apprehending physical or mental relations. In the metaphysical sense of being, both are beyond our apprehension. The riddles supposed to exist in our apprehension of God are simply logical puzzles, and have no existence in fact. To say that we cannot know God, because to know an infinite Object requires an infinite time in which to know Him, is nothing to the point, when we understand properly that the knowledge is of moral or spiritual qualities, which are not commensurate with mathematical quantities. And besides, when we consider the method of apprehension, any supposed difficulty of this kind disappears. While the baffled intellect, after sheer mental effort, may ask, who can by searching find out God? the faithful, religious soul can say from experience, the pure in heart shall see Him."

In the following passage, which is a favourable specimen of our author's style, an attempt is made to obviate objections, how successfully any one can judge: "One test of the truth of this method lies in the fact that those who are conscious of this knowledge, are likewise conscious that it is always dependent on the state of their spiritual life, and feel with Paul that the fulness of it is only possible in the future. While the battle wages

between sin and holiness, while stains of sin soil our pure affections, the vision must be proportionately dim, the reflection must be in that degree marred. The glass through which we look now may ever and anon be darkly clouded by the unsightly breath of impure desires and sinful emotions. But even now, if we by the constant habit of our life cherish God's presence in our soul, and control the movements of our inner life, we shall see clearer and clearer, and at last behold the unspeakable glory face to face. And this, as it is the supreme joy of a spiritual life, and its sum of knowing, is also the consummation of its perfection. The clouds that hide the vision now are not the conditions of consciousness, nor the limitations of logical thought, but the clouds of impurity. The only barriers that hinder our progress to our destined goal of union with God, and knowledge of Him in that union, are not the barriers of inherent incomprehensibility, but the barriers of a sinful and rebellious will, which, like mountains, stand between us and our highest good. This method of knowledge through internal similitude of life may be thought by some to be open to the objection usually urged against spiritual knowledge through feeling, *viz.* that it renders religion subjective in character, uncertain in its doctrine, and individual in its constitution; since, it is argued, feeling is only individual, and conveys no information beyond itself and its mode of affection. But this method of knowledge is different from knowledge by feeling, and which is usually described as intuitional consciousness. It is not a knowledge through any one sense, but through the concurrent action of the spiritual life, and is no more individual than that life itself is; and this by its nature is of the widest generality, being God's life in Christ. This method does not admit of the least uncertainty in its doctrines, it provides a sure test whereby we may know that we may know God, *viz.* by the fact that we keep His commandments; its objectivity is unquestionable, inasmuch as both the life and the knowledge have their source external to ourselves."

We can only indicate, without staying to discuss, the line of our author's speculations. He does his best to depreciate the argument from design in nature, and to prove that the modern theist stands on the same ground as the ancient polytheist. Doubtless they have this in common, that they hold a personal cause of phenomena; but one deifies the phenomena, the other does not. His account of conscience is that of the sensational school. He says: "The notions of good and evil are, primitively considered, identical with pleasure and pain, or generated originally by association with pleasure and pain; and virtue and vice, morally considered, are, when analysed, matters of computation of pleasures and pains. . . There is produced in us, by experience, tradition, education, and various other means, that inward sanction and

standard of action called conscience, or the moral sense." Through a long chapter Mr. Horne pours contempt and scorn on the notion of the possibility of a science of religious truth and everything like system in theology. The religion of feeling shrinks from the test of logic and prefers the golden haze of poetry and imagination. He admits miracles, but in a way of his own which is not very intelligible to those who are not accustomed to breathe such rarefied air. Miracles belong, not to the natural, but the spiritual sphere. They were necessary only in a lower stage of intelligence. "Miracle being thus a revelation of the Divine, it is quite probable that if the *ascetics* whom Renan would wish to witness the experiment of the miracles repeated, saw the experiment, they would perceive no more than the secondary causes." There must be the awakened spiritual perception. But how is this perception to be awakened? We thought that this was the very purpose of miracle; but it seems the perception must be already there, it is a condition of the miracle itself. The chapter on The Bible and Science proves at needless length what we should think no one denies, that Scripture is not intended to be a scientific text-book. There are other details to which we should take as earnest exception.

But while taking serious exception to the whole theory which the work so elaborately expounds, we gladly do justice to the thoughtfulness, culture and high moral tone displayed by the writer. These we could not wish better. There is nothing superficial or flippant. The author's readings of Scripture are most remote from ours, but the way in which they are put forth commands more than respect. There are portions of his work which, considered apart from the special theory advocated, contain much truth admirably put. For example, the two chapters on the part played by the Jews as organs of spiritual truth are for the most part excellent. What the Greeks did for art and the Romans for law, the Jews did for religion. We suppose Mr. Horne would add, in the same way of development. Indeed the title "Reason and Revelation" seems to us little better than a *mianomer*. Reason is ignored, Revelation survives only in name. We quote some passages of many on the topic just mentioned. "Our first introduction to the Jewish people through their literature, exhibits them as a people with the spiritual element of their nature considerably developed. They appear before us, at the very beginning of their history, with a vivid spiritual perception. That is the reason why their first word of explanation about the world and man is God. They looked into the sphere of nature, and the light which lighteth every man, but which in them was unusually clear and bright, discerned the Divine there; and thus at the very threshold we get the key which opens to us the many chambers that compose this beautiful structure of Divine truth,

vis., God." Our author is careful to point out that the difference between Jewish and other histories is not the presence of the Divine, but the perception of that presence. "The mass of the Jewish people, although a holy priesthood as they are called, were often grossly blinded to the higher life; but as within the larger circle among the nations of the earth there was this smaller circle of a particular nation, so within this latter there was a still smaller circle of priests, who represented the higher consciousness and the life of nearer communion with God; and within this again another circle, with a yet higher development—the Prophets—to whom were revealed the spiritual manifestations which the others, through weakness of their spiritual nature, could often not receive; and of these last, the perfect one was reached in Him whom the Lord their God was to raise up, and in whom was realised the highest and fullest development of that Divine consciousness, which was symbolised and imperfectly shadowed forth in the whole Jewish life and history, and particularly in the Prophets." The most apparent difference between the revelation of the Divine among the Jews, and a similar revelation among other nations is, that with the former it was an orderly evolution of spiritual life and experience, with the latter it was not. Various nations had men of keen insight, gifted with marvellous intuitive powers; but no other nation ever had, or pretended to have, a constitution whose very essence was that of being a spiritual kingdom. What was really unique in the Jewish life was the fact that it was felt to be surrounded by the Divine—that taking a Jew humanly, socially, nationally, he was conscious of being encompassed by the spiritual. The ideal of the nation was that of a nation of priests to God."

We have quoted, not the most brilliant or suggestive passages, but those which best illustrate the teaching and arguments of the writer. The book is one which no one who wishes to understand the direction in which religious thought is running can neglect.

#### DABNEY'S SENSUALISTIC PHILOSOPHY.

*The Sensualistic Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century Considered.* By Robert L. Dabney, D.D., LL.D., Professor in Divinity in the Union Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church of the South, Prince Edward, Va. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1876.

THERE cannot be a greater service to the youth and Christianity of Britain than to subject, as is done in this volume, the

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materialistic tendencies of false science and philosophy to rigid examination. We can scarcely hope that the antidote will be as widespread as the evil. The poison circulates everywhere. But if Christian students will master the facts and arguments of these lectures, for such they seem to be, great good will result. The writer brings the teachers of the negative school together, traces their mutual connections, exposes their assumptions and sophisms, and draws out the consequences, on which they are careful to preserve discreet silence. The exposition of his opponents' views is clear and sufficient, the reasoning strong and direct, the style vigorous, the earnestness of tone all which the interests at stake demand. Here and there is a slight roughness of style, as in the invariable phrase, "says he;" but this is a mere speck. It would be hard to find a better handbook to give to any who are in danger from the popular materialism of the day.

The second chapter traces the filiation of the French on the English sensational school. Just as England gave the first impulse to the more thorough-going rationalism of Germany, so Condillac, Helvetius, and St. Lambert, borrowed and carried out to their logical conclusion the principles of Locke and Hobbes, the *fons et origo* of the modern empiricists. Their philosophy is epitomised in the sentence, *Nihil in intellectu, quod non prius in sensu*, which needs the vital qualification of Leibnitz, *nisi intellectus ipse*. Condillac's phrase for all mental processes was "transformed sensations," as pure a piece of word-juggling as was ever perpetrated. Without a word of proof, feeling is identified with knowledge. The difference between the two is quietly ignored, just as in our days many would identify the organic with the inorganic world. The same fundamental error vitiates the system of the Mills and their followers, the design being the same, to get rid of a soul in man and a God in the universe. Condillac's "transformed sensation" reappears in the following, and much besides, of James Mill:—"Sensations and ideas are both feelings. When we have a sensation, we feel, or have a feeling; when we have an idea, we feel, or have a feeling." So an idea is called a "copy of the sensation," copy and original being of the same nature. The following is a portion of our author's criticism:—"Now, then, how does any veritable cognition ever come into the mind? Every person recognises a radical difference between feeling and knowing. The difference is closely analogous to that between caloric and light. From illuminated bodies they usually come together—heat in light. But from a black iron stove caloric comes alone, and it is dark. So, if feeling come without cognition, it would bring no idea—it would be dark. How, then, with a consciousness which is only feeling, and mental states which in their rudiments are also feelings only,

how does any intelligence ever dawn in man? The truth is, an intelligent consciousness, a consciousness which is originally something more than feeling, is the necessary condition of feeling itself. As in the solar rays the caloric comes in the light, so in man's soul feeling comes in, or by means of, knowing. Hence it is clear that Mill's system in reducing both mental affections and consciousness to feelings, would make intelligence impossible. . . . The truth is that *consciousness is not a feeling*, but an intellection. It is purely an intellection, as the faculty itself tells us; and therein is its grand characteristic, its total difference from feelings and volitions. It is this fact, that every act of consciousness is, in its rudiment, purely and solely an intellection as opposed to a feeling, which is the very condition of human intelligence."

The third chapter is an able sifting of James Mill's clear but shallow *Analysis of the Human Mind*, a work which, with the comments of his three disciples, is the generally accepted gospel of English sceptical philosophy. We have already noted one of its fundamental errors. The other is its making the Association of Ideas the grand solvent of all mental relations and processes. The doctrine of Association is, without doubt, most true and important in its place. Still, that place is only a subordinate one. To exalt it to supremacy over the whole mental world is as arbitrary and unwarranted a course as is well conceivable, and this by the school which is always parading its fidelity to induction, experience, and verification! Everything is the creature of association—the idea of cause and effect, self-evident truth, mental acts and faculties, moral obligation, conscience! All these are simply results of invariable association, and, we suppose, might have been otherwise. The insufficiency, poverty, and arbitrariness of this theory, the fatalism and atheism to which it leads, the latter undoubtedly forming its charm to the inventors, are well exposed by our author. We give an extract bearing upon Mill's theory of language, which had to be explained in accordance with the pet idea:—"Language, according to him, is an expedient which man invents at the prompting of two wants: the need of communicating his ideas to others, and the desire to preserve and reproduce them more conveniently for his own mind. The sign once invented, association does all the rest in connecting it with the idea. All the modifications of language are also the work of this protean faculty. Association makes general names; man's motive being simply to save himself the trouble of repeating so many particular ones; he learns to say 'army,' for instance, simply because it is inconvenient to repeat the muster-roll every time he has occasion to indicate it. Adjectival words are applied only to divide classes; as when we form the two sub-classes in the general class, 'men,' by saying, 'tall men,' 'short men.' Predication, instead of being an expression of a mental judgment, is

merely an expression of this fact, that the predicate is a mark of the same idea which the subject marks. Now, upon this theory of language, it can never be explained why the animals have not languages. They can utter sounds; and they can surpass man far in the language of pantomime, which comes as fully within Mr. Mill's definition, 'marks of ideas,' as do articulate words themselves. The animals certainly feel one of the motives which he supposes have prompted men to form languages, the desire to communicate their impressions to their fellows. The ideas of the animals are certainly connected by association; and they obviously have a certain kind of memory. Why, then, have they not, like men, constructed a methodical language? why have they not, in addition to their expressive signs, a syntax? The pretended answer is: Because they lack the material organs for articulation and syllabication. But this is an insufficient answer. For, first, if the lack really existed, it could by itself only prevent a great multiplication of signs or marks of their ideas; and the question would recur, why have not the animals connected the signs which are actually possessed by them (which are not a few) into a syntax, and thus formed, at least, a limited language like those of savages? And second, is it true that the animals lack the material organs for syllabication? They have all that man's body has: lungs, windpipe, larynx, vocal cords, tongue, teeth, palate, lips. Is not the reason why beasts never utter a true consonant to be sought rather in their spirits than in their mouths? This question leads us to a true theory of language. Man, in inventing and methodising these signs of his thoughts and feelings, employs, *a priori*, subjective powers of reason, which the spirit of the beast does not possess. The reason why the latter never divides his signs into 'parts of speech,' and digests a syntax, is that he has no rational powers of construing his impressions in his own consciousness. His spirit is, in fact, very much what the sensualistic philosophy would make man's spirit, a mere centre of successive impressions, which are associated, expressed, and partially remembered; but never construed in the reason into categories. And the reason why man is gifted with 'discourse of reason,' is that his spirit is not what the sensualistic philosophy would make it. The brute is impelled by instinct to utter those sounds which express his impressions. An instinctive species of association possibly causes him to repeat them when the impressions recur. But man names objects and ideas of set purpose in the exercise of rational volition. He then forms classes by the exercises of the rational faculty of comparison. His adjectives are not mere expedients to subdivide his general classes, but logical attributions of quality to its subject."

Our author deals briefly, but trenchantly, with the arrogant

pretensions of Positivism, and two important chapters expose the gaps in the Evolution speculations of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer. The old proverb, "Physician, heal thyself," is more suitably quoted to none than to the materialist in his demand on the rational psychologist for experimental verification. The modern theory is full of insoluble knots. The missing links are countless. This fact is brought out in repeated instances with great force in the present volume, but want of space forbids quotation. We can only note Mr. Spencer's gross inconsistency in rejecting Christian notions because "unthinkable," and then adopting others in the same case. "*Force* is Mr. Spencer's god. There is but one cause in the universe, *force*; and there is but one kind of effect in the universe, *motion*. Is not the ultimate idea of force an unconditioned one, and therefore 'unthinkable' ? and is not motion in its ultimate conception equally so ? Mr. Spencer admits it emphatically. Yet this unthinkable cause and effect constructs the whole philosophy of him, who is too philosophic to have any philosophy of an absolute or a finite spirit, because these are 'unknowable.' Why this ? No adequate reason appears in the whole of his speculations, except that Mr. Spencer appears not to like the Christian's God or his own soul, and he prefers force." As it is put elsewhere, "we must sacrifice the intuitions of conscience, and hopes of immortality, in order to get rid of one pair of 'unthinkables' and adopt another." After this there is no need to go to theologians for specimens of inconsistency, caprice, and prejudice.

Other chapters on "The Spirituality of the Mind," "*A Priori* Notions and Sensualistic Ethics," will be found as full of sound argument and essential truth as the foregoing. There is also some good criticism on the excess to which Hamilton and Mansel have carried their doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, greatly to the injury of true faith and the advantage of scepticism. The chapter on "Sensualistic Ethics" contains some reasoning on Freedom and Necessity, the bearing of which is not very clear, unless it is to serve as the premises of some theory of Calvinism.

A word on minor points. We should have greatly preferred "Materialistic" to "Sensualistic" in the title of the book. We can assure readers that the work is far better than the title. We regret also the too numerous printer's errors. Who are "Basil Mansel," p. 208 ? and "John Edwards," p. 296 ? Why have we "Tyndal" and "Argyle" ? We shall rejoice if numerous editions give the opportunity of greater accuracy.

## PARKER'S PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST.

*The Priesthood of Christ; A Restatement of Vital Truth.*  
By Joseph Parker, D.D., Author of "Ecce Deus,"  
"The Paraclete," &c. London: R. D. Dickinson. 1876.

MOST readers know what to expect, and what not to expect, in any production of Dr. Parker's pen. They expect freshness, freedom, originality, strength, new aspects and settings of traditional beliefs. They do not expect wise caution, restraint, simplicity of thought and style, completeness of treatment, uniform clearness, or definite conclusions. The present volume answers these conditions more perfectly than anything which Dr. Parker has previously published. It is at once his best and worst book, disclosing a marked advance both in what is good and what is at least doubtful, in the writer's genius. There is considerable affinity between the minister of the City Temple and his—we presume—model, H. W. Beecher; with this difference, that the latter has given himself to practical teaching, the former to doctrinal speculation. The one gives us volumes of sermons; the other, dogmatic treatises.

The present volume is a striking specimen of unequal talent. Considerably more than half the volume is taken up in clearing the way—expounding premisses, collecting facts, comparing opposite theories—and ends with the statement, "I have failed of my purpose if I have yet given my decision upon the controverted doctrine." How unsatisfactory is the decision we shall see presently. After being kept so long in suspense, we naturally expect a very full and clear application of the principles in which we have been so carefully initiated. The fact is, that there is very little reference to all that has gone before. Difficulties are started, but not settled; principles are laid down, but not applied. We are reminded of costly judicial inquiries which issue in lame and impotent verdicts.

Let us say at once, that there is a great deal that is excellent in this treatise. Suggestions and striking views abound. Any one who can sift wheat from chaff will find much which he can turn to better account than the writer himself has done. We note with delight the writer's reverent fidelity to Christ and Scripture. In our search for his doctrinal position, it was with no little pleasure that we came upon the following: "The one thing that must be regarded as unchangeable is the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation; there is the truth of God; the way of holiness; the well springing out of the rocks, never dry, never forbidden to the weary and sorrowful; the redeeming love which speaks all languages, but will not limit itself within the confines of any scholastic proposition."

One of the best chapters is that on the Necessity of Mediation. Nothing is more common than the comparison of forgiveness of sin with forgiveness of private offences. The illustration breaks down at every point. The analogy does not hold good, even in crimes against human law. Dr. Parker does good service in exposing the shallow sophistry which would put God and man on the footing of two private persons. The atonement is offered to God in His capacity as representative and guardian of essential, universal right and law and justice.

In the other preliminary chapters, while there is much which the writer nowhere brings to bear on his theme, and which, after strenuous effort, we have been unable to make relevant, there is much that is beautiful as comment. Take the following: "*Jesus went to Gethsemane; He was led away to Calvary.* In this change of expression, as shown in italics, you see exactly what I mean. *Jesus died in the garden; He was murdered on the hill.* Jesus broke the typical and sacramental bread before going to Gethsemane, not before being violently led away to Golgotha. The bitterness of death was past, and the glory of the resurrection was realised, before Jesus gave Himself up to the Jews. In Gethsemane you see the *spiritual* view of actions presently to be unfolded in most tragical horror and ineffable splendour—the crucifixion and the resurrection of the Son of Man. 'He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood,'—there is the *Cross*! He said, 'Not My will, but Thine be done,'—there is the *Sacrifice*! There is the literal and infinitely pathetic realisation of the words, 'I lay down My life; no man taketh it from Me; but I lay it down of Myself: I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.' He said, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death,'—it was *then* that Jesus Christ died! Then came a word not to be carelessly spoken as if common speech: 'Rise up; let us go,'—there is the *Resurrection*! I think the loss will be yours if you fritter down this word so as to make it include but a movement of the body: literally, you may be right in so limiting it, but read in Gethsemane, in the light of what has just been endured, it comes to my mind with deeper meaning, like a tone of confidence soon to increase to a blast of triumph. When Jesus said, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me,' we knew not how the strife would end; when He said, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death,' we feared that His agony would become His destruction; but now that He says 'Rise,' we feel that we too have risen with Christ. There is a new sweet morning shining and breathing around us . . . May we not say, without irreverence, that Jesus Christ Himself could only go to Calvary by way of Gethsemane? In our own infinitely less degree we repeat this very process in all matters of vital importance. We cannot extemporise the great heroisms of life. First,

we must pass through a secret conflict as between God and ourselves, as between law and desire, as between conscience and expediency. In solitude we must win the victory, as it can never be secured in public: the outward life will be spasmodic, irregular, sensational, unless we pass into the outer battle through the strife and triumph, say, if you will, the crucifixion and resurrection of solitary agony, and surrender."

In the latter part of the volume the writer partially answers the question which he asked in the first part, What has Christ done for men that men could not have done for themselves? "*He has revealed the Father.* What does this expression mean? Three things are clearly excluded: (1) Christ did not reveal the *existence* of God; (2) He did not reveal the *Fatherhood* of God, for God is repeatedly called Father in the Old Testament; (3) He did not reveal the *mercifulness* of God, for God Himself revealed this to Moses. In what sense then did Christ reveal the Father? Clearly in the sense that as far as human conditions made it possible,—(1) He *visibly embodied* the Father,—'He that hath seen Me the Father hath seen the Father'; (2) He made the Father universally *intelligible*,—'My doctrine is not Mine, but His that sent Me'; (3) He made the Father universally *accessible*. . . . Thus, 'He that hath seen Me healing the sick and feeding the hungry hath seen the Father doing these things; the invisible care of God has been exercised from the beginning, but now is made manifest, and ye see it in this action of Mine—what you now see is but a revelation of that which God in *secret* has never ceased to do! He that hath seen Me teaching the ignorant and offering the weary rest, hath seen the Father doing these very things; from His habitation in eternity He has been doing even so ever since He made man to possess the earth; this therefore is no new act, no new love, no changed affection, it is the invisible revealed to your eyes! He that hath seen Me seeking and saving the lost, receiving sinners and forgiving sins, hath seen the Father so doing; and he that hath seen Me sorrowful unto death, surrendering My own will, taking upon Me the form of a servant and becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, hath seen what the Father has been and has done through all time; He has always been pitiful and forgiving, always sorrowful and self-sacrificing, always on the cross! This is a great mystery, and only to be seen in those occasional moments which surprise the soul into a consciousness of its own grandeur and value. He that hath seen Me rising from the dead, and ascending high above all heavens, that I may fill all things, hath seen the Father in those invisible processes by which He turns the death and corruption of buried seed into the life and fruitfulness of golden harvests. The things which have been hidden from eternity, and which have been the secret and mystery of the universe, have

thus been revealed in My earthly ministry : ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

What is Dr. Parker's solution of the theories of atonement, moral and expiatory, whose conflict he so graphically depicts ? It is, universal latitude of interpretation of the revealed fact. All theories are so many views which are suitable to and inevitably rise in different orders of mind. They are not to be regarded as mutually exclusive, but equally true for those who hold them. Dr. Parker would reckon all who hold the fact of Atonement as alike orthodox. Still there must be some limits even to charity as comprehensive as this. Dr. Parker sometimes writes as if he would include Unitarians in the same category. But they do not hold the fact of atonement in any shape. There is nothing for them to interpret. They would refuse to be classed among believers in Atonement of any class. We cannot therefore suppose Dr. Parker really to mean anything of this sort. As to the rest, it might seem as if on the theory offered us (for we cannot escape theories), all truth is subjective, varying with our moods of feeling, and, as Dr. Parker suggests in an illustration, with the weather and season which influence our feelings, and we should have reached the sceptic's standpoint, "What is truth ?" We are glad to say that Dr. Parker, in a subsequent chapter, repudiates this conclusion, though we fear his repudiation will be overlooked by many who quote him. This conditional assent to conflicting theories is his "Point of Rest" !

We are sorry to have to take more serious exception. In his last chapter Dr. Parker gives an ingenious defence of the Comtist theory of immortality belonging to the race, not to the individual, based on New Testament teaching. Let us be just. The arguments are those of an imaginary interlocutor, to whom Dr. Parker puts questions ; but of course the answers are Dr. Parker's too. The exposition and defence of the wild notion cover twelve pages, the disavowal takes but one page. And the disavowal seems to intimate that acceptance might be a mark of a higher stage of moral culture. Annihilation of the wicked ! Here is annihilation of the good as well, and this pictured as the crown of Christian self-sacrifice ! Here is a new idea for the Comtist teachers who are making such diligent efforts to popularise their monstrous doctrines among us. That a Christian preacher should dream for a moment that the highest teachings of Christ favour the utter negation of personal immortality, is a fact of sad significance. We should rejoice to see such perilous speculations withdrawn or disavowed. Dr. Parker's book may be useful to those competent to judge and discriminate, to others it can scarcely fail to do harm.

## F. W. ROBERTSON'S NOTES ON GENESIS.

*Notes on Genesis.* By the late Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., of Brighton. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1877.

THESE brief, "rough" notes remind us of the studies of great painters for their pictures. Such studies will be marked by varying degrees of excellence, but none will be commonplace: in all the instructed eye detects characteristic lines and touches. Of the thirty-one lectures of this new volume some cover only two or three pages, others are tolerably full outlines; but all, it may be safely said, are such as Frederick Robertson only would have written. The independence, directness, deep human sympathy, poetic colouring which endear the "Sermons" to many readers, may all be traced more or less legibly in these jottings and sketches. From the preliminary study it is not difficult to guess what the finished picture would have been. Here, as in his well-known works, Robertson's strength is not in the treatment of theology, or in fathoming the deeper spiritual truth of Scripture, as is evident in his off-hand remarks on pre-intimations of the Trinity, and on the Sabbath. "Every man according to his several ability." If a writer serve us with the gift that is in him, we ought not to expect more. Where Robertson fails, a book like *Dr. Candlish on Genesis* admirably supplies the lack. Robertson is emphatically a moral teacher. He is at home in the analysis of living character, in lashing popular sins, and holding up to scorn meanness of every kind. Genesis, so rich in varied types of character—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph—affords wide scope for this faculty. This is the best portion of the book, and the student will find many happy suggestions. We are made to feel that the old patriarchs were men "of like passions with ourselves," of like motives and affections, and the lessons of their lives are brought to bear with no little effect on modern life.

The religious expositor will go to this volume, not of course for material, but for hints on the best methods of dealing with chapters and books, instead of isolated texts. An expositor of Scripture, while thoroughly master of every detail, must know how to make the detail subserve the practical aim which is ever to be kept in sight. Exposition which does nothing but moralise becomes mere twaddle; exposition which limits itself to explanation is dry, and misses the end of public teaching. There is no kind of preaching which benefits at once teachers and taught more directly than true exposition; none requiring more learning and skill in preachers; none which ministers more richly to the edification of a church. If we are to judge from the remains of old English theology, there is less of this now than in former

centuries. Think of Manton on the 119th Psalm, and Gouge on the Hebrews. Not only is there no book which lends itself so well to exposition as Scripture, but there were never days when the helps were so abundant. This is the age of monographs, and one or two in any particular book all the apparatus of technical knowledge which a preacher needs. The material collected, the use remains for the teacher. It is for this that something of the general's and artist's tact is essential, the power to grasp a wide field and discern unity in a multiplicity of details. Robertson has this power in a high degree, and every true preacher may greatly improve it by careful study and practice.

Take the following specimen on Jacob and Rebekah. "It was treachery in both, in one sense the same treachery. Each deceived Isaac and overreached Esau. But it would be a coarse estimate to treat the two sins as identical. This is the coarse common way of judging. We label sins as by a catalogue. We judge of men by their acts; but it is far truer to say that we can only judge the acts by the man. You must understand the man before you can appreciate his deed. The same deed, done by two different persons, ceases to be the same. Abraham laughed, and so did Sarah; one was the laugh of scepticism, the other the result of that reaction in our nature by which the most solemn thoughts are balanced by a sense of strangeness, or even ludicrousness. The Pharisees asked a sign in unbelief; many of the Old Testament saints in faith; a fine discrimination is therefore needed to understand the simplest deed. A very delicate analysis of character is necessary to comprehend such acts as these and rightly apportion their turpitude and their palliations. In Rebekah's case the root was ambition. But here is a trait of female character: it is a woman's ambition, not a man's. Rebekah desired nothing for herself, but for Jacob: for him spiritual blessings, at all events temporal distinction; doing wrong, not for her own advantage, but for the sake of one she loved. It is a touch of womanhood. The same is observable in her recklessness of personal consequences. So that only he might gain, she did not care, 'upon me be thy curse, my son.' And it is this which forces us, even while we most condemn, to compassionate. Throughout the whole of this revolting scene of deceit and fraud we never can forget that Rebekah was a mother; hence a certain interest in and sympathy with her are sustained. We mark another feminine trait; her act sprang from devotion to a person rather than to a principle. A man's idolatry is for an idea, a woman's for a person. A man suffers for a monarchy, a woman for a king. A man's martyrdom differs from a woman's. . . There are persons who would romantically admire this devotion of Rebekah, and call it beautiful. To sacrifice all, even principle, for another; what higher proof of affection can there be? O miserable sophistry! The only true affection is that which is subordinate to

a higher. It has been truly said that in those who love little love is a primary affection, a secondary one in those who love much. Be sure he cannot love another much 'who loves not honour more.' For that higher affection sustains and elevates the lower human one, casting round it a glory which mere personal feeling could never give."

#### AIRY'S NOTES ON HEBREW SCRIPTURES.

*Notes on the Earlier Hebrew Scriptures.* By Sir G. B. Airy, K.C.B. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1876.

ANY one who buys this book in the hope of finding new light thrown upon old difficulties will be grievously disappointed. Principles are first arbitrarily laid down, and then still more arbitrarily applied to facts, and this in the briefest style. The whole book consists of but 142 pages in twenty-two sections, giving an average of six and a half pages for the discussion of each subject. First, the following broad principle is laid down: "When the origin of a broad law of nature, or of an extensive national peculiarity, is ascribed, in the first instance, to facts stated as historical in the personal history of one or two individual persons, then I consider such ostensibly as a myth." We naturally expect that the definition thus solemnly announced is to be illustrated in the whole of the brief treatise following. But such is not the case. We cannot see its application to more than the Creation, Fall, the stories of Cain and Abel, and Lamech, which are dismissed in twenty pages. The Deluge, which is explained as "a flood of the Nile," comes under the head of "tradition," not myth. And, after some "remarks" on Abraham and Isaac, we are told that "the reign of myth and tradition may be considered to terminate here." Henceforward we are on historical ground, to which the grand law just assumed does not apply. To the subsequent history of the Jews the writer applies another canon, which he nowhere, strangely enough, announces, viz., "Any purely natural event may be admitted: every supernatural event must be explained away." In doing this every licence of conjecture and imputation of "contrivance and credulity" is indulged, and all that resists even these desperate solutions is left unexplained. The arbitrary theory underlying the whole, nowhere stated, is that there is nothing special, nothing Divine, in Israelitish history. The direct agency of God is tacitly excluded. Thus, the burning bush becomes a volcanic flame, the Nile turned into blood is the natural colour of the river at certain seasons, the pillar of cloud and fire is an ordinary atmospheric condition, the plague of which the Israelites perished is civil war, Moses smiting the rock is his use of some

"engineering" methods, and so on. In reply to this, we suppose that Sir G. B. Airy will at least admit that these were not the interpretations put on the incidents by the Jews. To them the words convey what they do to us. Supposing, for a moment, that this was due to the degraded intellectual and moral state of the Israelites in general, this could not be alleged of Moses, whom Sir G. B. Airy calls "the most extraordinary man, the greatest man, recorded in history." If the Israelites knew no better, surely "the most extraordinary man, the greatest man recorded in history" knew better. Yet he allowed them to remain under such deception; in other words, he was an impostor! And this is the man of whom our author writes: "As a patriot towards his own people; as the introducer of a pure religion; as the author of a legislation pure, merciful, and just, he stands, in my opinion, above all other men"! It cannot even be said in defence of our author's consistency, that he ascribes the Mosaic books to a later date, when these parts might have been interpolated. He argues against and rejects Colenso's ascription of the Pentateuch, or at least the bulk of it, to the time of Samuel, David, or Solomon. Certainly, he supposes interpolations, and might very likely fall back upon these, if pressed; but this is plainly an arbitrary hypothesis, adopted under necessity, and without a tittle of proof. He does not doubt "the general date of the Pentateuch as of or very near to the time of Moses." We leave the author with this dilemma.

We have no doubt that if an accomplished theologian, say Dr. Westcott, or Dr. Lightfoot, were to reject the doctrines of Newton, Kepler, and Copernicus, and adopt those of "Parallax," or "John Harris," he would fall into gross absurdities and inconsistencies: but, then, Drs. Westcott and Lightfoot would never commit so great a mistake. If they did, the Astronomer Royal would do right in reminding them of the old proverb—"Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

#### DR. MOZLEY'S RULING IDEAS IN EARLY AGES.

*Ruling Ideas in Early Ages, and their Relation to Old Testament Faith.* Lectures delivered to Graduates of the University of Oxford. By J. B. Mozley, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, and Canon of Christ Church. London: Rivingtons. 1877.

READERS of Old Testament history who have been trained in Christian ideas can scarcely avoid feeling that many incidents of that history and some principles of its moral code need justification. The Old Testament morality presented a difficulty to

Christian apologists in the early ages of the Church, and in later days the same has been a subject of very fruitful discussion. A pertinent lecture on the Manichæans and the Jewish Fathers, carrying us back to early times, is appended to the ten which form the substance of this volume. St. Augustine's relation to the Manichæan controversy, and his faithful defence of the Jewish saints against their accusers, bring into review opinions which have long held their position as forcible, if not sufficient, vindications of the earlier immature morality.

Dr. Mozley starts abruptly with Abraham, the head and fountain of the present Church of God, the man called out from the surroundings of heathenism to maintain in solitary grandeur a pure faith in one spiritual God, and a pure worship amidst the corrupt religion and base idolatry of his age. The history of the father of the faithful affords suitable materials for the examination of those principles lying at the foundation of the moral system under inquiry. The man who had independence of mind enough to break loose from the shackles of current religious opinions, and to hold firmly to a truth which was a condemnation and a menace to the worship and the faith of all around him, who could so clearly discern the final triumph of his own cherished belief over the prevailing error, could anticipate the merciful providence of his God working out for his race a complete regeneration, and so many ages before could rejoice in a day of Divine revelation and of human redemption when "all nations" should be blessed in him, such a man has in his own character elements worthy of very patient study. But the testings to which his strong faith was subject were as remarkable as the faith itself; and the crowning test, while affording as it did opportunity for the most brilliant display of quiet, assured, and obedient confidence, reaching to a persuasion that "even from the dead" his offered son could be raised, presents to his followers at once a test of their faith, and an occasion for inquiry into the ground and justification of his act. It is here that the study of "the ruling ideas in early ages," in relation to Old Testament faith, begins. And from this point, through typical examples in which the morality of those ages appears to be so widely at variance from the moral ideas prevalent to-day, the course of inquiry is pursued in the volume before us.

The justification of the offering of Isaac may, of course, rest upon the absolute authority of God over all life, and Abraham's duty to yield up his son in any way in obedience to the Divine command may repose on the miracle by which that command is conveyed. But would such a command, even if supported by miracle, be effective with us? Should we not be led to regard that miracle rather as a test of our faith than as a warrant to it? And should we not with St. Paul decline to contradict our deepest

convictions, though an angel from heaven demanded it? To the resolution of this difficulty Dr. Mozley addresses himself, and his work is accomplished with an adroitness and skill in the highest degree satisfactory. Although the authority of the Divine revelation does not rest upon the human ratiocination, it is a great aid to struggling faith to find there are grounds that can be presented in human language on which that faith may be justified, and from which it may be cleared from unworthy accusations of unreasonableness and vanity. And when it can be further shown that such acts as the sacrifice of Isaac and others, that present initial difficulties, are in perfect harmony with all that is known of the essential conditions of human life, and the necessary development of human history, the helpfulness is still greater.

On the authority of miracles Dr. Mozley remarks that while miracles are evidence of the Divine will, and that a command which has the warrant of a miracle is to be regarded as coming from God, yet entering further into the teaching of Scripture on this subject, we discover that, together with this general rule, there is a collateral principle inculcated, viz., that a miracle may be permitted by God for the purpose of trial. "The rule of Scripture is that no great moral or religious principle or law of conduct of which we are practically, upon general antecedent grounds, certain, can be upset even by a real miracle; but that when the two come into collision of evidence, the miracle must give way, and the moral conviction stand; that no miracle, in short, can outweigh a plain duty; and that a *real* miracle might be wrought, and yet it would be wrong to do the act which the miracle enjoined."

If this principle is good for the present time, it was good also for the time of Abraham. What then is the explanation of an act which we might suppose would then contradict the simplest principles of morality? The first general reply is that the command was accommodated to the age in which it was given, a necessary and a wise procedure; and was "therefore adapted to be proved by a miracle: whereas now such a command would be in opposition to a higher law and general enlightenment, that would resist the authority of the miracle: which mode of proof would consequently be unfitted for it." The rule underlying this being that by the express law of Scripture a miracle is always "subject to the possibility that it may be sent for our trial in resisting it, instead of our faith in obeying it."

But a more precise statement of the adaptation of the miracle to the ruling idea of the age is necessary, and the presentation of this forms the essential element of the volume.

One very remarkable difference between the current thought of the present day and that of Abraham is seen in the widely diverse estimates of the individuality of man. In the earlier age the conception of man "as an independent person—a substantial being in

himself, whose life and existence was his own," was very imperfect and, as compared with our views, very far from the true one. "Man always figures as an appendage to somebody—the subject to the monarch, the son to the father, the wife to the husband, the slave to the master. He is the function or circumstance of somebody else."

The following is a wide view of the subject:—"To return then to the Old Testament facts, we may observe that the same defective idea of human individuality, and the right and property of the individual in his own life, which prevailed in early ages generally, is traceable even in the patriarchal and Jewish mind. It would indeed be expecting too much from a rude nation under slow training for higher truth, that they should not partake of the general notions of the world at that time regarding the natural rights of man. This latter is in truth, though its root is in our *moral* nature, an idea of the civil or political order, and therefore it is not an idea of which a purely religious dispensation, patriarchal or Jewish, guaranteed the present communication. It is an idea which is part of the civilisation of mankind, and we might as well expect at once civilisation in the early stage of human society, as expect this idea of the true individuality of man in those stages. We do not indeed, in identifying it with civilisation, disconnect it from morals: civilisation has its *moral* side in those ideas which relate to the rights of man, which belong to the realm of justice, and the development of which is a development and manifestation of justice. Still, though it is the moral side of civilisation to which those ideas belong, they are a part of civilisation; they are political ideas. They come under the political head; they appertain to mankind in their aspect of a community as a subject of social order; they concern man in society, and in his relation to brother man. They are, therefore, political ideas, and belong to the growth of civilisation. It cannot, therefore, be any reflection upon patriarchal life and ethics to say that in that early age they were defective in ideas of that order. Nor is there any reason why we should impose upon ourselves the supposition that the ages of the patriarchs, or the age of Moses, Joshua, or even David, had the same exact sense of the natural right of the individual man that the world now, after ages of Divine schooling, has attained; for this would be to be guilty of antedating the effect to the cause, and to expect beforehand that very standard which was to follow *after* or *from* the course of the Divine dispensation; that very estimate and point of view in the beginning of Divine education which was to be the end and the result of it. That man was made in the image of God was indeed the original truth which contained the independent and true individuality of the being; but this germinal truth wanted development, and patriarchal life was antecedent to that development."

The act of the great Patriarch must be viewed in the light of

this truth. It is some, if not an entire explanation, of the absence of all struggle in Abraham's mind. His son is a treasure to him, a dearly loved treasure, but one which was at his own disposal—he is his property.

These two principles, namely the influence of existing ideas on the relevancy of miracles supporting the Divine commands, and the law of ownership over the lives of others, form the basis on which explanations of other difficult facts in the history of the chosen people may rest. The exterminating wars of the Israelites while carried on for important moral ends in the education of the nation, and in the general interests of the race, have some justification in the existing ideas of justice which penetrated the ancient oriental mind. To suppose the Israelites' mind to be free from them would be an anachronism. The covenants of God did not contradict their sense of justice: on their moral side the existing ideas of justice presented no difficulty. To change those ideas of justice was a work of time, a process, of which we see only occasional steps.

The same principle must be applied to the interpretation of the apparently unfair law of the visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the children. On this an instructive lecture is given, of which the following is the conclusion:—"These two aspects, then, of this extraordinary class of Divine act give us the temporary and accommodated side of the Divine action, which cannot be defended but as an accommodation to the conceptions of the day, and that side of the Divine action which is permanent, and which is continued now in the ordinary course of Divine providence. The judicial aspect of these Divine acts was temporary and accommodated only, because it was impossible really that God should punish children on account of their fathers' sins, and as being guilty of them, therefore the punishment could not have been, even at the time of this commandment, *in fact*, judicial or retributive. But doubtless among the Israelitish people—to the popular understanding at the time—these visitations were judicial acts of the Deity. Our interpretations of these Divine acts would thus differ from the contemporary one; and they are defended now upon a different ground from that upon which they were originally accepted. They were accepted at the time as judicial by the enthusiastic but rude judicial sense of that time; but to us who have advanced upon that idea of justice, and in whose eyes the right of the individual is sacred, these acts of God can only be, in their *judicial* light, accommodated acts, *not real acts* expressive of the Divine justice, but only adapted to the popular idea of justice of that day."

Other lectures follow, two of which, on Jael and the connection of her act with the morality of her age, are alike ingenious and instructive. The law of retaliation and its especial exhibition in

the law of God bring the series up to a necessary consideration of the true test of a progressive revelation : that test being the end the revelation was finally to answer, even while adapted to the existing wants of them to whom it was first made. No view could be complete that did not carefully regard the end towards which the revelation was adapted to work, and to which it did actually work. Any condescension to an imperfect moral standard could only be temporary, and then only that by stooping to the condition of the people it undertook the responsibility of elevating to a higher and true standard.

"The system having thus a double aim, it is obvious that of these two objects that which is prior, and takes the first place in the intention of the system, is the *end*. In what did the dispensation actually result? In a perfect moral standard. Then we only argue upon ordinary rules of evidence when we say that that was the intention of the dispensation, and that that was the intention even while its morality was actually imperfect. The morality of the author of the dispensation is the true morality of the dispensation ; the final morals are the true morals, the temporary are but the scaffolding ; the true morals are contained in the end and in the whole."

What we have said of this volume and the extracts we have made will lead our readers to see they may expect much matter of thought and instruction from its perusal.

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## II. MISCELLANEOUS.

### SOME RECENT BOOKS OF VERSE.

*The Story of Sigurd the Volsung, and the Fall of the Niblungs.*  
By William Morris, Author of "The Earthly Paradise." London: Ellis and White, New Bond-street.  
1877.

*Harold; a Drama.* By Alfred Tennyson. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1877.

*Poems.* By Edward Dowden. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1876.

*Annus Amoris.* By J. W. Inchbold. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1876.

*Paradise Lost.* As Originally Published by John Milton. Being a Facsimile Reproduction of the First Edition. With an Introduction by David Masson, M.A., LL.D., Author of "The Life of John Milton." London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row, E.C. 1877.

*The Poetical Works of Ebenezer Elliott.* Edited by His Son, Edwin Elliott, Rector of St. John's, Antigua. A New and Revised Edition. Two Vols. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1876.

*The Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs* is probably the single book published within the last twelve months which it would be safe to set aside as the most certain of a place in the regards of the poetic readers of the next generation. It is a book in which Mr. Morris no longer occupies the station of an "idle singer," however sweet and perfect, but takes up the stern position of a poet concerned with the affairs of man's life and destinies. The whole spiritual life of the Northern Race is, in fact, dealt with here, if not explicitly, at all events implicitly; and while ample material whereon to exercise the poetic imagination and enchain the attention of the most fastidiously pleasure-seeking of readers, is found in the mythology of our far-off progenitors, the distant future of the human spirit finds its fitting symbolism in the history of Sigurd Agonistes and the Fall of the Ancient Gods. Whether Mr. Morris has, of philosophy prone, treated Sigurd, the son of Sigmund, the son of Volsung, the descendant of Odin, as a sun-myth, according to the prevailing

fashion of this day of comparative mythology, we very gravely doubt, as such a foregone conception would, we should expect, seriously enfeeble the artistic powers of a man handling a mythos epically; but certain it is that the life of Sigurd is so depicted in this volume as to make it more than ever possible—even plausible—for the sun-mythologists to add the name of him who “slew the great gold-wallower” to the already long list of heroes whose exploits and births and deaths are habitually put in evidence of the sun-myth theory. Certain it is, also, that, in a recent correspondence concerning the meaning of certain passages in the poem, an ingenious special-pleader lays it down that, if we accept Mr. Morris’s position as the exponent of a sun-myth, what were otherwise not far removed from obscurity becomes perfectly clear—a method of argument not very sound in itself, and not very tempting to Mr. Morris as the meed of a great poet. Nevertheless, the Sigurd of this noble poem, though elementally identical with the Sigurd of the *Völsunga Saga*, is vastly different in quality of craftsmanship, and in the kind of physical and moral picture he presents to the gaze of the modern reader. The fact is that, so far as the general reader is concerned, or, indeed, any but a few special students of semi-barbaric Scandinavian literature, *Völsunga Saga* has become simply archæological; and even the sumptuous prose translation of it which Mr. Morris, aided by Mr. Eiríkr Magnússon, placed before English readers as long ago as the year 1870, has altogether failed to popularise in England either the story of the Völsungs and Níblungs, or even the central conception of Sigurd, the Pythian Apollo of our forefathers. Indeed, although we were among the very few who accorded a hearty welcome\* to this and other prose translations from the Icelandic by Messrs. Morris and Magnússon, we doubt whether the seven years that have elapsed have secured a couple of dozen habitual readers of that curious but most interesting and historically important literature; and we think it highly probable that the number of English men and women who have really read the exquisite prose periods of the Saga would be well covered by the small figure of a hundred. If we dealt in literary vaticinations, we should not hesitate to predict a very different result from seven years’ existence among us of Mr. Morris’s own Völsung and Níblung epic: indeed, if we do not feel confident that, by the time the year 1884 comes round, English polite circles will know as much of Sigmund and Signý, of Sigurd and Brynhild, and Gunnar and Gudrun, as they know now of “mythic Uther’s deeply-wounded son,” of Enid and Geraint, and Lancelot and

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\* See *London Quarterly Review* for April, 1871: article, “Icelandic Sagas,” wherein we attempted to give a summary of what had been done by Mr. Morris, Dr. Desent, and others, to acclimatize among us the rugged but grand and vital literature of Iceland.

Guinevere, Elaine, Modred, and the rest of the Arthurian circle—if we think it probable that the “dragons of the great Pendragon-ship” will still blaze more clearly in men’s minds than—

“The helm of aweing and the hauberk all of gold,  
That hath not its like in the heavens, nor hath earth of its fellow told,”—

that surmise rests, not on the absence of great qualities from Mr. Morris’s book, but on the total want of the smaller qualities that have tended to popularise what are almost the least excellent of the poet laureate’s works—his Arthurian idylls. We feel pretty certain that if Mr. Morris had had it in his mind to preach sun-mythology, even he, far removed as is the bent of his mind from anything like cant, must have fallen more or less into the slough of poetic tractarianism. But instead of dogmatising, either scientifically or morally, he has let a great mythology have free course in his mind; and the result is a series of figures and movements transfigured to the full glory of epic conception, and towering to the full height of demi-gods.

There are few things in *Völsunga Saga* more grimly tragic, and at the same time more in need of a modern touch for modern uses, than that episode in the story before the time of Sigurd’s birth, dealing with the blood-vengeance for Volsung and his sons, treacherously slain by his son-in-law Siggæir. This is executed by Sigmund, the only surviving son (afterwards father of Sigurd), and a helper, whom it takes some twenty years to obtain in the manner unfolded in the second of the following extracts. It should here be premised that the first attempt to get into Siggæir’s palace fails, and Sigmund and his helper are buried alive, but escape through the help of Signy, and finally succeed in their task:

“For they took the night-watch sleeping, and slew them one and all,  
And then on the winter fagots they make them haste to fall,  
They pile the oak-trees cloven, and when the oak-beams fall  
They bear the ash and the rowan, and build a mighty bale  
About the dwelling of Siggæir, and lay the torch therein.  
Then they drew their swords and watched it till the flames began to win  
Hard on to the mid-hall’s rafters, and those feasters of the folk,  
As the fire-flakes fell among them, to their last of days awoke.  
By the gable-door\* stood Sigmund, and fierce Sinfotli stood  
Red-lit by the door of the women in the lane of blazing wood:  
To death each doorway opened, and death was in the hall.

“Then amid the gathered Goth-folk ‘gan Siggæir the king to call  
‘Who lit the fire I burn in, and what shall buy me peace?  
Will ye take my heaped-up treasure, or ten years of my fields’ increase,

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\* We of course give the punctuation of the original undisturbed; but it is to be remarked that a semicolon after *Sigmund*, instead of a comma, would have made it more immediately clear that Sigmund and Sinfotli were not standing at one door. In fact they commanded, separately, the only ways of egress from an Icelandic house,—the gable-door and the women’s door.

Or half of my father's kingdom ? Oh toilers at the oar,  
O wasters of the sea-plain, now labour ye no more !  
But take the gifts I bid you, and lie upon the gold,  
And clothe your limbs in purple and the silken women hold !

" But a great voice cried o'er the fire. ' Nay no such men are we,  
No tuggers at the hawser, no wasters of the sea :  
We will have the gold and the purple when we list such things to win ;  
But now we think on our fathers, and avenging of our kin.  
Not all King Siggeir's kingdom, and not all the world's increase  
For ever and for ever, shall buy thee life and peace.  
For now is the tree-bough blossomed that sprang from murder's seed ;  
And the death-doomed and the buried are they that do the deed ;  
Now when the dead shall ask thee by whom thy days were done,  
Thou shalt say by Sigmund the Volsung, and Sinfjotli, Signy's son.' "

Pp. 49, 50.

As showing how wholly Mr. Morris has made this episode his own, we may note in passing to our other extract that the passage in the Saga corresponding with this, is simply and briefly as follows :—" Then they go home to the hall, whenas all men slept there, and bear wood to the hall, and lay fire therein ; and withal the folk therein are waked by the smoke, and by the hall burning over their heads. Then the king cries out, ' Who kindleth this fire, I burn withal ? ' ' Here am I,' says Sigmund, ' with Sinfjotli, my sister's son ; and we are minded that thou shalt wot well that all the Volsungs are not yet dead.' " It will be observed that there is nothing here of bargaining on the part of King Siggeir, an absence of motive wholly in keeping with the savage earnestness of the Sagaman, who would probably have argued in his mind that it was unnecessary to introduce that element, as King Siggeir must have been well aware that nothing could buy him off his doom, and no atonement except death could possibly be made to the children of Volsung. Mr. Morris, in adding his touches of poetic realisation to this ghastly situation has warily interpolated the bidding of Siggeir for life between his own question, " Who lit the fire ?"—and Sigmund's answer—perceiving, probably, that after all said and done, a Goth-King dealing with a Volsung was but one man dealing with another, and, whether originally an Icelandic conception or not, would be likely to make a desperate bid for life. The following passage is full of a delicate vengeance-cultus very highly wrought up from the fierce original :—

" Lo now to the woman's doorway, the steel-watched bower of flame,  
Clad in her queenly raiment King Volsung's daughter came  
Before Sinfjotli's sword point ; and she said : ' O mightiest son,  
Best now is our departing in the day my grief hath won,  
And the many days of toiling, and the travail of my womb,  
And the hate, and the fire of longing : thou, son, and this day of the doom  
Have long been as one to my heart ; and now shall I leave you both,  
And well ye may wot of the slumber my heart is nothing loth ;  
And all the more, as, meemeth, thy day shall not be long  
To weary thee with labour and mingle wrong with wrong.

Yes, and I wot that the daylight thine eyes had never seen  
 Save for a great king's murder and the shame of a mighty queen.  
 But let thy soul, I charge thee, o'er all these things prevail  
 To make thy short day glorious and leave a goodly tale.'

"She kissed him and departed, and unto Sigmund went  
 As now against the dawning grey grew the winter bent:  
 As the night and the morning mingled he saw her face once more,  
 And he deemed it fair and ruddy as in the days of yore;  
 Yet fast the tears fell from her, and the sobe upheaved her breast:  
 And she said: 'My youth was happy; but this hour belike is best  
 Of all the days of my life-tide, that soon shall have an end.  
 I have come to greet thee, Sigmund, then back again must I wend,  
 For his bed the Goth-king dighteth: I have lain therein, time was,  
 And loathed the sleep I won there: but lo, how all things pass,  
 And hearts are changed and softened, for lovely now it seems.  
 Yet fear not my forgetting: I shall see thee in my dreams  
 A mighty king of the world 'neath the boughs of the Branstook green,  
 With thine earls and thy lords about thee as the Volsung fashion hath been  
 And there shall all ye remember how I loved the Volsung name,  
 Nor spared to spend for its blooming my joy, and my life, and my fame.  
 For hear thou: that Sinfotil, who hath wrought out our desire,  
 Who hath compassed about King Siggeir with this sea of a deadly fire,  
 Who brake thy grave asunder—my child and thine he is,  
 Begot in that house of the Dwarf-kind for no other end than this;  
 The son of Volsung's daughter, the son of Volsung's son.  
 Look, look! might another helper this deed with thee have done?' "

Pp. 52, 53.

In this speech, and indeed in the life of Signy as told in this poem, we find a womanly tenderness mixed with the fierce needs of her situation, which are wholly wanting in the original Saga, unless we take the vengeance motive for her father and brothers to be itself an augury of womanly tenderness. This, however, were a somewhat hazardous assumption, inasmuch as the blood-vengeance for kin was a first principle of morality with the people in question, and had not a great deal to do with personal tenderness, or the reverse. Mr. Morris, however, transfigures the self-abnegating motive of the woman's whole life in transfiguring her; for whereas, in the Saga, she is a barely-sketched type of certain savage needs of semi-civilised man, here, in the poem, she is a fully equipped woman, thoughtful and tender as far as her situation will permit; and such an action as she takes both in the Saga and in the poem becomes many-fold more of a self-sacrifice in proportion to the complexity and queenliness of the nature sacrificed to the one absorbing need.

But if Mr. Morris's treatment of the heroic Signy is masterly, as it surely is, his treatment of the arch-hero Sigurd is a far higher evidence of a master-hand. The glory of Sigurd's life, and what he was in the spiritual life of the early Northern race, are not easily realised in full by a perusal of the Icelandic and Germanic forms of the Volsung legend, because in no one form of the legend have we an epic work of so distinctly sempiternal a

character as to be food for all normal minds of all times. The legend travelled about by word of mouth for centuries, and the Sagamen were enabled to vary the precise forms of it according to the temper of the audience addressed; and, when first written down, the highest life of the myth, so to speak, was already far on the wane. Thus the local colouring, whether in the Scandinavian or German versions, was local to a particular epoch not wholly redolent of the central conceptions of the legend; and, while the Saga in its best form, is really a very fine work, the *Nibelungenlied* about which the Germans make so much fuss is an extremely poor affair, comparatively speaking. The Siegfried of the *Nibelungenlied* is not nearly so fine a conception as the Sigurd of the Saga; and he, again, is but the outline of the magnificent hero of Mr. Morris's poem. The only comparison which modern art calls upon us to make with the Sigurd of Mr. Morris is a comparison of a very different kind from that between Sigurd of the Saga and Siegfried of the *Lied*. We refer to the hero of Wagner's great music drama; and here again we find Mr. Morris's Sigurd, as a single central figure in a great work, infinitely finer than Wagner's Siegfried. We make no comparison, as none is properly to be made, between Mr. Morris's book and Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*; because a music drama in four plays, depending for its effect on a complexity of conditions outside poetry pure and simple, takes quite a different footing from that of an epic poem; but we may fairly compare the two figures; and, while we find Mr. Morris's Sigurd a hero of no special modern race—indeed of no race but that of heroes and demi-gods—we find Wagner's Siegfried a German of the Germans. Nor is this to be wondered at, seeing that the main object of the musician-poet was to use the mythos for the erection of a German national style in music-drama. Mr. Morris, we should say, had no particular object beyond the necessity of working out a great conception. Those who know how eagerly his studies in Northern literature have been prosecuted will not be surprised to find that the great though somewhat shadowy conception of Sigurd, and his great unspeakable woe, has so got hold of the very heart and soul of our sometime "idle singer," that he has been impelled to clothe the hero afresh, and build him up into something thoroughly articulate and universal. He moves through the grand and stately measures of the poem a figure of light and beneficence, and yet thoroughly a man; and the unshapen woe of his life finds here a clearer utterance and a keener edge than has ever been given it before. To go into the treatment of this sorrow of Sigurd were to analyse the whole movement of the book; and for that we have no space. Be it recorded instead that the style and metrical qualities are surpassingly fine—that beside the clear panoramic evolution of the story we have to praise a most pure and vigorous poetic

diction ; and mysteries of subtle effect in rhyme and metre such as are not to be found in any other work of this latter day—and of a higher quality than anything later than the best works of the Laureate—higher, that is to say, than anything published in England since 1855.

The innate inferiority of history to mythos as a subject for the highest poetry can hardly be said to receive a demonstration from the juxtaposition of the Laureate's last book with Mr. Morris's ; for *Harold*, from a purely artistic point of view, is less of a failure than the *Idylls of the Kings* ; and yet *Harold* can hardly be said to be a success worthy of its author's former achievements. This *Harold* seems very much as if he had grown out of no necessities lying much deeper than the need that the Laureate should produce *something* by way of a substantial book ; and a readable pleasant book enough it is after all ; but not more readable and pleasant, and certainly not finer, dramatically, than some dozens of acted and unacted plays produced in England within the period between Tennyson's first book and this, his last. The hero of this drama is like in feature to the hero with whom the late Lord Lytton has made us familiar, and there is not the least appearance of that particular epoch of English history, or that particular character, having laid hold upon the imagination of the poet with such force that he must embody it. On the contrary, to all appearance, a subject had to be found ; this of *Harold* seemed a good one ; and Lord Lytton's *Harold* was *Harold* enough for the occasion. The play is accordingly written, and the debt to his late Lordship courteously acknowledged in a dedication to his late Lordship's son—his present Lordship, the Viceroy of India. The same remarks are applicable to *Gurth*, *Leofwin*, and *Tostig*, the Sons of *Godwin*—none of whom stand out as freshly created characters, but all of whom smack strongly of Lord Lytton's fine historical romance. Even in the few lines descriptive of *Griffyth*, King of *Wales*, who is not a person of the drama, there is a reminiscence, clearly marked, of the finished portraiture of the "lithe Cymrian" in Lord Lytton's *Harold* ; and there is no character in the play that can be called a creation of the Laureate's own imagination. Neither is the action or construction such as to call for special remark, being merely such as one might reasonably expect from the undramatic genius of the author of *In Memoriam* and *Queen Mary*.

The play abounds, however, with good pictures, such as this description, by *Harold*, of the death of his conquered foe, *Harold Hardrada* :

"No bastard he! when all was lost, he yell'd,  
And bit his shield, and dash'd it on the ground,  
And swaying his two-handed sword about him,  
Two deaths at every swing, ran in upon us  
And died so . . . —P. 139.

Such passages of finely compacted English it is safe to look for in any book by the Poet Laureate ; but we do not find in *Harold* what we should have thought it almost equally safe to look for—fine lyric work. The Latin verses of the Canons of Waltham will hardly bear comparison with the monkish compositions of Mr. Gladstone in that *genre*, or even with the effusions in rhymed Latin to be found in Mr. Swinburne's earliest volume of poetry, *The Queen-Mother, and Rosamond*. And perhaps the most finished piece of composition in this volume of the Laureate's, after the opening quasi-comic scene, which is admirably done throughout, is the prefatory sonnet :

SHOW-DAY AT BATTLE ABBEY, 1876.

A garden here—may breath and bloom of spring—  
The cuckoo yonder from an English elm  
Crying ' with my false egg I overwhelm  
The native nest : ' and fancy hears the ring  
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,  
And Saxon battleaxe clang on Norman helm.  
Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm :  
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander'd king.  
O garden blossoming out of English blood !  
O strange hate-healer Time ! We stroll and stare  
Where might made right eight hundred years ago ;  
Might, right ? ay good, so all things make for good—  
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where  
Each stands full face with all he did below.

It is not often that the critic is called upon to welcome one of his own craft so cordially into the field of verse as Professor Dowden deserves to be welcomed. In his volume of poems, at all events, we find something fresh, aromatic, and unexpected ; and the very rarity of a critic's turning poet gives a piquancy to the flavour of the verse. For a poet to turn critic is no rare phenomenon ; for doubtless every true poet has in his mental constitution the critical faculty, whether dormant or exercised ; and probably most critics of any high degree of merit have some practical acquaintance with prosody and of the difficulties besetting poetic diction and so on. It is the poetic impulse and intuition that is so rare among critics ; and this is precisely what we find evidence of in Mr. Dowden's volume, though it is not one of which we should think it safe to predict any moderate degree of popularity. It is essentially a book for the few students of verse ; but they will read it with more than ordinary pleasure, and will probably turn to it and read it over again, or at all events have favourite pages in it to be conned over with other treasures of the like kind. Mr. Dowden's vein is pre-eminently thoughtful. There is no writing for writing's sake ; but his verses have clearly sprung from certain needs of his nature not to be satisfied either by prose-writing or by contemplative silence. Indeed half the book has, we should be bold to

hazard the opinion, been the outcome of much contemplative silence. We should say that Mr. Dowden's prevailing attitude of mind was a kind of dreamy contemplativeness; not the fierce desire to wrestle with great problems, political or social, or even spiritual; but a gentle sufficiency of thought in the contemplation of anything external or internal, enough to satisfy for the time being a wakeful mind enshrined in a restful physique (or at all events a *resting* physique); and this thought would seem gradually to overflow the restful mood until the need arises for recording some result of what has been passing internally. Then we get, perhaps, something like this, quite the reverse of striking, but good:

#### BEAU RIVAGE HOTEL.

##### SATURDAY EVENING.

Below there's a humming and strumming,  
And twiddling and fiddling amain,  
And sweeping of muslins and laughter  
And pattering of luminous rain.  
"Miss Lucy fatigued?" "Non, Monsieur!"  
"Ach Himmel!" "How precious a smother!"  
But the happiest is brisk little Polly  
To galop with only her brother.  
And up to the fourth étage landing  
Come the violins' passionate cries,  
Where the pale *femme-de-chambre* is sitting  
With asleep in her beautiful eyes.

We have quoted this small poem, not by any means as one of the most notable in the collection; but because the charm of it defies analysis. Perhaps it will be said that no charm ought to defy analysis; and that if we are not prepared to analyse we ought not to set up any claim for the quality of charming on behalf of any poem; but we confidently submit these three quatrains for the reader's decision whether they are charming or no. We are certain they will be found so, though there is little if anything in them, any more than there is in so many of those slight, tender, half-comical things of Heine's, which they resemble more than they do anything in English literature. We will set beside them, as a higher example of Mr. Dowden's art, one of his sonnets,—one which seems to us not only peculiarly beautiful in expression and force, taken for what it is, but which has also a symbolical significance that is very subtle and fine:

#### THE SKYLARK.

There drops our lark into his secret nest!  
All is felt silence and the broad blue sky;  
Come, the incessant rain of melody  
Is over; now earth's quietudes invest,  
In cool and shadowy limit, that wild breast

Which trembled forth the sudden ecstasy  
 Till raptures grew too swift, and song must die  
 Since midmost deeps of heaven grew manifest.  
 My poet of the garden-walk last night  
 Sang in rich leisure, ceased and sang again,  
 Of pleasure in green leaves, of odours given  
 By flowers at dusk, and many a dim delight ;  
 The finer joy was thine keen-edged with pain,  
 Soarer ! alone with thy own heart and heaven.

We cannot doubt that in this beautiful comparison of the skylark and the nightingale, Mr. Dowden consciously implied a comparison between Shelley and Keats, two poets who stand immortal among lyrists on the strength of two songs only, if on no other strength—Shelley's rapturous *Verses to a Skylark*, and Keats's *Ode to the Nightingale*. The coincidence of characteristics is too striking and too strongly emphasized in this beautiful small poem to have come there by chance. There are many other sonnets of quite the same character, as good as this, and as thoughtful ; and there is no poem in the volume that will not repay a moderately instructed reader, though there are some that are not so absolutely free from minor faults of style and versification.

Mr. Inchbold's little volume is disappointing. At first sight one expects a good deal of it ; but it does not repay close reading : it soon gets "played out," as our American cousins say. It will only bear one reading where Mr. Dowden's book will bear six. We quote, as a fair sample, the sonnet called "*Love and Death*," one of many of pretty even quality :—

" Within a wood I stray at sunset hour,  
 The leaves were still and red upon the ground,  
 The trees themselves stood steadfast as a tower  
 That has survived a thousand things around,  
 The iris here and there in Autumn seed,  
 Was brighter than in Spring ; I saw no bird,  
 Nor noted breathing thing ; all hushed indeed  
 Was this sad grove ; whilst deep below I heard  
 The sea, with dull monotony of moan  
 And saw the white foam die on marble strand ;  
 Mountain and sky far up above looked lone,  
 Whilst by a brook, winged arrows in his hand,  
 Sat Love the imperishable one—and near,  
 The last grey mortal of the latest year."

Here the thought is meant for original ; although we must say in truth that we do not find anything strikingly like original thought : indeed, on the contemplative side there is a considerable lack of originality throughout the book ; and this sonnet, whereof the substance is very strongly redolent of Italian studies—perhaps indirect Italian studies made through the medium of Mr. D. G. Rossetti's poems—seems rather incongruous in itself,—the three Shakespearian quatrains and final couplet not adapting themselves so well to images in the Italian style as the genuine sonnet form of

two quatrains, rhymed centrally, and a sestet. It is to be observed that the execution is good in the sonnet; and, in fact, the execution is the best part of Mr. Inghold's poems. When he has nothing to attend to except the perfecting of his verse, he acquits himself very creditably. Here, for example, is a very agreeable piece of paraphrase from the "Song of Songs, which is Solomon's:"

#### THE EASTERN LOVE SONG.

Rise up, my Love, my fair one come away,  
 For lo! the winter's past, the rain is gone,  
 The flowers of earth have come with birds and May,  
 The turtle cooeth sadly left alone:—  
 O rise, my Love, my sweet one come away,  
 The figs are green, the vines are fair and young,  
 O Love, my Love, my dove! where art thou, say?  
 Hast heard in rocky clefts the song I sung?  
 O answer me again, thy voice is sweet,  
 Rejoice my sight, my Love, with face of thine,  
 O cease thy shyness, come with love's quick feet,  
 For thou, my Love, art tender, thou art mine:  
 Beloved, come, among the lilies feed,  
 By stream and lotus flower and whispering reed.

We may be pardoned for thinking the authorised version preferable to this, even rhythmically; but still we admit this to be very creditable.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Elliot Stock's admirable *fac-simile* reprint of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*. Like his other reprints, noticed from time to time in our pages, it is executed with the most careful regard to absoluteness of reproduction; and *Paradise Lost* was a work of which an accessible and trustworthy reprint of the first edition was very much needed. Milton's English, about which he must certainly have held very strong views, has suffered much at the hands of successive editors; and it is of the greatest interest to see what manner of orthography and punctuation the great epic at first appeared with. The introduction by Professor Masson tells exactly everything that a bibliographer needs to know about the various issues of the first edition; for the sheets originally printed appeared over and over again with new title-pages; and several leading particulars that are not strictly bibliographical, are also embodied in the introduction. The title-page selected for reproduction is of course the earliest of the series, that, namely, of 1667. The text is given literally, with all printer's errors and other conceivable faults; and this is the only admissible form of *fac-simile* reprinting. In fact, any liberty taken with the printer's errors of a book in course of reproduction deprives it of the character of *fac-simile*; and the only sort of edition of an old classic (beside a carefully revised text) that is of any use whatever is an exact reproduction. The preservation of the

precise character of the type and paper are of less importance, except as a matter of curiosity; but the essential reprinting of *Paradise Lost* is a boon to students not easily overrated. With the exception of the few fortunate possessors of genuine copies of the first edition, none of us can really know Milton thoroughly until we have read his masterpiece again in the volume provided by Mr. Stock; and for those who can readily get over the difficulties associated with the long old-fashioned s, the repertorial will be very pleasant as regards the typography, and most instructive as regards the more important peculiarities reproduced here, but not found in the ordinary current editions of Milton's works.

Another valuable reprint (if we are safe in classifying the book among reprints) is the collection of Ebenezer Elliott's Poetical Works, edited by his son. There is not in these two handsome and substantial volumes any bibliographical information whatever, nor is there any intimation of novelty in the contents or any portion of them; we, therefore, assume that this is simply a re-edition. We should almost imagine, from the entire absence of biography as well as bibliography, that there must be an intimation of publishing, uniformly with these volumes, a separate life of Elliott; and very much is such a life to be desired. In the meantime the necessary public encouragement must be given to the present volumes; and, for our part, we can but say they are in every way worthy. The mass of work in verse done by Elliott will have been something of a surprise to many of the new generation of readers who know him only as the author of the *Corn Law Rhymes* and *The Splendid Village*, and even thus much only traditionally; for except to a few of the most eager students of verse, it has not, of late years, been by any means an easy matter to have a creditable acquaintance with Elliott's works. How earnest he was in the labour he undertook, of ameliorating the circumstances of the working-class from among whom he sprung, and how wholly praiseworthy in moderation, may be verified now by any one who will take these volumes, and turn to any of the poems bearing on political and social questions. Those only who lived in the midst of the deadly struggles agitating between class and class, while Elliott was writing, can fully realise the merit that attaches to his moderation of expression. The struggle in which he took part was in fact one of life and death, and it was a matter of the greatest hazard to the cause either to go too far or not to go far enough. We have no hesitation in affirming that the *Corn Law Rhymes* did his part with a nice discretion, and made his heart-felt and heart-stirring rhymes tell home to the uttermost, so as to become a really important factor in the evolution of precisely those reforms which had not been carried out and were being vigorously and influentially opposed then, and which have been carried out

since. The fact that what Elliott and his party agitated for is now accomplished, suffices of itself to justify, historically, the agitation ; and Elliott must ever hold a place in the respect, not only of the working-class, who are so much benefitted by the changes for which he laboured, but by society at large, who have followed and ratified his leading. Forty years ago, it would have been somewhat hazardous of reputation to advocate the positions assumed by Elliott ; now it were equally hazardous to attempt to gainsay them ; hence the "bard of Sheffield" is one of whom Sheffield may very justly be proud, one who deserved a better statue than the working men of Sheffield have set up for him ; and who also deserved that that event should be the subject of those few great immortal lines which Walter Savage Landor devoted to it. The best monument, however, to such a man, is a cordial reception of a worthy edition of his own works ; and we heartily commend these volumes to all libraries aiming at anything like perfection in that department of poetic literature of which England has a good right to boast. Ebenezer Elliott was not what we should style a great poet ; but he had a great heart and an articulate voice ; and the part he played was such as must secure his works a place among permanent British classics.

#### MOULTRIE'S POEMS.

*Poems.* By John Moultrie. New Edition, with Memoir by the Rev. Prebendary Coleridge. London : Macmillan. 1876.

MOULTRIE the man must be distinguished from Moultrie the poet, especially by the reader of volumes which contain much now republished for the first time from the *Eltonian* and *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. And yet, as Professor Bonamy Price says, it was his poetic nature which made him what he was ; "he was at all times a poet, not a poet writing verse for others, but a poet transforming the nature of things by the creative power of his genius, and rendering life to those around him something quite different from what it was, and this without being dreamy, or unreal, or any way extravagant. Those who understood him felt that he gave a new aspect, a new form and quality, to deeds and words from what ordinary men conceive them to possess." Herein lies the subtle charm to which Moultrie owed a great deal of the influence which, during a ministry of close upon half a century, he exercised, not only on his flock, but on all the inhabitants of Rugby and the neighbourhood. How wide and deep was this influence was seen when in April, 1875, a public meeting was held to confer about a "Moultrie Memorial Fund." Dr. Jex-Blake, Dr. Hayman's successor, who moved the first

resolution, was seconded by the Wesleyan minister, the Rev. W. H. Wall, who "bore witness to the Christian influence exerted over the members of his own congregation by the late Rector's frequent and welcome visits to their homes." Last March, too, a Spelling Bee was held by the Wesleyans in aid of the fund; and the large sum collected was directed to be applied to building a new aisle—the "Moultrie Aisle" it is to be called—in the new parish church. This fact proves that the man whose life by Prebendary Coleridge forms perhaps the most interesting part of these volumes was much more than a mere poet or a mere clergyman. He has left his mark on Rugby; for none could be brought in contact with him without feeling that his religious affections were warm and tender, and that his religious convictions clung to the very substance of revealed truth with a firm and eager grasp. Hence he is especially the poet of religious emotion and experience; his earlier poems may show more poetic power, but we almost question the wisdom of including them in these volumes, so utterly are they cut off from the life and thought of the Rugby pastor. They are explained by the circumstances of his early career; and are perhaps valuable as showing the great change which was wrought in him towards the end of his residence at Cambridge. Before classifying his poems, however, it will be well to give a few facts about himself.

He was a Scot by blood. Hence, doubtless, that charm—what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the magic of the Celt—which in him threw over common things a glamour of loveliness. Kinghorn, in Fife, was the ancestral estate; but his great grandfather lost his property, and went from Scotland to North America in 1729. Of his sons, one was Governor of East Florida at the outbreak of the war of Independence, and retained his allegiance to Britain; the other fought with distinction on the other side, and gave his name to Fort Moultrie. The Governor's son, the Rev. George Moultrie, came to London, which, in 1799, John Moultrie was born. In due time he went to Eton, which Shelley had lately left, and which, to judge from his earlier poems, must have been full of the spirit of this unearthly poet, and of his more earthy contemporary Lord Byron. He did not study hard; yet he became an elegant and accomplished scholar. "I cannot remember the time (says Rev. G. Cookeley) when he did not write English verse; and his verses were unlike those of other boys; all was simple, natural, touching. . . He never, I believe, did study; but he was always thinking. I've often seen him walking up and down Long Chamber, hatching in his brain either a school exercise or some English poetry." Among his associates at Eton were Lord Morpeth (Lord Carlisle), Mr. Stanley (the late Lord Derby), Henry and Edward Coleridge, Praed, &c. "Moultrie the humorous, the pathetic," his double title among

his schoolmates, hits off the double Celtic nature exactly. At Cambridge he got the Bell scholarship, and a scholarship at Trinity. There his triumphs ended; he did not read for honours, but was a valued member of the intellectual "Eton set." By-and-by the change came on of which we spoke; and eventually he threw up the profession of the law, and was ordained. Lord Craven, to whose sons he had been tutor, gave him Rugby to hold *in commendam* for his youngest son. As it turned out, the appointment was for life. To Rugby he went in 1828; just half a year later Dr. Arnold began his work. The contrast between the two was extreme—Oxford and Cambridge, prose and poetry, the hard Englishman and the mobile though stubborn Scot; yet they valued one another highly; and it is on record that when Arnold first read the "Three Sons" he was affected to tears. His life at Rugby was uneventful, lasting on through the masterhips of famous men—Dr. Tait, Dr. Goulburn, Dr. Temple, and (in a different way) Dr. Hayman. It is no dispraise to say that he grew more and more up to the measure of a pastor's work, ridding himself more and more of that constitutional indolence which had hindered his success at the University. His last illness was increased by remaining long in the close sick room of a servant-maid, who was suffering from the worst form of small-pox.

Such was the man. Now for a few extracts from his poems. "My Brother's Grave" is perhaps the best known of these; it is also the earliest:

" My boyish days are nearly gone,  
My brow is not unsullied now;  
And worldly cares and woes will soon  
Cut their deep furrows on my brow.  
And life will take a darker hue  
From ills my brother never knew.  
And I have made me bosom friends,  
And loved and linked my heart with others;  
But who with mine his spirit blends  
As mine was blended with my brother's: "

Few boys of seventeen could write with such simple pathos; it is hard to believe that the same brain could have concocted the merry stanzas of "Godiva" or "Maimouné." This is from "Godiva":

" It chanced, A.D. eight hundred and eighteen,  
(I love to be correct in my chronology,  
And all the tables which by chance I've seen  
Concur in this date), when I was in college I  
Conducted once the famous magazine,  
Th' Etonian's predecessor. This apology  
Will serve, I hope, among all folks discerning,  
For my correctness—both in taste and learning."

There is the lightness of the true Byronic touch in this ; and also in the following, from "Maimonné" :—

" Well, I'm still single ; but I can't forget  
How oft I've trudged for many a dusty mile  
On some ridiculous errand, or got wet  
In expectation of at least a smile ;  
And then, returning, found her in a pet  
Because ' I'd kept her waiting such a while.'  
And then the shawls and tippets that I carried ;  
The scrapes she led me into—till she married."

" Sir Launfal " is somewhat in the same style, but more serious. The following shows a sad, but too true, estimate by the young poet of his own position :—

" In me these things breed legions of blue devils,  
These, and some thoughts which will not pass away,  
Of powers abused by Fancy's wayward revels,  
Of many a reckless rhyme and useless lay ;  
While the dark future, with its host of evils  
Mustered in grim and menacing array,  
Looks none the brighter for the thought that I  
Have been the marrer of my destiny.

" And that fond dream which lured me on for ever  
Through a long boyhood, saying I might earn  
The poet's laurel with serene endeavour,  
And write my name on an enduring urn,  
Hath now departed ; while ambition's fever,  
Unquench'd though aimless, hath not ceased to burn  
With self-exciting fire and thirst supplied  
By longings which can ne'er be satisfied.

" Here am I, now, at twenty-three, inditing  
Dull verses in a style which I despise  
And once abjured—just when I should be fighting  
With nobler weapons for a brighter prize ;  
But that no longer have I hope or might in  
My soul to rush at famous destinies :  
No occupation for my pen more meet  
Than scribbling nonsense at so much per sheet."

This is so sad as to make us thankful that the change of which we spoke was not long delayed.

With that change came his marriage with Miss Fergusson, sister of the architectural writer ; and henceforth Wordsworth, not Byron or Shelley, is the predominating influence, showing itself in the sonnets, the " Dream of Life," " Midsummer Musings," &c. Interspersed with these are short poems, like the " Three Sons," in which Moultrie is more wholly himself. The " Dream " is an analysis of his own life and aspirations and friendships in its different phases. A good deal of it is like a good deal of Wordsworth, prose cut into lengths. Take this, for example :

"A melancholy joy, in truth, it is  
 When half a life has fled, to see once more  
 Places long-loved; to mark how Nature's force  
 Remains unchanged, how little Art has wrought  
 Of transformation in inanimate things;  
 While human forms familiar—men who lived,  
 Thought, felt, rejoiced and sorrowed, hoped and feared,  
 Hated and loved, in time's relentless flight,  
 Have been by generations swept away  
 Like shadows from the earth."

No other fate can be presaged for blank verse of this quality; it is the sort that Lucilius would make (said Horace) a hundred lines to the hour, *stans pede in uno*.

We very much prefer the "Lays of the English Church." It is on them that we would rest Moultrie's fame as a poet; it is by them we think he would wish to be known; for in his lifetime he looked on them as his choice work, never republishing the earlier effusions, which a too zealous care has introduced into these volumes.

This, from "Advent Sunday," is very beautiful:

"Hath the Lord His Church forsaken?  
 Nay, to faith's quick ear and eye  
 Signs, too clear to be mistaken,  
 Tell of His redemption nigh.  
 Though gross darkness gird us round,  
 We an inner light have found.  
 As the fleshly eye grows dimmer,  
 And the brow besprent with grey,  
 Nearer we discern the glimmer  
 Of the soul's eternal day.  
 As the grave begins to yawn,  
 Clear and perfect grows our dawn."

So, too, is the well-known "Hymn for Easter Eve":

"All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,  
 Human taunts and fiendish spite;  
 Death shall be despoiled to-morrow  
 Of the prey he grasps to-night;  
 Yet once more, to seal His doom,  
 Christ must sleep within the tomb."

But the reader may profitably study the whole series on the Epistles and Gospels from Advent to the last Sunday in Epiphany. Each enters with real power into the meaning of the special Scripture. Not one of them is mere verse, a tinkling cymbal; they speak to the heart and soul as well as to the poetic fancy.

Here is a fine thought, in the Ode on laying the foundation of the second church that he built in Rugby:

"No vague uncertain sound  
 Within these walls confound

The wandering mind, nor cheat the listening ear.  
 No thoughts which wildly range  
 Through ways perplexed and strange.  
 Bewilder him who speaks and those who hear.  
 No brain infect with pestilential lies,  
 Here weave its filmy web of tangled sophistries."

This prayer, so needed nowadays, recalls us to what we said at first, that Moultrie was pastor more than poet. As such he made himself precious to many souls. With his poetry is mingled much "hay, wood, stubble," but there is also much of the gold which shall endure.

#### REUMONT'S LORENZO DE MEDICI.

*Lorenzo de Medici, the Magnificent.* By Alfred Von Reumont.  
 Translated by Robert Harrison. Two Vols. Smith  
 and Elder. 1876.

THE most interesting part of M. Von Reumont's book is his account of the rise of the Florentine Republic. To this he devotes four chapters, which are followed by four on the supremacy of Cosmo de Medici—Lorenzo's grandfather. This lengthy and exhaustive introduction contrasts strongly with the meagre prelude which Roscoe deemed sufficient; and it is most needful to the thorough understanding of what follows, for we cannot rate Lorenzo rightly unless we see how he came to be what he was. The Medici were not one of the old historic Florentine families, like those Albizzi, who, after various vicissitudes, were at last mastered by Cosmo. They cannot be traced beyond the close of the twelfth century, when one, Giambuono, set up his coat of arms—the red balls (*palle*) in a gold field, which, detractors say, represent the ancestral physician's cupping glasses, while the family have been fain to regard them as dints of a giant's flail on the shield of some heroic forefather.

Florence, like most other Italian cities, had a troubled life during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Guelf and Ghibelline quarrels; changes of government from consuls to a *podestà*, and then to a captain of the people; banishment of one faction by the other as the temporary victory of Anjou or Hohenstaufen made one or other predominant. Such a state of things does not seem conducive to prosperity. Yet, like many of the old Greek states under similar circumstances, Florence thrived at this time as she has never thriven since; the industrial and trading guilds kept pace with the Commune of the twelfth century. Every guild had its syndic and its gonfalonier or captain, and, supreme over all, was a proconsul, chosen from the highest guild—that of the lawyers. These guilds were composed of well-to-do citizens (*popolo grasso*);

the nobles and the poor were alike excluded from power and office, except during the time when the quarrels of the Neri and Bianchi, sung by Dante, enabled the nobles to get hold for a time of the reins of government. In 1296 Ardingo de Medici, of the guild of the Woolstaplers, was captain-general; and from that time a good many of the family held high office. The city, meanwhile, was not in a thriving state. The statistical records, published by Villani, show an enormous taxation (in 1328, 300,000 gold guilders were raised); but even this was not enough to meet the military expenditure. Florence soon indulged in the then rare luxury of a state debt (*monte commune*). War is always costly, but war carried on by hired mercenaries is the most ruinous of all. In 1342, Walter of Brienne, Duke of Athens, was able to make himself for a time master of the city. In the middle of the fourteenth century, England, which had borrowed vast sums for her French war, suspended payment, and this ruined a great number of the oldest families, such as the Bardi and Peruzzi. Then came the black death, bringing more new people to the front; and in 1378 the Government became an oligarchy of wealth, at the head of which was the guild of the money-changers (which managed the whole banking trade of Europe) and that of the woolstaplers (which regulated all the foreign markets). At this time the Medici gained the position which they never afterwards lost. Giovanni, the then head of the house, was by far the largest banker in Italy; in the taxation of 1427 he paid the second largest contribution. His son was the famous Cosmo, who at once became the head of the popular party in opposition to the oligarchs with the Strozzi and Albizzi at their head. At first the Medici were banished; then they returned and ousted their opponents; and in 1435 Cosmo was appointed Gonfalonier. "Florence had now a master;" it was the old story of one member of a close body using the people to raise himself to supreme power by crushing his fellows. Cosmo was an able ruler. He ruined his opponents by taxation; the Albizzi were exiled to certain towns where they had to present themselves every three days before the magistrates to show that they had not broken parole. Of course they broke parole, and then, after an attempt at forcible re-entry had been crushed, their portraits were painted on the Palazzo del Podestà (by Andrea del Sarto) with insulting verses underneath. The family appears to have ended in extreme poverty. Cosmo also took care to let none of his adherents become too powerful; and up to the time of his death he kept firm hold on the sovereignty of Florence. He died in 1464; and the entry in his son's note-book says: "He would not make a will, but left everything at my free disposal. He was interred without pomp of burial, with neither more nor fewer tapers than are used at ordinary obsequies, as he had commanded, saying one should give alms during life, then

they were of more use than after death. I did what was my duty, and gave the orders for alms-giving and Divine worship, as my books will show." This matter-of-fact son, Piero the gouty, still further strengthened the family. The unsuccessful conspiracy of the Neroni, helped in a cowardly half-hearted way by Luca Pitti, builder of the famous palace, contributed to establish the Medici in their position. Lorenzo, during his father Piero's life, took a large share in the management of affairs at home and abroad: and when that father died in 1469, he was already married to Clarice Orsini (despite the love affair with Lucrezia Donatelli which Roscoe pronounces to have been merely Platonic), and was looked up to as the head of the powerful house. This sketch of the growth of the family is, we take it, of more general interest than the petty details of Lorenzo's wars and treaties and interference in all the miserable politics of the Italy of his day. We are thankful to M. Von Reumont for bringing them out; thankful to him, too, for dethroning Lorenzo from the too exalted position in which Mr. Roscoe left him. He is the typical man of the Renaissance, but he is a very unsatisfactory kind of hero. With the Medici, as with the Bonapartes, it was always family first and then country. Patriotism, in our sense of the word the love of a united Italy, was unknown and not to be expected from an Italian of those days; but even the narrower patriotism of the Greek, the burning love of city which Mr. Swinburne brings out not a whit too strongly in *Erechtheus*, was absent from most of the men of that time, singularly so from the Medici. Selfishness in every form and an immorality which put old heathen times to shame mark the men whom we are taught to reverence as the apostles of a new era. The Renaissance is not wholly to blame. Society had already become grossly corrupt, and Christianity almost wholly superficial. "These men do not believe their own dogmas:" men like Poggio and Poliziano, and Pico Mirandola might say: "If they did, they could not act so wholly in opposition to them. The whole thing is a sham; they are practical heathens; we, who are honest, will just go back to heathenism in theory also." Thus the Renaissance was, from one point of view, a protest against the unreal Christianity of the day. Another very different protest was that made by the various religious bodies. M. Von Reumont's remarks on the Jesuates and Humiliates, and White Penitents (at the end of vol. i.), are only too brief, his object being to treat of the religious poetry, in which these societies were so prolific, as a part of the culture of the period. It is notable that the lauds which they composed and sang were set to carnival tunes; the practice often charged against our revivalists has at least antiquity in its favour. When these societies were driven by the prevalent corruptions into heterodoxy, they were fiercely persecuted, as in the case of the Paterini;

when they remained orthodox, pontiffs like Sixtus IV. contented themselves with leaving them in contemptuous neglect. Once, under Savonarola, this kind of protest took a more aggressive form. Humiliates were only mystics who combined ascetic practices with a life of industry. Savonarola preached social reforms; and hence he was cut off, after being maddened into sinful self-assertion.

But we must come back to Lorenzo. In 1470 the Turks took Negropont, the key not only of the Archipelago, but of the Adriatic. The Pope (Paul II.) was honestly anxious that Christendom should lay aside disputes and join in forcing back the Mussulman. But the Duke of Milan stood aloof from the general Italian league, because it did not suit his private ends; and though the Signoria of Florence sent their ratification, Guicciardini, their ambassador, suppressed it, acting on secret instructions from Lorenzo. Thus the league failed in Italy; while in Eastern Europe the sanguinary quarrel between Matthias Corvinus and George Podiebrad of Bohemia opened Bosnia and Croatia to the Turk. Paul died; and Sixtus IV. was not at all likely to try to put himself at the head of united Christendom. His aim was rather to make good provision for his "nephews." Before long the poor Queen of Bosnia ("omnium reginarum infortunatissima") is an exile in Rome, living on the Pope's bounty, her pension being charged on the Roman branch of the Medici bank. Piteous are her appeals to be paid in cash instead of being obliged to take payment in kind. Indeed, Lorenzo was always being written to by noble ladies about money. Thus the Crown Princess of Naples begs for a loan of 2,000 ducats without interest; she will repay it *a fede de leale madama*, and sends jewels valuable as a pledge. These and other loans were often made out of State funds. Indeed, the greatest flaw in Lorenzo's character, and that which Roscoe wholly passes over, is his total unscrupulousness in dealing with the Florentine treasury. He seems to have drawn on it whenever he pleased; and when, thanks to his lavish expenditure, funds ran short in spite of the grievous taxation, he hesitated not to dip his hand into the *Monte*, a bank of deposit in which the citizens accumulated dowries for their daughters. Indeed, our author says it is hard to see how, if he had lived much longer, bankruptcy could have been avoided. Such a man can hardly be called a hero; nor would Roscoe have made him one had the documents on which M. Von Reumont's indictment is traced come in his way. His financial dealings are worse even than the cruelty at the sack of Volterra, after a war brought on because the Volterra Commune objected to have their alum mines farmed away to a Florentine company. On the Pazzi conspiracy and its vindictive repression, our author throws no new light; neither do we get any certainty on the closing scene of Lorenzo's life. It is still

uncertain whether Savonarola gave him absolutism, and left him in peace, or whether, when the great Dominican bade him first restore liberty to Florence, the dying man turned away his face and remained unabsolved.

Of Savonarola the book contains an interesting notice. Driven by war from his native city of Ferrara, Girolamo Savonarola became a brother of the Florentine convent of San Marco in 1482. He had already made converts; one day when travelling with a boat-load of swearing soldiers, he spoke so earnestly that they all fell on their knees around him. In Florence, however, he made little way. His Lombard accent was laughed at; so were his ascetic notions in that pleasure-loving city. His brethren of San Marco were decent heathen philosophers—nothing more. What first brought him into notice were his sermons at Breccia on the Apocalypse (in 1486), sermons remembered twenty-six years later, when the sack of the city by the French seemed to be the literal fulfilment of his denunciations. In 1490 he came back to Florence, and began the work which ended in his martyrdom. He had a rival, the Augustinian, Mariano, who seems to have jumped much better with Lorenzo's humour. At one time Savonarola thought of confining himself to philosophical treatises, fearing that he should never gain the popular ear. All at once, however, such crowds thronged to his lectures on Prophecy that he had to give them not in the little convent court but in the big church of St. Maria del Fiore, and then rapidly his influence grew so strong that the very Carnival became a time of religious revival. His influence greatly annoyed Lorenzo and his party, for it was evident that, if his reform continued, a supremacy based on corruption like that which marked the Second Empire in France must come to a speedy end.

But we must close. We have said enough to show that not only does our author correct the errors of his predecessor, but that his history is thorough even beyond the ordinary thoroughness of the best class of German books.

#### BURTON'S ETRUSCAN BOLOGNA.

*Etruscan Bologna: A Study.* By Richard F. Burton, Author of "Pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca," &c. Smith and Elder. 1876.

NIEBUHR used to say he would give the third of his fortune to be able to solve the Etruscan mystery. That mystery is still unsolved, and everything is interesting which seems to throw light on it. Captain Burton's book does not pretend to take rank with works like that of Mr. Dennis, but it has a special value, for it deals with a series of discoveries wholly unknown to most English

readers—discoveries which, if not so startling as the frescoed interiors of tombs at Volterra and elsewhere, are not without their bearing on the question who were the old Etruscans? Captain Burton does not, indeed, confine himself to describing the “finds,” made within the last six years, at the monastery of the Certosa and thereabouts. He gives some very pleasant details of life in Bologna, one of the most unchanged, we fancy, among Italian cities; and, moreover, being nothing if not combative, he finds an adversary even on the unpromising ground of Etruscan archaeology. The Rev. Isaac Taylor published, two years ago, his *Etruscan Researches*. These the warlike Captain mercilessly attacks: “He sets out with thoroughly erroneous and obsolete assertions which succeed in vitiating almost every research, viz., that language is the ultimate and surest test of race.” But, though rather disposed to believe that Captain Burton is right in denying this, we leave him to settle it and all his other differences—at p. 120 *seq.* will be found a whole list of them, including the charge of having played tricks with the famous Campanari dice—and proceed to the more pleasing parts of his book. Felsina, afterwards called Bononia, was the capital of the North-Eastern, *i.e.* probably the oldest Etruscan Confederacy. Captain Burton, therefore, is opening up new ground. Murray says not a word about it, and Baedeker very little. Modern Bologna is chiefly remarkable for its leaning towers; of these there are many besides the celebrated two. This fact our author accounts for “by the ground having been so much worked by successive races and generations of men.” The palaces are splendid, “the meanest is vast enough to contain two of the largest boxes that poor Belgravia can boast, and the inclined planes of staircase, evidently made for the convenience of the grandee’s *destrier*,”—compare the staircase at Amboise,—“contrast wonderfully with the companion-ladder of masonry which, rodged and carpeted, suffices for the millionaire of the North.”

Life at Bologna seems pleasant enough: the mediæval and the modern blend happily in it. “Briefly to describe the effect of the aristocratic old city, the ‘moral capital of the Emilia,’ you have only to remember that of Manchester or Birmingham, and to conjure up into imagination the clear contrary.” It is not only like Tuscany in general, “a rare land of courtesy,” but, having hitherto escaped the invasion of a foreign colony, its nobles are hospitable—“do not, after the rule in the *bel paese*, dine in secret.” But Captain Burton does not linger long among his Bolognese old friends; he soon begins to talk of Eugubine tables (whereon the Tuscans are called Tursce or Turakum—*Rasena* is quite a modern word, first occurring in Dion Halicarn), and of the Karnak inscription of the son of Rameses the Great, which reckons the Turaka among the invaders of Egypt “from the

regions and isles of the sea." Leaving unsettled the question which was the earlier, the Etruria west or that east of the Apennines, our author takes us round the Bologna museum, whither have been brought not only small antiques, "but skeletons transported bodily, with the fragments of coffins and even the earth on which they lay." Most notable are the bronze cists with bands round them (*ciste a cordoni*), singularly like the bark cylinders in use among some African tribes. *Stele* there are, too, carved with various degrees of elaborateness; dice, *fibula*, vases—one very splendid, with bas-relief of a sacrifice and procession; glass pin-heads, gold leaf beaten on baser metal, &c. On one farm, at Villanova, 193 perfect tombs were found, many of their *kistvaens* containing large and small urns full of ashes. Some of these *kistvaens* were heaped round with pebbles as our cromlechs were with earth or earth and stones; they sometimes contained even the offal of the *silicernium*, or funeral feast. In some were found numbers of so-called clay spindles of uncertain use. It is supposed that they, and similar bronze spheroids (*glandulae*) were used to keep the toga in shape; thus light is thrown on the *trans pondera* of Horace, Epist. i. 6, 50. Hair-pins, bracelets, razors (crescent shaped), pottery, curious flat hatchet-shaped bronzes, and plenty of unexplained objects, complete the list.

Many of the sculptured objects resemble the Egyptian (a resemblance noted long ago by Strabo); but this, observes Captain Burton, proves nothing. "Rude art seems instinctively to take that form which it wears on the banks of the Nile, as babes are similar all the world over." Dennis, in like manner, says that this rigid style is not so much art as want of art, and was taught by Nature alike to Egyptians, Greeks, and Etruscans. Of all the finds, the largest was in the precincts of the huge Certosa. Here must have been one of the cemeteries of the Etruscan Felsina, itself built on an earlier Umbrian city. As usual, the tombs lay along or near the high road. Besides tombs of various kinds (for bodies were both burned and buried) there are many of those strange wells (*puits funéraires*) which are peculiar to Etruria. There are also, in the neighbourhood at Misanello and thereabouts, many buildings which seem to have been not tombs but dwelling-houses; on which question may be read the opinions of Count Gozzadini, on whose estate they were found, of Professor Conestabile, and others. These cells are pebble floored, like the huts in the *terramare*, or pile villages of Reggio, Modena, &c. The pavement of the main street, with its *crepidines* (pathways), was in wonderful preservation. Of course many objects have been found in both these places; some of the sculptures and bronzes being no longer archaic, but in the best style of art (p. 124). Very notable is the basement of a small temple, twelve

yards long, the restoration of which is given on p. 121, and is also stamped on the cover. We confess that we should like to have had a sketch of it in its present state. The reason, it seems, why no Etruscan temples are standing is, that not only were the epistylia of wood (hence the intercolumniation was broader than in the Greek orders), but also the upper pillars, resting in stone sockets. After a detailed account of the "finds," Captain Burton applies himself to the question: who was the Etruscan man? Remains of Pleistocene man, who has (thinks Professor Boyd Dawkins) left the Eakimos as his representatives, are found in the shape of flint-flakes in the diluvial breccias on the Janiculum, on the Via Cassia, &c. Then follows the ice age, during which earthquakes open the British and St. George's channels, the Dardanelles, the Straits of Messina and of Gibraltar, and form the Dalmatian Archipelago. Man, the remnant that escapes the cold, comes down to the volcanic heat-centres in Italy, and his remains—worked flints, and shells cut or chipped into knives and pierced for suspension—are found in the volcanic tuffs of the Campagna. Then comes the alluvial age, rich in remains of human art. In his sketch of successive geological epochs our author brings strikingly out the comparatively modern date of volcanic action in Latium. Livy's account (i. 3) of the eruption in Tullus's reign is confirmed by the discovery of pottery and even *as grave* (Charon's fee) under the volcanic *peperino*.

We cannot follow Captain Burton through his sketch of race emigrations, in which he quotes Pictet, Schleicher, and Conestabile, as well as M. Thomas and Professor Hunfalvy. The earliest Italians, after the Palæolithic Fauna, Caci, and such like, were the brachycephalic Ligurians. Then the Aryo-Pelasgic Iapyges and Opici drove into corners. The next Aryan wave was the Umbrians and Prisci Latini; and lastly in came the Græco Pelasgi of Magna Græcia, followed after some time by the Tyrrhenians. This is Captain Burton's view—that of the ancients. Niebuhr, we remember, believed the "Rasena" to have come from the north, and to have been kinsmen of the Rætians.

Craniology does not tell us much of the origin of this mysterious people. Long and short skulls are both found in the tombs; nor is it possible to assign one kind to the Umbrians and the other to the Tuscans. In the collection of skulls shown at the Congress of 1871 were some very curious skulls, two of them found in Monte Tiguoso cave, near Leghorn, comparable with the Neanderthal skull—"skulls of cannibals," says our author (p. 177), backing his assertion by the authority of Professors Vogt and Capellini. Professor Calori is his great authority on the language, on which, after all, nothing certain is attained except that there is possibly a Turanian element in old Tuscan.

Captain Burton ends his book with an interesting chapter on the

literature of the modern Bologna dialect, and altogether his contribution to Etruscan literature, sent from the heart of the Deccan, is quite worth reading.

#### PALGRAVE'S DUTCH GUIANA.

*Dutch Guiana.* By W. G. Palgrave, Author of "A Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia." With Plan and Map. Macmillan. 1876.

WHAT is the truth about the free negro? Years ago Mr. Carlyle was for dealing as impatiently with him as he would now deal with the Turk. Quashees belonged to the devil's regiment; and ought either to be again enslaved, or at once ejected from the islands which were being ruined with his squattings. Yet here is Mr. Palgrave asserting the great superiority of the negro, both as workman and as citizen, not only over the red man, but over the Chinese, and also over Canon Kingsley's pet, the coolie. He actually claims for the negro "the promise and potency," so to speak, of all successful colonisation in tropical America. The white man cannot thrive there. The climate of that "earthly paradise" is not unhealthy, but unsuitable. Past attempts have all failed—even the Jewish colony of "Joden Savannah," with which Governor Von Sommelsdyk took so much pains nearly two centuries ago; and so, despite that pretty picture in *At Last* of "the Gentle Life," in the isle of Monos, must all future attempts. The Aryan, whether European or Hindoo, is too sophisticated to fill these Western tropics; that is the work of the elder race. The Arab-negro has already overspread a large part of Asia, and has impressed his religion, matured in Egypt, promulgated on the Red Sea, and then reformed and repromulgated in the Arabian desert, on far the larger part of that continent; and now the Libyan Sibyl is ready to turn another page, and the writing thereon is the West. In anticipation of the said Sibyl's movements, Mr. Palgrave proposes to fill up the immense void, not in Dutch Guiana only, but in many of our own possessions, with immigrants from Eastern Africa. Zanzibar would be the best port for an emigration agency; and a commission might be given as *solatium* to our somewhat hardly-treated friend the Seyyid. At present, by suppressing slave dhows, we only force the trade inland; we are doing good in such a way that evil comes of it. The imported negro would be a stronger and better workman, and more manageable withal, than coolie or Chinaman. And, when his term was over, he would not want to go back,—“no negro ever did, except Mrs. Hemans's black chief;” and whereas coolie and Chinaman too often drift into the towns, and swell the criminal population, he would, in

most cases, settle down to a country life. What Mr. Palgrave says on this subject is worth considering, for it applies not only to Dutch, but to British Guiana, and to almost all our West Indian islands, except "over-peopled, and therefore prosperous, little Barbados," as he calls it. The great drawback is that the free negroes do not multiply. In Dutch Guiana the deaths exceed the births; it is the same elsewhere, notably among the quondam slaves of the Southern States. This Canon Kingalee accounts for by hinting at gross and ruinous vices. "No such thing," says Mr. Palgrave, and regrets that "the author of *At Last* should, from ignorance or prejudice, have lent to such vague and baseless calumnies the sanction of his respected name. . . . Vice among Africans is the firm ally not the enemy of philoprogenitiveness." It is not any lack of births, but the lamentable fact that about half the babies die before they are weaned, which keeps down the numbers of the negroes. The negro mother is such a baby-worshipper that her very fervour and ecstasy (sometimes showing itself, oddly enough, in running off to a dance, and leaving her child unfed all night, p. 212) acts often injuriously, sometimes destructively, on the baby-god itself. "Educate the mothers;" well and good, but home experience might well show that this is slow work. Meanwhile, therefore, Mr. Palgrave would revive the good old institution of "negro mammas," which flourished when every negro life meant so many hundred florins. District nurses, he would call them, and would have them trained under proper medical superintendence. This hint, also, is worth thinking about. The home with the motherly mother in it is the ideal; but in our towns we are glad enough of the *crèche*; and so long as, even in an "earthly paradise," women must do field-work, we can imagine a "negro-mamma," well looked after, would be a blessing.

Dutch Guiana seems specially suffering for lack of population. It has, indeed, generally been under a cloud; first came the terrible French inroads, under Cassard and other "licensed buccaneers;" then the long servile wars resulting from the weakness caused by those inroads; then the little colony was bandied about between French and English, much to its detriment. From all this it has never recovered; up the country are estates abandoned and houses going to ruin; "the cultivated land is only one-thirteenth of the granted, one-fiftieth of the whole; even in the shrunken capital the public buildings are too grandly planned for present needs." The servile war, however, has left a legacy invaluable now that emancipation (which only came in 1863, apprenticeship ending ten years later) enables it to be made use of. We mean the bush negroes, who have hitherto been nothing more than the "faithful allies" of the Dutch, but who now, with tact, may readily be brought in as free labourers.

These bush negroes are still mostly heathens; each tribe lives under its "grand man," who has the right to wear a general's uniform, and who has as "resident" a Dutch "post-holder," to settle disputes about land, other little matters, such as burning alive for sorcery, being left to the jurisdiction of the tribe.

Mr. Palgrave did not find among these maroons any tendency to assume the aboriginal Indian type of feature. And yet the negro, he confesses, is more "plastic" than the white man, who, we are taught to believe, is in the United States approximating somewhat to the red man's likeness. To this "plasticity," indeed, our author attributes the ugliness of the conventional negro face: "this is chiefly found where he has imitated the care-wrinkled and irregular physiognomy of the whites. At home he and his wife look like Rameses and his queen,—the true African type of what comes very near to beauty." That negroes are comely is, our author reminds us, maintained by Mr. Winwood Reade, and even by Livingstone himself. Nor can we wonder that Mr. Palgrave recognised the classical Egyptian cast of feature among the Surinam negroes, for on one memorable occasion he had good reason for imagining that he was once again on the banks of that Nile of which he says he has perhaps drunk too deeply. This was at a grand negro ball, got up at an outlying station, in honour of the Governor and his English guest; and as we read Mr. Palgrave's enthusiastic account of the proceedings, we are thankful that the sage of Cheyne-walk was not there also. We shudder to think how that stern Quashee-hater might have swerved from his principles had he too been "enthroned, entwined in the rounded arms, and borne aloft on the shapely-shoulders of six buxom laughing damsels, and so carried in a thrice-repeated circle of unexpected triumph, while a whole troupe of African sister-beauty danced and cheered around."

The wonder is that, with all their jollity, the Surinam negroes are thoroughly Dutch. "Here at least, however it may be in Java, the Dutch have almost outdone the French in assimilative results." Monsieur, we know, despite his incurable and vexatious habit of administrative over-meddling, always makes, not perhaps obedient subjects of France, but Frenchmen and Frenchwomen of those whom he rules. So it is with the Spanish and Portuguese; Brazil is not merely ruled by a Portuguese emperor, it is Portuguese itself. We and the Germans, and still more the Danes (who, our author says, are hated in their West Indian islands), lack this power. The Dutch, however, were ably seconded in this good work by the Moravian missionaries, to whose sober teaching (contrasting with "Baptist restlessness and Methodist fanaticism") it is mainly due that apprenticeship, a failure everywhere else, succeeded in Surinam, the labourers,

almost without exception, going on steadily with their work even when full freedom had given them the option of idleness.

It will be seen that Mr. Palgrave's book is, as we might expect, full of interest; and the interest is varied. Journeys in Government barges up those wonderful rivers, with jet black yet thoroughly transparent water, are vividly described. Forest scenery—the golden Pui, the purple *bois immortel*, the towering *Spathodia* with its emerald green leaves and masses of scarlet blossom—is pleasantly sketched; though we are referred for details to the chapter in *At Last* on the Trinidad Gardens. We could have wished something more about the insects of a land where, years ago, Mademoiselle Merian found so many wonders. But then, in compensation, we have a complete traversing of all that Canon Kingsley says about the coolie. In *At Last* he is cheerful; Mr. Palgrave never saw a Hindoo look cheerful either at home or abroad. In *At Last* he is “full of grace, ease, courtesy, self-restraint;” in “Dutch Guiana” he has become “slovenly, dirty, ungraceful, generally unacceptable in person and surroundings.” It seems a complete case of logical contradictions. On the other hand, Mr. Palgrave (as we said) rates the negro far higher than the late rector of Eversley did: “Groot Marseille,” a big house, inhabited by three creole blacks, brothers dwelling together in unity, and thriving on the large sugar estate which they own and manage, is, we are assured, no solitary instance of the way in which the Dutch perseverance that is shown so strikingly in the public works,—canals, sluices, “stallings,” all kept up and extended in spite of the low state of the exchequer,—has leavened the negro population.

#### ROSENGARTEN'S ARCHITECTURAL STYLES.

*Handbook of Architectural Styles.* Translated from the German of A. Rosengarten by W. Collett Sanders. With 689 Illustrations. Chapman and Hall. 1876.

THIS book has most of the defects and few of the merits of German works. It covers such an extent of ground that thoroughness is almost out of the question. Its arrangement betrays what logicians call cross-division. Its author is “viewy,” and given to enunciate his views with all the pomp of phrase and that absence of proof which marks the German professor. And all these defects are enhanced by a translation so literal that it is not seldom clumsy in the extreme. The architectural editor, Mr. T. Roger Smith, may well disclaim all share in “the literary merits of the English version;” for truth compels us to declare that Mr. Collett Sanders has done very little to make the work acceptable to the general English reader.

The following table, with which the book concludes, at once shows us the extent of our author's range, and the character of his mind :—

"1. Old Indian Style.—Childlike helplessness. Pretentious mode of expression, combined with mythical freedom of imagination.

"2. Egyptian.—Solemn earnestness and imposing aspect.

"3. Grecian.—Nobility of expression and of the whole effect. Stately calm.

"4. Roman.—Manly vigour in form and expression."

"5. Chinese.—Punchinello.

"6. Early Christian Basilica Style.—Expression of independence with the struggle for freedom from foreign influences.

"7. Romanesque.—Expression of melancholy, combined with geniality in sacred and private buildings, and grimness in castles and strongholds.

"8. Moorish.—Free vent to over-wrought fancy, and eccentric tone in conjunction with spectacular display. The spirit of chivalry permeates the whole.

"9. Pointed or Gothic.—Expression of inward faith till it attains exaggerated enthusiasm, ever pointing heavenwards.

"10. English Late Gothic (Tudor).—Gives the notion of practical worldly wisdom and self-reliance, and pursues its own course when allied to what is incongruous.

"11. Renaissance (Commencement).—Delight at meeting again after a long separation; approaches.

"Renaissance (Middle).—Appreciation and influence of new relations established after a long interruption.

"Renaissance (End).—Feeling of uneasiness, efforts to obtain freedom.

"12. Baroque.—Freedom when attained misused to excess.

"Afterwards the following phases occur :—

"a. Stagnation. Physical and moral exhaustion. Sleep.

"b. Transition to waking and rousing, owing to various influencing forces and visions of the past.

"c. Beginning of present century lethargic and meaningless wanderings, clinging now to this, now to that prominent object.

"d. Present day. Fully awake and brisk, but still under control. Efforts to find the right path, at one time approaching, at another departing from the smooth track, because the goal still appears indistinct and assumes various aspects."

This extract at once shows M. Rosengarten's strength and weakness, and the strength and weakness of his translator. We cannot help thinking that the latter quality predominates in both. Some of the above characteristics are true enough; more of them are merely fantastic; and so, in the body of the work, whenever the author leaves his illustrations, and begins to dogmatise, he

becomes fantastic. Nevertheless, it is impossible that in so comprehensive a work, so profusely illustrated, there should not be a great deal of instruction for the general student. The chapter on Mahometan Architecture contains much that will be new to most readers. The third book, on Modern Styles of Architecture, contains an elaborate treatise on the Renaissance, Italian and French, in its best period and also when it became rococo. It contains, too, a chapter on the Architecture of the Present Day, with two views of Balmoral, as it was and as it is, the Crystal Palace, the Houses of Parliament, &c. To judge from these engravings, Vienna should be the devoutest city on the Continent; for, while new theatres have been built in Paris, in Berlin, and in Dresden (the latter flanked by two extraordinary columns, surmounted with winged victories), Vienna signalised the levelling of the old ramparts, which had hitherto made the real city "like a shrivelled kernel inside the big nut-shell of the suburbs," by building churches. Of these, two, the Lazarists' church, by Schmidt, and a memorial church, by Ferstel, are figured on pp. 480-1, and seem very creditable specimens of early Pointed work. M. Rosengarten's treatment of the Romanesque, under which he includes Byzantine and Mahometan, and even Pointed, as well as what we usually call Norman, is unusually full. Mr. R. Smith apologetically remarks that the writer's point of view is that of one brought up in classic traditions and believing in them; but this is surely the true point of view from which to look at the Romanesque. It is, as every one who has seen a Roman basilica must feel, a direct outgrowth of Roman forms; and the careful observer will find these forms reappearing in the most unexpected times and places—influencing the early Moorish architecture of Spain, and (through Byzantium) even the Indo-Persian. What we are sorry not to find in M. Rosengarten is a clear account of the earliest existing Romanesque building—Diocletian's palace at Spalatro—and a statement of the way in which, in that emperor's time, Roman art threw off the Greek casing in which it had so long been enwrapt, and began to carry out the old principles of the arch on which the most primitive structures of Latium had been built. This should certainly have been made clear; and, as there are above a hundred and twenty pages devoted to the subject, want of space cannot be pleaded in excuse. We have said that our author includes the Pointed style under the head of Romanesque—rightly, we think, for the ornamentation in that style is clearly modified from later Roman forms, with Saracenic and other additions. The origin of the pointed arch and the tracery of the windows is a more difficult question, which we were much relieved to find M. Rosengarten prudently abstains from settling dogmatically.

With one of his remarks we fully agree; he expresses himself

strongly on the advisableness of spreading among all educated persons who have any influence on public opinion a knowledge of architectural principles. If this were done, we should not have such buildings as Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle and Dr. Parker's Temple constructed for religious worship, and our factories, too, and warehouses would be more artistically built; for ugliness is not necessarily cheap, as our builders and manufacturers alike seem to think. Whether M. Rosengarten will help much in spreading this knowledge, we doubt. The book contains a good deal that is useful and interesting; but it would need to be remodelled for the English reader. Especially one statement, which nothing but the most thorough German self-complacency could have prompted, would have to be withdrawn,—viz., that the Pointed style received its noblest development in German countries. Whether the noblest development of Gothic took place in England or France, is a question; certainly it was in one or the other. If M. Rosengarten means to include three-fourths of France as well as our own island in "German countries," well and good, but he must not claim for the poor thin "reedy" Gothic of Germany a position to which it has not the slightest claim. The Romanesque, called Norman in France and England, lasted longer in Germany than elsewhere, and is, perhaps, better represented there than in any other country. The naves of some, the piers of several, of our cathedrals are in this style. So is the west front of Southwell Minster and a very large part of the transepts, &c., of Peterborough. But nowhere, either in England or in France, can we find such a splendid specimen of pure Romanesque as Spire Cathedral, or such varied adaptations of the style as are seen in the churches of Cologne. Germany, on the other hand, has no Salisbury, no Coutances; it has only, as grand examples of the Pointed style, Cologne Cathedral and St. Stephens Vienna; for every other large church M. Rosenberg has to come to England or France. His examples are not particularly well selected; there is nothing from York or Canterbury, or Amiens or Chartres; but some of them will be new to English readers,—e.g., the curious moulded brick *façade* of a church at Brandenburg on the Havel. The illustrations of Italian Gothic are curious; and fully justify our author's remark that this style was never properly developed in Italy. "The best examples, such as the cathedrals at Orvieto and Sienna, are not built on any organic principle; and the admiration they excite is due to the splendour of the material, to the poetry of the climate, to many an echo of the antique, and to the elegance of the details."

At the same time, the Palazzo Pubblico at Sienna (p. 367) has much in common with the street fronts of some Oxford and Cambridge colleges, and may furnish a hint as to whence the very

distinctive architecture of our Universities—so unlike anything in France or Germany—was derived.

#### WORKS ON ART.

- A Manual of the Historical Development of Art, Pre-historic, Ancient, Classical, Early Christian.* With Special Reference to Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Ornamentation. By G. G. Zerffi, Ph.D., F.R.S.L. One of the Lectures of H.M. Department of Science and Art. London: Hardwicke and Bogue. 1876.
- A Plea for Art in the House, with Special Reference to the Economy of Collecting Works of Art, and the Importance of Taste in Education and Morals.* By W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A., Author of "In and Out of London." London: Macmillan and Co. 1876.
- Suggestions for House Decoration in Painting, Woodwork, and Furniture.* By Rhoda and Agnes Garrett. London: Macmillan and Co. 1876.
- Thoughts on Art, Philosophy, and Religion.* Selected from the Unpublished Papers of Sydney Dobell. With Introductory Note by John Nichol, M.A., Oxon., LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1876.
- Pompeii: Its History, Buildings, and Antiquities.* An Account of the Destruction of the City, with a Full Description of the Remains, and of the Recent Excavations, and also an Itinerary for Visitors. Edited by Thomas H. Dyer, LL.D. Illustrated with nearly 300 Wood Engravings, a Large Map, and a Plan of the Forum. A New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: G. Bell and Sons. 1875.

FROM the days of "Albert the Good," English art may be said to have entered upon a new era. Attention was arrested to it as a subject of national importance, "stimulus was given by public exhibition and other means to the production of works of art, and a portion of the rapidly increasing wealth of the country was directed to this as a suitable channel for its expenditure. But two more important works were initiated that are likely to operate most beneficially on the future progress of art in this country: they are the scientific study of the principles of art, and the wider diffusion of true art instruction. At present the products of these are by no means great; but the foundations are being laid on which future workers may successfully build.

It is needful to promote the culture of artists, and to encourage the development of their skill ; but it is of greater importance for the general good of the nation that there should be a wide-spread diffusion of true taste and of artistic talent. To confine taste, criticism, or execution in art to professional artists is as undesirable a condition as to confine health to physicians or strength to gymnasts. Whether there is elasticity enough in the genius of this nation to adapt itself to conditions in which artistic feeling shall be a dominant power remains to be seen. At present the grounds of hope are but few. Many and great difficulties are in the way of progress. Even the art-student cannot easily overcome them. One of these is the comparative absence of good public examples, and to this may be added the constantly depressing and injurious influence of the prevalence of bad examples. It is true we have large and very valuable collections of works of art in the metropolis, and occasional art exhibitions in our principal towns, and these are viewed, or glanced at, by thousands of persons yearly. Yet apart from their value to art-students, they exert an almost inappreciable influence on the judgment and taste of the nation. But how few objects of beauty arrest the eye of the busy toilers in the large centres of our population where the throb of the nation's life is the quickest ! Happily a well-designed building is springing up here and there ; but there is little chance of escape from the incessant straight line and the dark and dingy wall unrelieved by tree or shrub or natural form. General architectural effects are but occasionally studied, and of the few attempts that are made, some are overladen with a profusion of ornament as painful to the eye as it is detrimental to the general taste. The most of man's time in this country is spent amidst scenes which weary the eye and impair its judgment. It is only as the student, anxious to behold lovely forms, takes refuge in the local school of art that he can find models of excellence ; but even here the imperfect plaster cast substitutes for the delicate marble figure. And in not a few instances little attention is paid to the accessories of well-designed and tastefully ornamented rooms. We have seen some that looked more like gloomy workshops than academies of art, and that have reminded us of shambles, with arms and legs and toes lying scattered indiscriminately about, rather than of the fountains of a nation's pure taste. Yet our hope lies, to a great extent, in our schools of art, and especially in the instructive example of the admirable Art Training School at South Kensington.

That which is needed is a power ever at work subtly informing the mind, training the eye, not of the few but of the multitude, to a familiarity with true forms and true harmonies of colour, correcting and elevating the judgment, making it sensitive to pain in the presence of the faulty and grotesque, and cherishing

in it a delight in all true and beautiful and pure objects. This is a great work, having its moral and æsthetic sides.

At the recent Congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, "for the *first* time it occurred to the learned Socialists that there was such a factor in humanity as art, and the Congress allowed an art-section to be opened, under the presidency of Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., the director of the 'National Art Training School.'" Four practical questions were proposed for discussion relating to the best methods of securing the improvement of street architecture; the encouragement of mural decoration, especially frescoes; the influence of academies upon the art of the nation; and the influence upon society of decorative art and art-workmanship in all household details. The preface of Dr. Zerffi's book is occupied with some considerations of these topics.

The distance may seem to be great between the scientific study of the principles of art and its historical development on the one hand, and the arrangement of the lines of the fronts of houses and shops, and their interior decorations, on the other. And yet the connection is very close indeed. The final end of art is the enrichment of home, the elevation of the tone of a nation's feeling, and the increase of its pure joys. Art is most needed where most of the nation's quiet moments are spent, and where its best feelings are stirred. The true art-school of the family is the home; and a first work is to teach builders and decorators of houses to build and decorate in pure taste. A manual of the Historical Development of Art, and a *brochure* on House Decoration may, therefore, be brought appropriately into juxtaposition.

Dr. Zerffi's Manual is an interesting and instructive work, the fruit of much careful research. It traces the progress of art from the earliest conditions. In prolegomena, which would well bear expansion, he treats of the principles of true art with much skill. These pages deserve careful pondering by the scientific student. Rude, indeed, are the records of the earliest—the so-called "prehistoric"—times; traces of buildings, pieces of pottery, and a few rough attempts at drawing, are our chief sources of information. Dr. Zerffi calls attention to the singular features of resemblance traceable between those of the Eastern and Western hemispheres; a fact having much significance historically considered. A too brief chapter deals with Chinese art; and too slight notice is taken of the kindred Japanese school. We should be far from urging the artist to work in the Chinese style, though we by no means think that all "the higher æsthetical principles of art" are overlooked by these Eastern workers. At least delicacy of workmanship and harmony of colour have been ably illustrated by them. India, Persia, Assyria and Babylon, and subsequently Egypt, afford a rich field of investigation and

instruction. Their distinctive features are well sketched. Of Hebrew art little, or rather nothing, can properly be said, for "it is a nonentity." The little that can be said is said. Some things are affirmed in exposition of the conditions of Hebrew life from which we entirely differ.

To the period of Greek art the following words introduce us :

"Art has appeared to us till now under peculiar circumstances. We have seen it in Asia and Africa ; and in both parts of the world it represented the uninterrupted struggle of humanity for self-consciousness. Humanity was too much under the influence of the marvellous and incomprehensible, and neither the marvellous nor the incomprehensible can be brought into shape. The Indians tried to give forms to the metaphysical phenomena of Nature ; the Persians were bent on the glorification of the power of one visible earthly despot ; the Egyptians tried to copy the realistic phenomena of Nature, and inscribed them with mystic signs, uniting Indian abstractions with the real phenomena of Nature. When a thought was fixed into a form, the thought being, at the same time, a religious conception, could no more be changed : it became in art what a technical name for a natural phenomenon is in science. Oxygen is oxygen, and designates only that element ; so when once a form was settled, as that of Vishnu or Amn, S'va or Omira, or the serpent fixed as a symbol of eternity, or the hawk as a symbol of light, the inner or spiritual life of the artist was fettered down to outward forms with special inward meanings. Thus the constraining sway of misunderstood Nature on one side, and the stationary precepts of an omnipotent hierarchy on the other, entangled the artist's imagination, and paralysed every effort of his subjective power of production."

The honour of freeing humanity from the yoke of this formalism belongs to the Greeks. As art culminated in Greece, so the interest of this historical sketch reaches its highest point here, and is entitled to the most careful study. The steps of the nation's progress through its highly favourable conditions are well traced, the acme of its attainments indicated, and the causes and course of its decadence.

Whilst the elements of excellence in Grecian art are most skilfully analysed, Dr. Zeffi is careful to guard the art-student of to-day against a mere imitation of Grecian works. Nor does he presume to develop into a system the principles of art, as too many writers have attempted to do, knowing too well that such restriction of rules would be destructive of the true art-spirit. "Canons of whatever sort hinder the natural growth of art." True life requires but to be warned of danger. There are forbidden paths which art must not enter ; elsewhere the creative energy must be perfectly free. "We do not recommend a slavish

imitation of the Greeks, but a thorough understanding of their slow development, through the phases of unconscious reproduction and systematically conscious creation to the philosophical appreciation of beauty, which enabled them to reflect in their works of art the eternal types of Nature in an idealised form."

Etruscan, Roman, and early Christian art form the subjects of the remaining chapters of this highly instructive book, and prepare us for the promised completion of the entire work in another volume, in which the historical development of art to our own times will be traced. The aim of the author to promote the study of art-history in our educational establishments has our cordial approbation. The materials for such study have not, however, been easy to obtain. This can no longer be said. Without entering too minutely into details, which would have swollen the book beyond the proper limits of a manual, Dr. Zerffi has said enough to enable any honest student to see in what directions his efforts should be expended, and what dangers he should avoid. He may or may not, as he pleases, accompany the learned author in his imaginary rambles into the ages "000,000 B.C.;" and he may accept or reject sundry philosophical speculations scattered through the book, without greatly affecting his judgment in art. For our part we must in these matters, however unwillingly, forsake the company of a genial, learned, and instructive companion. We are grateful to Dr. Zerffi for a volume the spirit of whose teachings may be gathered from the following sentence:

"Having secured the right freely to store up the results of our intellectual investigations, we must devote our artistic energies, through an assiduous study of the historical development of art, to a corresponding culture of our sense of beauty. This is essential, if we hope to stand as high artistically as we do technically and mechanically. Without culture we cannot hope to vie with other nations in high art, in historical paintings, frescoes, sculpture, and architecture. A thorough knowledge of art-history will destroy tasteless prejudice, and enable us progressively to develop the past without becoming guilty of anachronisms. Inspired by the firm conviction that the culture of taste leads to the very highest development of ethics, and that art can only flourish in strict harmony with truth and goodness, we can progress, but not otherwise."

Of Mr. Sydney Dobell's *Thoughts on Art, Philosophy, and Religion*, it is only fair to say that the pieces are selected from his unpublished papers by a friendly hand. Nothing could more have unfitted us to judge favourably of these fragmentary memoranda than the orderly, systematic, and instructive book we have just put down. The "Thoughts" are very imperfectly thought out. They are, in fact, mere topics for thought, many of them specula-

tive and but dimly expressed. One or two pieces of greater length give some little dignity to the volume. But our words are scarcely needed in presence of the following depreciatory ones, from the pen of the editor:—"The concluding section of this volume has a special interest as containing the results of many years' inevitably intermittent thought on the continuation of the work which, in spite of manifest incongruities, must be regarded as Mr. Dobell's masterpiece. One of its radical defects, an utter want of unity, unfortunately appears in the conception of what remains to represent this continuation. The first impression will be one of disappointment." "It is evident that the poet had been constrained to postpone the execution of his portentous plan." It "was cast on a scale too colossal for execution. The torso left attests in scope and detail the vast compass of the author's mind, and his lack of the sense of proportion." And again, "No compact system of thought is to be looked for in these pages. Like Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* (ah, but how unlike!), or his *Confessions*, they set forth the imperfectly formularised, sometimes imperfectly consistent conclusions of an inquiring spirit. Nor is the manner in which they are expressed invariably faultless." We agree with the editor.

Mr. Loftie's book, *A Plea for Art in the House*, is the introductory volume to the Art at Home Series. It is a very pleasant and instructive little work. Its rules are practical; its style homely and colloquial. It is brimful of good sensible advice on the prudence of collecting works of art for home decoration; on furniture, pictures, books, and china, and it closes with a brief but profitable chapter on the bearing of art on morals. No one can read it without learning that there is a wide field awaiting cultivation, or without finding a handful of seed in these chaste suggestive pages. If the whole series keeps pace with this preface it will win attention to a class of subjects whose proper treatment would help to make our English homes as pure in taste as happily they are in morals. The book is itself a work of art, and pleads in winning tones and good common-sense arguments for the cultivation of art, especially in the family and household. We beg our readers to buy and read the book, and, for greater usefulness, to lend it to others. If it should make them dissatisfied with the appearance of their walls and tables, it will be but the necessary pain preceding a purer and more permanent pleasure.

*House Decoration* is the second volume of the series. Its design is to offer a few simple rules for general guidance in the decoration of houses, by means of well-designed furniture, suitably coloured walls, paper-hangings, woodwork, and carpets. It describes houses as they now are, and as they should be; and gives some plain directions on the subject of

draperies and expenses. That treatises on this and similar subjects are greatly needed is only too obvious. Even partially educated taste can scarcely fail to be offended by the rich profusion of bright, inharmonious colours, often presenting contrasts which are positively painful to behold, and by the perfectly wild display of grotesque ill-shapen forms to be met with in the house of the Victorian era. We do not quarrel with the writers because they have chosen the so-called "Queen Anne Style" as a typical example, for it has many features of great simplicity and quiet beauty; nor do we join issue with them on the subject of dishonest manufacture—a sin wide-spread and grievous in our day. But we must confess our dissatisfaction in not finding *principles* of decoration laid down with sufficient clearness and precision, such as should be equally applicable to furniture of the nineteenth, eighteenth, or seventeenth century. It is not needful merely to go back to models of excellence of an earlier date. True art would compel any "style" to succumb to its requirements. There is no more essential beauty in Chippendale's work than in the work of the present day. If the tendency of this book be followed we shall have a return to forms, some of which are good enough indeed, but the imitation of which will only leave us with grotesque and faulty reproductions, often to the sacrifice of comfort, and, we fear, not to the advancement of true art.

We heartily endorse in general such principles as "Never go out of your way to make a thing look like what it is not." We say in *general*, for the principle carried out without limitations would soon land us in difficulties. Neither can we unhesitatingly accept, "Do not go out of your way to hide the construction of your house, or of any part of your furniture." Stucco and paint are as real as bricks and wood. We heartily subscribe to "Always secure a considerable amount of plain neutral colour in your rooms." Under this head some very sensible suggestions are given: not to cover the wall entirely with pattern, but to leave some space whereon the eye can rest when it seeks perfect repose, is a rule worthy of notice in these brilliant days; and so is the guard against overloading our rooms with ornament. We do but imperfect justice to this first instalment of instruction on house-decoration in these scant words. It deserves a much more prolonged notice. But if by this we draw attention to a well-intentioned effort, and to books well and kindly written, and if we provoke more careful inquiry into a sadly neglected subject, we shall have done well. We hope the series will be widely circulated.

We reserve to the close a brief notice of Dr. Dyer's very instructive work on *Pompeii*, which we are glad to see in a revised and enlarged edition. It illustrates with much minuteness the conditions of art, and the methods of house-decoration adopted at

a time when Grecian influence was largely felt, especially in the south of Italy. And though there is much to reprobate in the condition of Pompeiian art as revealed to us by recent excavations, yet some good examples of mural and other decorations have been exhumed, which we may profitably use.

The interest of Dr. Dyer's book, however, is not so much in its teachings on art as on the general condition of Pompeiian life. Its houses and streets, its temples and baths, are exposed to our view. A very slight effort of the imagination is needed to people them, or its forum, or amphitheatre with thronging multitudes. We know the kind of dresses and ornaments the people wore, and the trades and various occupations they pursued. We have the plans of their houses and drawings of their tables and couches, and their beautiful mosaics, their drinking vessels and their candelabra. Their articles of luxury or of use are before us, their coins, jewellery, musical instruments, even their literature.

The very spirit of a gay, light-hearted, voluptuous, heathenly-religious people is near to us. The book is a repertory of information concerning this unique city, and it has the advantage of presenting the results of the excavations made up to a very recent period. It will be seen that in art the grotesque and comical, the voluptuous and the corrupt, mingle largely with the more serious designs. They are evidences of a corruption in manners and spirit, the worst signs of which are to be found in the *camera degli oggetti sacri* in the *Museo Reale* at Naples: and they show that this pagan city of Roman wealth and luxury deserved to be classed with "the cities of the plain" in the state of its morals, as it was in the nature of its judgment.

#### FAGAN'S HANDBOOK TO PRINTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

*Handbook to the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum.* With Introduction and Notices of the various Schools—Italian, German, Dutch and Flemish, Spanish, French, and English. By Louis Fagan, of the Departments of Prints and Drawings, British Museum. London: George Bell and Sons. 1876.

No city is less a "city of the dead" than London—in none is the active vitality, the almost feverish energy of modern life, so evident to all men's sight. But in few cities also are there more of those

"Hushed chambers where the past lingers,"

of those still places where the tumult and turmoil of to-day seem far and faint, and in the stillness we can hear the eloquent great

voices of yesterday and the day before, of the countless generations that are gone.

Some such chambers, as the Abbey, or the Tower, are themselves memorials of the past. Others, as the National Portrait Gallery,—which is set in the ephemeral buildings left from the Exhibition of 1862, in the midst of a mushroom stuccoed suburb,—owe all their charm of association to what they enshrine. And in the main it is to this latter class that the British Museum belongs. Like all human institutions that have survived for upwards of a century, it has its history, no doubt, and an interesting one. But the contents dwarf the history. And the various departments as they now exist—the sum of their possessions is of more import than their growth.

And what a great temple it is! How many shrines for all worshippers! To ourselves, whose tastes, to our shame be it spoken, are miscellaneous, the very wealth is often bewildering. It takes some effort of self-denial to persevere in reaching any particular goal, and escape, undetained, from the lurking temptations in the way. But let us make the attempt. We enter the great hall—avoid the central doorway that leads to the luxurious reading-room—pass to the left through the long galleries of Greek, and Roman, and Egyptian antiquities, furtively glimpsing at that head of Julius Cæsar from which some inner fire seems to have burned away all but the intellect and ambition, sighing as we go by the Elgin Marbles, giving a sorrowful thought to that lower room in which some dead Assyrian hand of superb cunning has carved the lion-hunting scenes that will live for ever—and so, at last, after ascending a flight of stairs, find ourselves before a door, closed, and inhospitably devoid of any handle. There is a bell, however, and the door opens mysteriously, without sign of living hand, so that on entering we almost expect that one of the genii, and “the other slaves of the lamp,” will be in attendance. But this feeling soon vanishes; for nothing can be less like Aladdin’s palace than the large, well-lighted, business-like apartment into which we are ushered. Mr. Hamerton has contrasted the etcher’s work-room, elaborately bare of whatever will harbour dust, with the painter’s studio, full of endless *bric-à-brac* and vari-coloured trappings. The print-room offers the same kind of contrast to a picture gallery. Here there is nothing “to take the eye”—only endless shelves, and drawers, and “solander” cases, and portfolios, and large volumes—no beauty, but only orderly suggestiveness.

And now, when we have penetrated into this sanctum—and though we may seem to have spoken half-lightly, yet we never go into the place without a renewed feeling of something akin to awe and love—what shall we look at? Thackeray held that the people who write do not enjoy literature as much as the people

who only read ; and so it may be that the art-critic has less of pure disinterested delight in what is beautiful than those who never try to put their feeling into words. And here the art-critic's course is plain enough. He will not wander at random among these innumerable portfolios, sipping honey here, and honey there, but ask the ever-courteous attendants for the Rembrandt etchings, or the Marc Antonios, or the Martin Schönganers, or H. B.'s caricatures, or any other specific collection, and then, with pencil in hand, will proceed to make such notes as his acumen and fancy may dictate. But the general spectator, if we may coin the expression, how shall he guide his wanderings ? And here Mr. Fagan's book—to which we have been all too long in coming—will prove a real handy-book. It will serve for suggestion and indication, for instruction and advice.

To show its scope and object we cannot do better than quote from the modest preface, which opens thus : " 'What is there to be seen in the print-room of the British Museum ?' 'What does this branch of the national collection comprise ?' are forms of a question so frequently put to the writer, both officially and privately, that he has been induced to try what he could do to supply the desired information. Here, then, is the result of his labour, and he trusts that this handbook will fulfil the purpose for which it has been prepared, viz : to point out to the lovers of art and to the public the more important examples of engravings and drawings which for upwards of a century have been accumulating in the British Museum. . . : It is to be clearly understood that this work does not make any pretension to instruct the learned in the matters of art which form the staple of the book. The intention is simply to offer to them and to the public a brief compilation, which, whilst indicating to some extent what is to be found in the department of prints and drawings, will facilitate researches amongst the national collection. . . . The artists and their productions have been divided into six schools in the following order : Italian, German, Dutch and Flemish, French, Spanish, and English. To these has been added a chapter on miscellaneous examples. . . . The engravings in each school are placed first, the drawings immediately follow. In both cases the works are arranged chronologically. A sketch is given of the life of the leading masters, and, as a rule, three specimens of the work of each master are described. These specimens have all been chosen, of course, from the Museum collection."

We make no apology for the length of our extract. It is always best to let a man speak for himself when one can. Such is Mr. Fagan's promise, and he fulfils it well. Indeed he does more ; for he gives us a slight sketch of the history of engraving, two short disquisitions on the Italian and German drawings, and

a delicately executed copy of that exquisite drawing of Raphael—generally considered (though not by Mr. Fagan) to be a study for the Garvah Madonna in the National Gallery—the gem among the gems of the print-room.

And there are many gems. As we turn over the pages of this handbook some of them flash back upon our memory, others gleam before us as anticipated pleasures. There is that book, or rather the detached leaves of it, in which Dürer dotted from day to day any objects that struck his fancy—a face, a landscape, a flower or vegetable, an animal; there is a similar precious volume of Jacopo Ballini; there are drawings of Michael Angelo, and Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci; of Holbein, Velasquez, and Gainsborough. Drawings of every school, and of Martin's innumerable. There are engravings in every variety—burin-work of all ages—woodcuts of all ages—English mezzotints, with the softness of velvet—Dutch etchings of the past—French and English etchings of to-day—caricatures that contain the hoarded laughter of generations. It is a feast, an orgie of things beautiful and interesting. And over this feast Mr. Fagan presides wisely and well. Did we say that the "general spectator" is more indebted to him than the critic? It is his modesty that induced us to make the statement, and we retract it. To all who wish to make use of a collection of this kind it is important to have a volume that shall contain in a portable form a sufficient general indication of what the collection contains, a list of the various masters and of their dates, a reference to the more important of their works.

Shall we approve, then, of this work altogether? Shall we be the one critic who can forswear his *but*s? No, verily. We aspire to no such exceptional position. Let us say, then, that we feel rather inclined to doubt, though not on the whole very strongly, whether the sharp line of division between engravings and drawings is an altogether wise one. That this arrangement was attractive we can easily understand; for it is simple, and seems natural. But it has the double drawback of necessitating some repetition,—for the same artist, of course, constantly figures in both sections, as a draughtsman and an engraver—and, which is perhaps more serious, it does not enable us to see at a glance what is the sum of each artist's productions, in whatever kind, which the Museum possesses.\*

And this leads us, as we are in so bitter a mood, to make one remark more, viz.: that we think it would be an advantage if in every case in which the importance of the artist made a special

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\* Mr. Fagan is not always quite true to his own classification. There seems to be no particular reason why Turner's *Liber Studiorum* should be described among the drawings.

notice desirable, a distinct statement were made of the positive or comparative wealth of the collection with regard to his particular works. Mr. Fagan has done this in a great many cases, and so far well. His book, as we are quite remembering, does not profess to be a catalogue. But take Lawrence for instance. After a short sketch of his life, three separate drawings are described. Are these all his drawings in the collection, or only a selection from a large or small number? The fact has its importance for any one who is studying that erewhile fashionable, and somewhat vacuously elegant, artist's works—we are merely using the case in illustration—for any one who really wishes to know what he will find in the national collection.

And now, finally, for the expression not of a grievance but of a wish—a suggestion which we diffidently offer to Mr. Fagan in view of a second edition. It is doubtless true, as we have already intimated, that the contents of the Museum, and, therefore, of the print-room, for the whole includes the parts, dwarf their history. But they have a history too. To bring together such a collection of drawings and prints has been a labour of love to many. A large treasure of human effort has been expended here. By gift, by bequest, by purchase, this magnificent inheritance has slowly grown. To whom are we mainly indebted for it? The present keeper, Mr. Reid, is well known for his devotion to art-matters, for his admirable catalogue of George Cruikshank's works. He has had predecessors who have presided over the institution with skill, and care, and foresight. Connoisseurs of all ranks and fortune have contributed of the art-savings of their lives—what did each in his office and station do for us? An interesting sketch of the rise and development of the analogous Paris collection appeared some time since in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. We think Mr. Fagan's useful volume would certainly not lose by the addition of a similar sketch of the history of our own print-room.

*Les Artistes de mon Temps.* Par M. Charles Blanc, de l'Académie Française, et de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 1876.

*Studies in English Art.* By Frederick Wedmore. Gainsborough, Morland, Wheatley, Reynolds, Stothard, Flaxman, Girtin, Crome, Cotman, Turner, De Wint, Mason, Walker. London: Richard Bentley and Son. 1876.

THERE is perhaps some slight unfairness in the juxtaposition of these two books. For M. Charles Blanc is a veteran, a critic whom France has delighted to honour. During the Republic of 1848, partly, it may be, because of his connection with Louis

Blanc, whose brother he is, but also because of his own acknowledged fitness for the post, he was made Directeur des Beaux-Arts, a kind of Secretary for the Fine Arts. He has long been a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts; and quite recently, in addition to the former honours, bestowed upon him in his character as a specialist, and in recognition of his critical knowledge of painting, sculpture, and architecture, he has been promoted to the purely literary distinction of a seat among the immortal forty of the French Academy. But Mr. Wedmore is a younger man. There would be a feeling of incongruity in placing such laurels upon his brow, and indeed it is not easy to see what English equivalent there might be for these boughs of a foreign growth, so that even if he had yet earned them, they would not be his.

But though the standing of the two critics is thus different, there is one respect in which our insular fellow-countryman has unquestionably the advantage. And this, strangely enough, is in the absence of insularity. His book, as he himself says, "is concerned in the main with various and delightful manifestations of the individuality of our art." It deals almost exclusively with English topics. When, however, he comes across a foreign name, he treats it with all honour—not scrupling, for instance, to speak of Gravelot's drawings as having finer touches than those of Gainsborough. He has some knowledge, too, of foreign opinion, and pays it every possible respect, deferring to it even so far as almost to endorse the view that Gainsborough was merely "un peintre aimable, un peintre agréable." M. Blanc is not so cosmopolitan. The boundaries of France enclose him much more straitly than the streak of silver sea confines the spirit of Mr. Wedmore. Many of us remember the Art collections in the Paris Exhibitions of 1867. It excites a smile—quite a pleasant one—to hear M. Blanc lamenting over the undue generosity of the French in not allotting to themselves more space, in restricting their exhibition to works executed within the last ten years; to hear him arguing, quite gravely, as if they had gone to the fray with their hands chained and manacled. The French have been, and are, very great in the arts. Not so great as they think. Of the large monumental painting in which they take such a pride, which M. Blanc so specially admires, one rather wonders how much will live. One weighs it in the balance with the great works of old, and, speaking generally, the balance kicks the beam in a very marked manner. The fact is that our neighbours, if they will receive it, as well as we ourselves, follow the masters of elder time *haud passibus æquis*. And after reading M. Blanc's self-complacent passages, his songs of victory, one cannot help thinking a little of that fable in which the lion and the man discussed a statue in which the lion showed to little

advantage. For we also, as we have said, remember the art-gathering of 1867. We see before us now the galleries in which had been collected and carefully arranged the cream of the French art pastures for ten years. It was, to change the image, a battle-field to which France had called the choicest of her sons. And then one turned to the English galleries—the hap-hazard collection of works, good, bad, indifferent—unsorted, unselected—bad specimens of good men, works that should never have been exhibited at all, sweepings of the studios. And so, arguing from singularly incomplete premises, M. Blanc came to a very inadequate conclusion. The fact is, we say it in all politeness, this is a subject on which he does not possess the necessary knowledge to entitle him to give a really valuable opinion. There are very few men sufficiently large-minded to appreciate aims and methods of work different from those to which they are accustomed, fewer still who have a sufficient acquaintance with what is doing in art throughout Europe to be able satisfactorily to compare the product of one land with another—for a chance exhibition forms but an unsatisfactory basis for such a comparison. And of these few favoured individuals, M. Blanc is not one.

And now, while there is yet time, we would lift up our voice on a subject which interests us deeply. Next year there is going to be in Paris a repetition of the Exhibition of 1867. The comments of M. Blanc on the display of that year show what is the result of our sending to these International art-gatherings a scratch collection of mediocre works. Frenchmen do not travel as much as Englishmen, and, as a rule, they do not carry with them out of France so teachable a spirit. Their only opportunity of knowing the contemporary art of foreign nations is that afforded by these exhibitions. Is it too much to hope that the pictures sent to Paris in 1878 shall be really representative of what is best in the English school. No doubt it is a tax on the possessors of great works that they should be called on to spare them from their own enjoyment for a definite time; and there is, of course, the risk—though not after all a very great one—of injury. No doubt, too, the task of selection is invidious. But this is a matter affecting the honour of England. It ought not to be that an educated, an accredited art-critic should have the power of saying unabashed that the country of Reynolds, of Gainsborough, of Turner,—of that select band of our contemporaries, too fit not to be few, whose names are as a roll-call of honour—he should not have any excuse, however damaging to himself, for saying that that country is, and ever has been, incapable of art.

And now let us turn from this matter to the remaining contents of M. Blanc's book, premising, as we most gladly do, that the article on the International Exhibition of 1867, is altogether the least happy.

The remainder of the work, if we except an article on the paintings at Munich, consists of a series of papers, more or less developed, on the architecta, Duban and Vaudoyer; the sculptors, David D'Angers, Duret, Dupré, and Barye; the engraver Calamatta; the painters; Delacroix, the colourist; Deveria, who after one great success with his picture of the birth of Henry IV., seemed to have flared himself out; Chenavard, who had projected a series of large pictures for the *Panthéon*, which were not deemed sufficiently orthodox by the clerical party; Leys, the great Belgian, who more perhaps than any of our contemporaries had thrown himself into the life of the past, constituting himself an ancestor; Bertin, who combined a devotion to art with the active editorship of the first of French newspapers, the *Journal des Débats*; Flandrin, whose work was the outcome of a spirit pre-eminently serious and religious, an artist of the ages of faith; Grandville, whose caricatures we confess to admiring with moderation; Gavarni, the delineator of French life for a generation, the Leech of France, whose work differs from that of Leech as Thackeray's differs from that of Balzac; Troyon, the powerful, if not very refined or tender, painter of glebe land and pasturage, of strong and patient oxen; Corot, who with a brush so delicate that one hesitates to think of monotony, reproduced the dream-beauty of misty mornings, and virginal grey-green tints of spring; and Regnault, the fiery draughtsman and colourist, cut down by the fatal Prussian bullet outside the walls of Paris, just then when the cup of life seemed fullest, and youth, hope, genius, and love seemed ready to pour in the wine without stint or measure.

A goodly programme, and well carried out. M. Blanc is not perhaps a strikingly original critic, either as regards form or substance. Nor does he make any attempt to match the colours of his word-pallet with the pallet of the painter. But he is full of information, has conscientiously studied his subjects, not merely "got them up." His judgment is weighty and well matured; and though not particularly brilliant, he is never dull or uninteresting. He has known, more or less intimately, nearly all the men of whom he speaks; and a personal anecdote, a piece of biographical information, mingles every here and there very pleasantly with the graver passages of his criticism, or history.

Take the following as a specimen of his manner: "Whether he be a Protestant or a Catholic, Henry Leys is a Christian painter, and he is purely a painter—I mean that he takes his stand at the very centre of his art, a thousand miles from the art of the statuary, at the very antipodes of paganism, working as if he did not even know that the antique had ever existed. For the predominance of painting over the other arts is peculiar to Christian times, a fact which springs from this: that as painting does not disdain to represent ugliness, it has been able to do full justice

to another kind of beauty than that of the body, and thus to embrace all Nature, not rejecting any model whatsoever if only that model had a soul. But yet Henry Leys does not express Christian sentiment in its fervour like Flandrin; he expresses it as a respectful chronicler. He possesses the historical sense as much, and even more than the religious sense."

It may perhaps be doubted if the critic who writes thus has fully felt the charm of Mediæval Christian sculpture; but apart from this the passage is just. It belongs to a sound kind of criticism—that which does not merely describe, but penetrates. We had marked other passages for quotation, but must press on, scarcely pausing for a moment to glance at the "ground-idea" of M. Blanc's book.

That "ground-idea," or "master-theory," or "main-point" is not very easy to arrive at. It very seldom is easy to deduce a body of doctrine from a collection of detached essays. M. Blanc, however, we imagine, would tell us that the chief point in his æsthetic philosophy is the importance of abstract form, of academic style. He is never weary of preaching what used in England to be called High Art. The human form as corrected by its type; history in its heroic and unanecdotic aspects; size as an element of greatness—these he insists upon as the highest aims of art. And we, sceptics that we are, declare our unfeigned willingness to accept the fruits of these ideas when good. But then the fruits are so seldom good, and they must be so superlatively excellent to afford pleasure. We remember M. Cabanel's large picture at the Exhibition of 1867 very well.

And now let us turn for a moment to Mr. Wedmore. Far less "serious," to use the French expression, than those of M. Blanc, his essays have a certain grace and even piquancy which is very pleasing. We have already quoted his statement that his "book is concerned in the main with various and delightful manifestations of the individuality of our art." The book itself is a "delightful manifestation." It belongs pre-eminently to the present æsthetic moment. It springs from that latest school of criticism which in literature and art strives after "charm" and "sweetness,"—more "sweetness" perhaps than "light," and yet does not fail in light, though the light is perceptibly shadowed by the sweetness. With the contents of that admirable collection, the Print-Room at the British Museum, he is evidently well acquainted, and also with the various public galleries round London. And he knows the literature of his subject. But some of his judgments, we admit, do not impress us with their judicial weightiness. Is M. Millais a "bitter and strenuous genius"? When we have described the "bright daylight" in a picture of Mason's as no "blinding glare of sunshine, but daylight, pearly, silvery,"—can we then with propriety compare it to De Hooghe's atmosphere,

and say of the latter that it is *thin and clear*? De Mason's pictures, which no one admires more than we do, show a "passion more intense and inspired than those of Jules Breton," or is there anything in their method and manner to remind one of Daubigny? One seems to remember "sitters" of Reynolds,—Johnson, let us say,—who are not "either before the eyes of society or relaxing themselves with that graceful relaxation which is never abandonment—that relaxation which has a sense of habits formed, and to be immediately resumed—an ease on which the shadow of elaborate manner still rests." Have our eyes always hitherto deceived us when looking at the superb portrait of Mrs. Siddons, by Gainsborough, at the National Gallery? To us, we admit, it has ever seemed that she was sitting there in what Macaulay called "all the pride of her majestic beauty," as much the tragedy queen as in Sir Joshua's picture, Dulwich. Mr. Wedmore holds her to be looking "radiant and alert." *Alert!* one might almost as suitably apply the term to Ugolino.

Further, Mr. Wedmore, in whose own work grace counts for so much, is in our judgment too prone to dwell on what is "delightful" in his subjects to the comparative neglect of the more robust qualities. We have already spoken of his remarks on Reynolds and Gainsborough tending in this direction, and these must go in proof of our statement, though it is but right to add that in a subsequent article he so far qualifies his judgment on the latter as to say that "Gainsborough found it"—an ideal—"sometimes within the range of his habitual practice, and showed in art of 'no gently trivial humour' and 'guided by no wave of a feather,' nor 'arrested by the enchantment of a smile,' what I should call a deeper appreciation of natural character, of the record of years, of the havoc of time, of the caprices of fate, of the not-to-be-forbidden brooding on the final things." And of these sentiments we gladly take note, as showing that Gainsborough was, after all, not so altogether the merely "agreeable" painter that we had been led to suppose. But Mr. Wedmore's preference for what is gracile is shown in a great many other things. It leads him for instance to undervalue the great element of strength that there was in Walker's art; at least so long as the painter's own physical strength remained unimpaired. For there was in Walker a capacity for tragedy of a very high order—as shown in that *Prisoner at the Bar*, which he ruined for us, alas, in a fit of misplaced fastidiousness.\* No; we cannot consent to admit that when he died he had done all of which he was capable, that life would not have added to his achievements.

Does the reader wish to see a specimen of Mr. Wedmore's

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\* It is but fair to add that Mr. Wedmore does not ignore this picture, which we regard as one of the great losses of art.

style ! There is in it an echo of Carlyle, but an echo that has travelled far from its rugged native hills, travelled over smooth plains, and dainty "pleasances" till the sound has all turned to sweetness. Of flow and rhythm there is scarcely any. The wing seems scarcely to have power for a prolonged flight, but flutters charmingly from twig to twig. Here is a specimen of it at its best. The subject is Gainsborough's death :—"He dies in 1788. The curious interest and excitement of the Warren Hastings trial has led him—like half London—to the Court, where, probably through exposure, he is suddenly struck with pain. A cancerous tumour quickly follows, and he lies, sensible and not dismayed, on his death-bed. Sir Joshua, his rival, now an ageing man, visits him there ; and it is in thought of the estrangement that there has been between them that Gainsborough turns on him, and says, 'We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke will be of the company.' And so, with like thoughts of a benign and brotherly inclusiveness, he fades into a heaven which in his dreams can hardly have been more lovely than was the peace of his art." So speaks Mr. Wedmore at his best. At his worst, he pens sentences like this about Charles Turner, the engraver : "It is one characteristic of his, possibly not the greatest, that he can render with quite the daintiest skill, the falling, the passing, of light on raiment and draperies." There—it's not so very bad ; only—and we genuinely admire the book sufficiently for Mr. Wedmore to forgive us a joke—it does rather remind one of the æsthetic gentlemen in Mr. Du Maurier's woodcuts.\*

And now we have done, and we must perforce be serious. If any one wants a really interesting half-biographical, half-critical, study of the French artists we have named, let him go to M. Blanc. If any one wants a graceful sketch—using that term in its legitimate and not opprobrious sense—of the life and works of Gainsborough, Morland, Wheatley, Reynolds, Stothard, Flaxman, Girtin, Old Crome, Cotman, Turner, De Wint, Mason and Walker, let him go to Mr. Wedmore.

*Nature's Teachings. Human Invention Anticipated by Nature.*

By Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., Author of "Homes Without Hands," &c. London : Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1877.

ANOTHER volume on natural history from the prolific pen of Mr. Wood ! How does he find time to write all these books ? So

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\* Take again such passages as this about Gravelot and Stothard : "His (Gravelot's) eye, pleasantly carnal, caught in costume at piquancy. But Stothard's feeling was wholly for the grace of costume, and not for its piquancy at all ; for grace may be a heavenly thing, but what we call piquancy is of the earth alone. The angels could not think of piquancy. Nor could Stothard."

real, too ; so full of matter ; so simple, nervous, and picture-like in their style ; withal so manly, pure, and Christian in their entire sentiment and tone. The work before us is intended to show how almost all human inventions, whether in industry, art, or science, have their parallels and prototypes in the constitution and habits of some or other of the numberless forms of organic being by which the world is tenanted. It is notorious that man, in certain instances, has taken his cue from the vegetable or animal creation, and has deliberately copied, in the construction of his instruments and works, the model offered him by the hand of Nature. And where this has not been the case, there is scarcely a production of human genius in building, husbandry, war, manufactures, domestic economy, engineering, and all the manifold and often delicate and complicated apparatus of scientific research, of which analogues and anticipations may not be found among plants, trees, zoophytes, molluscs, fish, reptiles, birds, mammals, and the rest of the objects or of their class in ocean, air, or land. To illustrate this by statement, description, and pictorial drawings is the special object of Mr. Wood's *Nature's Teachings* ; and to those who are acquainted with the author's previous writings, it will be sufficient commendation of the contents of his present volume to say, that it falls no way short of its predecessors in scientific value and in healthy popular interest. Some will think, no doubt, that the correspondences to which Mr. Wood calls his reader's attention are now and then a little strained and far-fetched. But however this may be, the book is densely crowded with trustworthy facts, such as only a most well-informed and careful observer of nature could furnish ; the clearness and vividness with which everything is presented make it most agreeable reading ; and he must be a dull or perverse scholar indeed who does not rise from its pages a wiser, humbler, and devouter man for the instruction which they convey. It is particularly refreshing, at a time when books on science and natural history are so often disfigured by monstrous theories and speculations touching the origin and history of the universe of life, to meet with one writer at least who keeps the balance of his intelligence, and who is neither so absurd nor so profane as to play off the maudlin whimsies of a miserable atheism in the presence of the God who made heaven and earth and all things therein. We do not mind how many more books on "creatures" Mr. Wood may write, if they are only as useful and charming as this last production of his pen.

*The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity.* By the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row. 1876.

A DEEP and permanent interest attaches to the subject of this

book. As a field for mere antiquarian research, the Catacombs present claims to attention certainly not inferior to those of troglodytes and lake-dwellers, if they do not equal in value the Assyrian and other excavations by means of which ancient history has been reconstructed. There hangs a charm about their lowly records that is wanting to the labours of Dr. Schliemann in the rediscovery of Troy, and even to the researches of Palestine explorers into the hidden foundations of Jerusalem. They possess a character peculiar to themselves, as containing records of the grandest struggle the world ever saw, that in which, without the aid of earthly weapons, pure primitive Christianity encountered and vanquished pagan Rome.

Mr. Withrow has done good service in gathering information so multifarious and interesting on these burial-places of the primitive Church. He divides the subject into three books. In the first he treats of the structure and history of the Catacombs, establishes their Christian origin, shows how with the necessity for concealment their use as refuges for the living and receptacles for the dead gradually declined, how next they suffered spoliation at the hands of relic-mongers, and were at length abandoned like a worked-out mine; how, finally, the very memory of them well-nigh perished, and was only revived by accident in 1578, a significant date, as if Providence designed to raise up subterranean Rome as a witness against Papal abominations overhead just when the Reformation needed such an ally. There follows a list of the principal Catacombs. The second book discusses the art and symbolism of these underground cemeteries, not by any means always poor in conception or execution, being an adaptation of noble types then existing, but free alike from the sensualism and idolatry of ancient heathen life and from the degenerate superstition of later times. In the third book we come to the inscriptions, which add the forcefulness of living speech to the testimony of the painter and the sculptor. "He who is thoroughly steeped," says Dean Stanley, "in the imagery of the Catacombs will be nearer to the thought of the early Church than he who has learned by heart the most elaborate treatise even of Tertullian or of Origen." And "by the study of the inscriptions, paintings, and sculpture of this subterranean city of the dead," says our author, "we may follow the development of Christian thought from century to century; we may trace the successive changes of doctrine and discipline; we may read the irrefragable testimony, written with a pen of iron in the rock for ever, of the purity of the primitive faith, and of the gradual corruption which it has undergone."

The author pays a just tribute to the genius and enthusiasm of Antonio Bosio—the Columbus of the Catacombs—to whom "belongs the honour of first unveiling to the astonished gaze of

Europe the wonders of this vast city of the dead," and who spent six-and-thirty years on the task ; also to the Cavaliere De Rossi, the present *custode* of the Catacombs and head of the Roman Archaeological Commission, by whom all previous explorers are left far behind.

A vast store of information on these most valuable of all Christian antiquities is here collected in a compact form, and illustrated at every point by excellent engravings. We trust it will have a wide circulation.

*The New Methodist Hymn-Book, and its Writers.* By the Rev. J. W. Christophers, Author of "The Poets of Methodism," "From out the Deep," "Foolish Dick," &c. London : Houghton and Co.

MR. CHRISTOPHERS has already entered upon this path of inquiry in his well-known volume entitled, *Hymn-Writers and their Hymns*. The present volume is written in the same style, and, with a slight exception, in the same spirit. The former was free from a bitterness which marks this. The aim of the book is described to be "to aid those who may use the hymn-book in its present shape, by promoting their acquaintance with the new Supplement," and "to awaken a pleasant interest in the book by making the devout reader or singer familiar, as far as may be, with the hymns and those who wrote them." This end is sought by "sketches of personal history and character, peeps at scenes in which the authors lived, or the circumstances under which their songs were first sung," by "occasional talk about favourite psalms, and their happy influence on those who have caught their spirit," in short, by "wayside chat about the hymns and their writers."

In this chatty talk about hymns and their composers Mr. Christophers is quite at home : he is genial and instructive ; and many of the hymns about which he writes will have a new interest to some readers of his book. It is not designed to be a volume of criticism on the revised hymn-book, though occasional apt criticisms are given ; but it is severe, even ill-tempered, in its judgments on the revisers. That the difficult work of altering a volume of sacred song, that had become familiar to thousands by daily use, could be done without flaw or fault, or without pain to many who had long loved and prized it, would be rash to expect. But whatever defects or imperfections may be found in the new hymn-book, we certainly do not think the caustic words here used are called for : nor do they in the least add to the beauty or usefulness of the volume which in other respects is so satisfactory. Persons who desire to be made acquainted with a book so often in their hands, and used by them for the most sacred pur-

poses, will be pleased to gather the information which this little work gives concerning the authors of the hymns, and the circumstances under which many of them were written. The book shows a wide acquaintance on the part of its author with the precious hymnic literature with which the modern Church is enriched; and when we add that there are references to nearly one hundred and forty authors, it will be seen that the work glances over a wide area of Christian biography. We do not doubt it will be read with great interest by a large class of Wesleyan Methodists to whom the hymn-book is a highly-prized possession.

*British Opium Policy, and its Results to India and China.*

By F. S. Turner, B.A. London: Sampson, Low, and Co. 1876.

THE writer of this Essay has been eye-witness to some of the worst results flowing from the use of opium by the Chinese, and he writes like one whose spirit has been deeply stirred by the sights he has looked upon. A Christian patriot and philanthropist, he seeks to avert from this land the judgments which surely follow accumulated national sin, and from the human race one of the greatest scourges which avarice and selfishness ever produced. In successive chapters Mr. Turner treats of Opium as a Stimulant Morally Considered, the East India Company's Opium Policy, the Opium Policy of the British Government, the Chinese Anti-Opium Policy, Opium Cultivation in China, Results of the British Opium Policy, and Propositions for an Amended Opium Policy. And we are certain that no one can read and ponder well the facts and reasonings of this volume without coming to the conclusion that interests the most vital to our national prestige and stability, the permanency of our Indian Empire, and the welfare of at least one-third of the human race, the Chinese, demand that with all haste we rid ourselves of all complicity with the opium trade.

We very cordially recommend the volume to the thoughtful perusal of all our readers, with the hope that the spectacle it exhibits of a Christian country making millions of money out of the vice of a pagan country will help to awaken the national conscience to a sense alike of duty and danger.